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JOTTINGS AND JOURNEYINGS IN SPAIN.



ABROAD EN ESPAGNE.

"SPAIN," said Talleyrand, "is a country in which two and two make five." Seeming so to a Frenchman, an American might be pardoned if he believed it a land in which two and two made six, or any other number. Ancient Iberia is certainly a region of the unexpected. It is full of surprises and disappointments. Nothing ever happens there as one supposes it will, and the knowledge of to-day is ever contradicted by the experience of to-morrow. For more than three centuries the country has been an enigma, politically, religiously, and socially, that no other European nation could solve; and its present condition augments its anomaly. Where else could we hope to find a queen without a dominion, and a kingdom without a king? They who have never visited Spain may wonder; but those who have been there will be incapable of new surprises.

The land where "yes" means "no," and "immediately" "next week"—where inn-keepers assure you they have every delicacy, when they know they are besieged by starvation—where there are rivers without bridges, and bridges without rivers—where highwaymen rob you of your last escudo, and then piously commend your soul to God—where "princely hospitality" signifies fleas for bed-fellows and garlic for breakfast—the land where are all these and many other contradictions soon prepares you for whatever may happen.

Land of romance and superstition, of chivalry and bigotry, of Lope de Vega and Cervantes, of Cortéz and the Cid, of Moorish refinement and Gothic rudeness, of the Alhambra and the Inquisition, of heroism and persecution, of art and assassination, of poetry and intrigue, of splendor and squalor, we have all, at some time, built



THE RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

gorgeous castles upon your mountain-sides, and viewed with rapture our broad estates watered by the Xenil and Guadalquivir. We shall never see you as you appeared to us in our youthful dreams, for the outward eye dispels the visions of imagination ruthlessly and forever. Your moonlight will never fall so soft, even in Andalusia, nor your guitars drop such sweetness, though under the towers of Seville, as came to us when reverie blossomed in the rich soil of the heart. The splendors of Cordova's cathedral will lessen when we stand in its marble aisles; and the nightingales will never fill the evening with such music as they did before our wandering feet had borne us to the ancient palace of the Moorish kings.

When I first went whirling over the soil (in America we should call it creeping), in the midst of cigarette-smoke that made the compartment look like a miniature edition of the Blue Grotto of Capri, and when, trying to smile serenely at the three sallow *caballeros* opposite, who sat dignifiedly smoking me to death, I heard at the stations, "Valladolid," "Madrid," "Seville," "Granada," roared out in gutturals fragrant with garlic; my noble castles crumbled, and the raw wind of the Sierras swept down and chilled my buds of sentiment to death.

If quite different from what fancy and romance had painted it, I was very glad to see Spain, and my memory of it is still most welcome. Three things I have found needful to a satisfactory visit—patience, politeness, and *pe-setas*.

Armed with these, I could be mildly seraphic

on trains that seemed as if they would never start, and could inquire unmoved for "accommodations" at the homeliest *posada*.

As all travelers know, the impression a strange country makes depends largely on what they see first—on the way they enter it. To visit Spain advantageously it is best to go, as I did, from France across the Pyrenees, instead of going, as many do, from Cadiz through picturesque Andalusia to the less favored provinces, ending with the dreariness and sterility of the Castiles. No two cities on the Continent are more different than Paris and Madrid; and such quaint and curious towns as Vittoria, Burgos, and Valladolid prepared me for the strange kingdom I had entered.

No person need be told when he has crossed the confines of the French empire. Having done so, I saw at once I was among another people—almost in another world. No more the vivacious and mercurial manner of the Gaul greeted me; but in its stead the grave and measured deportment of the representative of half a dozen races. The train on which I traveled, though the creation of French capital, seemed affected by the soil and atmosphere of Spain. Its speed was retarded; it was hampered with delays at every station; it became the victim of endless formalities that threatened never to untangle themselves. I discovered I must undergo a certain acclimating process of mind as well as of body. The mood and bearing that had served me elsewhere on the Continent would not support me there. I had found that pretended loss of temper and assumed vio-

lence of manner are beneficial in France, Germany, and Italy; but in Spain they only defeat the tourist's ends.

Peninsular travel is favorable to one of the highest Christian virtues, resignation. This is less difficult to practice the moment one discovers it is absolutely necessary. Job would have found his sphere in Spain; at least, the need of exercising his characteristic quality. If the patient are the strong, they who have "done" Spain should have few weaknesses. I am confident that I have an outward calmness and a degree of self-discipline I never owned before I crossed the Pyrenees. I have had my patience tried all the way from Pamplona to Cadiz, from Badajoz to Barcelona, and though I may have lost my temper, I never advertised for its return. Spanish officials are often very provoking; but they won't be hurried, and can't be bullied to advantage. Inn-keepers hold as an article of faith that their patrons are immortal, and that a breakfast ordered at eight in the morning will answer quite as well at the same hour in the evening. But if you use even such mild and allowable oaths as *Carai*, *Caramba*, or *Vaga usted al demonio*, you will not help your case. Show a certain energy in politeness, a perseverance of courtesy, and you will be duly rewarded.

I remember at Valladolid that, after ordering a bottle of wine again and again at the Fonda Universal, and failing to get it in four hours, I sent for the host, and told him I supposed his crowded house (it had but two more visitors besides myself) prevented him from attending to me, but that if he would not keep me waiting more than six hours longer, I should esteem him the noblest of gentlemen. The wine came within five minutes, and afterward I had no further cause to complain of delay.

In driving about Burgos I could not induce my *calesero* to go beyond a snail's pace until I told him I was in no haste whatever, but that his mule was walking in his sleep, and might fall and hurt himself. He replied, "*Muchas gracias, Señor*," and whipped up in fine style for the remainder of the afternoon.

As respects manners, the Spaniards deem themselves the politest people on the planet, of which they think Spain much the best and by far the most important part. If manners do not make the man on the Peninsula, they go far toward insuring his comfort or its opposite. The natives are certainly managed by manners. Any departure from civility, however small, is always resented, and strict observation of it attended with remunerative results. One of their proverbs, "Politeness gets what money can't purchase," experience has often taught me the truth of. The Spaniards, naturally courteous, expect courtesy from others, and appreciate it to the fullest. When you travel, never light a cigar or cigarette without offering one to those in the same carriage. They won't take it unless urged; but it is the custom of the country; it shows you are

a man of the world and of good-breeding. A Spaniard always refuses once—that is etiquette—and you must do likewise; but when he is invited a second time he accepts. At a café or restaurant, if you order coffee, chocolate, or wine, breakfast or dinner, and there are persons at the same table, invite them to join you. It will cost you nothing, for they won't do it; but the invitation will advance you in their estimation.

Lifting the hat when entering the presence of others is more imperative in Spain than in France or Italy. Not to do so in a diligencia, railway coach, or a room, is thought a violation of good-manners, if not a positive offense. I have seen sensitive Castilians look angry, even fierce, and twirl their mustache with offended dignity, when foreigners neglected to raise their hats. But when the careless persons remembered, and complied with the demand of etiquette, the sallow faces relaxed, and a gleam of good-humor darted out of the jet-black eyes. Hat-lifting and cigar-giving are passports to good treatment every where. Many strangers have made fast friends by such simple means. Should I be sent to Madrid on a diplomatic mission, I should engage a servant specially to elevate my sombrero, and a tobacconist to supply me constantly with the best of Havanas. By liberal use of both, I think I could manage the ministers as well as the Cortes.

The inhabitants of the different provinces, though they know and care little about each other, all consider themselves Spaniards, and as such are jealous of their dignity and reputation. They are very nice as to their personal honor (*pundonor*), and regard themselves as gentlemen, whatever their station in life, and the peer of any foreigner, be his position or rank what it may. They often appear cold and reserved; but they are easily won, and once conciliated are extremely obliging. Etiquette is very rigid with them, and never departed from in public. When you visit any one formally the proper costume is black, as it is with us. If the person you have called on be out, you write on the corner of your card E. P. (*en persona*), and leave it with the servant. First visits demand marked courtesy, which means nothing unless it is repeated at the second visit. If you are welcome you will be conducted to the best room, placed on the right-hand of the sofa, and your hat treated with as much consideration as yourself, your host seizing it ardently and placing it on a vacant chair. As you take leave of a lady you say, "I hurl myself at your feet, Madam" (*A los pies de usted, Señora*); and she responds, with an eloquent casting down of the eyelids and a graceful sweep of her fan, "I kiss your hand, Sir" (*Beso á usted la mano, Señor*), for the reason, perhaps, that neither you nor she intend to do any thing of the kind. Then she looks tender, and uses the phrase, "May you depart with God, and continue well" (*Vago usted con Dios que usted lo pase bien*)!



ON THE PROMENADE, MADRID.

Whereupon you assume a theologically gallant air—to be acquired only in Spain—and reply, “May you remain with God” (*Quede usted con Dios*)!

The name of the Deity occupies a very prominent place in Peninsular phraseology, and is employed under a variety of circumstances. Your dearest friend intrusts you to the Divine keeping as he folds you in his embrace; and the robber does the same when he points his blunderbuss at your head, and gently requests you to stand and deliver.

Men are treated very differently from women by Spanish ladies. These seldom rise on re-

ceiving the former, or offer their hand, or accept the arm of their escort; but they kiss the latter at coming and going. The striking contrast is thought to arise from inherent feminine coquettishness, the dark-eyed Castilians desiring to show men what delights they are debarred from by reason of their sex. One of the reasons assigned by the women for not giving their hand to their masculine friends is, that the doing so disarranges their mantilla; and another, that it is likely to be mistaken for a matrimonial intention. The Spanish men, who are always saying ill-natured and cynical things about the other sex, declare the mantilla is a



A FLIRTATION IN A WAY-SIDE POSADA.

much more serious matter than marriage ; that an ill-fitting garment is more difficult to manage than a poor husband.

Unless a Spaniard presses you again and again to repeat your visit, and assures you his house is yours, and it and all it contains at your disposal, you can conclude you are not welcome ; that you have not created a favorable impression. Birthdays are made much of, and when they occur formal visits are expected. New-Year's is devoted to calls, as on this side of the sea, and presents, remarkable for their fitness rather than value, are often made to those on whom you call.

It is etiquette to avoid the appearance of being alone with a lady within doors ; so that on entering a drawing-room you must leave the door open, or at least ajar, if she be unattended. Spaniards are jealous and suspicious, and inclined to put the worst construction upon appearances and opportunities. They never trust their women ; and for that reason, no doubt, are often deceived. It is the tendency of our nature to be no better than the opinion held of us.

I have found it wholly beneath the Iberian dignity to be in haste ; and as the people have little to do, and less inclination to do it, no one

is concerned about time. Business, in our sense, is either unknown or thought a foreign innovation; and all engagements in the Peninsula are kept as loosely as some of the Commandments. The Spanish are very reserved and taciturn to strangers; but with their acquaintances they are confidential and talkative. One of the penalties of Peninsular friendship is the amount of time required for its sustainment. To pass your friend in the prado or alameda with a single nod and "good-morning" would be an offense. You must not only stop; you must inquire with many high-flown compliments after his health, that of his wife, his children, and all his near relatives. Unless you exercise some energy, you will be kept a quarter of an hour or more in idle talk; or, perhaps, be carried off to a café to drink a cup of chocolate or a bottle of wine, and discuss the news and scandal of the day. If you meet him near your hotel or lodging-house, you must invite him in, though he is not expected to enter. Should you undertake a luncheon or dinner in the house of a friend, eat heartily if you would stand well with him, even if your appetite revolts. You can never convince your host you appreciate his hospitality unless you consume a certain amount of food.

The American custom of paying for your acquaintances in a café or restaurant prevails in Spain, though nowhere else on the Continent. You have more latitude there than here; for you have the privilege of settling the bills of ladies you don't know, if you like their appearance, by informing the waiter privately that such is your intention. Formerly gentlemen who went on shopping expeditions were in the habit of paying for every thing their fair friends bought, so that gallantry became an expensive luxury. It used to be said in Andalusia, where women are more coquettish and extravagant than in the North, that a long purse was needed for a short walk with a lady. The custom is quite obsolete now; and she who allows you to make purchases for her is supposed to be devoid of high-breeding, if not of unexceptional morals. They say in Seville, "Women who receive money never pay in the same coin."

In the fact that *pesetas* render excellent service Spain is not different from the rest of Europe. In Great Britain, France, Italy, and Germany you receive perpetual intimations to open your purse; but on the Peninsula you are often led to infer that what you want can't be had on any account. You are constantly met with *Quien sabe? Es imposible; Eso ne puede ser*; and the phrases are accompanied with so much gravity and such apparent sincerity that you are inclined to believe them true. But they are merely designed to heighten the effect of removing the difficulties that stand in the way of your pleasure. A few *pesetas* will melt the most formidable obstacles. The silver key unlocks galleries, churches, palaces, monasteries, and the secretest of all secret chambers.

We Anglo-Saxons think time is money. The Iberians hold time as nothing, money as every thing. They have an aphorism, somewhat cynical of course: "When the heart is dead to love, it hears the clink of coin and dances to its tune." If a Spaniard of the lower order could be energetic, in an American sense, he would be so before the vision of a purse from which he had hopes. He undergoes a revolution when he has been feed. His face loses its grimness after his palm has been crossed with silver, and he no longer persecutes you with the national *Quien sabe?* which is intended to have the force of an overwhelming negative. He who journeys beyond the Pyrenees, and begrudges custodians and servants their *propina*, puts clogs on his feet and scales before his eyes. A judicious and enlightened employment of money has been to me the best guide. It opened doors that had grown rusty on their hinges, and revealed to me what I should never have suspected. Never fear from the high dignity of an official that he will be offended at the offer of money. If he deems it an insult, he will pocket it and be silent.

Since the introduction of railways, which, being built, as I have said, by the French, are not the natural outgrowth of the country, and are far in advance of the time, the character of travel is very different from what it was. Railways are destructive to romance and variety of character; but away from the large cities and off the beaten paths, diligencias, muleteers, *Maragatos*, and the *coches de colleras* still appeared to me with all their peculiar surroundings. Whenever I could, without serious inconvenience, travel in the old-fashioned and picturesque way, I always did; and I was largely the gainer by it, for I saw the people, and their customs and peculiarities, as I could never have done otherwise.

If one could devote two or three years to Spain, and were as indifferent to physical discomfort as the natives, he might take a horse, or rather mule—the national animal—and go in pursuit of adventures after the manner of La Mancha's knight. Some time I may don a sombrero, a *zamarra* (fur jacket), the indispensable *alforjas* (saddle-bags), in which a Spaniard carries every thing, and, mounted on an Andalusian steed, accomplish the geography of the Peninsula. But before I undertake that I will describe what I have already seen.

Every body who does not go by rail travels by diligencia in Spain, where private conveyances are almost unknown. When royalty existed there it was content with the diligencia. Don Francisco de Paula, the Infante, so transported himself and his family from the capital to the sea-coast; and the reason Don Enrique gave for not going to Madrid to marry the Queen was, that he found it impossible to secure a place in the vehicle. The diligencia is lumbering and ungainly enough; but it furnishes far better company than in France or Italy. I always felt as if I had slipped back to the early part of the century when I found myself rum-

bling over the Castiles or Granada, inhaling cigarette smoke, dreaming under the soft night of *la bella incognita's* eyes, or watching the movements of the *mayoral* (guard), who, armed to the teeth, would pass, without the least change, for José Maria himself. The guard, like the mounted escort, is usually a retired robber who has been pardoned and pensioned, and would gladly return to his purse-taking if it were as profitable as it used to be. No doubt there is often an understanding between the guard and escort and the gentlemen of the road (in Spain, as in the United States, every body claims to be a gentleman, and stealing and throat-cutting are not considered bars to the distinction); and this understanding prevents the plundering of passengers, except in isolated instances. Diligencias are sometimes four or five days and nights on the road; and as all the passengers are locked up together, and as Spaniards of both sexes are very susceptible to good-humor, politeness, or a proverb, a person of a philosophical turn of mind has an excellent opportunity to study manners, character, and costumes. The way-side inns are rarely good; but a *gratificacióncita* will thicken the chocolate, improve the salad, increase the freshness of the eggs, and whiten the bed-linen amazingly. Various have been the comedies and melodramas that have had the diligencia for a stage; and the haps and mishaps at the *posadas* furnish variety and zest to the journey, as bacon does to the famous *olla podrida*.

Muleteers are not to be separated from Spain, though they are steadily disappearing before the whistle of the locomotive. They represent the genuine character of the country; seem half Moorish, and are called *arrieros*, from their *arre*, *arre*, which corresponds to our "gee up, gee up." I should not have seen Ronda and Granada to advantage without the assistance of the muleteer, who, being constantly on the road, knows every thing that is occurring, and collects a fund of facts and gossip that is invaluable to the traveler. A more careless, independent, happy-go-lucky fellow than the *arriero* I have not found on the Continent. Walking by the side of his patient beasts, or sitting upon his cargo, with his legs hanging over the neck of one of the animals, listening to the disagreeable monotony of the leader's wooden-clappered bell, or singing dismally a dismal ditty, he was to me the type of the peculiar civilization that surrounds him. He smokes and swears and sings by turns; carries his guitar and his gun, and is ready alike for business gay or business grave, for a serenade or a homicide. The guitar and the gun, which are seen together in the Asturias no less than in Granada, and which no Spaniard can get along without, reveal the softness and the sternness, the tenderness and the cruelty, the gallant and the revengeful traits of the national character.

The muleteer is at bottom a fellow of sterling qualities—honest, industrious, and good-natured, unless affronted, when he becomes, from

his stubborn courage and sinewy frame, a formidable enemy. The landscape of the country will lack completeness when it loses the muleteers. They make much of its picturesqueness as they go up the zigzag mountain-paths, now disappearing, now reappearing, and fill the gloomy defiles and aromatic valleys with rude tinkling bells and discordant tunes. Singing seems their favorite occupation; their fondness for vocal exercise arising possibly from superstition (ineradicable from the soil), which holds that singing frightens away evil. If evil owns an ear, especially a cultivated ear, it would naturally be alarmed at the high-pitched, shattered notes of the *arriero*, who, like many lovers of the interdicted, sings much because he ought not to sing at all. Spain is not a land of melody as Italy is. The voices of the peasants are generally harsh; and the bells, so silvery sweet among the Apennines, are clangorous and grating beyond the Pyrenees.

A singular species of muleteer I found to be the Maragato, whose head-quarters are at San Roman in Astorga. He preserves his costume, customs, and mode of life like the Jew and gipsy. His origin is questionable; he does not know it himself; but he seems to be a kind of Bedouin, to whom a mule supplies the place of a camel. He is the medium of traffic between Galicia and the Castiles; wears leather jerkins, cloth gaiters, red garters, and a slouching hat, such as is seen in Rembrandt's pictures of the Dutch burgomasters, whom indeed he much resembles. The attire of the woman—Maragata—is still more unique, wearing, when she is married, a crescent-shaped head-dress that looks very Moorish. She has her hair unconfined and falling over her shoulders, her bodice cut square on the bosom, and her petticoat, resembling an apron, hangs loosely, is open before and behind, and confined at the back with a bright-colored sash. She is very fond of jewelry and ornaments, and tricks herself out on gala days with huge ear-rings, chains of metal and coral, medals, crosses, relics, and whatever she thinks will assist to make her superb. She is a very Oriental and picturesque-looking creature in what is considered full dress, and suggests both the Greek peasant and the Barbary Jewess.

I was fortunate in witnessing a wedding, which is a very formal and solemn occasion among the Maragatos, and is deemed as momentous there as when celebrated in Fifth Avenue, with all the surroundings that tinsel and tintinnabulation can lend. I was informed that those who enter into the state hold it to be the most serious step in life, partaking deeply of a religious character. The ceremonies were peculiar, and accompanied with a feast. Many were bidden, and no one absented himself without good reason; for it is considered an offense to remain away. When the guests were all assembled, some one was chosen to preside, and the president put into an open dish any sum of money he chose. All the other men were



A MOTHER INVOKING A BLESSING ON HER CHILD.

compelled to give the same amount, and the total was handed to the bride as a gift.

They have not learned yet to advertise the contribution and the names of the contributors in the newspapers; but that fine custom will come no doubt with larger enlightenment, when they have achieved our own republican simplicity of manner. The bride was attired in a sombre mantle that covered her like a pall, to which, as she never smiled or displayed the least gayety while under its folds, it may fitly be compared. She wore it all day, and was never to put it on again, I was told, until her husband's death, when it would serve for a garment of mourning. Though invited by every one, she did not dance on the day of the ceremony, always declining very gravely with the words, "Not on such an occasion as this." At sunrise the next morning two roasted chickens were brought to the bedside of the married pair, and were eaten without rising, in the presence of witnesses, to typify that their lives were united, and that they were thereafter to have every thing in common. The same evening there was a ball, which was opened by the bride and bridegroom; but the dance was so slow and serious that it hardly deserved the name.

The Maragatos are a melancholy people, and take all their pleasures and recreations as seriously as if they had been born in America. They can be seen any day with their files of Leon mules—the best in Spain—walking along the dusty highway to La Coruña, swearing and hurling stones in true *arriero* style at their patient beasts. They are much less profane than the other muleteers; but the entire class believe violation of the Third Commandment essential to their calling. They assured me that it is impossible to manage a mule without swearing, and have a saying that an ass's ears are made long to catch oaths.

The Maragatos seemed to me the least polite of the inhabitants of the Peninsula, and to have a greater dislike to "outside barbarians" than any of their countrymen, all of whom hold foreigners as quite superfluous in the plan of creation. It may be for this reason that the Maragatos make no effort to prevent their mules from brushing wayfarers or horsemen over the declivities of the mountain-paths, with the projecting baggage strapped on their backs. If they succeeded in crowding a man off in that manner, I doubt if they would stop to learn the consequences, but would comfort themselves with the thought that no foreigner had a right to interfere with the progress of a well-conditioned mule.

The *coche de colleras* (coach of horse-collars) is passing away, but I saw and tried it several times in the rural districts and on the public roads, at a distance from the large cities. It is very like the English lumbering vehicle of Queen Anne's time, and the French equipage so shapelessly conspicuous in France during Louis XIV.'s reign, and which we still see in

Vandermeulen's pictures representing the stately journeys of the pretentious monarch, and in the specimens preserved in the Hôtel de Cluny. The *coche* is as tawdry, awkward, and uncomfortable as any hidalgo could desire, and so harmonious with the character and claims of many of the inflated old Dons that I do not wonder they have been loth to its surrender. It suggests the sixteenth or seventeenth century creeping through the nineteenth; but is much less an anachronism in Spain than it would be any where else.

The *coche*, drawn by six horses or mules, is under the guidance and direction of the master and his assistant (*mozo*), both of whom are often fantastically attired in high-peaked hats worn over a bright-colored handkerchief fastened after the manner of a turban, a gay embroidered jacket, plush breeches, a red or yellow sash, and shoes of undressed leather. In the sash is the *navaja* (knife) that all the peasants carry, for ordinary and extraordinary use, for pacific and hostile purposes.

No Spaniard of the humbler class is without his knife. He is enamored of offensive weapons, seldom going any where without his gun, and never parting company with his blade. He is very dextrous with the *navaja*. In his hands it is a formidable weapon. He wields it like a gladiator; can hurl it with precision, and drive the blade into a post or a man at a distance generally reckoned safe. He is extremely ignorant of anatomy as a science; but he understands it socially; that is, he knows the exact spot at which to aim a mortal blow, and can reach the heart of his adversary as quickly and surely as any surgeon.

The *mozo*, often called *el zagal* (strong youth), is one of the most energetic of Iberian natures. He is a thorough factotum, and seems incapable of fatigue. One of his most important duties is to pick up stones on the highway (all mules on the Peninsula are driven by stones), and discharge them at the beasts during the journey. With this lapideous ammunition he is perpetually supplied, and yet he uses it as lavishly as raw recruits do their cartridges at their first engagement. He is probably the most accomplished swearer of the whole Jehu class, who are all proficient enough to have a cerulean influence on the atmosphere. The variety and extent of his oaths are astonishing; but he makes no account of his superiority in this regard, and is, I suspect, quite unconscious of his genius for the profane. There is no saint in the calendar and no evil in the Decalogue he does not couple. He anathematizes all created things, and if his invocations were answered he would bring down the universe in fragments upon his irreverent head. The ideal and exemplar of the *mozo* is the *mayoral*. To be regularly perched on the box and be intrusted with the exclusive guidance of six mules is his highest aspiration, and he believes, with a sort of quadrupedal and vehicular theology, that the gates of Paradise are just broad enough to ad-



STARTING OF THE COACH FROM THE POSADA.

mit the cumbersome coach which is the object of his hourly worship.

How well I remember the preparation and starting from a way-side *posada* of the first *coche* I rode in!

This starting is an event, and illustrative of the country. The attendant circumstances of getting off in the morning were full of drollery. Though it seemed hardly fair for an American to laugh at the people that had so much to do with the discovery of his country, I could not help it. It may have been justifiable for their interference in our then rather confused international affairs. At any rate, I enjoyed the elaborate exordium of departure.

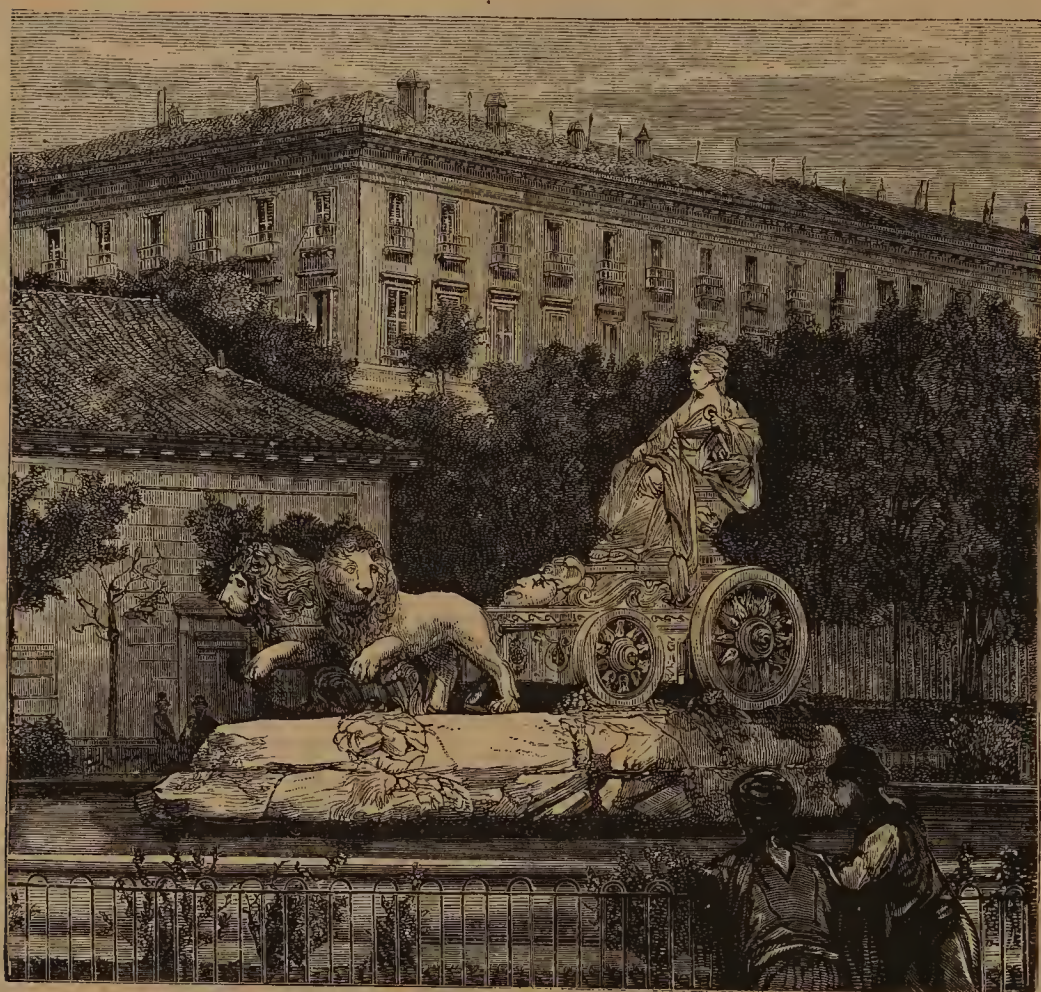
The harnessing was primitive—the various pieces of rope and leather were laid on the ground like a net, the animals dragged into it, and finally fastened within the mysterious tangle. The master then collected the heterogeneous reins; the *mozo* gathered a quantity of stones in his sash; the servants and assistants of the *venta*, where I had lodged overnight, appeared with sticks, and two or three old women, who are older and homelier in Spain than any where else, came out with their shrill voices, accompanied by a few lean dogs and thirsty loungers, resolved to assist on the occasion. The master shouted, swore, and shook the reins; the *mozo* shouted louder, swore deeper, and hurled a volley of stones—he is an animated catapult at such times; the attendants of the inn brandished their sticks, assaulted the beasts, and bellowed vociferously; the female antiques screamed in altissimo; while the loungers gesticulated and made grimaces that would have frightened any animal but a Spanish mule into mortal speed. This combined clamor and attack, this enforcement of material logic, finally resulted in the moving of the ponderous coach, which, as it groaned over the uneven highway, resembled a Dutch lugger on wheels. It did not seem that the crazy old vehicle could reach the end of the journey before its absolute dissolution; and I was as much surprised as any well-regulated mind allows itself to be in Spain, when I learned that, at the close of the day, it had accomplished twenty-five or thirty miles.

The hours were not misspent. I found entertainment in listening to the calling out of the driver to his obdurate beasts. They had sonorous and many-syllabled names, like Balcatilla, Robidetto, Arthemayor, and Chippimenta, and the last syllable was dwelt upon with a species of operatic quaver that would have elicited applause at the Theatre Real of Madrid.

The truest and purest representatives of Spain I found, of course, in New and Old Castile. Though the largest provinces in the country, embracing a third of its entirety, and containing some of the most ancient and national cities, they have, with a good deal of fine scenery, much of the dreariest and sterilest in the kingdom. The mountainous regions include numerous landscapes which render the plains

and table-lands (*parameras* and *tierras di campo*), without trees, hedges, inclosures, or landmarks, oppressively sad and monotonous. Those plains, like the Siberian steppes, give rest neither to the eye nor to the mind. Dryness is their pervading feature; and during the summer the soil is parched and scorched by the sun. In the Castiles, every object, animate and inanimate, is literally burned umber. The land, the huts which make up the scattered hamlets, the peasants, the mules, the stewes even, and the scant verdure, are all brown—a color I ought to approve of for personal reasons, but which in excess may be objectionable artistically. When I first traveled through those spacious provinces, the apparent desolation, the mud-hovels or mud-huts, made of sun-dried bricks (*adobes*), the hard-featured, unwashed peasantry toiling in the dusty fields, so oppressed me that I repeated *Che seccatura!* again and again as mile after mile of the tawny and barren soil stretched and winked under the blazing sun. The poverty and destitution reminded me of the worst parts of southern Ireland, though in Ulster the land smiles with greenness, and the people are merry in the midst of misfortune. The Castilian peasants seem indolent as they lean upon their spades to watch the passing train or rumbling diligencia or the perspiring pedestrian—always an object of wonder, for no Spaniard can comprehend how any one should walk if he can help it; but they resume their labor when curiosity is satisfied, and work hard and faithfully and long. They are the least attractive to the stranger of all the provincialists in Spain; but they have good and sterling qualities, and are probably superior to any of the rest in integrity and character. They improve upon acquaintance; are patient, loyal, hospitable, and cheerful, with strong domestic tastes, and a keen sense of humor.

It is a striking instance of compensation that the people who are compelled to live in such a dreary region, and doomed to endless toil, are entirely contented, and would not exchange their squalid huts for the costliest abodes of Granada and Seville. It is their comfort and their pride that they are Castilians, which means that they have few equals and no superiors. They know nothing of other countries than Spain, and have no desires beyond it. They are in the world, but not of it. Their sphere is bounded by the few acres they cultivate, and their sympathies confined to the members of their family and their immediate neighbors. Their thoughts rise no higher than their awkward head-covering (*montera*), and their cloaks (*capas*) and over-coats (*anguarinas*) are the boundaries of their wishes. They have no glass in the rude apertures called windows; they live on chick peas (*cicers*); they bake in the summer and freeze in the winter; they hardly have water enough to drink in the dry season, and would never think of wasting it in washing. But as they are natives of Castile, where, by-the-by, the soap of that name is never seen,



FOUNTAIN OF CYBELE ON THE PRADO.

they are not unreasonable enough to expect such inferior and vulgar blessings as ease and abundance.

Seeing a stout and manly fellow laboring by the road-side one day I lifted my hat, knowing the sensitive dignity of the people, and bade him good-morning. He returned my salutation, and stopped his work for politeness sake.

"You have a hard life," I said.

"We keep ourselves busy; but we live, and are satisfied."

"And yet you have so little. Yon toil all day for coarse food and common lodging."

"But we live in Castile."

"Is that compensation for perpetual labor?"

"Oh yes; it is an honor to be born here, and a glory to till this ancient soil."

"Aren't you discontented sometimes?"

"Rarely; but when we are we pray to the Virgin, and remember it is vouchsafed to few to be Castilians."

"Couldn't you do better elsewhere than here?"

"Where should we go; are we not already in Castile? There is no other place for a true Spaniard."

"Wouldn't you like to have a fine olla, and rich wine, and long siestas every day?"

"Yes, if I could have them here."

"You wouldn't want to change your residence, then, for a better condition?"

"How could we be in better condition if we quitted Castile?"

I saw the lusty peasant could not imagine any good to exist out of his province, and begging him to accept a cigar, I rode on, and thanked Fortune that she had not cast my lot in that arid waste.

There is a native dignity about the Castilians that is very remarkable. Albeit narrow, ignorant, and extremely poor, they believe themselves favored of fate. Their manners are often better than those of the prosperous citizens of Madrid. They do not beg, nor borrow, nor make pretense, and so far they are gentlemen; and being gentlemen, they are right in fancying themselves without superiors.

Burgos is one of the first cities of interest I visited in Spain. I enjoyed its dullness and decay after the newness and gayety of Paris, and admired the Gothic cathedral and its spires of delicate open stone-work. They seemed so fragile that they might be blown away by the wind, which sweeps over the city as if it were bent on undoing the pious enterprise of Ferdinand *el santo*. Burgos teems with the dubious history



A STREET PEDDLER.

of Rodrigo Ruy Diaz, the redoubtable Cid whose marvelous deeds, as recorded, the Spaniards have fed their national vanity upon for generations. I was shown the castle in which the doughty champion was married, and the City Hall (*Casa del Ayuntamiento*) where his bones are preserved with the headless skeleton of his faithful spouse, Ximena. A most energetic gentleman Rodrigo must have been, not only in life, but after it, as is proved by the story—solemnly believed there—that his corpse, in complete armor, mounted on Babieca, knocked down a Jew at Cardena, who had the temerity to pluck the hero by the beard. Mrs. Cid, no doubt a domestic and quiet-loving lady, fearful of such

post-mortem pugnacity, proceeded straightway to put her liege lord underground; and so he was carried to Burgos, where he has, so far as known, behaved himself as a dead gentleman ought to.

Valladolid, the old capital, seemed a good place to visit, from the satisfaction I experienced in quitting it as soon as I had seen its unsightly and unfinished cathedral, its dreary streets, and its ruined buildings.

Once, in Madrid, I asked, what almost every body else asks: Why was the capital placed here? Philip II. is responsible for the blunder; and the only reason he ever gave was, that Madrid is the geographical centre of Spain. I

have always fancied he was actuated by the malignity that so permeated his nature. He must have been gratified by reflecting how very uncomfortable his survivors would be in the sombre city, whose climate is described as nine months Greenland and three months Tophet.

Madrid is to me the least agreeable capital in Europe, and, with the exception of St. Petersburg, the dearest. It is the Washington of the Continent, which no one visits a second time unless called there by business or detained by destiny. The Spaniards are proud of Madrid because it is in Spain, and have told me with great unction that it is nearly two thousand years older than Rome. I am confident it was never heard of until the tenth century; but still I should think it might have been built before any other city, as a warning not to have another like it. It was rejected in turn by Iberian, Roman, Goth, and Moor, and might have been to-day an insignificant town but for the gout and phlegm of Charles V., who was benefited by its rarefied air. I have always ascribed to the location of the capital at Madrid, instead of Lisbon, the decline of the country, since it led to the revolt of Portugal and many subsequent ills. Various were the efforts to remove the capital from the windy basin on the Manzanares; but it could not be done. Nations, like individuals, are unable to resist their fate. I should send my friends to Paris and my foes to Madrid, where nothing but a vigorous constitution prevents men from being blown into the nearest cemetery. The delicious but pernicious breeze of the Roman Campagna is nothing to the air of the ancient Majoritum, which, as is truly said, will not put out a candle, but will extinguish life. Many strangers, broiling in the sun of the Plaza, have been delighted with the coolness the Guadarama sends them, until they discovered the undertakers were watching them with professional interest.

In my opinion there are but four months, April and May, October and November, favorable to a visit, though the Carnival time is the gayest, if not the most agreeable season.

The Madrilenians, like the Parisians, live in flats, and have staircases in common; but the doors to their apartments are thick and strong, and provided with wickets through which the servant or occupant surveys you before admission. I obtained an idea from such precautions that they consider themselves in a state of social siege, which is not very far from the truth; for every paterfamilias seems imbued with the idea that the external world is only waiting for an opportunity to carry off his wife and children, and that it behooves him, therefore, to be perpetually on his guard. Some of the interiors are desolate enough, and coming out of one in the *Calle de Toledo* with an American one day, after being fearfully bored, I suggested placing Dante's familiar *Lasciate*, etc., above the door.

"That would be classical," said my compan-

ion; "but it wouldn't be half as sensible as the vernacular over the wicket, 'You're not good-looking, and you can't come in.'"

I can't commend the hotels of the capital—on the whole, I think the boarding-houses (*casas de huéspedes*) are superior—but it is a very fair place for thirsty souls, and none in the wide world is thirstier than your Castilian. The common remark that they don't drink water on the Continent does not apply to the Spaniards, the dryness of the climate producing a like effect upon the inhabitants. I found one of the few good things in Madrid to be water, particularly that from the spring outside of the Puerta Segovia; although the city is not lacking in other palatable liquids. The Guadarama snows supply the place of ice, and the half-and-half (*mitj e mitj*), made of barley and pounded *chochos*, the clarified verjuice (*agraz*) mixed with Manzanilla wine, and the beer combined with lemon juice (*cerbeza con limon*), I thought very refreshing, and found my opinion momentarily confirmed by the natives. In all the public squares, promenades, cafés, restaurants, and theatres, drinks may be had at any moment. Wherever I walked or lounged men and boys were going about with matches for lighting cigars and cigarettes, and with vessels containing water, lemonade, wine, and mixed potables. The Spaniards smoke so constantly that they keep thirsty from morning to night, and really pass their days in alternations between fire and water, or something stronger. Emulsions are great favorites with them in sickness as well as health. The *leche de Almendras*, a sovereign remedy for various ills, is almost exactly the *αμυγδαλη φαρμακον αγαθον* of Athenæus, and is believed to be excellent from its age, which always begets reverence in Spain.

Beyond certain buildings and certain quarters, I was hardly repaid as a sight-seer for my exertions in the capital. Few of the streets are handsome or impressive, and nearly all of them have the gloominess and unchangeable aspect that spring from the superabundant bile of the nation. The Puerta del Sol (it is called the Gate of the Sun because it was once the eastern gate, on which the rising sun shone) is now a public square in the middle of the city, whence the principal thoroughfares radiate. The Puerta—Murat perpetrated the butchery of 1808 there—was formerly the resort of idlers, gossips, and news-mongers, and furnished opportunity for studying costumes. But modern progress has brought changes in dress and habits, and substituted for the place-hunter and adventurer the cicerone and mendicant. The former is not so desirous to be employed as he is in other countries; but the latter is among the most importunate of his tribe.

I have often heard that Spanish beggars are so sensitive that if alms are once refused they will not ask again. I should have been glad to find them so. But I have had a very different experience. Denial seems to sharpen their energy; and the only phrase reputed to have an



THE GYPSIES.



SPANISH BEGGARS.

exorcising power, "Will you excuse me, my brother, for God's sake?" (*Perdone usted por Dios, Hermano?*), has had no more effect upon them than would appeals to justice upon New York hackmen. I once thought that the cheerful habit our imported beggars have of showing their ulcers and their wounds was born of our inventive atmosphere. But I have found it is a fashion borrowed from the Peninsula, as all who visit Spain will find likewise. The Puerta, the plazas generally, the Prado, and the Calle de Alcalá, swarm with the blind, the crippled, and the unfortunates of every sort. He or she who has a hideous scar or sore is sure to display

it, knowing, if your heart does not respond to the appeal for charity, that your sensibility will so revolt as to seek protection through the purse. Of course nearly every mendicant is professional, and many are impostors, though poverty is so common and employment so scarce in Castile that three-quarters of the Madrilenians might be pardoned for soliciting alms. Such ghastly spectacles of marring and maiming are unusual, even in Southern Europe; albeit I suspect not a few of them are artificially produced. I have seen miracles wrought in the secular walks of life that are almost as remarkable as, though far less numerous than, those recorded by the

Church. Sightless wretches who besieged me with prayers in the morning I have discovered scanning their reals with a critical eye in the afternoon; and one-armed and legless fellows sunning themselves in the Prado, would, under my mortal vision, be restored to soundness in the Buen Retiro Gardens.

The Plaza Mayor, where executions, autos da fé, and royal bull-fights once took place, is a large square, interesting now from what it has been. The buildings fronting the Plaza were leased formerly with the understanding that the balconies and front windows should be given up to the nobility when spectacles were presented. The quarter has been much injured by fires, which the priests at one time attempted to extinguish by displaying "the Host," but with such slender effect as to excite the suspicion that fire is an heretical element.

The Prado, the grand boulevard of the capital, two miles and a half long, is to Madrid what the Champs Elysées are to Paris. It was a meadow once, as the name indicates; but it is now entirely innocent of grass or verdure of any kind, except that supplied by the long lines of trees. Under them, on the iron chairs—two

quartos are charged for their use—sit the natives in the early morning. Spain rises betimes, and supplements sleep by the siesta, and particularly in the afternoon and evening, smoking, reading newspapers, chatting, and flirting in the grave manner that befits the Castilian. I can't admire the Prado; it is a hot and dusty place when it is not ehilly and uncomfortable; but it is entertaining to open your mental note-book there, and jot down the peculiarities of surrounding men and women who carry on the soft war that has been waged so perpetually since the distinctions of physiology were first recognized. The eight fountains of the Prado are handsome, especially those of Neptune, Apollo, and Cybele; and their falling waters are most grateful music when heard under the burning sun.

The Buen Retiro and Botanical Gardens are neglected, and have fallen into decay; but the Campos Eliseos are well laid out, and much frequented by both sexes fond of music, dancing, feasting, and fire-works.

The reputation of the Royal Palace drew me to it. Like most things material and mental, it appears better at a distance than upon near approach. It is a vast building of white stone,



FOUNTAINS OF THE PRADO.



THE ROYAL ARMORY.

one hundred feet high and four hundred and seventy feet each way, marred by its square port-holes and its ungraceful chimney-pots. The statues that adorn it are poorly executed, and their disproportion often offends. The different saloons are richly frescoed, ornamented with marbles, heavily gilded; but fine taste is not observed where money has been lavished most. The windows overlook the river Manzanares, sometimes so dry in summer that the bed is actually sprinkled to lay the dust; but the view over the slopes, though they are leveled and terraced, is without the beauty and variety the Moors would have given it, had they had an opportunity to introduce their attractive if fantastic arts.

In the Royal Armory I saw as large a collection as there is in Europe—the armor and arms of all the actual and fabulous heroes and kings of Spain, including the Ferdinands, Philips, Charleses, the Cid, Pelayo, Bernardo del Cápío, and almost every warrior of fame in ancient or modern times. Hannibal's, Augustus's, and Julius Cæsar's helmets are preserved; but their authenticity I questioned, because they betray evidence of having been made centuries after those disturbers of the public

peace had knocked at the door of Olympus and been admitted by Jupiter himself.

A singular institution for Madrid is the Magdalen Asylum, where I spent several hours. No woman is admitted unless indubitable evidence of her incontinence be given; and those admitted are never released, except to marry or become nuns. Connected with the asylum is a house of restraint, where women, wedded and single, are sent by their relatives and husbands who consider them too susceptible for security. There are no such houses as these outside of the Peninsula; but persons unblest with faith think they might be extended to other countries with advantage. It may be an argument, however, against the benefit of the establishments, that women placed there are said to be so indignant at the suspicion attaching to them that, when released, they endeavor to earn the meed of their accusation. Husbands who have occasion to be absent from home for any length of time not unfrequently put their wives under the protection of *Las Recojidas*, and take them out when they return. This custom is obsolescent, like the employment of bolts, bars, and duennas. Even the Spaniards have begun to perceive that femi-

nine honor must be guarded by moral, not material agencies, and that vulgar compulsion augments the tendency to sin by adding anger to temptation.

Before I ever set foot in Spain I knew what a gloomy and unsatisfactory pile the Escorial is. But being there it became my duty as a traveler to visit the monastic palace, lest those who had been before me should say, when I returned: "Not see the Escorial? Alas, my friend, you crossed the Pyrenees in vain!"

Twenty miles from the capital by rail, the desolate character of the country through which I passed was a proper prelude for the inspection of the great granite tomb which a bigoted and cruel monarch reared to his own vanity and superstition. When I saw the sombre edifice frowning in the distance above the savage outline of the Guadarama, I thought,—How fitting it is to be the home and grave of Philip II.! The eighth wonder of the world, as it is called, seems like a huge family vault, and casts cold shadows even amidst the fierce sun-glare of Castile. Philip's ostensible object in its erection was, as we know, to execute the will of his father in constructing a royal burial-place, and also to fulfill a vow made to San Lorenzo at St. Quentin when the tide of battle had set against him. Lorenzo, according to theologic accounts, was broiled by Valentianus over a slow fire, and to this circumstance we owe the Escorial's grid-iron shape, in commemoration of the manner of the saintly martyrdom. My knowledge of history freshened as I wandered through the vast courts. I thought how the saturnine Philip went there after the battle of St. Quentin, for which, by-the-by, he was indebted to Philibert of Savoy, and lived fourteen years, the cowl over his crown, dying on the very day the palace was finished, in such remorse and agony as no one who has read the pages of Siguenza can fail to remember. When I recall the love Philip had for the Escorial, I can understand how gloomy must have been his temperament without looking into the library for the Titian portrait with its stony eyes and deathlike coldness of face. He loved the sacerdotal structure because he built it, because its dismalness sympathized with his, because he could boast that from its solitude he could, with a bit of paper, rule the world. A rectangular parallelogram, seven hundred feet long, and five hundred and sixty-four feet broad, composed of gray granite, with blue slates and leaden roofs, it reminds me, in spite of its size, simplicity, and situation, of a modern-day barracks or manufactory of gigantic proportions. Two thousand seven hundred feet above the sea-level, it is part of the mountain on which it stands, and seems a bulwark against the storms and snows of the Sierras, a species of Hospice of St. Bernard on a colossal scale. The architecture is mixed, but the Doric style prevails. The various courts represent the interstices of the gridiron, the royal residence the handle, and the four towers at each corner the legs of the implement re-

versed. The custodians are very voluble as to particulars. They told me it has eleven thousand windows (is the number so large because they are so small and out of proportion?), covers four hundred thousand square feet, has twelve cloisters, sixteen courts, eighty staircases, sixty-five fountains, and three thousand five hundred feet of painting in fresco. Until within the last twenty-five years it was allowed to decay. Since then it has been partially repaired, though it bears numerous weather-beaten traces on every side.

The palace and convent are now used for educational purposes, about three hundred students being instructed there for priestly and profane pursuits. The small chamber near the oratory is pointed out as the place where the crowned zealot breathed his last, and not far from the high altar the museum of superstition in which he collected thousands of relics of saints and martyrs. Never was there a greater bigot than Philip. In what he conceived to be sacred anatomy he was without an equal, as may be seen from the *relicario*. The presentation of a so-called martyr's toe or a saint's tooth gave him more pleasure than a victory; for he believed that either of those would go far toward the purchase of absolution for his blood-stained soul. After La Houssaye pillaged the Escorial he mixed up the relics in a manner that would have driven Philip to distraction if he had been alive; for since then it has been quite impossible to determine to whom the confused fragments of anatomy belong. I remember leaning in the *relicario* against what I supposed to be a fragment of stone; but discovered, from the horror I excited in the custodian, who crossed himself and uttered a confusion of prayers and invocations, that I had done something terrible. He explained to me that what I had taken for a stone was the thigh-bone of Saint Dominic or the thorax of Saint Ignatius—I am very deficient in knowledge of hagiography—and that it was one of the most cherished relics of Philip, as he phrased it, of blessed memory. He appeared to be as much shocked as astounded when I failed to be impressed with the enormity of my offense, muttered something about the total depravity of heretics, and perhaps secretly sighed for the restoration of the Inquisition.

Before I descended to the Pantheon—the royal tomb—I lighted a torch that was handed me, and with difficulty moved over the slippery marble steps. The great family vault is under the high altar, so that the priest who elevates the Host in the church may confer the benefit of the sacred act upon the dead below. Philip II., who really had taste in architecture, made the vault plain; but his son and grandson, on assuming the crown, rendered it tawdry with gilding and variegated marbles, and destroyed the impressive effect it originally had. The Pantheon is an octagon, about forty feet in diameter and about the same height, of dark marble and gilt bronze. On the eight sides



THE PANTHEON IN THE ESCORIAL.

are twenty-six black marble sarcophagi, exactly alike, perhaps to show the equality of death and the peership of sovereigns. On the right are the monarchs of the past, and on the left are their consorts—etiquette survives the grave in Spain—with the names of the deceased on each sarcophagus. Vacant niches yawn expectant for the future kings and queens, whose line was seriously interrupted by the revolution. The urn Isabella would have occupied was shown to me. If she had sought to assert her right it would now be filled, I opine; and it is quite possible she would prefer quiet burial some years hence in Montmartre or Père la Chaise to the earlier honors of sepulture there.

At the first break (*descanso*) in the staircase I was conducted into another burial-place, where more members of the royal family—Isabella of Valois, Don Juan of Austria, and Don Carlos among them—sleep their dreamless sleep. Every body who has read Schiller's tragedy sympathizes with the unfortunate son of Philip, and is inclined to believe the poetic is the historic account. But all the educated persons in Madrid with whom I conversed on the subject declare that the prince's hatred of his father, who ordered his arrest in 1568, arose from fits of temper, caused by a fall from his horse six years before, which impaired both his mind and body. They referred me to Raumur for proof that he never loved his step-mother, and that both he and she died natural deaths.

In the cloisters and court-yards—unpleasant and the walls badly painted—I saw nothing to detain me, and I was glad to hurry to the handle of the gridiron (*el mango de la parrilla*), which is, as I have said, the royal residence. The rooms of state are poorly furnished, and so uninviting that I do not wonder the monarchs, after spending a few weeks there, hastened to the fair but artificial gardens of San Idelfonso. The kings, queens, and courtiers were always accessible to the monks, and practiced outward austerities, while their private lives were licentious and shameless. They were theologic epicures, sinning for the pleasure of confessing, and breaking the Commandments for the honor of absolution. The rooms Don Carlos occupied awoke new pity for him; but the indignation I felt against his father was softened when I stood in the humble apartment where Philip was carried, in his mental and physical agony, that he might gaze upon the altar he had dishonored, and profane with bigot lips the crucifix Charles V. had kissed with expiring breath.

With all the shadows and suggestions of the Escorial around me, I thought, This is indeed like Spain. So proud in feeling, so poor in performance; so fearful of innovations, so overborne by the ancient; she stands among nations as this monkish palace, in the midst of sun-glare and desolation, a dark memory of the past and an awful warning for the future.

THE MYSTERIES OF A THUNDER-SHOWER.



THE ELECTRIC SPARK.

ON a summer's morning, when the barometer has been high and the sun has been warm for several successive days, we sometimes find, at ten o'clock, that not a cloud is to be seen,

nor the least trace of any mist or haze in any part of the sky.

And yet the atmosphere at such a time as this is perhaps more than usually loaded with water!

One indication of the fact that the atmosphere is at such a time more than usually loaded with water is, that the ground is more than usually dry. A very large part of the moisture which the soil ordinarily contains has been constantly ascending—during the warm days, or weeks perhaps, that have passed—into the air. The same process has also been going on from all the surfaces of water. The ponds and rivers and brooks are all low. A large portion of their natural and ordinary supply of water has been volatilized by the warmth of the sun, and now floats in the air in the form of an invisible vapor.

And yet, though the atmosphere contains an unusually large supply of watery particles at such a time, we call it dry. And we do right to call it so, though perhaps, strictly speaking, it would be more proper to call it *drying*. The dampness or dryness of an atmosphere, in its effects upon animal or vegetable substances exposed to it, does not depend upon the absolute quantity of water which it holds in solution so much as upon its disposition to give up what it has, or, on the other hand, to retain it and absorb more. If the atmosphere has but little water in suspension in it, but is in a condition to deliver up and deposit what it has upon an object exposed to it, we call it a wet atmosphere. The day when such a state of things exists we call a wet day, though perhaps it would be more strictly accurate to say a *wetting* day. At any rate, that is what we mean.

A ribbon, which, like other such fabrics, in its ordinary state of exposure to atmospheric influences, is never wholly free from water—or, in other words, which is never *perfectly dry*,* and can not be made so without great difficulty, and only by a very nice and careful chemical process—waved in such an atmosphere, imbibes more water than it had before, and perhaps receives enough to make it feel sensibly damp to the touch.

On the other hand, if the atmosphere has a great quantity of water in suspension, but still is in such a condition that, instead of being inclined to surrender what it has, it thirsts, so to speak, for more, then we call it a dry atmosphere; not meaning, however, strictly speaking, that it is dry in itself, but drying in its effects upon bodies exposed to it.

* That is to say, it is never perfectly dry, if we mean by that *perfectly free from water*. In common parlance we call any substance dry when it contains so little water that it does not communicate what it has to any other substance brought into contact with it. It is perfectly proper to use the word in this sense, provided we understand that it does not denote *absolute destitution of water*.

A ribbon waved in such an atmosphere as this will be found, by the application of nice tests, to have less moisture in its texture than before. The air, though heavily charged with aqueous vapor, is still unsatisfied, and demands more. To supply this want it takes up water wherever it can find it, and thus dries, or tends to dry, all moist bodies. We accordingly call it a dry, meaning a drying, atmosphere.

An instrument contrived to indicate the degree of moisture contained in the atmosphere is called an hygrometer. There are different instruments of this character, which act on very different principles. Perhaps the most simple are those in which a slender cord, or even a single filament of some animal or vegetable substance, is employed to denote, by its contractions and elongations, the degree of moisture which acts upon it. The hygrometer of Saussure (Fig. 1) shows this instrument in its most simple form. The filament, consisting usually of a hair properly prepared, being fixed at one end, and passing round a pulley at the other, moves the index as it shrinks or expands, according to the hygrometrical condition of the atmosphere around it.

Fig. 2 is an instrument acting on the same principle, but in an improved form. The filament is lengthened by means of the pulleys, so as to make the movements of the needle more sensible; and the whole is so arranged as to be put into a case of the form of a watch, to be carried in the pocket. The spiral spring seen below acts to hold the needle at the point indicated by keeping the filament at all times in a state of gentle tension.

A hygrometrical instrument often takes the form of a toy, as in Fig. 3, where the cowl of the monk serves as the index, by being drawn up over his head or allowed to fall back, according to the state of the atmosphere, as indicated by the expansions and contractions of a hygrometrical filament concealed in the figure. Such toys are made in a great variety of forms, although it is almost

always the figure of a monk that appears in them. The monk is chosen, it is to be presumed, not out of any disrespect to his holy vocation, but simply on account of the convenience of his peculiar head-dress for the movement necessary. Perhaps, however, there are some forms of a lady's hood which might answer equally well.

But to return to the weather.

On such a summer's day as that to which we were referring, the capacity of the air for absorbing aqueous vapor is very high. The chief condition of this high capacity is warmth—warm air having the power of taking up water much more rapidly, and holding a much larger quantity in solution or suspension, than cold. In consequence of this increased capacity, water has been rising into it in vast quantities—from the ground, from the surfaces of ponds and streams, and from every other source of supply. Still it is not satisfied; or, to speak without a metaphor, it is not *saturated*. It demands more. If there should be a mist or a cloud any where in the sky, it dissolves it at once. It drinks it, as it were, to quench its thirst.

So, too, if water is sprinkled upon the ground at such a time, or upon a board, or upon a rock, the atmosphere drinks it with great avidity. Loaded though it be already with moisture, it still thirsts for more, and eagerly seizes upon all that comes within its reach.

This state of things continues usually, on such a day as we have supposed, and in such a climate as that of the United States, until about noon, and then a phenomenon takes place which is of a most mysterious and indeed inexplicable character, and one which, were we not so familiar with it, would excite our wonder and astonishment in the highest degree—namely, the formation, usually in the *western* sky, of large, rounded, and perfectly well defined clouds. The

wonder is twofold. First, why the clouds should be formed at all; and secondly, why they should be marked by such distinct, sharp, and well-defined boundaries.

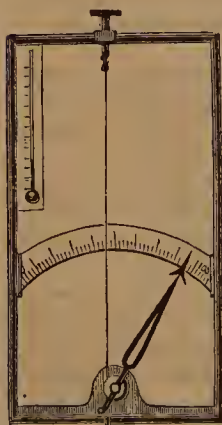


Fig. 1.—HYGROMETER OF SAUSSURE.



Fig. 2.—HYGROMETER OF MONNIER.



Fig. 3.—THE MONK.

First, why should such clouds be formed at all? We can easily imagine that the atmosphere might, after taking up great quantities of moisture in a warm day, or in a succession of warm days, undergo some gradual change, such as becoming more cold, or more dense, or more rare, or in other respects different in condition from what it was before, and so be inclined to give up its water. But we should have expected that this change would be gradual—that we should see at first only a faint general haze, which would slowly increase as the change in the condition of the air producing it went on. Such a general change in the condition of the atmosphere, and such a wide-spread tendency to precipitate moisture, does actually take place sometimes, producing the appearances which we observe when we say there is a storm gathering.

We can also understand how, when the air near the earth has been warmed by the sun, and has become loaded with moisture, as in the case we have supposed, there might be a cold stratum above, which, by some change in the currents of the upper air, might be caused to pass over it and to *dip into it*, as it were, and chill a portion of the warm air along the line, or rather *surface*, of junction, and so cause it to deposit its moisture. This would produce thin strata of smooth, or sometimes more or less feathery, clouds, known to the meteorologists as *strati* and *cirri*, such as we often see in a summer's day spread over the whole expanse of the sky.

But what the influence or agency can be to cause the atmosphere to change its condition so suddenly in the middle of the day, at the time when the rays of the sun are most powerful, so that, from manifesting an abundant capacity for taking up and holding perfectly in solution all the water within its reach, it suddenly begins to give it up with the utmost rapidity and profuseness, is one branch of the mystery which the phenomena of a thunder-shower involve.

A cloud is nothing else than an assemblage of small globules or vesicles of water. When the globules are very small, so that they float in the atmosphere, they form simply a cloud. When they increase in size, so that their weight



CIRRI.

causes them to fall to the earth, they become rain. The nature of the globules, however, is the same in both cases, and the manner in which they are formed is the same.

Thus the air, which during the whole of the forenoon of a hot summer's day seems to have an insatiable thirst for water, so as to drink up and hold in an invisible form all that it can obtain, suddenly, at or about noon, changes its condition within certain well-defined limits, and begins to release its hold upon it. The particles then becoming liquid water once more, join together, and, by their mutual attraction, arrange themselves into globules, which float in the air, forming mists or clouds, until they become large enough to descend to the earth as rain.

What can be the reason of this change? If it took place at night, after the sun had gone down, we should not have been surprised. We should have inferred that the withdrawal of the beams of the sun, by cooling the air, diminished its capacity for water, and caused it to surrender a part of its charge. But why should such a condensation take place during the day? And in the middle of the day, too, just as the beams of the sun have become most intense, and their influence on the atmosphere, and on the capacity of the atmosphere for water, are most powerful?

But, secondly, suppose a cause to be discovered why thus, in the middle of a hot day, and under a meridian sun, the air should all at once change its condition, and begin so rapidly to surrender the water which a few hours before it had evinced so great an eagerness to absorb, there remains another and a still greater mystery, namely, Why the tendency to condensation should manifest itself only in certain circumscribed spaces in the atmosphere, within which the precipitation of the moisture should go on with such rapidity as to form a dense and opaque mass, sometimes almost wholly impervious to the rays of the sun, while immediately without them—the boundary being distinct, sharp, and exceedingly well defined—the atmosphere should remain as clear and pellucid as ever. If we look at the outline of one of these rounded summer clouds, we shall see that nothing could be



STRATI.



STRATI AND CIRRI AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

more sharply defined. The condensation seems to take effect fully and in all its force quite up to the line. Beyond the line, and at the very instant that it is passed, the phenomenon ceases suddenly and entirely. There is here no condensation at all. The air continues as clear and transparent as ever.

Indeed, the landscape painter finds no form in nature that he has to delineate with an outline more sharp and clear than that of a summer cloud of this character; and so well defined are the surfaces which bound the area of condensation that they will actually reflect sound, producing echoes and reverberations, like a precipice of rocks or a solid wall.

These surfaces always assume rounded forms. Now, whenever in nature we find any phenomenon develop rounded or spherical forms, there is usually indicated a cause or agency bearing some relation to a centre. It is attraction *toward* a centre, or radiation *from* a centre, or some other influence or action analogous to these. Thus, in the present case, it would seem that there were centres in the atmosphere, in which at such a time a tendency to condensation is developed by some mysterious means, and that the condensation thus commenced spreads uniformly in all directions, proceeding, however, in such a manner as to preserve a distinct and well-defined boundary between the space to which the condensation extends and that beyond. Sometimes this process goes on for a time, and then the action is reversed. The atmosphere seems to recover again its disposition to absorb instead of giving up moisture, and the cloud grows gradually smaller, and finally fades away and disappears. In other cases the process proceeds with increasing energy. The surrendering of water by the air goes

on with such rapidity that great drops are formed by millions, which descend to the earth in a shower so copious as sometimes to deluge the whole country over which the cloud is formed.

And yet an hour, perhaps, before that same air on that same day, and under that same sun, was almost as eager to take up from the earth that same water, or its equivalent, as it is now to throw it down.

Whenever, in the study of nature, we encounter a phenomenon which seems inexplicable, so that, after looking into it and around it with the closest scrutiny that we can exercise, we can find no means of explaining it, we always experience a certain relief in our perplexity if we can find some other difficulty which seems analogous to it.

Next to finding the solution of a mystery, it would seem that we are most pleased with finding a duplicate of it. Two analogous difficulties are less perplexing to us than one standing alone, which fact, though it may seem paradoxical, is not at all surprising; for in finding the second example of the mystery we always imagine that we have taken an important step toward discovering the secret of the first.

We have the advantage of this relief in the present case; for we find, when we watch the conditions under which water in freezing changes from a liquid to a solid form, on the surface of a lake or river, or in a vessel upon the table, that a phenomenon presents itself which is strikingly similar to that which we have observed to take place in the air while it was changing from a gaseous to a liquid form.

Observe what takes place upon the surface of a sheet of water when it commences to freeze. The air above it grows colder and colder until it gets below the freezing-point. It is equally cold at every portion of the surface of the water, and we might have expected that the water would begin to freeze at the same time and in the same manner at every part. But it is not



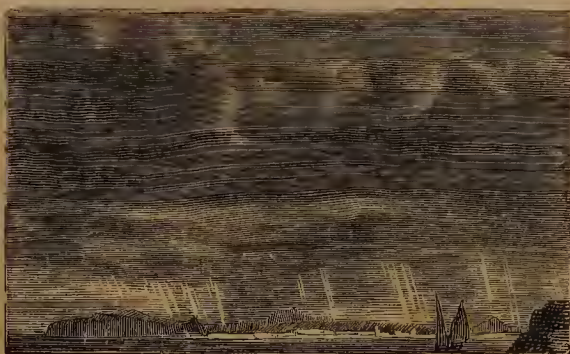
CUMULI.

so. It begins to freeze at the edges or around the little leaves or sticks that may be floating on the surface, and from these points crystals shoot in various directions among the liquid particles, the sides and terminations of the crystals being limited by distinct and perfectly well defined lines separating the ice from the liquid water around it, just as the clouds had been circumscribed by definite limits and bounds dividing them from the transparent air around them.

Why does not the water begin to solidify at once universally all over the surface of the lake, so as to produce a general thickening of the water, with minute particles of ice, formed in every part like a cloudy precipitate in a chemical solution? The solidification never does take place in this general manner. There is a part where the water is frozen into a solid mass, and a part beyond where it remains entirely liquid. The former gradually spreads and extends over the latter; but during the process the line of demarkation between what is liquid and what is solid remains perfectly distinct and well defined, so much so that when at last the shooting crystals converging from the circumference toward the centre are ready to meet there, having solidified in their progress almost the whole surface of the sheet, the little space which still remains to be closed retains its water to the very last moment in the same condition of perfect fluidity as at first.

Thus there seems a strong analogy between the manner in which liquid water becomes solid by freezing in a bowl, and that in which gaseous water becomes liquid by condensation in the summer sky, in this respect—namely, that in both cases the process goes on, not by a diffused and general action pervading the whole mass, but by a sort of radiation proceeding from centres, in the progress of which a distinct line of demarkation is kept up from the beginning to the end, between what is brought into the new condition, whether liquid or solid, and that which yet remains in the old.

There is one striking difference between the visible results in the two cases, and that is that in the process of congelation from the liquid state the particles of water join each other in such a manner as to produce long pointed crystals, bounded by straight lines and sharp angles; whereas in condensation from the air they group themselves in masses which assume rounded forms, like the convolutions of smoke. But this difference depends, no doubt, on the fact that in the latter case the condensed masses being fluid themselves, and floating freely in a fluid atmosphere, are free to take any form which the various attractions and other forces to which they are exposed tend to impart to them; while in the former the particles are held by the solidity which is the special characteristic of their new state in the precise positions which they first assumed in the act of entering it.

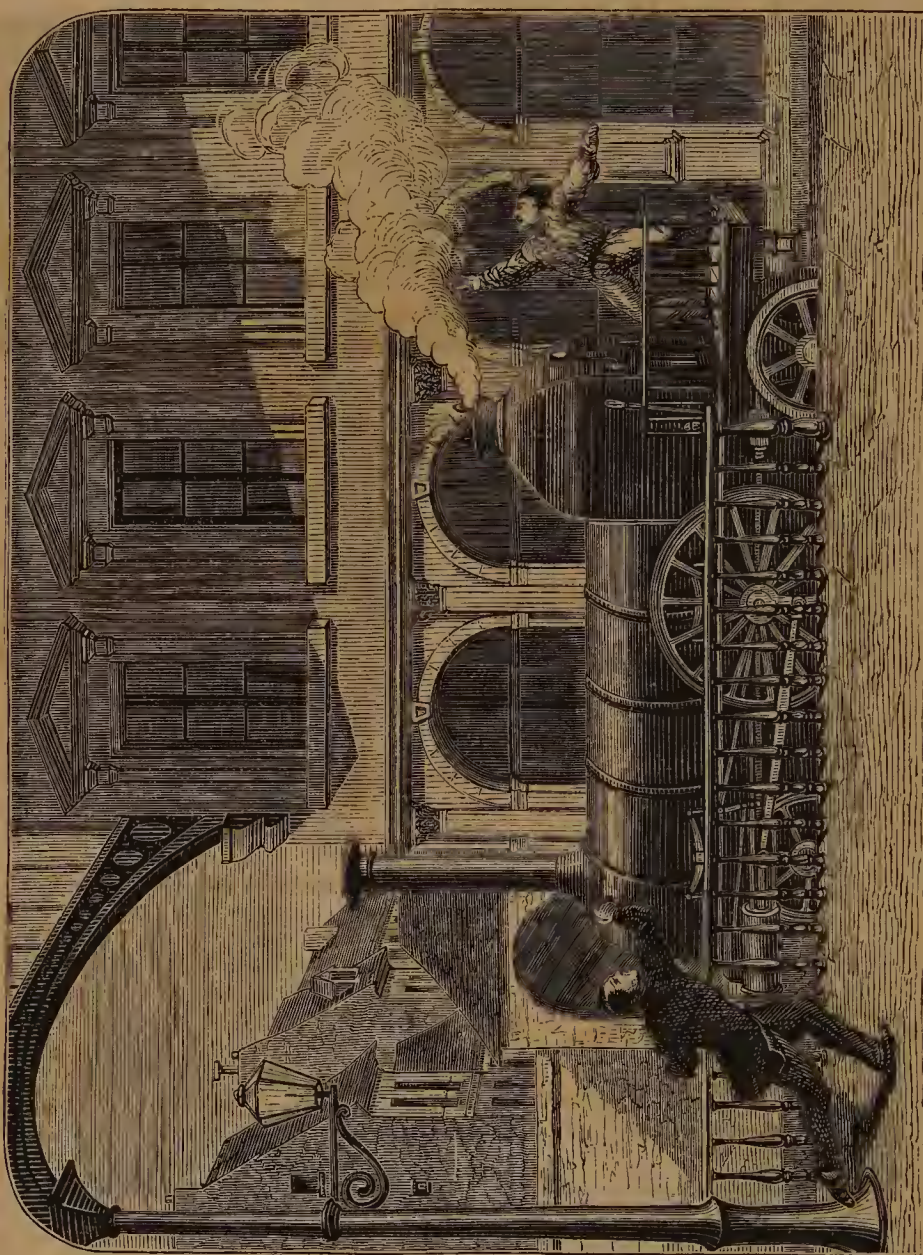


THE NIMBUS.

The philosophy of these processes is by no means yet fully understood; but it is well known that the singular effects connected with them are due, in a very considerable degree, to the action of a very mysterious and hidden cause which we call electricity. There is abundant and direct proof that the agency of electricity is concerned in the process of crystallization in all cases; and there is still more striking and impressive proof of its presence, and of its exercising a most energetic action, in the formation of summer clouds. The mode of action may, however, be extremely different in the two cases. There certainly is a very great difference in the manner in which this mysterious agent manifests its presence and power to human observation in the one and in the other.

Electricity is the name we give to the unknown cause of certain very curious and remarkable effects which we see produced in nature. We know nothing whatever in relation to this cause, except the effects which it produces. The imagination is continually struggling to look beyond these effects, and to form some conception of a material substance which may exist, in fact, independently of them, and which, by its movements, or in some other way, may produce them. But this is vain. We know nothing, and can know nothing, but the effects. The effects properly grouped and classified form what we call the science of electricity. But the effects themselves are all that, strictly speaking, can be the objects of our knowledge.

It is necessary to understand thus where the limit lies in respect to the knowledge which we may hope to acquire of natural phenomena, in order that we may not be misled by the phraseology which, on account of the poverty of language, it is necessary for us to use—or at least extremely convenient to use—in describing the phenomena. We speak of electricity as moving from place to place—of its striking—of its being diffused over a surface, or concentrated in a point. We designate it as a fluid. Indeed, it has been extensively believed to be really a fluid—one of very great tenuity and elastic force. But whether the phenomena which we witness really result from the presence and progressive motions of such a fluid, or from the vibrations or undulations propagated



DEVELOPMENT OF ELECTRICITY THROUGH THE CONDENSATION OF STEAM.

through other material media, or whether they are produced in some other mode wholly beyond the experience of man, and, by consequence, entirely incomprehensible to him, is not known. All that we know is that there is a peculiar energy, universally diffused through nature, existing sometimes in a dormant state and sometimes in a condition of the most intense and energetic action. For convenience of language we speak of it as a substance, and represent it as moving from place to place. But all that is to be understood by this is that an energy exists, and is transmitted, without at all pretending to know precisely under what form or in what way.

It is found that the condensation of water in the summer sky, such as we have described, is always attended by a great development of this unseen and mysterious energy—be it fluid, vi-

bration, force, or whatever else we choose to call it. The more rapid the condensation the more copiously is the electricity developed. Which is the cause and which is the effect, it is impossible to say; but the two phenomena accompany each other in a very remarkable manner.

This connection between the development of electricity and the condensation of aqueous vapor, which was for a long time known only to exist in the case of the thunder-cloud, has since been found to be universal. The attention of scientific men was called strongly to this subject by an incident which occurred to an engineer in charge of a locomotive near Newcastle, in England, in 1840. This engineer happened to pass one hand very near the cloud of vapor which was issuing from the escape-pipe of his engine, at the instant when the other was

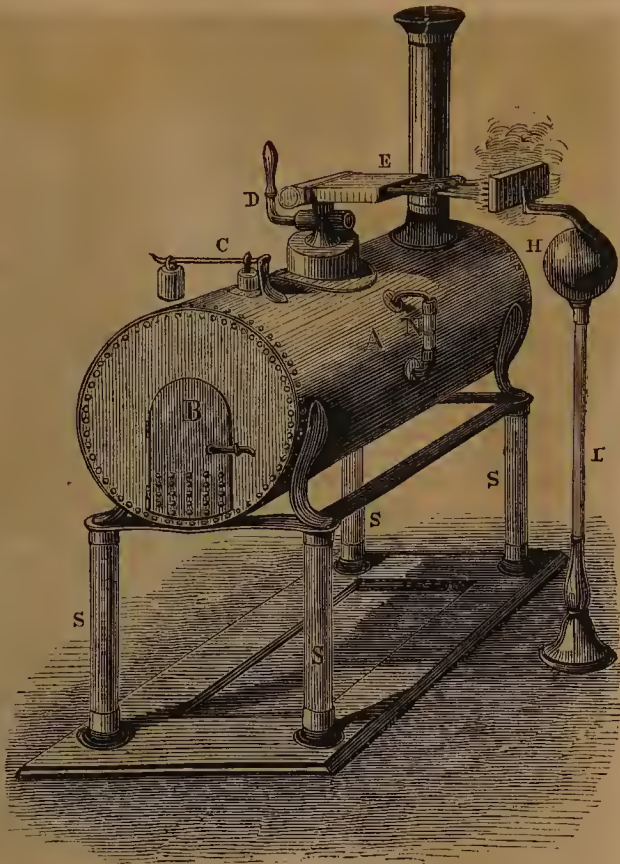
in contact with a metallic handle attached to some part of the machinery. The combination happened to be such as to make his body part of an electric circuit, and he experienced a sudden and quite powerful shock.

This incident led to a more thorough study of the electrical phenomena connected with the condensation of water, and it was found that electricity could be excited in any quantity by this means. The engraving represents a machine or engine constructed by Armstrong for this purpose. It consists of a boiler mounted upon insulating columns, provided, as usual, with fire-box, water-gauge, safety-valve, and smoke-pipe, and also furnished with an apparatus by which jets of the steam may be thrown upon a system of metallic points connected with an insulated conductor. The operation of such a machine as this is very powerful, though, for obvious reasons, it is not a convenient one for practical use.

In the case of the condensation of vapor in the atmosphere, so long as the cloud remains small, the presence of the electricity does not manifest itself by any outward sign; but when it becomes large and very dense, and especially when it is rapidly formed, the electric energy becomes excessive, and it produces two effects strikingly manifest to the senses—a brilliant chain of forked and glittering light dazzling the eye, and a series of tremendous detonations and reverberations overpowering the ear. The direction of the line of light is often toward the earth, and by the very remarkable effects which are produced at the termination of it we know that in some way or other a force of very extraordinary intensity, has been transmitted from the cloud to the ground.

The discharges, as we term them, take place sometimes in very quick succession, showing that the electric energy is very abundantly developed, and in such cases the condensation of water goes on in an equally extraordinary manner.

This state of things continues for several hours. The two effects—namely, the development of electricity and the condensation of water—go on together, the one keeping pace, to all appearance, exactly with the other. The electricity, as it is developed, discharges itself in glittering lines of light darting through the air. The water descends, by its gravitation, to the earth in a deluging shower. During all this time the cloud moves slowly on from west to east, increasing all the while in density and extent, until the heavens are black with it, and the earth for a region of many miles is thrown into deep shadow.



ARMSTRONG'S MACHINE.

At length the energy of this double action, that of the development of electricity and the condensation and precipitation of water, seems to reach and pass its maximum, and then gradually to subside. The descent of the water becomes less copious. The flashes and detonations produced by the electricity become more rare. Finally they cease altogether. The rain-drops cease to fall. The air, from having been so ready to give up the moisture which it had held in solution, resumes its former tendency to absorb it. The remaining globules which continue floating in the cloud are dissolved. The cloud itself is thus gradually diminished, and finally disappears; and the portion of the atmosphere which it occupied, though perhaps that portion has in the interval been made to traverse a considerable extent of country, becomes as transparent and pellucid as before, while perhaps at a few miles' distance the same process is just commencing anew, from some new centre—to go through the same course of developing electricity, and condensing water in the most rapid and energetic manner within a certain circumscribed and well-defined space, for a certain limited time; and then at length, after exhausting its energy, restoring every thing again to its pristine serenity and repose.

The eye is subject to a singular illusion in watching the progress of the thunder-clouds which are formed in the west in a summer's



EFFECTS OF THE DISCHARGE.

day. They seem to be formed low in the horizon, and to *rise* as they come on. But this apparent lowness of position and subsequent rising is all an illusion, the clouds being actually at the same height above the surface of the earth all the time.

This is shown to be true by several considerations. In the first place, if the apparent rising of the clouds were a real rising, then they must have been formed near the ground at the place from which the observer at any point sees them appear to rise; in which case the people living at that place—which can only be usually at a distance of eight or ten miles from the station of the observer—would see them *forming* all around them, at or near the surface of the earth, as fogs sometimes form on low grounds in autumn mornings. But this is never the case. The thunder-clouds produced on a sultry summer afternoon never, to any observer, seem near the ground, except when they are at a distance from where he stands.

Thus, when thunder-clouds are formed over

any great extent of country—the State of New York, for instance—the people of Albany, of Utica, of Rochester, and of Buffalo all see them high in the air. The people of Albany, it is true, looking west, in the direction of Utica, see the clouds close to the horizon, and they might imagine that at Utica they were really lying near the ground. But the people of Utica see them high in the air. They, in their turn, looking still farther west, toward Rochester, see another group of clouds near the horizon, which they too, in turn, might suppose to be in fact close to the ground. Thus it is along the whole line. Each set of observers sees that their own clouds are high, and might easily imagine, under the influence of an optical illusion, that those which lie at a distance from them are low.

Nor is this illusion confined to the case of clouds. The top of the mast of a ship two hundred feet above the water, seen at a certain distance from the observer, just peeps above the horizon, and at a little greater distance it sinks below it altogether. If it were a thousand feet high, it would only be necessary to remove it to a greater distance to bring it down as close to the horizon as before.

If, now, there were a ball of fire placed upon the top of such a mast, and then if in the night the ship were to advance rapidly from its distant position toward the station of the observer, the ball would seem to rise in the sky, growing larger and larger also as it approached, precisely like the electric clouds, while yet, in fact, it would remain at the same distance above the surface of the water all the time.

The apparent rising of the cloud, therefore, and also a great portion of its apparent increase in size, are optical illusions.

In the same manner, a bird or flock of birds, flying toward us at a great altitude, appear to be at a comparatively low elevation when they first come into view, and to rise as they approach—while really they are traversing the country at the same level.

The same principle applies to fixed as well as moving points in the sky, making those that are near us appear high, and those that are more remote lower. This produces the arched appearance of the heavens, almost the whole of which is due to this optical illusion.

We say *almost* the whole of it, for a level stratum, as of clouds for example, spread over the sky at a certain distance from the earth, would have a *slight* curvature—that is, a curvature corresponding to that of the surface of the globe; but this curvature is too small to have any sensible effect in producing the appearance of a dome. The dome-like aspect which the sky presents is thus a grand optical illusion.

The light and heat which are so strikingly manifested sometimes in electric discharges from the clouds are not properties, directly, of the electricity itself, but effects developed by it in other substances. While the electricity remains quiescent in the cloud, the darkness and coldness of the cloud are not at all diminished by its presence. It is only when it is transmitted through the air, or through some other resisting medium, that light and heat appear. They are not inherent in the electricity itself, but are produced in some way by the disruption of the resisting substances through which it passes. Just as the flint and steel, cold in themselves, develop an intense heat by the friction produced when they are brought into collision.

This truth, that the heat and light which accompanies an electric discharge from the clouds are affections, not of the electrical energy itself, but of other substances on which this energy acts in passing through or over them, is abundantly confirmed by experiments which are made with electricity artificially excited. So long as a quantity of electricity remains in a quiescent state on the surface of a conductor or of a Leyden-jar, no matter how great the quantity may be, or how highly concentrated, it produces no warmth in the substance retaining it, nor does it cause it to emit any light. But when this same supply, thus accumulated, is made to pass through the air, it emits an intense light, and produces a degree of heat sufficient to fuse metals.

The electricity of the cloud, then, after being gradually accumulated in connection with the process of condensation, at last transmits itself through the air, either to the earth or to some other cloud; and in so doing, either by the force of friction or disruption, or by some other means to us unknown, produces an intense degree of light and heat. The light, especially at night, illumines the whole heavens, and the heat inflames or fuses almost every thing that comes in its way.

The track of the electricity through the air, in the case of a discharge from the clouds, is not usually straight; but its course, as it appears to the eye, is a zigzag, with many sharp, angular turns, and sometimes irregularly radiating branches. The duration of the light is very short, even upon the retina of the eye, but it is very much shorter in *reality*; for the eye retains an impression of light for a sensible period after the external light which produced it has disappeared. We see this in the well-known experiment of whirling a lighted stick



ELECTRIC RAMIFICATIONS.

in the air, which produces upon the eye the impression of a continued circle of fire, while the real light is only a point, and not any circle at all. It is made a circle on the retina by that organ's retaining the impression which the point makes in any given part of the circuit, until the said point, in revolving, returns to that part again.

The flash, then, in the case of an electrical discharge, is very much more nearly instantaneous, in fact, than it appears to the eye. And, strange as it may seem, the actual duration of it has been measured. The result of this measurement shows that to say that the light emitted by the spark is gone in a second, or a half of a second, or a tenth of a second, is enormously to exaggerate its duration. To say that it endures for the millionth part of a second is to multiply the actual length of the period a *thousand* times; that is to say, the light has been proved to be so exceedingly brief in its duration, that there might be five hundred repetitions of it, with an equal interval of total darkness after every flash, in the *millionth part* of a second!

The first effect, undoubtedly, which will be produced on the minds of most readers in receiving such a statement as this will be the conviction that all pretensions to having computed, and still more to having measured, such portions of duration as this must be futile, and the results wholly fanciful and imaginary. But the very nice calculations of mathematicians and philosophers—calculations which would at first view seem as extraordinary as this—have been abundantly verified in so many instances, as for example in the motious and disturbing forces of the heavenly bodies, as to entitle those who make them to claim from mankind at large some degree of confidence in the results which they announce to us, in cases where we have not the opportunity to verify them.

In this case, however, although few persons have the means at hand of verifying the calculation, the principle on which it is made can be rendered so far intelligible as to show that it is *possible* to measure accurately an endless series of periods of duration that are all, in respect to minuteness, infinitely beyond the cognizance of our senses; thus doing, in respect to time, what the microscope enables us to do in respect to extension.

It would be somewhat difficult to describe fully the apparatus used, and the method of using it for accomplishing this result; but a general idea of the principle on which it operates can be very easily communicated.

Imagine, then, that the hands of a common clock are removed, and that the works within are connected with the *face* of the clock, so as to cause the face itself to revolve with a moderate rapidity—for example, at the rate of one revolution in each minute.

Suppose, now, that a sheet of paper is pasted upon the glass of the clock-case, so as to hide the revolving dial or face entirely from view, excepting at one small round spot near the top, where a hole had been cut in the paper before it was put upon the glass. We will suppose that the hole is in such a position as that the character XII. should be seen through it when the dial is in its natural position. If, now, a person standing before the clock looks through the hole in the paper, and the clock face begins to revolve, moving backward, that is from right to left, he will see the numbers pass in succession, behind the opening, in the order I., II., III., and so on.

If, now, the observer remains in his position, with his eyes open for *one minute*, he will see the whole series of the hours come into view. If he keeps his eyes open only for a quarter of a minute, he will see only a quarter of the series. And so, conversely, it would be easy by this contrivance to ascertain how long he kept his eyes open in any particular instance, from knowing how large a part of the series he saw. If he were to say, I opened my eyes just as the XII. was leaving the field of view, and shut them again just as the II. was coming into it, we might say, then you must have kept them open for one-sixth part of a minute; for the dial makes one revolution a minute, and it was one-sixth part of the circumference that you saw.

It is obvious that the principle would be the same if the dial were to revolve *once in a second*; for then it would be for the sixth part of a second that the observer's eyes would have been open, if he saw the spaces extending from XII. to II. The *principle* would be the same; but it would be impossible to operate at this speed with the human eye, on account of its not being quick enough in receiving and giving up the light which strikes the retina, and in transmitting the impressions to the mind. It is plain, however, that if the eye *were* quick and sensitive enough, the *method* would be equally

applicable to a revolution of once in a second, or a hundred times in a second, or at any other rate whatever. If the observer saw all the hours from XII. to VI. while the dial was revolving at the rate of a thousand times in a second, which is, of course, at the rate of one revolution in the thousandth part of a second, we should know that his eyes were open for just one-half that period of time; and so with any other portion of the circumference of the dial which might come into view.

Now although the sensitiveness of the human eye is not quick enough for such an operation, we have an agency at our command that is. There is a photographic arrangement by means of which an impression from light may be taken in an inconceivably short space of time. So quick is it, indeed, that a cannon-ball, at the instant of its leaving the mouth of the cannon, when it is wholly invisible to the human eye, will leave a distinct image of itself upon the photographic surface as it passes by an opening in a screen opposite to which the photographic instrument is placed.

Now imagine that instead of the living observer the photographic apparatus above referred to is placed before the clock. The room is dark. An arrangement is made for producing an electric spark at such a point in front of the clock as that the light from it shall shine through the opening in the paper, and illuminate such a portion of the dial-plate behind as *shall be in the act of passing during the continuance of the light*.

The arrangements being all thus made, and the dial-plate being set in extremely rapid motion, the electric discharge is at length made. The light from it shines through the opening and illuminates the passing portion of the disk. The portion so illuminated impresses its image indelibly upon the photographic screen, which, being made to move rapidly in a contrary direction, receives the different portions of the impression upon different portions of its surface; and thus, after the experiment is concluded, shows precisely how long the illumination of the spark continued.

It will be of course understood that in the above explanation no attempt is made to describe precisely the exact form of the apparatus used, but only to illustrate the principle on which it operates, with a view of showing the reader that the idea of making such extremely minute measurements of time as have been referred to is perfectly practicable, instead of being wholly absurd, as it might at first appear.

Although the light produced by the electric spark, even in its effect upon the eye, is so nearly instantaneous in its duration, the sound, in the case of discharges from the clouds in the sky, is greatly prolonged. The sound commences, when the discharge is near, with a series of terrific detonations following each other in quick succession, and is followed by long, rolling reverberations and echoes which are continued for a considerable time. This



LIGHTNING STRIKING A TREE.

prolongation of a sound, which is produced by one single and instantaneous impulse, is due to two causes.

The first cause is the difference of the time which is required for the sounds produced in different parts of the track of the electric discharge to come in to the ear. Sounds may take place, in fact, at the same absolute moment of time, and yet come home *in succession* to the ear of any listener. They must do so, in fact, if they take place at different distances from the ear; and the intervals between them, as heard, will depend upon these relative distances.

For example, let us suppose that four cannons are placed in a row upon a plain, at distances of a mile from each other, and that an observer is stationed in the same line, but at the distance of one mile from the end of the row. Suppose, now, that by means of a given signal, or by a galvanic wire passing along the line, all four of the cannons are discharged at the same instant of time, the observer would by no means, in such a case, hear them together. There would be a distinct interval between the several sounds as they reached his ear, on account of the fact that the sound of the first would have to pass through a distance of only one mile, while the second would have a journey to make of two miles, the third of three, and the fourth of four. Now, as sound travels at the rate of a little more than a thousand feet in a second, which is not far from a mile in five seconds, the observer would hear the reports at intervals of about five seconds each; and a period of twenty seconds would elapse before all the sounds would come in.

To apply this reasoning to the case of an

electric discharge from the clouds, let us suppose that an observer stands to the eastward of a cloud, and at the distance of a mile from it, and that the electric discharge passes from one cloud to another, the latter being situated a mile to the westward of the former. Now, although the discharge should actually pass across this interval in an instant, and the sounds which it would produce would be actually simultaneous in all parts of the line, or at least so nearly simultaneous that there would be no appreciable difference, in actual fact, between the beginning and the end of it, still, as in the case of the simultaneous sounds produced by the reports of the line of cannons, the different portions of it would come *in succession* to the ear. Five seconds would elapse after the flash before the beginning of the clap of thunder would be heard, and then five seconds more would be required to bring the whole *length* of the sound, so to speak, fully in, and that without making any account whatever of echoes and reverberations.

This fact, that sound moves through the air in a summer's day at about the rate of a mile in five seconds, gives us a very convenient and sufficiently accurate mode of measuring the distance from us of any electric discharge from the clouds which we witness, by counting the number of seconds that intervene between the flash and the commencement of the sound of the thunder, and then reckoning a mile of distance for every five of the number of seconds so ascertained. The seconds may be observed by means of a watch or clock, or otherwise, accurately enough, by beating seconds with the hand, or slow counting. When a thunder-cloud is coming on, it will be found that the



THE COAST GUARD.

interval between the flash and the sound diminishes as the cloud draws near, and then increases again after it has passed by.

The second cause by which the sound of thunder, which in reality consists only of one single and instantaneous explosion, is so prolonged is found in the echoes and reverberations produced by reflections of the sound, from forests, precipices of rocks, faces of mountains, and, more than all the rest, from the surfaces of the clouds themselves. The fact that clouds are capable of reflecting sound and producing an echo is abundantly proved by the firing of guns—the sound created by heavy artillery being often much prolonged, and made sometimes to resemble very closely a roll of thunder, when there are heavy clouds in the sky.

A peal of thunder, as it strikes the ear, consists often not of a continued roll, as if the echoes were reflected from a range of surfaces at nearly equal distances from each other, but of a series of rattling detonations, and loud and heavy bursts of sound, following each other in

quick and irregular succession. These sharp and heavy claps, which burst forth at intervals in the midst of the general peal of reverberations, may be occasioned either by echoes coming from some particularly large surface of the cloud, or else from some portion of the line of the discharge which lies, as it is mathematically expressed, *at right angles to the axis of the eye*. This will be made plain by a brief explanation.

If the track of the lightning is in a line running directly *from* or directly *toward* the observer, then the sound will come to him, as has been already explained, by a gradual roll, that from the nearest end of the line reaching the ear first, and the rest in succession. If, on the other hand, the direction of the line of discharge is *across* the observer's line of vision, so that all parts of it are pretty nearly at an equal distance from him, then the whole sound will come to his ears at the same time, and the effect will be one loud overpowering peal, to be followed by a succession of similar peals, as the sound shall be returned by the echoes.

But in point of fact the track of the lightning is seldom or never entirely in a line running directly to or from the observer, nor directly *across* such a line; but, running in a zigzag as it does, its course lies partly in one of these directions and partly in the other. The result will obviously be that the peal of thunder, as it reaches the ear, will consist of sharp and rattling bursts of sound following each other in quick succession, and passing gradually into the more continuous and distant reverberations.

We have seen thus how the repeated bursts and long-continued reverberations of sound in thunder are derived from one single instantaneous explosion, which is all that is directly produced by the electrical discharge. We now have to inquire in what way the electricity operates in awakening this elementary detonation.

It is simply by intensely heating the air along its passage, so as to occasion a sudden rarefaction and subsequent collapse of it, and this produces the sound. It acts thus in a manner very similar to that of gunpowder, which gives a report when it is fired by means of a sudden and violent expansion of the air, followed by an equally violent return, the shock of which produces the sound.

By the mechanical effects of electricity are meant its power to produce a rending, tearing, or disruption of any kind in the substances through which it passes. The engraving below shows the effect produced by a very powerful discharge from an electric battery through a mass of solid glass. Analogous effects result from its transmission through any medium that resists its passage. It is supposed, however, that it produces these effects, as it awakens sound, by suddenly and violently expanding the air or other elastic fluids which it finds in the pores of the substances disrupted. In this respect, too, its action is like that of gunpowder.

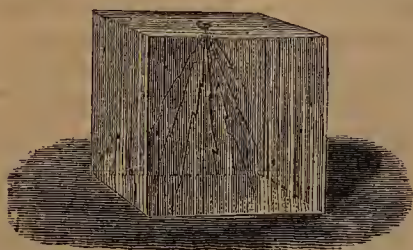
It seems not to be capable of exercising any impulsive force of its own. The heaviest electrical discharge directed against the slightest film of gold-leaf will not impart any motion to it, and yet a slight discharge will make a hole through a thick piece of pasteboard. But on examining the hole it is always found that the substance of the pasteboard is protruded *on both sides*, showing that the perforation has been effected not by an *impulse* from without, but by an explosive force from within. This explosive force is the sudden expansion of the air and aqueous vapor contained in the pores of the pasteboard by the intense heat developed by the electric spark in passing through.

When, therefore, we speak of lightning *striking*, we do not mean that it produces any of the effects of a blow. It simply *heats its way*, and all the mechanical effects which it produces are due to the sudden evolution of this heating, and the explosive expansion which it gives to any gases which it may meet in its track.

Its effects upon the bodily organization of men and of animals are various, according to



THE NATURAL LIGHTNING-ROD.



DISRUPTION OF GLASS.

the part of the system through which, in its apparent caprice, it chooses its way. In the year 1866 a coast guard was blinded by a discharge from the clouds as he was walking his rounds along the cliffs, on the coast of Scotland, watching for smugglers. He was made so completely blind that he was obliged to wait till he could obtain assistance, by his cries for help, in order to be guided home. Sometimes a person thus struck is merely stunned, and soon recovers from the shock. At other times life is completely and instantaneously destroyed.

The heat which electricity thus develops in passing, by sudden discharges, through the atmosphere is of very great intensity. It not only expands air and water so as to split trees and break down chimneys, but it will often set wood and other combustibles on fire, and even fuse metals and vitrify sand. A most extraordinary result sometimes ensues from this vitrifying power of electricity in the production of what are called *fulgurites*.

In particular localities, where the soil consists of sand of a certain quality, and the electricity enters it in a discharge from a cloud, the expansion of the air in the sand along its track as it descends into the ground drives out the sand in every direction, and the heat at the same time vitrifies it, so as to prevent its return. The result is a long tube, usually an inch or two in diameter, and often branching out into curious ramifications. Such tubes extend sometimes two or three feet into the ground. The interior surface of them is found to be glazed or vitrified, while the outside is formed of sand. These tubes can sometimes, by careful management, be taken out entire. Many of them have thus been taken out, and preserved in museums as curiosities. It is said that vitrified channels of this character have in some instances been traced, more or less distinctly, through the sand for a dis-



LIGHTNING ATTRACTED BY STREAMS UPON THE GROUND.



FULGURITE.

tance of twenty or thirty feet. The electric discharge is guided in its course by the facilities for its passage which it finds in its way. Water and the metals are the chief conductors, and they have accordingly, in general, great influence in determining the course of the discharge. It is sometimes the water that is contained in the pores and vessels of a tree; sometimes, probably, that which is falling through the air; and sometimes even that flowing in rivulets along the surface of the ground, that guides it on its way.

Sometimes the electric force is so attracted, as it were, by the facilities of this kind which it finds in its track, that it passes from the atmosphere to the earth gently and by slow degrees, gliding so quietly that, except at night, there is nothing to indicate its movement. The lightning-rod, with the sharp metallic points in which it terminates above, owes its efficiency, in a great measure, to this principle; and a natural lightning-rod is sometimes formed by a tree, the electricity being gathered from the atmosphere by every pointed leaf among the foliage, and flowing thence to the ground in a series of harmless flashes, of so feeble an intensity that only night and darkness can bring them into view.

TWO MOODS.

I PLUCKED the harebells as I went
Singing along the river-side:
The skies above were opulent
Of sunshine. "Ah! whate'er betide,
The world is sweet, is sweet," I cried,
That morning by the river-side.

The curlews called along the shore;
The boats put out from sandy beach;
Afar I heard the breakers' roar,

Mellowed to silver-sounding speech;
And still I sang it o'er and o'er,
"The world is sweet for evermore!"

Perhaps, to-day, some other one,
Loitering along the river-side,
Content beneath the gracious sun,
May sing, again, "Whate'er betide,
The world is sweet." I shall not chide,
Although *my* song is done.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.



FREDERICK ON THE FIELD OF BAUMGARTEN.

NO. VII.—THE CAMPAIGN OF MOLLWITZ.

FREDERICK, returning to Berlin from his six week's campaign in Silesia, remained at home but three weeks. He had recklessly let loose the dogs of war, and must already have begun to be appalled in view of the possible results. His ambassadors at the various courts had utterly failed to secure for him any alliance. England and some of the other powers were manifestly unfriendly to him. Like Frederick himself, they were all disposed to consult merely their own individual interests. Thus influ-

enced, they looked calmly on to see how Frederick, who had thrown into the face of the young queen of Austria the gage of battle, would meet the forces which she, with great energy, was marshaling in defense of her realms. Frederick was manifestly and outrageously in the wrong.

The chivalry of Europe was in sympathy with the young and beautiful queen, who, inexperienced, afflicted by the death of her father, and about to pass through the perils of maternity, had been thus suddenly and rudely as-

sailed by one who should have protected her with almost a brother's love and care. Every court in Europe was familiar with the fact that the father of Maria Theresa had not only humanely interceded in the most earnest terms for the life of Frederick, but had interposed his imperial authority to rescue him from the scaffold, with which he was threatened by his unnatural parent. Frederick found that he stood quite alone, and that he had nothing to depend upon but his own energies and those of his compact, well-disciplined army.

It would seem that Frederick was now disposed to compromise. He authorized the suggestion to be made to the court at Vienna, by his minister, count Gotter, that he was ready to withdraw from his enterprise, and to enter into alliance with Austria, if the queen would surrender to him the duchy of Glogau only, which was but a small part of Silesia. But to these terms the heroic young queen would not listen. She justly regarded them but as the proposition of the highway robber, who offers to leave one his watch if he will peaceably surrender his purse. Whatever regrets Frederick might have felt in view of the difficulties in which he found himself involved, not the slightest indication of them is to be seen in his correspondence. He had passed the Rubicon. And now he summoned all his energies—such energies as the world has seldom, if ever, witnessed before, to carry out the enterprise upon which he had so recklessly entered, and from which he could not without humiliation withdraw.

On the 19th of February, 1741, Frederick, having been at home but three weeks, again left Berlin with reinforcements, increasing his army of invasion to sixty thousand men, to complete the conquest of Silesia by the capture of the three fortresses which still held out against him. On the 21st he reached Glogau. After carefully reconnoitring the works, he left directions with prince Leopold of Dessau, who commanded the Prussian troops there, to press the siege with all possible vigor. He was fearful that Austrian troops might soon arrive to the relief of the place.

The king then hastened on to Schweidnitz, a few miles west from Breslau. This was a small town, strongly fortified, about equally distant from the three beleaguered fortresses—Neisse, Brieg, and Glogau. The young monarch was daily becoming more aware that he had embarked in an enterprise which threatened him with fearful peril. He had not only failed to secure a single ally, but there were indications that England and other powers were in secret deliberation to join against him. He soon learned that England had sent a gift or loan of a million of dollars—a large sum in those days—to replenish the exhausted treasury of Maria Theresa. His minister in Russia also transmitted to him an appalling rumor that a project was in contemplation by the king of England, the king of Poland, Anne, regent of

Russia, and Maria Theresa to unite, and so partition the Prussian kingdom as to render the ambitious Frederick powerless to disturb the peace of Europe. The general motives which influenced the great monarchies in the stupendous war which was soon evolved are sufficiently manifest. But these motives led to a complication of intrigues which it would be alike tedious and unprofitable to attempt to unravel.

Frederick wished to enlarge his Lilliputian realms, and become one of the powers of Europe. This he could only do by taking advantage of the apparent momentary weakness of Austria, and seizing a portion of the territory of the young queen. In order to accomplish this, it was for his interest to oppose the election of Maria Theresa's husband, the grand duke Francis, as emperor. The imperial crown placed upon the brow of Francis would invest Austria with almost resistless power. Still, Frederick was ready to promise his earnest concurrence in this arrangement if Maria Theresa would surrender to him Silesia. He had even moderated his terms, as we have mentioned, to a portion of the province.

France had no fear of Prussia. Even with the addition of Silesia, it would be comparatively a feeble realm. But France did fear the supremacy of Austria over Europe. It was for the apparent interest of the court of Versailles that Austria should be weakened, and, consequently, that the husband of the queen should not be chosen emperor of Germany. Therefore France was coming into sympathy with Frederick, and was disposed to aid him in his warfare against Austria.

England was the hereditary foe of France. It was one of the leading objects in her diplomacy to circumvent that power. "Our great-grandfathers," writes Carlyle, "lived in perpetual terror that they would be devoured by France; that French ambition would upset the Celestial Balance, and proceed next to eat the British nation." Strengthening Austria was weakening France. Therefore the sympathies of England were strongly with Austria. In addition to this, personal feelings came in. The puerile little king, George II., hated implacably his nephew, Frederick of Prussia, which hatred Frederick returned with interest.

Spain was at war with England, and was ready to enter into an alliance with any power which would aid her in her struggle with that formidable despot of the seas.

The czarina, Anne of Russia, died the 28th of October, 1740, just eight days after the death of the emperor. She left, in the cradle, the infant czar Iwan, her nephew, two months old. The father of this child was a brother of Frederick's neglected wife Elizabeth. The mother was the Russian princess Catharine of Mecklenburg, now called princess Anne, whom Frederick had at one time thought of applying for as his wife. Russia was a semi-barbaric realm just emerging into consideration, and

no one could tell by what influences it would be swayed. The minor powers could be controlled by the greater—constrained by terror or led by bribes. Such, in general, was the state of Europe at this time.

Austria was rapidly marshaling her hosts, and pouring them through the defiles of the mountains to regain Silesia. Her troops still held three important fortresses—Neisse, Brieg, and Glogau. These places were, however, closely blockaded by the Prussians. Though it was midwinter, bands of Austrian horsemen were soon sweeping in all directions, like local war tempests borne on the wings of the wind. Wherever there was an unprotected baggage-train or a weakly defended post they came swooping down to seize their prey, and vanished as suddenly as they had appeared. Their numbers seemed to be continually increasing. All the roads were swept by these swarms of irregulars, who carefully avoided any serious engagement, while they awaited the approach of the Austrian army, which was gathering its strength to throw down to Frederick the gauntlet on an open field of battle.

Much to Frederick's chagrin he soon learned that a body of three hundred foot and three hundred horse, cautiously approaching through by-paths in the mountains, had thrown itself into Neisse, to strengthen the garrison there. This was on the 5th of March. But six days before a still more alarming event had occurred. On the 27th of February Frederick, with a small escort, not dreaming of danger, set out to visit two small posts in the vicinity of Neisse. He stopped to dine with a few of his officers in the little village of Wartha, while the principal part of the detachment which accompanied him continued its movement to Baumgarten.

The leader of an Austrian band of five hundred dragoons was on the watch. As the detachment of one hundred and fifty horse approached Baumgarten the Austrians from their ambuscade plunged upon them. There was a short, sharp conflict, when the Prussians fled, leaving ten dead, sixteen prisoners, one standard, and two kettle-drums in the hands of the victors. The king had just sat down at the dinner-table when he heard, at the distance of a few miles, the tumult of the musketry. He sprang from the table, hurriedly mustered a small force of forty hussars and fifty foot, and hastened toward the scene. Arriving at the field he found it silent and deserted, and the ten men lying dead upon it. The victorious Austrians, disappointed in not finding the king, bore their spoils in triumph to Vienna. It was a very narrow escape for Frederick. Had he then been captured it might have changed the history of Europe, and no one can tell the amount of blood and woe which would have been averted.

It is perhaps not strange that Frederick should have imbibed a strong feeling of antipathy to Christianity. In his father's life he had

witnessed only its most repulsive caricature. While making the loudest protestations of piety, Frederick William, in his daily conduct, had manifested mainly only every thing that is hateful and of bad report. Still, it is quite evident that Frederick was not blind to the distinction between the principles of Christianity, as taught by Jesus and developed in His life, and the conduct of those who, professing His name, trampled those principles beneath their feet. In one of his letters to Voltaire, dated Cirey, August 26, 1736, Frederick wrote:

"May you never be disgusted with the sciences by the quarrels of their cultivators; a race of men no better than courtiers; often enough as greedy, intriguing, false, and cruel as these.

"And how sad for mankind that the very interpreters of Heaven's commandments—the theologians I mean—are sometimes the most dangerous of all! professed messengers of the Divinity, yet men sometimes of obscure ideas and pernicious behavior, their soul blown out with mere darkness, full of gall and pride in proportion as it is empty of truths. Every thinking being who is not of their opinion is an atheist; and every king who does not favor them will be damned. Dangerous to the very throne, and yet intrinsically insignificant.

"I respect metaphysical ideas. Rays of lightning they are in the midst of deep night. More, I think, is not to be hoped from metaphysics. It does not seem likely that the first principles of things will ever be known. The mice that nestle in some little holes of an immense building know not whether it is eternal, or who the architect, or why he built it. Such mice are we. And the Divine architect has never, that I know of, told His secret to one of us."

Notwithstanding these sentiments, the king sent throughout Silesia a supply of sixty Protestant preachers, ordained especially for the work. Though Frederick himself did not wish to live in accordance with the teachings of Jesus Christ, it is very evident that he did not fear the influence of that gospel upon his Silesian subjects. Very wisely the Protestant preachers were directed carefully to avoid giving any offense to the Catholics. They were to preach in barns and town-halls, in places where there was no Protestant church. The salary of each was one hundred and fifty dollars a year, probably with rations. They were all placed under the general superintendence of one of the army chaplains.

Every day it became more clear that Maria Theresa was resolved not to part with one inch of her territory, and that the Austrian court was thoroughly roused in its determination to drive the intrusive Prussians out of Silesia. Though Frederick had no scruples of conscience to prevent him from seizing a portion of the domains of Maria Theresa, his astonishment and indignation were alike aroused, by the rumor that England, Poland, and Russia were con-

templating the dismemberment of his realms. An army of thirty-six thousand men, under the old duke Leopold of Dessau,¹ was immediately dispatched by Frederick to Götten, on the frontiers of Hanover, to seize upon that continental possession of the king of England upon the slightest indication of a hostile movement. George II. was greatly alarmed by this menace.

Frederick found himself plunged into the midst of difficulties and perils which exacted to the utmost his energies both of body and of mind. Every moment was occupied in strengthening his posts, collecting magazines, recruiting his forces, and planning to circumvent the foe. From the calm of Reinbeck he found himself suddenly tossed by the surges of one of the most terrible tempests of conflict which a mortal ever encountered. Through night and storm, almost without sleep and without food, drenched and chilled, he was galloping over the hills and through the valleys, climbing the steeples, fording the streams, wading the morasses, involved in a struggle which now threatened even the crown which he had so recently placed upon his brow. Had Frederick alone suffered, but few tears of sympathy would have been shed in his behalf. But his ambition had stirred up a conflict which was soon to fill all Europe with the groans of the dying, the tears of the widow, the wailings of the orphan.

Frederick deemed it of great importance to gain immediate possession of Glogau. It was bravely defended by the Austrian commander, count Wallis, and there was hourly danger that an Austrian army might appear for its relief. Frederick, in the intensity of his anxiety, as he hurried from post to post, wrote from every stopping-place to young Leopold, whom he had left in command of the siege, urging him immediately to open the trenches, concentrate the fire of his batteries, and to carry the place by storm. "I have clear intelligence," he wrote, "that troops are actually on the way for the rescue of Glogau." Each note was more imperative than the succeeding one. On the 6th of March he wrote from Ohlau:

"I am certainly informed that the enemy will make some attempt. I hereby, with all distinctness, command that so soon as the petards are come you attack Glogau. And you must make your dispositions for more than one attack, so that if one fail the other shall cer-

tainly succeed. I hope you will put off no longer. Otherwise the blame of all the mischief that might arise out of longer delay must lie on you alone."

On the 8th of March Leopold summoned all his generals at noon, and informed them that Glogau, at all hazards, must be taken that very night. The most minute directions were given to each one. There were to be three attacks—one up the river on its left bank, one down the river on its right bank, and one on the land side perpendicular to the other two. The moment the clock on the big steeple in Glogau should give the first stroke of midnight the three columns were to start. Before the last stroke should be given they were all to be upon the silent, rapid advance.

Count Wallis, who was intrusted with the defense of the place, had a garrison of about a thousand men, with fifty-eight heavy guns and several mortars, and a large amount of ammunition. Glogau was in the latitude of fifty-two, nearly six degrees north of Quebec. It was a cold wintry night. The ground was covered with snow. Water had been thrown upon the glacis, so that it was slippery with ice. Prince Leopold in person led one of the columns. The sentinels upon the walls were not alarmed until three impetuous columns, like concentrating tornadoes, were sweeping down upon them. They shouted "To arms!" The soldiers, roused from sleep, rushed to their guns. Their lightning flashes were instantly followed by war's deepest thunders, as discharge followed discharge in rapid succession.

But the assailants were already so near the walls that the shot passed harmlessly over their heads. Without firing a gun or uttering a sound these well-drilled soldiers of Frederick William hewed down the palisades, tore out the chevaux-de-frise, and clambered over the glacis. With axe and petard they burst open the gates and surged into the city.

In one short hour the gallant deed was done. But ten of the assailants were killed and forty-eight wounded. The loss of the Austrians was more severe. The whole garrison, one thousand sixty-five in number, and their *materiel* of war, consisting of fifty brass cannons, a large amount of ammunition, and the military chest, containing thirty-two thousand florins, fell into the hands of the victors. To the inhabitants of Glogau it was a matter of very little moment whether the Austrian or the Prussian banner floated over their citadel. Neither party paid much more regard to the rights of the people than they did to those of the mules and the horses.

But to Frederick the importance of the achievement was very great. The exploit was justly ascribed to his general direction. Thus he obtained a taste of that military renown which he had so greatly coveted. The king was, at this time, at his head-quarters at Schweidnitz, about one hundred and twenty miles from Glogau. A courier, dispatched im-

¹ Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau was one of the most extraordinary men of any age. His life was but a constant whirlwind of battle, almost from his birth in 1676, to his death in 1747. His face was of the "color of gunpowder," and his fearless, tumultuous soul was in conformity with the rugged body in which it was encased. The whole character of the man may be inferred from the following prayer, which it is said he was accustomed to offer before entering battle: "O God! assist our side. At least, avoid assisting the enemy, and leave the result to me." Leopold, called the *Old Dessauer*, and his son, the *Young Leopold*, were of essential service to Frederick in his wars. Pages might be filled illustrative of the character of this eccentric man.



THE ASSAULT ON GLOGAU.

mediately from the captured town, communicated to him, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the glad tidings of the brilliant victory.

Frederick was overjoyed. In the exuberance of his satisfaction he sent prince Leopold a present of ten thousand dollars. To each private soldier he gave half a guinea, and to the officers sums in proportion. To the old duke of Dessauer, father of the young prince Leopold, he wrote:

"The more I think of the Glogau business the more important I find it. Prince Leopold has achieved the prettiest military stroke that has been done in this century. From my heart

I congratulate you on having such a son. In boldness of resolution, in plan, in execution, it is alike admirable, and quite gives a turn to my affairs."

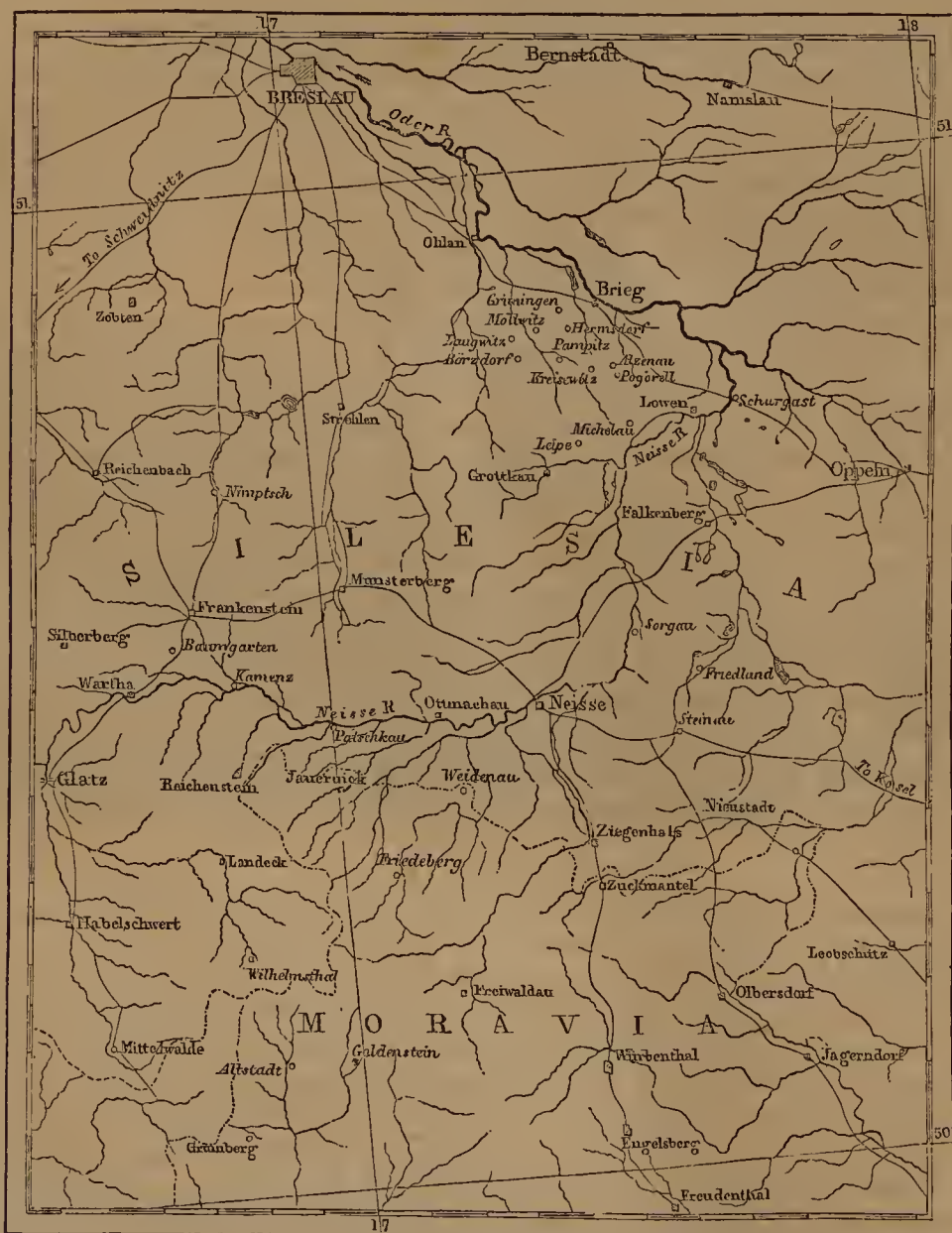
Leaving a sufficient force to garrison Glogau, the king ordered all the remaining regiments to be distributed among the other important posts; while prince Leopold, in high favor, joined the king at Schweidnitz, to assist in the siege of Neisse. Frederick rapidly concentrated his forces for the capture of Neisse before the Austrian army should march for its relief. He thought that the Austrians would not be able to take the field before the snow should

disappear and the new spring grass should come, affording forage for their horses.

But general Neipperg, the Austrian commander-in-chief, proved as watchful, enterprising, and energetic as Frederick. His scouting bands swarmed in all directions. The Prussian foraging parties were cut off, their reconnoiters were driven back, and all the movements of the main body of the Austrian army were veiled from their view. General Neipperg, hearing of the fall of Glogau, decided, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather and the snow, to march immediately, with thirty thousand men, to the relief of Neisse. His path led through mountain defiles, over whose steep and icy roads his heavy guns and lumbering ammunition wagons were with difficulty drawn.

At the same time Frederick, unaware of the

movement of the Austrians, prepared to push the siege of Neisse with the utmost vigor. Leaving some of his ablest generals to conduct the operations there, Frederick himself marched, with strong reinforcements, to strengthen general Schwerin, who was stationed among the Jagerndorf hills, on the southern frontier of Silesia, to prevent the Austrians from getting across the mountains. Marching from Ottmachau the king met general Schwerin at Neustadt, half-way to Jagerndorf, and they returned together to that place. But the swarming horsemen of general Neipperg were so bold and watchful that no information could be obtained of the situation or movements of the Austrian army. Frederick, seeing no indications that general Neipperg was attempting to force his way through the snow-encumbered defiles of the



MAP ILLUSTRATING THE MOLLWITZ CAMPAIGN.

mountains, prepared to return, and, with his concentrated force, press with all vigor the siege of Neisse.

As he was upon the point of setting off, seven Austrian deserters came in and reported that general Neipperg's full army was advancing at but a few miles' distance. Even as they were giving their report sounds of musketry and cannon announced that the Prussian outposts were assailed by the advance-guard of the foe. The peril of Frederick was great. Had Neipperg known the prize within his reach the escape of the Prussian king would have been almost impossible. Frederick had but three or four thousand men with him at Jagerndorf, and only three pieces of artillery with forty rounds of ammunition. Bands of Austrian cavalry on fleet horses were swarming all around him. Seldom in the whole course of his life was Frederick placed in a more critical position.

It was soon ascertained that the main body of the Austrian army was fifteen miles to the southwest, at Freudenthal, pressing on toward Neisse. General Neipperg, without the slightest suspicion that Frederick was any where in his vicinity, had sent aside a reconnoitring party of skirmishers to ascertain if there were any Prussians at Jagerndorf. General Neipperg, at Freudenthal, was as near Neisse as Frederick was at Jagerndorf.

There was not a moment to be lost. General Neipperg was moving resolutely forward with a cloud of skirmishers in the advance and on his wings. With the utmost exertions Frederick immediately rendezvoused all his remote posts, destroying such stores as could not hastily be removed, and by a forced march of twenty-five miles in one day reached Neustadt. General Neipperg was marching by a parallel road about twenty miles west of that which the Prussians traversed. At Neustadt the king was still twenty miles from Neisse. With the delay of but a few hours, that he might assemble all the Prussian bands from the posts in that neighborhood, the king again resumed his march. He had no longer any hope of continuing the siege of Neisse. His only aim was to concentrate all his scattered forces, which had been spread over an area of nearly two thousand square miles, and, upon some well selected field, to trust to the uncertain issues of a general battle. There was no choice left for him between this course and an ignominious retreat.

Therefore, instead of marching upon Neisse, the king directed his course to Steinau, twenty miles east of Neisse. The siege was abandoned, and the whole Prussian army, so far as was possible, was gathered around the king. On the fifth of April Frederick established his headquarters at Steinau. On that same day general Neipperg, with the advanced corps of his army, triumphantly entered Neisse. Apprehensive of an immediate attack, Frederick made all his arrangements for a battle. In the confusion of those hours, during which the whole Prussian army, with all its vast accumulation

of artillery and baggage wagons, was surging like an inundation through the streets of Steinau, the village took fire and was burned to ashes. With great difficulty the artillery and powder were saved, being entangled in the narrow streets, while the adjoining houses were enveloped in flames. The night was intensely cold. The Prussian army bivouacked in the open frozen fields.

General Neipperg, as his men were weary with their long march, did not make an attack, but allowed his troops a short season of repose in the enjoyment of the comforts of Neisse. The next morning, the 6th, Frederick continued his retreat to Friedland, ten miles farther north. He was anxious to get between the Austrians and Ohlau. He had many pieces of artillery there, and large stores of ammunition, which would prove a rich prize to the Austrians. It was Frederick's intention to cross the river Neisse at a bridge at Sorgau, eight miles from Friedland. But the officer in charge there had been compelled to destroy the bridge, to protect himself from the Austrian horsemen, who in large numbers had appeared upon the opposite banks. Prince Leopold was sent with artillery and a strong force to reconstruct the bridge and force the passage. But the Austrian dragoons were encountered in such numbers that the enterprise was found impossible.

Frederick therefore decided to march down the river twenty miles farther, to Lowen, where there was a good bridge. To favor the operation, prince Leopold, with large divisions of the army and much of the baggage, was to cross the Neisse on pontoons at Michelan, a few miles above Lowen. Both passages were successfully accomplished, and the two columns effected a junction on the west side of the river on the 8th of April. The blockade of Brieg was abandoned, and its blockading force united with the general army.

General Neipperg had now left Neisse. But he kept himself so surrounded by clouds of skirmishers as to render his march entirely invisible. Frederick, anxious to unite with him his troops under the prince of Holstein Beck, advanced toward Grottkau to meet that division, which had been ordered to join him. The prince had been stationed at Frankenstein, with a force of about eight thousand, horse and foot. But the Austrian scouts so occupied all the roads that the king had not been able to obtain any tidings from him whatever.

It was Saturday, the 8th of April. A blinding, smothering storm of snow swept over the bleak plains. Breasting the gale, and wading through the drifts, the Prussian troops tramped along, unable to see scarcely a rod before them. At a little hamlet called Leipe the van-guard encountered a band of Austrian husars. They took several captives. From them they learned, much to their chagrin, and not a little to their alarm, that the Austrian army was already in possession of Grottkau.

Instantly the Prussian troops were ordered to

the right about. Rapidly retracing their steps through the streets of Leipe, much to the surprise of its inhabitants, they pressed on seven miles farther toward Ohlau, and encamped for the night. The anxiety of Frederick in these hours when he was retiring before the foe, and when there was every probability of his incurring disgrace instead of gaining honor, must have been dreadful. There was no sleep for him that night. The Prussians were almost surrounded by the Austrians, and it was quite certain that the morrow would usher in a battle. Oppressed by the peril of his position, the king during the night wrote to his brother Augustus William, who was at Breslau, as follows. The letter was dated at the little village of Pogerell, where the king had taken shelter.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER,—The enemy has just got into Silesia. We are not more than a mile from them. To-morrow must decide our fortune. If I die, do not forget a brother who has always loved you most tenderly. I recommend to you my most dear mother, my domestics, and my first battalion. Eichel and Schulmacher are informed of all my testamentary wishes.

"Remember me always, but console yourself for my death. The glory of the Prussian arms and the honor of the House have set me in action, and will guide me to my last moment. You are my sole heir. I recommend to you, in dying, those whom I have the most loved during my life—Keyserling, Jordan, Wartensleben, Hacke, who is a very honest man, Fredersdorf, and Eichel, in whom you may place entire confidence.

"I bequeath eight thousand crowns (\$6000) to my domestics. All that I have elsewhere depends on you. To each of my brothers and sisters make a present in my name; a thousand affectionate regards to my sister at Baireuth. You know what I think on their score; and you know, better than I can tell you, the tenderness and all the sentiments of most inviolable friendship with which I am, dearest brother, your faithful brother and servant till death,

"FREDERICK."

To his friend Jordan, who was also in Breslau, he wrote:

"MY DEAR JORDAN,—We are going to fight to-morrow. Thou knowest the chances of war. The life of kings is not more regarded than that of private people. I know not what will happen to me.

"If my destiny is finished, remember a friend who loves thee always tenderly. If Heaven prolong my days, I will write to thee after to-morrow, and thou shalt hear of our victory. Adieu, dear friend; I shall love thee till death.

"FREDERICK."

It is worthy of notice that there is no indication that the king sent any word of affectionate

remembrance to his neglected wife. It is a remarkable feature in the character of the emperor Napoleon I. that in his busiest campaigns rarely did a day pass in which he did not write to Josephine. He often wrote to her twice a day.

Sunday morning, the 9th, dawned luridly. The storm raged unabated. The air was so filled with the falling snow that one could not see the distance of twenty paces; and the gale was piling up large drifts on the frozen plains. Neither army could move. Neipperg was in advance of Frederick, and had established his head-quarters at the village of Mollwitz, a few miles northwest of Pogerell. He had therefore got fairly between the Prussians and Ohlau. But Frederick knew not where the Austrian army was. For six-and-thirty hours the wild storm drove both Prussians and Austrians to such shelter as could be obtained in the several hamlets which were scattered over the extended plain.

Frederick dispatched messengers to Ohlau to summon the force there to his aid; the messengers were all captured. The Prussians were now in a deplorable condition. The roads were encumbered and rendered almost impassable by the drifted snow. The army was cut off from its supplies, and had provisions on hand but for a single day. Both parties alike plundered the poor inhabitants of their cattle, sheep, and grain. Every thing that would burn was seized for their camp-fires. We speak of the carnage of the battle-field and often forget the misery which is almost invariably brought upon the helpless inhabitants of the region through which the armies move. The schoolmaster of Mollwitz, a kind, simple-hearted, accurate old gentleman, wrote an account of the scenes he witnessed. Under date of Mollwitz, Sunday, April 9, he writes:

"Country, for two days back, was in new alarm by the Austrian garrison of Brieg, now left at liberty, who sallied out upon the villages about, and plundered black cattle, sheep, grain, and whatever they could come at. But this day in Mollwitz the whole Austrian army was upon us. First there went three hundred husars through the village to Grünigen, who quartered themselves there, and rushed hither and thither into houses, robbing and plundering. From one they took his best horses; from another they took linen, clothes, and other furnishings and victual.

"General Neipperg halted here at Mollwitz with the whole army before the village, in mind to quarter. And quarter was settled, so that a plow-farmer got four to five companies to lodge, and a spade-farmer two or three hundred cavalry. The houses were full of officers, and the fields full of horsemen and baggage; and all around you saw nothing but fires burning. The wooden railings were instantly torn down for fire-wood. The hay, straw, barley were eaten away, and brought to nothing. Every thing from the barns was carried out. As the whole



THE NIGHT BEFORE MOLLWITZ.

army could not lodge itself with us, eleven hundred infantry quartered at Laugwitz. Bärzdorf got four hundred cavalry; and this day nobody knew what would come of it."

Monday morning the storm ceased. There was a perfect calm. For leagues the spotless snow, nearly two feet deep, covered all the extended plains. The anxiety of Frederick had been so great that for two nights he had not been able to get any sleep. He had plunged into this war with the full assurance that he was to gain victory and glory. It now seemed inevitable that he was to encounter but defeat and shame.

At the earliest dawn the whole army was in motion. Ranked in four columns, they cautiously advanced toward Ohlau, ready to deploy instantly into line of battle should the enemy appear. Scouts were sent out in all directions. But, toiling painfully through the drifts, they could obtain no reliable information. The spy-glass revealed nothing but the winding-sheet of crisp and sparkling snow, with scarcely a shrub or a tree to break the dreary view. There were no fences to be seen—nothing but a

smooth, white plain, spreading for miles around. The hamlet of Mollwitz, where general Neipperg had established his head-quarters, was about seven miles north from Pogerell, from which point Frederick was marching. At the distance of a few miles from each other there were several wretched little hamlets, consisting of a few low, thatched, clay farm-houses clustered together.

General Neipperg was not attempting to move in the deep snow. He, however, sent out a reconnoitring party of mounted hussars under general Rothenburg. About two miles from Mollwitz this party encountered the advance-guard of the Prussians. The hussars, after a momentary conflict, in which several fell, retreated and gave the alarm. General Neipperg was just sitting down to dinner. The Prussian advance waited for the rear columns to come up, and then deployed into line. As the Austrian hussars dashed into the village of Mollwitz with the announcement that the Prussians were on the march, had attacked them, and killed forty of their number, general Neipperg dropped knife and fork, sprang from the table,

and dispatched couriers in all directions, galloping for life, to concentrate his troops. His force was mainly distributed about in three villages, two or three miles apart. The clangor of trumpets and drums resounded; and by the greatest exertions the Austrian troops were collected from their scattered encampments, and formed in two parallel lines, about two miles in length, facing the Prussians, who were slowly advancing in the same order, wading through the snow. Each army was formed with the infantry in the centre and the cavalry on the wings. Frederick was then but an inexperienced soldier. He subsequently condemned the want of military ability which he displayed upon this occasion.

"We approached," he writes, "marshal Neipperg's army without being discovered by any one man living. His troops were then cantoned in three villages. But at that time I had not sufficient experience to know how to avail myself of such an opportunity. I ought immediately to have ordered two of my columns to surround the village of Mollwitz, and then to have attacked it. I ought at the same instant to have detached my dragoons with orders to have attacked the other two villages, which contained the Austrian cavalry. The infantry, which should have followed, would have prevented them from mounting. If I had proceeded in this way I am convinced that I should have totally destroyed the Austrian army."¹

It was now about noon. The sun shone brightly on the glistening snow. There was no wind. Twenty thousand peasants, armed and drilled as soldiers, were facing each other upon either side, to engage in mutual slaughter, with no animosity between them—no cause of quarrel. It is one of the unrevealed mysteries of Providence, that any one man should thus have it in his power to create such wide-spread death and misery. The Austrians had a splendid body of cavalry, eight thousand six hundred in number. Frederick had but about half as many horsemen. The Prussians had sixty pieces of artillery, the Austrians but eighteen.

The battle soon began, with its tumult, its thunder-roar of artillery and musketry, its gushing blood, its cries of agony, its death convulsions. Both parties fought with the reckless courage, the desperation, with which trained soldiers, of whatever nationality, almost always fight.

The Prussians advanced, in their long double line, trampling the deep snow beneath their feet. All their banners were waving. All their bands of music were pealing forth their most martial airs. Their sixty pieces of artillery, well in front, opened a rapid and deadly fire. The thoroughly-drilled Prussian artillerymen discharged their guns with unerring aim, breaking gaps in the Austrian ranks, and with such wonderful rapidity that the unintermitted roar of the cannons drowned the sound of drums and trumpets.

The Austrian cavalry made an impetuous charge upon the weaker Prussian cavalry on the right of the Prussian line. Frederick commanded here in person. The Prussian right wing was speedily routed, and driven in wild retreat over the plain. The king lost his presence of mind and fled ingloriously with the fugitives. General Schulenberg endeavored, in vain, to rally the disordered masses. He received a sabre slash across his face. Drenched in blood he still struggled, unavailingly, to arrest the torrent, when a bullet struck him dead. The battle was now raging fiercely all along the lines.

General Römer, in command of the Austrian cavalry, had crushed the right wing of the Prussians. Resolutely he followed up his victory, hotly chasing the fugitives in the wildest disorder far away to the rear, capturing nine of their guns. Who can imagine the scene? There were three or four thousand horsemen put to utter rout, clattering over the plain, impetuously pursued by six or seven thousand of the finest cavalry in the world, discharging pistol-shots into their flying ranks, and raining down upon them sabre blows.

The young king, all unaccustomed to those horrors of war which he had evoked, was swept along with the inundation. The danger of his falling, in the midst of the general carnage, or of his capture, which was, perhaps, still more to be dreaded, was imminent. His friends entreated him to escape for his life. Even marshal Schwerin, the veteran soldier, assured him that the battle was lost, and that he probably could escape capture only by a precipitate flight.

Frederick, thus urged, leaving the main body of his army as he supposed in utter rout, with a small escort, put spurs to his steed in the attempt to escape. The king was well mounted on a very splendid bay horse. A rapid ride of fifteen miles in a southerly direction brought him to the river Neisse, which he crossed by a bridge at the little town of Lowen. Immediately after his departure prince Leopold dispatched a squadron of dragoons to accompany the king as his body-guard. But Frederick fled so rapidly that they could not overtake him, and in the darkness, for night soon approached, they lost his track. Even several of the few who accompanied him, not so well mounted as the king, dropped off by the way, their horses not being able to keep up with his swift pace.

It was Frederick's aim to reach Oppeln, a small town upon the river Oder, about thirty miles from the field of battle. He supposed that one of his regiments still held that place. But this regiment had hurriedly vacated the post, and had repaired with all its baggage to Pampitz, in the vicinity of Mollwitz. Upon the retirement of this garrison a wandering party of sixty Austrian hussars had taken possession of the town.

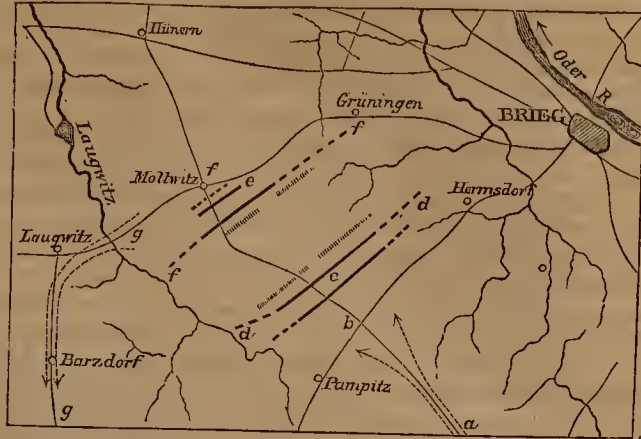
Frederick, unaware that Oppeln was in the hands of the enemy, arrived, with the few of his suit who had been able to keep up with him,

¹ *Military Instructions*, p. 113.

Battle of
MOLLWITZ,

April 10, 1741.

- a. Advance of Prussians.
- b. Where Rothenburg met the Hussars.
- c. Prussian Infantry.
- dd. " Cavalry.
- e. Austrian Infantry.
- fff. " Cavalry.
- gg. Retreat of Austrians.



about midnight before the closed gates of the town. "Who are you?" the Austrian sentinels inquired. "We are Prussians," was the reply, "accompanying a courier from the king." The Austrians, unconscious of the prize within their grasp, and not knowing how numerous the Prussian party might be, instantly opened a musketry fire upon them, through the iron gratings of the gate. Had they but thrown open the gate, and thus let the king enter the trap, the whole history of Europe might have been changed. Upon apparently such trivial chances the destinies of empires and of the world depend. Fortunately, in the darkness and the confusion, none were struck by the bullets.

At Oppeln there was a bridge across the Oder by which the king hoped to escape with his regiment to the free country beyond. There he intended to summon to his aid the army of thirty-six thousand men which he had sent to Götten under the "Old Dessauer." The discharge of the musketry of the Austrians blasted even this dismal hope. It seemed as though Frederick were doomed to drain the cup of misery to its dregs. And his anguish must have been intensified by the consciousness that he deserved it all. But a few leagues behind him the bleak, snow-clad plains, swept by the night-winds, were strewn with the bodies of seven or eight thousand men, the dying and the dead, innocent peasant boys torn from their homes, whose butchery had been caused by his own selfish ambition.

The king, in utter exhaustion from hunger, sleeplessness, anxiety, and misery, for a moment lost all self-control. As with his little band of fugitives he vanished into the gloom of the night, not knowing where to go, he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his despair, "O my God, my God, this is too much!"

Retracing his steps in the darkness some fifteen miles he returned to Lowen, where, by a bridge, a few hours before, he had crossed the Neisse. Taught caution by the misadventure at Oppeln, he reined up his horse, before the morning dawned, at the mill of Hilbersdorf, about a mile and a half from the town. The

king, upon his high-blooded charger, had out-riden nearly all his escort; but one or two were now with him. One of these attendants he sent into the town to ascertain if it were still held by the Prussians. Almost alone he waited under the shelter of the mill the return of his courier. It was still night, dark and cold. The wind, sweeping over the snow-clad plains, caused the exhausted, half-famished monarch to shiver in his saddle.

There is a gloom of the soul far deeper than any gloom with which nature can ever be shrouded. It is not easy to conceive of a mortal placed in circumstances of greater mental suffering than was the proud, ambitious young monarch during the hour in which he waited, in terror and disgrace, by the side of the mill, for the return of his courier. At length the clatter of hoofs was heard, and the messenger came back, accompanied by an adjutant, to announce to the king that the Prussians still held Lowen, and that *the Prussian army had gained a signal victory at Mollwitz.*

Who can imagine the conflicting emotions of joy and wretchedness, of triumph and shame, of relief and chagrin, with which the heart of Frederick must have been rent! The army of Prussia had triumphed, under the leadership of his generals, while he, its young and ambitious sovereign, who had unjustly provoked war that he might obtain military glory, a fugitive from the field, was scampering like a coward over the plains at midnight, seeking his own safety. Never, perhaps, was there a more signal instance of a retributive providence. Frederick knew full well that the derision of Europe would be excited by caricatures and lampoons of the chivalric fugitive. Nor was he deceived in his anticipations. There was no end to the ridicule which was heaped upon Frederick, galloping, for dear life, from the battle-field in one direction, while his solid columns were advancing to victory in the other. His sarcastic foes were ungenerous and unjust. But when do foes, wielding the weapons of ridicule, ever pretend even to be just and generous?

The king, upon receiving these strange and unexpected tidings, immediately rode into Low-

en. It was an early hour in the morning. He entered the place, not as a king and a conqueror, but as a starving fugitive, exhausted with fatigue, anxiety, and sleeplessness. It is said that his hunger was so great that he stopped at a little shop on the corner of the market-place, where "widow Panzern," served him with a cup of coffee and a cold roast fowl. Thus slightly refreshed, the intensely humiliated young king galloped back to his victorious army at Mollwitz, having been absent from it, in his terror-stricken flight, for sixteen hours.

The chagrin of Frederick, in view of this adventure, may be inferred from the fact that, during the whole remainder of his life, he was never known to make any allusion to it whatever.

After the king, swept away in the wreck of his right wing of cavalry, had left the field, and was spurring his horse in his impetuous flight, his generals in the centre and on the left, in command of infantry so highly disciplined that every man would stand at his post until he died, resolutely maintained the battle. Frederick William had drilled these men for twenty years,

as men were never drilled before or since, converting them into mere machines. They were wielded by their officers as they themselves handled their own muskets. Five successive cavalry charges these cast-iron men resisted. They stood like rocks dashing aside the torrent. The assailing columns melted before their terrible fire—they discharging five shots to the Austrians' two.

After the fifth charge, the Austrians, dispirited, and leaving the snow plain crimsoned with the blood and covered with the bodies of their slain, withdrew out of ball range. Torn and exhausted, they could not be driven by their officers forward to another assault. The battle had now lasted for five hours. Night was at hand, for the sun had already set. The repulsed Austrians were collected in scattered and confused bands. The experienced eye of general Schwerin saw that the hour for decisive action had come. He closed up his ranks, ordered every band to play its most spirited air, and gave the order, "Forward." An Austrian officer, writing the next week, describes the scene.



FLIGHT OF FREDERICK.



FREDERICK AT THE MILL.

"I can well say," he writes, "that I never in my life saw any thing more beautiful. They marched with the greatest steadiness, arrow straight and their front like a line, as if they had been upon parade. The glitter of their clear arms shone strangely in the setting sun, and the fire from them went on no otherwise than a continued peal of thunder. The spirits of our army sank altogether, the foot plainly giving way, the horse refusing to come forward—all things wavering toward dissolution."

The Austrians had already lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, four thousand four hundred and ten men. And though the Prussians had lost four thousand six hundred and thirteen, still their infantry lines had never for a moment wavered; and now, with floating banners and peals of music, they were advancing with the strides of conquerors.

Thus circumstanced, general Neipperg gave the order to retreat. At the double quick, the Austrians retired back through the street of Mollwitz, hurried across the river Lugwitz by a bridge, and, turning short to the south, continued their retreat toward Grottkan. They

left behind them nine of their own guns, and eight of those which they had captured from the Prussians. The Prussians, exhausted by the long battle, their cavalry mostly dispersed and darkness already enveloping them, did not attempt any vigorous pursuit. They bivouacked on the grounds, or quartered themselves in the villages from which the Austrians had fled.

On Wednesday, April 12, two days after the battle, Frederick wrote to his sister Wilhelmina, from Ohlau, as follows:

"MY DEAREST SISTER,—I have the satisfaction to inform you that we have yesterday¹ totally beaten the Austrians. They have lost more than five thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. We have lost prince Frederick, brother of margraf Karl; general Schulenberg, Wartensleben of the carabineers, and many other officers. Our troops did miracles, and the result shows as much. It was one of

¹ It was the day before. But it is not surprising that the bewildered young king should have been somewhat confused in his dates.

the rudest battles fought within the memory of man.

"I am sure you will take part in this happiness, and that you will not doubt the tenderness with which I am, dearest sister, yours wholly,"
 "FREDERICK."

The king's intimate friend Jordan had accompanied him as far as Breslau. There he remained, anxiously awaiting the issue of the conflict. On the 11th, the day succeeding the battle, he wrote from Breslau to the king, as follows:

"SIRE,—Yesterday I was in terrible alarms. The sound of the cannon heard, the smoke of powder visible from the steeple-tops here, all led us to suspect that there was a battle going on. Glorious confirmation of it this morning. Nothing but rejoicing among all the Protestant inhabitants, who had begun to be in apprehension from the rumors which the other party took pleasure in spreading. Persons who were in the battle can not enough celebrate the coolness and bravery of your Majesty. For myself, I am at the overflowing point. I have run about all day announcing this glorious news to the Berliners who are here. In my life I have never felt a more perfect satisfaction. One finds at the corner of every street an orator of the people, celebrating the warlike feats of your Majesty's troops. I have often, in my idleness, assisted at these discourses; not artistic eloquence, it must be owned, but gubsing full from the heart."

Frederick immediately sent an announcement of the victory to his friend Voltaire. It does not appear that he alluded to his own adventures. Voltaire received the note when in the theatre at Lisle, while listening to the first performance of his tragedy of *Mahomet*. He read the account to the audience between the acts. It was received with great applause. "You will see," said Voltaire, "that this piece of Mollwitz will secure the success of mine." *Vous verrez que cette piece de Mollwitz fera réussir la mienne.*

The distinguished philosopher Maupertuis accompanied Frederick on this campaign. Following the king to the vicinity of the field of battle, he took a post of observation at a safe distance, that he might witness the spectacle. Carlyle, in his peculiar style of word-painting, describes the issue as follows:

"The sage Maupertuis, for example, had climbed some tree, or place of impregnability, hoping to see the battle there. And he did see it much too clearly at last! In such a tide of charging and chasing on that Right Wing, and round all the field in the Prussian rear; in such wide bickering and boiling of Horse-currents, which flung out round all the Prussian rear-quarters such a spray of Austrian Hussars for one element, Maupertuis, I have no doubt, wishes much he were at home doing his sines and tangents. An Austrian Hussar party gets sight of him on his tree or other stand-point

(Voltaire says elsewhere he was mounted on an ass, the malicious spirit!)—too certain the Austrian Hussars got sight of him; his purse, gold watch, all he has of movable, is given frankly; all will not do. There are frills about the man, fine laces, cloth; a goodish yellow wig on him for one thing. Their Slavonic dialect, too fatally intelligible by the pantomime accompanying it, forces sage Maupertuis from his tree or stand-point; the big red face flurried into scarlet, I can fancy, or scarlet and ashy-white mixed; and— Let us draw a veil over it. He is next seen shirtless, the once very haughty, bluster, and now much humiliated man; still conscious of supreme acumen, insight, and pure science; and though an Austrian prisoner and a monster of rags, struggling to believe that he is a genius, and the Trismegistus of mankind. What a pickle!"

While in this deplorable condition Maupertuis was found by the prince of Lichtenstein, an Austrian officer who had met him in Paris. The prince rescued him from his brutal captors and supplied him with clothing. He was, however, taken to Vienna as a prisoner of war, where he was placed on parole. Voltaire, whose unamiable nature was pervaded by a very marked vein of malignity, made himself very merry over the misfortunes of the philosopher. As Maupertuis glided about the streets of Vienna for a time in obscurity, the newspapers began to speak of his scientific celebrity. He was thus brought into notice. The queen treated him with distinction. The grand duke Francis drew his own watch from his pocket, and presented it to Maupertuis in recompense for the one he had lost. Eventually he was released, and, loaded with many presents, was sent to Brittany.

In the account which Frederick gave, some years after, of this campaign, in his *Histoire de Mons Temps*, he wrote:

"The contest between general Neipperg and myself seemed to be which should commit the most faults. Mollwitz was the school of the king and his troops. That prince reflected profoundly upon all the faults and errors he had fallen into, and tried to correct them for the future."

VANITY OF VANITIES.

AN, woe is me for pleasure that is vain,

Ah, woe is me for glory that is past:

Pleasure that bringeth sorrow at the last,
 Glory that at the last bringeth no gain!
 So saith the sinking heart; and so again

It shall say till the mighty angel-blast

Is blown, making the sun and moon aghast,
 And showering down the stars like sudden rain.
 And evermore men shall go fearfully,

Bending beneath their weight of heaviness;
 And ancient men shall lie down wearily,

And strong men shall rise up in weariness;
 Yea, even the young shall answer sighingly,
 Saying one to another, How vain it is!

THE ROB ROY ON THE JORDAN.*



AT HOME ON THE ROB ROY.

IN this Magazine† have been given accounts of three notable voyages performed in the canoe Rob Roy by Mr. Macgregor. He now gives an account of a new trip in the Rob Roy, mainly through waters hallowed by sacred associations. We follow Mr. Macgregor in styling the boat in which these voyages were made as "the Rob Roy;" although, in fact, each was performed in a different canoe, built expressly for the work which it was designed to perform, the leading idea in all being to furnish the greatest amount of accommodation in the least possible space, and with the least possible weight.

The canoe *Rob Roy Number Four* was to traverse waters where no dwellings were to be found on shore; the crew (that is, Mr. Macgregor) must, if need were, sleep on board the craft; and so something had to be sacrificed in order to furnish a commodious cabin. Mr. Macgregor we judge to be a muscular Christian of about six feet in height, with shoulders and hips corresponding. He laid himself flat on his back, and had himself measured for his canoe. Men are measured for garments and for coffins; but this is the first time where we have heard of a man's being measured for a boat. This Rob Roy was a good fit for Mr. Macgregor,

and is probably the smallest boat ever built which a man could make his home, sailing in it long and far, and sleeping on board comfortably. It is fourteen feet long, two feet two inches wide, and a foot deep, built of oak, with a cedar deck. Including mast (for which the lower joints of a fishing-pole were used), sails, and paddle, the weight is seventy-two pounds. About half the deck is cut away, leaving a "well" in which the "crew" sits while rowing or sailing. To fit up the "cabin" at night, two bits of wood are set up at the fore-part of the well, and connected at the tops by a cross-piece of bamboo. Upon this cross-piece the paddle is laid, one end resting upon the stern. Three feet of the deck consist of movable boards; these are taken up, laid upon the paddle, and form the roof; over all is thrown a light waterproof cloth, and the cabin is complete.

The fitting-up is simple. "The pillow," says Mr. Macgregor, "is, of course, our clothes-bag, and for a bed there is an air-cushion three feet long and fourteen inches broad, with ribs across it, so made that it will not collapse. This bed is particularly comfortable, and, besides, answers for several other purposes. Its diminutive size has been ridiculed; but if you will try you will find that when the hips and shoulders are supported the rest of the body needs no support at all, except the head, which has a pillow, and the heels, which can rest on a roll of the top-sail." Some of the "other purposes" served by the bed are thus described: "When traveling under a hot sun I place this bed behind me, with one end on deck, and the

* *The Rob Roy on the Jordan, Nile, Red Sea, and Genesareth, etc.*: a Canoe Cruise in Palestine and Egypt, and the Waters of Damascus. With Maps and Illustrations. By J. MACGREGOR, M.A. Harper and Brothers.

† *Cruise of the Rob Roy through Central Europe*: October, 1866.—*The Rob Roy in the Baltic*: September, 1867.—*The Voyage Alone in the English Channel*: May, 1868.



A LARK ON LAKE MENZALEH.

middle of it is tied around my breast, so as to bring the upper end just under the long back leaf of my sun-helmet. It thus becomes an excellent protector against sun-stroke, especially when my course was toward the north, and my back was thus turned to the sun. Often I went ashore with the bed still dangling from my waist behind, while the wondering natives gazed at the 'Giaour' with his air-bag tail. The bed was useful, too, when I sat upon wet sand or grass or gravel; and it was always a good life-buoy in case of an upset."

On the 30th of October, 1868, the Rob Roy was landed from the steamer at Port Said, then a town of bustling wooden shanties which had sprung up from the sand at the mouth of the Suez Canal. Mr. Macgregor's first purpose was to explore this canal, then to paddle upon the Red Sea and the Nile, and afterward to try the Syrian lakes and rivers.

We pass briefly over the six weeks spent in Egypt. For twenty-five miles the canal is excavated through the shallow lake Menzaleh. The narrow sand-bank which separates the lake from the Mediterranean had not yet been cut through, and the Rob Roy was hauled across, and launched upon the motionless waters of the lake. It soon got entangled among the mud-banks; and the sharp little ragamuffins of an Arab village came scampering down in hopes of "backshish." They wallowed in the muddy water, their little round heads—looking like smooth cocoa-nuts, with only a single hair-lock left on the top of the shaven crown, by which lock, according to Mohammedan belief, the Prophet will drag them into Paradise—bobbing above the surface. They made themselves quite disagreeably familiar, and the canoe stood a fair chance of being overset. But Mr. Macgregor

understands how to manage boys. Selecting the stoutest and noisiest of the crowd, he hired him as "policeman," paying him a month's wages in advance. This advance was but a penny, and for this the lad made the others drag the canoe, with all the crew aboard, a long way through the shallows. This they did cheerfully, evidently thinking it a "jolly lark," however that may be expressed in Arabic. It is to be hoped that the penny was fairly divided among the crowd; though how they could have carried it is doubtful, since there could be no pockets in the suit of black mud which constituted their sole garment. This same difficulty afterward came under Mr. Macgregor's observation near Damascus. He gave a penny to a naked urchin, who held it a moment in his hand, and then requested the donor to put it by for him until he had finished his sports.

The waters of the canal being perfectly still, and each kilometer marked, gave Mr. Macgregor an opportunity to measure accurately his rate of paddling. He found that he could make a hundred double strokes, right and left, in five minutes, and that these would propel the canoe 542 yards, being at the rate of not quite four miles an hour, and that he could easily keep it up for eight hours out of the twenty-four.

At night, while passing through the shallow lagoons, the canoe was drawn up on the sand, and worked back and forth until it rested firmly, when the cabin was set up, and the voyager retired to rest. The loneliest spot was always chosen for this purpose, and a visitor seldom appeared. Once, however, on Lake Timneh, one came. He proved to be a jackall, who had probably been attracted by the smell of the supper which Mr. Macgregor was cooking by means



FLAMINGOES TAKING WING.

of his lamp. Flamingoes abound in these lagoons; and a comical sight was the manner in which they managed to take flight when disturbed by the canoe. Up one springs from the ooze in which he had been wading, his long legs dangling upon the surface of the water, upon which he walks, while his wings are struggling in the air, and his neck is stretched out in front. It is only after a long and doubtful scramble between earth, water, and air that the scrimp little body, with its pretty pink wings, can finally manage to carry off the long legs and snake-like neck.

Mr. Macgregor's anticipations of the success of the Suez Canal are far from sanguine. "A hole in the sand," he says, "is an excellent place for sinking capital. You can always dig it deep if people will pay the diggers. You can even keep it clear if you pay dredges rather than dividends. When Europe or Asia or Africa is at war, of course the canal is closed, and the expenses go on and the earnings stop. But

so far as concerns England, we have always got at Aden the cork in the other end of the bottle."—We imagine, however, that in case of a war between France and England, the cork would be easily drawn out.

At Cairo Mr. Macgregor witnessed a scene characteristic of the civilization which is being introduced into Egypt. "There is," he says, "knocking down, building up, opening out, planting, fencing, painting, cleaning, almost civilizing the old Egyptian capital. Great gangs of workmen are all day toiling here at reconstruction. Puny children, herded in long flocks by cruel task-masters, who flog them with long sticks, are carrying on their heads straw baskets full of earth and stones. As they march they sing; but it is in a rhythm of slavery. The strongest repression of one's feelings is scarce enough to keep us from knocking that wretch over who has just belabored with his bludgeon a tender little girl. The evening brings a short relief even to the woe of these hapless little ones. They sit round in a circle with their baskets before them, while the roll-call is droned over by a task-master who can read."

Early in December Mr. Macgregor, with the Rob Roy on board, embarked on a steamer from Alexandria for Beyrout, in Syria, in order to begin his exploration of the sacred waters: "Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus;" the Jordan, hallowed for evermore for that its waters wet in baptism the head of Him who "for us men and for our salvation came down



A NIGHT ON LAKE MENZALEH.



SLAVE CHILDREN AT CAIRO.

from heaven and was incarnate;" of the Lake of Gennesareth, around which cluster so many of His mightiest works and wonderful teachings; of the river Kishon, that "ancient river," which swept away the hordes of Sisera, with their nine hundred chariots of iron.

Beyrout is the one living town of Syria. Its roads and streets are far better kept than most of those in Alexandria or Cairo; its houses are altogether superior externally to those of Egypt. Schools have within a few years been established here, by missionaries from abroad. Mr. Macgregor found time during his two days'

stay to visit some of these. Here is a printing-press where the blind make Bibles for the blind, in raised characters, to be read by the fingers instead of the eyes. One of the most interesting sights which he saw in Beyrout was a blind man reading the Bible to a group of cripples seated around him.

The French are quietly and almost imperceptibly laying their hands upon Syria, foreseeing the time when the Mediterranean will be a French lake. French steamers, maintained by government subsidies, run all along the coast; French sign-boards hang over the



THE ROB ROY ON LEBANON.



SOURCE OF THE ABANA.

shops; French Napoleons are the common coin. Within ten years the French have built a fine road from Beyrout a hundred miles south-eastward to Damascus. This road is the only one in all Syria fairly passable for a wheeled vehicle; although it is said that some one has recently rode in a carriage from Joppa to Jerusalem. "This French road," says Mr. Macgregor, "is excellent; it is all marked down in kilometers, very well kept, and rolled down, fenced, and drained. But the toll of three francs for each mule is enough to deter hundreds of these from using the road; so they plod on their way along the old worn out, steep, muddy, slippery, winding bridle-path, which runs for miles along the carriage-way; and thus you see strings of heavy-laden asses, camels, and mules toiling along among boulders and sharp rocks, with their drivers ankle-deep in mud, while even the flat surface of the new road is used by a scant few, and no cart or carriage goes upon it except as a part of the Company's monopoly. It is a miserable sight, and this gift of France to Syria is like a crust to a toothless beggar."

But this road is not a "gift of France to Syria." It is a part of the grand scheme which is some day, not far remote, to make Egypt and Syria, like Algeria, a part of the French Empire. In its far-reaching extent this project of France is only to be compared with that of Russia for the ultimate acquisition of the shores of the Black Sea and the Bosphorus.

Over this French road Mr. Macgregor proposed to transport the Rob Roy until the head waters of the Abana were reached. His first purpose was to have the canoe borne upon

men's shoulders, two carrying it, and two others as reserves. But the first day's trial in crossing the snowy Lebanon proved that this plan was futile; and the Rob Roy was placed in a covered wagon; and so, crossing Mount Lebanon, "the White Mountains," whose summits rise to the height of 10,000 feet, overtopping by two-thirds our own New England White Mountains, then descending into the fertile plain of Cælo-Syria, then again climbing the lower range of Anti-Lebanon, leaving the lofty peak of Hermon to the South, the canoeist reached Ain Fiji, a source of the ancient Abana, now called the Barada, the river which runs through Damascus.

This source of the Abana is in a dark dell shadowed by rugged cliffs. Here stand the ruins of two old temples, and the massive stones of an arch from out of which bursts a copious stream, which, after tumbling over rocks and boulders for seventy yards, plunges into a deep gorge where it meets another branch, the two forming the Abana. Near the village of Doomar, midway between Fiji and Damascus, ten miles from each, the Rob Roy was launched upon the river. Tidings of the approach of the canoe had reached Damascus by telegraph, and many persons had ridden out to witness the event. The river here resembles a swift Scotch salmon stream, with high snow-clad mountains on one side, and on the other bluff rocks, with here and there a bit of green wooded sward. The stream, now probably for the first time traversed by a human being, whirls through the deep gorge, sometimes obstructed by half-prostrate trees, whose branches interlace in the water, while their roots hold fast to



GORGE OF THE ARANA.

the bank. Here a heavy rock overhangs on the left, while the right shore is of soft mud. The whole picture of this is presented in an instant, as you round a point, and the decision must be instantly made, or the current itself will decide. "Strong to the left hand; seize that bough with the right! Swing round a quarter-circle, then duck the head for ten seconds under that thorn, and shoot across below the second tree; drift under the third, and five strokes will free us surely!"

The gorge passed safely, the canoe was borne

through a thicket of trees, with magnificent snowy crags behind them. The river is about sixty yards wide; but grows narrower every furlong, for little canals lead off the water to irrigate the cultivated fields. At least twenty times the canoeist had to jump out, and could only keep his footing in the swift current by the aid of a strong pole. Sometimes the boat had to be dragged ashore and hauled around some impassable obstruction. Now it was a clump of fallen trees; now a dam and mill-race. It took five hours to reach a point which is only

an hour's walk by the road which runs near by, often in plain sight. "At last," writes Mr. Macgregor, "the gorge loosened its hold upon us, and the canoe soon floated along the now placid river, while Damascus—old Damascus—gleamed out brilliant before me in the evening light, with its groves of green and white shining walls and airy minarets, a glorious scene. The far-famed approach to this city from the west, which unfolds to the traveler all its gentle beauty from a lofty hill, I had well remembered nineteen years ago. That is one of the sights of the world; but the sudden emerging now from rapids and rocks and dense jungles into the broad day, with such a picture before me, was more striking by far than the other view.

"And now," he continues, "the river itself seemed tired of the struggle, and it gurgled, almost sleeping, between the green river banks. There a most pleasant repast was spread on the soft grass, and the little knot of wondering Turks which soon collected was good proof that even Moslems, with all their apathy, could not help looking at a boat on the river. Then the Rob Roy glided into the town itself, under the bridges, round the dripping aqueducts, past the barracks, close up to the Pacha's palace; and two men carried her weary hull safe to the hotel, with colors flying, my dragoman, Hany, singing, mud-splashing Moslems wondering, and the hotel folks bowing. There on the cool water of the fountain in the court-yard I placed the canoe, with her blue sails set, and her golden flag reposing. Soon began the long line of visitors; each one as he left sent in a dozen friends to see. Even the Pacha of Damascus came, and the English Consul; and the Arabic newspapers gravely chronicled the arrival of the canoe in the same page with the movements of the Greek iron-clads, stirring up their fires then for a European war."

Of Damascus, the oldest inhabited city on the globe, Mr. Macgregor says little, and that little not altogether complimentary. "Damascus," he says, "has never yet, I think, been well described; and the reason may be that the traveler who has enough acuteness to paint a good word-picture of the town has sense enough to see that it is a sentimental humbug. In vain he tries to feel an admiration which he can not support by the appearance of the place. It may be the oldest, but in wet weather it is surely the filthiest of towns. It may be rich, but the mud-walls are what you see, and not the wealth. Damascus is a disappointment; its situation is its chief beauty, and once inside it you can not realize that outside these dirty lanes, tumble-down walls, gloomy shops, and crooked bazars are the lovely groves, the gushing fountains, the teeming gardens, and the glorious hills."

But the Rob Roy had come hither to solve a problem which had long ago presented itself to Mr. Macgregor. Twenty years before, he had looked over the plain of Damascus from the chapel whence the first view is caught. In the

distance he saw two huge aerial pillars. These he was told were sand-clouds, whirled aloft by the breeze, and that they were coursing over a silent and desolate region, almost unknown, through which ran the river Abana, which, though it had run there for ages, and had been described in prose and sung in verse, melted away in the desert, how and where nobody knew.

The Rob Roy had come to solve this mystery, by following the Abana down to its end. But, though this end was known to be in a morass hardly a score of miles from the city, nobody could give any reliable information. All agreed, however, that the morass or "lake" of Ateibeh was impenetrable; "full of whirlpools which sucked people down; of hyenas, panthers, and wild-boars, which ate people up; of fevers, agues, snakes, jungle, sun-strokes," and many other horrible things.

As a preliminary, Mr. Macgregor took a ride of a few miles eastward of Damascus along the course of the Abana. The speed of the river was moderate, for it was running through a plain; but its course was intricate, for it branched out into numerous channels, of which only one could be the right one, and nobody could tell which that one was. All these channels were for the purpose of irrigation. "It is only by a ride of this sort," says he, "that one can appreciate the richness and beauty of the Damascus plain, or can understand the marvelous ingenuity and perseverance with which the Abana has been led through the desert to water it. In Egypt, indeed, the sluices and canals are intricate enough, but nothing to what is done here. Banks, dams, lashers, and weirs seem to force the water into every nook of the country; to force it underground, and, as it were, even up hill, until every available drop has been wrung out for use. Below the shady groves, athwart bright, level meads, oozing over, murmuring beneath, and softly hurrying by, there is water every where, and nearly all this from that one river which has fed millions of people for ages of time; and if that river stopped, Damascus would perish."

As a result of his inquiries and observations, Mr. Macgregor decided to try the Abana with his canoe; and where it could not float, to have it conveyed on land. How this was to be done in a region where there was no such thing as a road was a question. After deep cogitation a very simple plan was devised. A couple of poles, a little longer than the canoe, were placed two feet apart, and fastened together by side-pieces. Upon this frame the Rob Roy, wrapped up in carpets, was lashed. This frame, holding the canoe, was tied upon the back of a stout horse, whose back was padded with a bag of straw, by way of cushion. And so wherever the horse could go, the canoe went safely with him.

A little eastward of Damascus the Rob Roy was launched upon the Abana, now grown lazy enough. The channel led through groves and



THE ATEIBEH MARSH.

orchards, meadows and ozier beds. Sleepy tortoises toppled down the banks; lazy land-crabs crawled out of sight; ducks, too fat to fly, scuttled off into the brakes. This region is thickly peopled, and the inhabitants would run or ride for miles to follow the strange sight of a boat, the first which has ever traversed these waters.

At length the Rob Roy, sometimes on water, and sometimes on horseback, got down to the lagoon of Ateibeh, half land, half water, and all mud, in which the Abana finally loses itself, hardly twoscore miles from the point where it bursts from the snowy mountains into the plain. Here was a "wide sea of shallow water, concealed by grass in tufts, like an Irish bog, and with soft, deceptive mud, deep holes, and trickling streamlets. Hundreds of cattle stood up to their stomachs in water; our mules plunged deep above their girths, and the men sank down repeatedly. One of the little donkeys disappeared under water, head, ears, and every thing; but a clever muleteer caught him by the tail, and we pulled him out." But by dint of much wading and paddling, the real mouth of the Abana was found; and here was passed the Christmas night of 1868. After all, the party were only twenty miles from a great city, and they had brought materials for an orthodox Christmas dinner. There were, among other things, a stuffed turkey and a plum-pudding swimming in the flames of brandy.

Leaving the Ateibeh Marsh, the Rob Roy was borne on horseback ten miles southward to Lake Hijaneh, in which the Pharpar, the other so-called river of Damascus, loses itself. The Pharpar does not, however, run by the city. Ateibeh is simply a morass; Hijaneh may be

called a pond, for here, in the centre of a dense jungle, is an open body of clear water; and near its edge is an island of a few acres, upon which are the massive walls of four strong buildings, in which no man has dwelt for untold generations. Wild-boars are its only inhabitants, and the surface was torn up by their deep ruts. Upon its borders, half buried in slime, were huge stones, ruined walls, and what look like the piers of a bridge, squared and cut for unknown purposes, by unknown men, at a time unknown. This deserted island appears to have been a fortress; but there is no record that before Mr. Macgregor any man has seen it since history has been written. The reeds surrounding the island are furrowed by boar tracks, along which the Rob Roy could be propelled; but the animals who made them were not seen.

Lake Hijaneh having been explored, Mr. Macgregor wished to take a look at the remains of the "Giant Cities," in the region toward the south which the Bible styles *Argob*—"the stone country"—and Bashan, wherein of old dwelt the giant Og, whose bedstead was of iron, nine cubits long. Over this region the Turks hold merely nominal control. After traveling a couple of days over bleak stony hills and dry river-courses, they saw what in the distance looked like an irregular mass of rock and stone a mile in length—the ruins of the commoner houses; but at the extremity were fifty or sixty structures almost uninjured. The walls of these, five or six feet thick, were of blocks of basalt, some of them well cut and polished. Many were two stories high, and some three. But every thing was of stone. The rafters, twelve or fourteen feet long, were of stone; the stairs and floors of stone; there were stone mangers in the stables,



STONE DOOR IN BASHAN.

stone cooking-places and troughs in the kitchens. The very doors and window-shutters were solid slabs of stone. The outer door of the house which they occupied was seven feet high and six inches thick, composed of two leaves, opening inward, moving upon stone pivots, yet so nicely balanced that they could be opened and shut with a finger. The window was furnished with a stone shutter four feet high, opening outward. How old these structures are no one knows. In the court-yard of one is a Greek inscription bearing date five centuries before Christ.

Returning to the Pharpar, the Rob Roy was launched upon its winding waters. It is certainly the crookedest of rivers—bend within bend—so that one had to paddle seven or eight miles in order to accomplish what would be a mile in a straight line.

On New-Year's Day, 1869, Mr. Macgregor returned to Damascus, and the next day set out to recross the mountains in search of the head waters of the Jordan. The Jordan and the Abana rise on opposite sides of the range of Anti-Lebanon, their head waters almost overlapping. Neither sends a drop of water to the sea, the one being lost in the deep gorge of the Dead Sea, and the other disappearing in the marsh of Ateibeh.

Skirting a spur of Mount Hermon they wound up a steep crooked path, amidst slippery rocks, projecting trees, loose stones, and deceitful mud. Two men could hardly hold the Rob Roy in its place upon the horse's back, as it swayed to and fro in the cold blasts which swept down from the snowy summits. On the fourth day they pitched their tents at Rukleh, a town hemmed in by piles of sharp gray rocks, tumbled together in wild confusion. Climbing these, one perceives

that in the olden time every nook of these jagged heights had been occupied. There were endless winding avenues, gardens hanging upon steeples, retaining-walls to sustain the soil wherever a few square roods of space could thus be secured. Temples and altars and tombs harbored in clefts of the rock, all showed that Life, and its follower Death, had peopled these regions now so desolate. These remains go far to justify the accounts given in the text of the Hebrew Scriptures of the dense population which, in the time of the monarchy, once occupied all Palestine.

Still onward went the Rob Roy, mostly on horseback, but often borne by hand. The lay of the land showed that they must now be approaching the sources of the Jordan. They searched here and there, finding spring upon spring, whose waters were soon lost. At last, in a lonely field, one was discovered from which flowed a little brook. This grew gradually larger, and at length tumbled, in a pretty little cascade, over a low ledge of rock, and ran away in a bright dancing stream. This, which Mr. Macgregor styles *Ain Rob Roy*, "Rob Roy Fountain," he regards as the true source of the Jordan; that is, the farthest point from which a constant stream makes its way. This young Jordan, here called the Hasbany, is a pretty brook, growing larger and larger until it spreads into a pool. The natives averred this to be a thousand feet deep; but upon being sounded, the line touched bottom at the depth of eleven feet. Upon this pool the Rob Roy was first launched upon the Jordan. But the canoe had to be carried past a little cascade, which turns a mill, and then the stream is crossed by a narrow stone bridge, and then the Rob Roy fairly commenced her downward voyage.



HOOLEH ARCHITECTURE.

The river was still too narrow for paddling, and Mr. Macgregor, pole in hand, now mounted astride of the canoe, and now wading and dragging it after him, managed to make way for a space. At length the brook, now swollen by a sudden storm into a headlong torrent, rushed through a ravine where the canoe could not live; and the Rob Roy was borne overland to another branch, the head of which forms what is historically known as the source of the Jordan. The region is far from a peaceful one. Not long before the bodies of three men had been found under a tree hard by. At a place, now called Tell el Kady, once Dan, the extreme northernmost limits of the kingdom of Israel, this historic Jordan bursts forth in a noble spring, said to be the largest single source in the world. The "Tell" is a great mound, almost square, the sides being from 250 to 300 yards. In one corner is the spot where it is said King Jeroboam set up one of the two calves of gold, which the Israelites were to regard as the gods which had brought their fathers up out of the land of Egypt. This mound resembles the rim of a volcanic crater, sloping inward into a tangled thicket, around which is yet a low dais, apparently the remains of an amphitheatre. Out of this the water rushes into a circular basin a hundred feet wide. The Rob Roy was set afloat upon this pool, which Macgregor was assured was bottomless. He sounded it with a pole, and found its depth to be just five feet.

One more so-called "Source of the Jordan," had yet to be visited. This is at Banias, an hour's ride eastward from Tell el Kady. The way lies through a well-wooded region, whose fine clumps of oak give it an almost park-like character. Soon the traveler finds himself among beautiful ruins—bridges, walls, and prostrate pillars—the remains of the city of Casarea Philippi. This was probably the extreme northward point reached by our Saviour in his jour-

neyings upon earth. Near this place it was that Peter made the confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," and received the reply, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church."

The modern representative of Casarea Philippi is the insignificant village of Banias (an Arabic corruption of *Panæas*, "the city of Pan," for to this heathen deity was dedicated the fountain hard by, which is one of the three recognized sources of the Jordan, and by many esteemed the principal one). This fountain bursts forth in front of a deep cavern which pierces the foot of a steep limestone cliff. The stream flowing from this fountain soon loses itself in a wide morass, dotted here and there with patches of bright water.

After a course of half a dozen miles the stream (here called the Leddan), flowing from the fountain at Tell el Kady, unites with the Banias; and three miles below they are joined by the Hasbany. "Of these streams," says Thomson, "the Leddan is far the largest, the Banias the most beautiful, the Hasbany the longest." The united river now for the first time takes the name of Jordan, "the Descender"—rightly due both to the fast flow and enormous fall of the river, which also descends deeper into the bowels of the earth than any other river in the world.

To the meeting of the waters the Rob Roy was borne on horseback. The explorers put up for a night at a little mill. The host had come to this place a year before. He was a Christian, and four of his children had been massacred not long before by the Mussulmans. The only survivor was a beautiful girl of ten, "with a happy angelic look." Her father held out her little right hand to show how it was gashed and searred, and worthless for needle-work. In the room was a heap of corn, and steelyards to weigh it; but not an article of furniture except a single straw mat. Soon a party of half a

dozen Arabs entered. They had come to buy gunpowder of the miller. He pulled out an old canvas sack upon which Mr. Macgregor had been leaning, smoking his pipe. The powder was lying perfectly loose in the sack. One of the visitors was also smoking a nargilleh. Each of the Arabs flashed a pinch of the powder in his rusty gun; and all began chaffering and wrangling over their purchases as they were weighed out. Some put the powder into bits of paper, others into goat-skin bags, and others placed it loosely in their pockets.

The river for some miles runs through the lagoon known as the Lake of Huleh. Herds of buffaloes and horses were browsing on the luscious green grass. The few hamlets are curiously various in their architecture. Here is a stone house with a flat roof; then a mud-wall, with a round top of reed matting; then dwellings with mats for the side walls and roofs shaped like a pulpit cushion, the tassels represented by heavy stones tied with straw ropes to keep the roof in place; then are black Arab tents, with woven reeds at the sides; and then regular tents: every variety of tent and thatch and mud and mat combined.

The Rob Roy was launched upon the Jordan; the stream, about a hundred feet wide, running swiftly on a course almost as winding as that of the Pharpar. Mr. Macgregor sent his attendants with the animals to skirt the edge of the morass, while he alone in the canoe undertook to paddle down the river. He had gone a few miles when all at once he saw a head peering over the dense fringe of canes. Then there was a yell, replied to by answering yells; and soon a crowd appeared on the banks, dancing and shouting ferociously. The current bore the canoe along too rapidly for them to keep up

with it; but they cut across the bend, and saluted the stranger with a harmless shower of clods. At the next bend the crowd, now increased to half a hundred—men, women, and children—were ahead. At the bend the voyager was again saluted by a fresh shower of missiles, and the cry, in Arabic, "To land! to land!" He made a polite bow, and answered *Ingleez*, "Englishman," and paddled along. Half a dozen brawny fellows flung off their garments and plunged into the water, swimming, "dog-fashion," in a splendid manner; but yet they were no match for the canoe.

At the next bend they were still further ahead, and ready for action. They had drawn up in a line, some standing waist-deep in the water, others swimming. Mr. Macgregor floated close to one of the swimmers, splashed him in the face with the paddle, and slipped past him. The crowd on shore set up a laugh. One stont fellow made a magnificent dive from the bank and came up by the stern of the canoe, with his arm over the deck. The Englishman shoved him off with his paddle, saying, in the best Arabic at his command, "Thanks!" as though he had received some signal service. He had run the blockade; but it was of no avail. The bank was lined by an ever-increasing crowd. Some had spears, some ox-goats, others huge round-headed clubs. Another shower of missiles came harmlessly, not one hitting even the canoe.

Then arose a cry: *Baroda! baroda!* "The gun! the gun!" and in an instant Macgregor saw several long guns pointed at him. But only one of the fellows seemed at all inclined to fire. This one looked as though he meant "business." He examined his priming, cocked his piece, and brought the muzzle to bear, at a



THE ROB ROY A PRIZE.

range of hardly a score of feet. A vigorous stroke of the paddle and a shot from the gun were simultaneous—the ball splashing close astern. The chase was clearly up; the canoe stopped. "Not fair to use a gun!" shouted the canoeist. But the water was now full of naked swimmers. Suddenly the canoe was pulled down from behind. The same big fellow who had a few minutes before made the magnificent dive had got hold of it with one hand, while in the other he brandished the shank-bone of a buffalo. He made a pass with it, which was warded off by the paddle. But by this time others had laid hold, and the Rob Roy was a prize.

"Backshish!" was now insinuated. "Yes; but to the sheikh." Meanwhile, Macgregor commenced parleying with his chief captor, affectionately patting his bare black poll, as one pats the head of a mastiff. "Not fair to use that," said he, pointing to the bone club. "Not fair to use that," replied the Arab, pointing to the paddle. The fellow became pacified, and was highly elate when the prisoner formally appointed him as his protector. Macgregor now tried his skill at charming the mob, who had begun to grow good-natured; but there is nothing so uncertain as the temper of a mob. "I am English," he said. "Friends," they answered. "One Englishman"—holding up one finger—"all the rest Arabs," he continued, holding up both hands. The crowd was tickled, and set up a laugh, in which the captive joined heartily. One little imp of mischief tried to break up the harmony. Seizing a huge lump of mud, she dashed it down upon the canoe. It was an even chance yet which side the mob would take. But Macgregor was equal to the occasion. With a look more of sorrow than of anger, he pointed silently at the great muddy spot on the clean top of the canoe. The natives looked on for a moment in silence; and then, as by a single impulse, they seized the girl and carried her off; but the sound of heavy thwacks and loud screams evinced that she was undergoing severe discipline.

In the confusion the captive almost succeeded in making off; but was again captured. He refused to quit the canoe; and, before he fairly knew what was going on, he found himself and canoe lifted bodily out of the water, and borne up the steep, muddy bank, and off to the tent of the sheikh, in which the canoe was deposited. Macgregor, with grave courtesy, advanced to the sheikh, shook his hand, informed him that he was an English traveler on his way to the lake, and would rest in the tent until the sun was cooler. The sheikh went out to consult with his cabinet; in an hour he came back, saying, "You can not go to the lake." "I must." "Impossible," replied the sheikh, with a little wink of the eye. Macgregor replied by a wink, and went out. The Englishman saw that the Arab was open to an "arrangement."

The wife of the sheikh now came in, and Macgregor laid himself out to make himself

agreeable. He showed her his canoe with all its fittings—bed, lamp, compass, and cooking apparatus. The woman, who was "quite refined and very intelligent," was lost in amazement, and full of compassion, when he complained that he, a stranger and alone, was losing all the fine sunshine. She brought in her husband, that he also might see the wonderful canoe. While Macgregor was showing it, he managed to open his hand so that the sheikh might see a gold Napoleon. "*Shwei—h-s-sh*," whispered the Arah; and the Englishman knew that the bargain was as good as made.

But who ever heard of an off-hand bargain with Arabs? The council of the sheikh came in, with their decision: "You can't go to-day, but shall have a horse to-morrow." The negotiation went on; but on the part of the Arabs it always came back to the one point—"backshish." All this time no food had been offered to the stranger. To eat together, and especially to take salt together, is the one inviolate pledge of amity. Macgregor undertook to gain this pledge. He set his little cooking apparatus in operation, and soon, by the help of "preserved soup," had a dish ready. Its flavor fell pleasantly on the Arab olfactories. Then he opened a little box—a snuff-box, in fact—filled with a white granular substance looking like powdered sugar. This he offered to the sheikh, who placed a little in his mouth. In an instant Macgregor had swallowed the remainder, and gave the Arah a hearty thump on the back. The sheikh made a rather wry face. "What is it? Is it sugar?" asked the by-standers. "No; it's salt," replied the sheikh. The stranger had fairly eaten salt with the Arab, in his own tent, and so for a whole day he had become the guest of the sheikh, who was bound by the most stringent code of his race to protect him at all hazards, even though he had been the murderer of his own son.

Now came a bit of by-play as to the way in which the yellow Napoleon should pass from the English traveler to the Arab sheikh. The transfer must be made, but in such a way that no "injunction" should reach it, and nobody be able to testify how it was done. Traveler and sheikh find themselves alone. Traveler's hand, holding the coin, slips accidentally into that of sheikh. Sheikh pushes it away, with virtuous, but very gentle, indignation. All this time the parties of the first part and of the second part stand side by side, looking straight ahead, their hands behind their backs, never fairly separated. The yellow representative of the French Emperor is somewhere among those ten fingers. Now one five had it; then the other five. At length the Englishman found his hand empty; but we do not think he can testify, "of his own knowledge," whither the Napoleon went.

At all events the sheikh went away to talk with his cabinet. He did not reappear; but the premier announced the decision: "You can go to-morrow." But this did not at all

suit Macgregor. He had bought the court, and every body knew it. So he pulled out an old copy of the *Times*, merely saying, "To-morrow! No! I'm English;" and went on reading the newspaper. In five minutes an official appeared, announcing that the traveler might leave at once. This did not quite satisfy the captain of the Rob Roy. He insisted that the Arabs must carry the canoe back to the river. This was done with as much formality as the case admitted. The Rob Roy with its indomitable commander was again set afloat upon the Jordan, amidst the congratulations of the Arabs.

But the day's adventures were by no means over. The canoe somehow got out of the true river channel, and was involved in the thick reeds of the marsh, through which there was no possibility of making way. So back the Rob Roy had to go; and the captain was lodged in the place which he had left in the morning—not, however, in the tent of the sheikh, who was somewhat ashamed that some of his people had tried to get backshish after he had made "things right." Instead of the royal abode, Mr. Macgregor supped in the tent of the premier, with a large and distinguished circle of Arabs. Prominent among the guests was a lively youngster to whom Macgregor took special fancy, which was not lessened when he learned that this was the identical person who had all the morning kept his gun trained at the voyager's head.

Macgregor went to rest, with all sorts of schemes for escape running through his head. Toward morning he heard a distant shout, "Rob Roy!" An answering response was given; and soon Hany, the faithful dragoman, came upon the scene, followed by the rest of the Englishman's attendants.

It was beautiful to see how Hany took matters into his own hands. He made the old premier bestir himself; called up all the Arabs, and gave them a sound rating. One of them demurred a little, and got kicked for his impudence. Hany managed to pick a bit of apparent quarrel with another of Macgregor's attendants, Latoof by name, who had failed to be prompt in blacking the master's boots. "Don't mind this," whispered the dragoman to his employer, "Latoof and I have arranged it all." To the Arabs Hany was contemptuous; to the Englishman apparently most abject. "You see," he exclaimed to the natives, "how like grasshoppers you are before me; yet I am the slave of the Howaja—and him you have dared to insult!"

Mr. Macgregor ventured to intimate that



RAFT ON LAKE HOOLEH.

this was all humbug. Hany's reply was sharp to the point: "Without humbug we could never manage these men." Hany fairly took the Arabs down. He got up for them a rather sumptuous repast, at which the English Lord had to sit and feign hunger. For all this he had to pay. The amount was not very exorbitant. "I had," he says, "a feast, and a lodging, and porters, and protection, and excellent fun; and all for the very reduced tariff of 16s. 4d."

On the lagoon, where he re-embarked next day, Macgregor saw a native afloat on a bundle of reeds, which he punted along with a long pole, his spear sticking up like a mast. This was the first native water-craft which he saw in Syria, and it and five little boats on Lake Gennesareth probably make up every vessel in the country. The lagoon, at its lower end, terminates in the little Lake Hooleh—the biblical "Waters of Merom." After several fruitless attempts to follow the Jordan through the marsh, Mr. Macgregor had the Rob Roy borne overland to the lake, which he circumnavigated, and was rewarded by the discovery of the spot where the river enters it. The stream is bordered on each side by a wall of papyrus, the stems standing so thick that a bird can not penetrate, and the utmost exertions could only force the sharp bows of the canoe a yard into the dense thick-
et. Mr. Macgregor is apparently the only man who for centuries has seen this mouth of the Jordan.

Lake Hooleh is 150 feet above the level of the ocean. Ten miles below, in a straight line, is the Lake of Gennesareth, which lies 653 feet below the ocean level. In ten miles, therefore, the Jordan falls 800 feet. The river soon becomes a roaring torrent in which no boat could live. The Rob Roy was therefore borne by land, keeping as nearly as possible to the channel of the river; and was safely set afloat upon

the lake hallowed for evermore by the presence of Him who often sailed upon its waters and trod its shores.

The sacred sea or lake is designated in Scripture by four names. These, with some merely orthographical variations, are, "Chinnereth," "Gennesareth," "Galilee," and "Tiberias." Its shape is almost like that of a pear, the stem being at its lower extremity. Its extreme length is about fourteen miles; greatest breadth, seven miles. Its average depth is about 100 feet, the deepest soundings 160 feet. It occupies the first of the great depressions by which the valley of the Jordan sinks below ocean level. The Rob Roy was for a whole fortnight employed in the navigation and circumnavigation of this lake. Mr. Macgregor paddled around and across it; and his narrative forms a most valuable addition to our stores of information respecting one of the most interesting portions of the Holy Land. The lake itself remains unchanged. It is still swept over by sudden storms, as it was almost nineteen centuries ago, when the Saviour walked upon its waters. One such storm the Rob Roy encountered, narrowly escaping wreck. In the days of our Lord its waters were flecked by the boats of fishermen. A generation after, Josephus got together, as he says, 230 little boats for an enterprise against the Romans. Not long after, if we may believe him, there was a great naval battle fought upon the lake, the water of which was colored with blood, and the shore strewn with corpses. If after that, for seventeen centuries, there were vessels on the lake, history has no record of them. But if the waters are unchanged, the country around is altered. Saving the flea-bitten town of Tiberias, there is no place of ancient note whose site can be positively identified. Capernaum, the "own city," the "home" of our Lord, lay somewhere upon the

western shore of the lake; but where no man can now certainly say. Robinson places it at one point, Thomson at another; Macgregor agrees with Robinson.

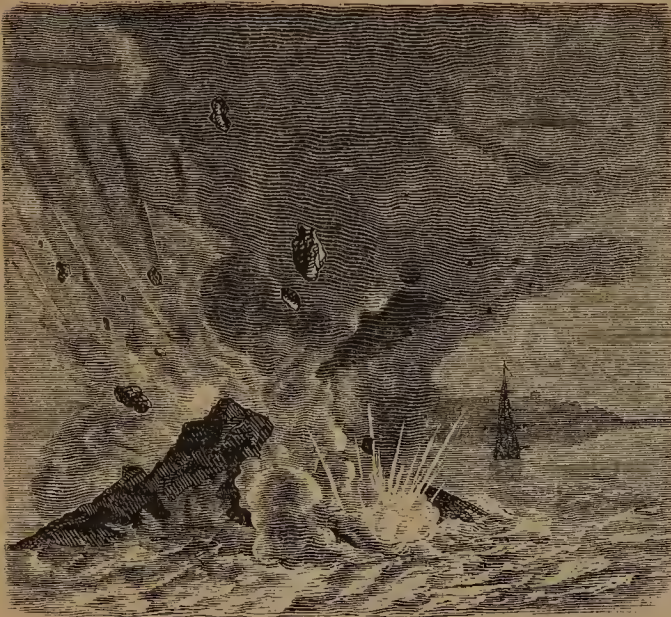
The whole length of the Jordan, measuring in a direct line, is 120 miles; or about 200 miles, measuring the windings of channel. From the Lake of Gennesareth to the mouth is 70 miles, in which the river descends about 650 feet, and falls into the Dead Sea 1300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, fifty miles distant. Could a channel be cut between the two waters, a narrow lake nearly 200 miles long would be formed, more than 3000 feet deep in its lowest part. The Jordan was never navigable, and it appears to have been only twice descended in a boat: in 1847, by the English Lieutenant Molyneux, who lost his life on the Dead Sea; and in 1848, by the American Lieutenant Lynch. The Rob Roy could easily have gone down to the Dead Sea; but that has been often described, and the passage, as shown by Lynch, presents nothing which can not be seen from the banks. Mr. Macgregor had gone mainly to see what could be seen only in a boat, and what no boat had ever done before. So, after venturing a few miles down as far as to the rapids, where Lynch with his two heavy boats was detained for hours, but which the Rob Roy passed in a few minutes, the canoe was once more put on horseback, and borne over the plain of Esdraelon, past Nazareth and Cana, to the Bay of Acre, and embarked on the "ancient river" Kishon and the Belus, famous as the spot where, according to doubtful story, glass was first discovered. Then, after a land journey to Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, Macgregor shipped his canoe to Alexandria, and thence back to England, reaching Southampton on the 9th of April, 1869—six months, to a day, from the time when it had set out.



A STORM ON GENNESARETH.

THE HOT CURRENT OF THE ATLANTIC.

A NEW THEORY OF ITS FOUNTAIN AND FLOOD.



A SUBMARINE VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

OF all the works of the Creation, Adam only excepted, not one has attracted more interest than the Sea. Although every blade of grass, however tiny, is in itself a museum of wonders, defying the highest human and angelic art to reproduce it, yet, by the testimony of Scripture, the master-pieces of the Divine Craftsman are, emphatically, "in the deep." If the geologist traces His mysterious "foot-prints" in subterranean slate and sandstone, and the telescopist sees Him in the heavens afar off, it has been reserved for the humble geographer to draw nearer, within the very sound of His footfall, whether He marches by in the steady sea-current, or whether, as of old at Gennesareth, He walks upon the stormy waves; for "His way is in the sea, and His path is in the great waters."

Fretted and tossed, as it is, by many and conflicting forces, the Ocean is to be viewed as an organic mass, living, breathing, instinct with vitality, as truly as the plant or the animal. "Its vast surface," to use the image of Schleiden, "rises and falls as if it had been gifted with the power of a gentle respiration." Seemingly impressible and sensitive to the faintest breeze that fans it, with stately grandeur it rolls calmly on in its appointed channels, in the very teeth of the hurricane, and against the fury of the typhoon and the cyclone. Mythology represented it as the plaything of an impotent deity, obedient to his trident; modern poetry paints it as an ungoverned and implacable giant; true science reckons it, however, as a part of the terrestrial machinery, simple yet grand, so contrived and so regulated that all its movements, "Quam fluctus diversi, quam

mare conjuncti," combine to render the earth a fit abode for man.

It is from this stand-point, which, we shall assume, science has attained, that we now propose to consider one of the most remarkable of all oceanic phenomena—*The Gulf Stream of the Atlantic*.

The winter of 1869, throughout the British Isles, was marked by an extraordinary display of mild and genial weather. Early in the year, however, and, strange to relate, at the very time when those balmy influences, which have been so generally conceded to the agency of the Gulf Stream, were felt to be most potent and paramount, the Royal Geographical Society entertained a serious discussion as to whether there be any such thing as a Gulf Stream. Metaphysicians tell us of one of their

number, the unhappy victim of his own speculations, who, in the ardor of his conviction that existence could be affirmed only of mind, actually denied that he had a body. It is, therefore, not without some countenance and parallel, that these geographers (for blessings seldom brighten except as they take their flight) should challenge as a myth a living reality, and one which, in its benign and salutary offices to them, has no equal but the Sun. But, had no such challenge passed, and no such question been mooted, the greatly increased interest and importance of the subject, which has been illumined only by an occasional and straggling ray of light since Sir John Herschel's article in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," ten years ago, render its revival almost a necessity. Of course the intelligent reader will not expect, within the narrow limits of a magazine article, an elaborate or scientific treatise. But no pains will be spared to make every topic introduced clear to the mind even of the inquirer least accustomed to pursue such investigations.

"I regard it as proved," wrote Columbus, in the diary of his third voyage to the New World, when seeking to enter the tropics near the meridian of Teneriffe, "that the waters of the sea move from east to west as do the heavens; that is to say, like the apparent motion of the sun, moon, and stars." However we may explain this westerly flow of the vast watery masses in the equatorial seas, the fact remains as one of the best attested and most unquestioned of oceanic phenomena. Over the torrid and liquid wastes, both of the Pacific and Atlantic, sweeps this mighty and majestic stream, steady, per-



PHOSPHORESCENT SEA.

ennial, and as unfailing as the stars in their courses. In the Pacific, notwithstanding it must needs find its impeded way through the meshes of the Polynesian archipelagoes, it yields to no resistance, presses on to the shores of the palmy Philippines and Formosa, whence it pours its floods, in part, to the north, off the coasts of Japan, and in part through the China, Celebes, and Java seas, into the basin of the Indian Ocean. Some have supposed that, originally, these channel-ways to the south

were made by the westwardly washing of the water, rending Australasia from the continent of Asia. The breadth of the equatorial current of the Pacific exceeds three thousand miles.

The equatorial current of the Atlantic, which chiefly concerns us now, has its genesis near the coasts of Senegambia and Liberia, on the west of Africa. It sets out in its movement to the west with no obstacles in its route. The Cape Verd Islands, within two days' easy sail

of the coast of Africa, are wide-opened for its passage. Even here, however, where the current impinges on the islands, the breakers are said to be peculiarly grand. But from this point, in constantly increasing volume and velocity, and moving in something like the arc of a great circle, it rolls on for 2850 miles, until its limpid billows break in foam over the eastern shores of the Lesser and Windward Antilles. These islands, to the number of forty-seven, stand out in bold array, formed into a crescent-shaped rampart, as if erected for the very purpose of disputing the passage of the great current into the Caribbean Sea. Could all these barriers be removed, the passage-way into that sea on the east would be less than five hundred miles wide. The huge island bastions, however, arrest and divert a vast quantity of the water, which, baffled here, issues northward in a mass of great importance. Enough water, notwithstanding the insular obstacles, has been forced through them to form a strong continuation of the old stream in the Caribbean Sea. This, regaining some of its lost momentum, runs rapidly on toward the Gulf of Mexico. Fragment as it is of the original current, it passes through the Yucatan Channel in such force and size as to have led Sir John Herschel to venture the assertion that "the excavation of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea is an evident effect of the continued and powerful action of the set of the great South Atlantic current, and which, unless counteracted by other causes, must sooner or later cut through the Isthmus of Darien."

The breadth of the equatorial current of the Atlantic at its commencement is 160 miles; opposite Cape Palmas it is 360 miles; when the current has crossed the ocean it is over 1000 miles.

Bearing in mind what has now been advanced, the reader is in position to see the rise of that marvelous and mysterious flow of waters which, issuing from the Gulf of Mexico with the speed and prowess of a mighty courser, hastens northward with freight more precious than the wealth of the Indies. Its name is the Gulf Stream. The cautious pen of Ansted describes it as "a great and wide stream of heated water, larger than all the rivers of the world together, running in a definite channel through colder water of a different color, so that when a ship enters the stream, in smooth water, one may see the bows dashing the spray from the warm and dark blue waters she is entering, while the stern is still within the pale green and cold waters of the banks of Newfoundland." Clear as is this description, it gives us but a poor idea of the reality. The Gulf Stream, indeed, beggars all efforts at portrayal. To see it rolling in its grandeur is not enough to enable the beholder to understand its wonder or conceive its power. The mind can take these in only when it can weigh and measure those facts and forces which lie concealed below the surface, and over which the

oldest tar may sail all unconscious and unconcerned. Our knowledge of the sea, even in the limited area we are now considering, is by no means perfect or exact. But, after all, we are not shut up to skepticism or imagination. It can not be said, as some seem to think, that we know as little of the great "river in the ocean" as De Soto knew of the Mississippi when he first saw it in its glory. The United States Coast Survey, under its renowned head and director, Lieutenant A. D. Bache, has long since given to the world the nicely-charted results of its arduous and untiring labors in thermometrical and other deep-sea surveys, long protracted in the North Atlantic. These results, compared with others before and since obtained, in the hands of scientific workmen and able interpreters, have been as seed long sown, now ripening, and whose fruit is ready to be gathered. And, just here, it may be well to remark that, in bringing to light the mysteries of the Gulf Stream, if we shall succeed in so doing, the entire system of oceanic circulation, with its wondrous adaptations, is at the same time and necessarily revealed.

As already intimated, the Gulf Stream has been described as a "river in the ocean." Nor is the expression a mere figure of rhetoric. As rivers maintain their marked peculiarities, from their sources to their mouths, so does this majestic flow of waters. The classic Tiber was not more tenacious of its "yellow" sands, nor is the White Nile of its chaste and snowy floods, the Arve of its "gray," nor the Andean Salado of its "brackish" taste, than is the Gulf Stream, in its vast course, of all that characterizes its volume as it bursts forth from its fountain in the Gulf of Mexico. From this point the stream cuts for itself a noble channel in the arc of a great circle, right through the body of the Atlantic Ocean. Turning neither to the right nor to the left, but obeying the unseen and irresistible impulse of the earth's rotation, it sweeps on with a velocity greater than that of the Mississippi, and with a volume more than a thousand times as large. No obstacle, not even the rocky islet, lies in its path for more than twelve hundred miles. The Grand Bank of Newfoundland—a submarine plateau, rising within 100 fathoms of the surface of the ocean—is barely, if at all, grazed by the extreme western skirt of the current. From Newfoundland its track again is clear as far as the boldest and most skillful sailor has ever traced it into the polar basin.

The banks and the bottom of the Gulf Stream are of cold water, but its volume is of warm. As it issues through the Narrows of Bemini its temperature is 86°. But after it has run over a thousand miles to the north it still retains its tropical heat. When her Britannic Majesty's ship, *The Nile*, in May, 1861, sailed from the harbor of Halifax for Bermuda, under Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, that officer, as he entered the Gulf Stream, found the water at the stern of his vessel at a temperature of 40°, while be-

fore her bows the thermometer in the Stream stood at 70° . The heat actually set free in a winter's day by the Gulf Stream is enough to warm up the whole column of atmosphere resting upon France and the British Isles from the freezing-point to summer heat. It would be easy to show that the thermal treasures borne on its bosom to the North Atlantic would be (to use the words of another) "sufficient, if utilized, to keep in constant blast a cyclopean furnace capable of sending forth a stream of molten iron as large in volume as the discharge of the mightiest river." When the southwest winds take up the vesicles of vapor in which these treasures are stored, and waft them to England, the amount of latent heat set free by precipitation overhead in one day is computed to equal that created by the combustion of all the coal consumed in the island annually.* If no more heat was received than is due to the position of the islands in respect of latitude, the mean winter temperature of Shetland would be only 3° , and that of London 17° . According to the observations of the Scottish Meteorological Society, however, the mean winter temperatures of these places are respectively 39° and 37° —Shetland being thus benefited 36° and London 20° . "In Iceland and on the Norwegian coast," we learn from the same high authority, "the increase of heat thus accruing is very much greater." To all such places, along the path of the Gulf Stream, even within the arctic circle, the vast current may be regarded as both a repository and dispenser of the sun's warmth given out in summer, and of the genial and vitalizing forces which clothe equatorial lands with a sea of foliage. So true is this that several of the isochimnals, or lines of equal *winter* temperature, are bent and carried by the Gulf Stream sixteen hundred miles northward of their normal position! This deflection of isochimnals in the northern hemisphere is due to the fact that the Stream makes its warmth felt most sensibly in January, just as the hyperborean flow from the Antarctic Ocean is coldest in July, deflecting the isothermals from their normal position the most in that month. This peculiar distribution of the winter climate of the British Isles, as it becomes known, is brought into requisition by the skillful physician in the treatment of diseases. The patient needing a milder air is no longer sent to the southward, unless directed to the *west* end of the island; and the weak constitution recuperates almost as rapidly at Shetland, or on the west coast of Scotland, as in any part of England, except from the Isle of Wight westward around the Cornish Peninsula. To speak of the early productions of the soil here is almost unnecessary. At Penzance, in Cornwall, the equable character of the English climate is most strikingly developed. Penzance is the garden of the English vegetable markets. Green peas and early potatoes spring out of the ground

in February, and are on the table in May, and every variety of similar vegetable growth at these early dates. Trees and plants, indigenous only to the tropics, often remain in the ground all winter without injury. Oranges, lemons, myrtles, camellias, magnolias, the Mexican agave, require no protection from frost. So that Humboldt spoke of it as "the Montpellier of the North."

But time and space would fail us to accumulate the evidences of the thermal forces and the balmy influences which demonstrate the existence and climatic agency of the Gulf Stream. It clothes Ireland with her robe of "emerald," and England and Western Scotland with verdure. If from its smoky waters the fog rises to hide the rays of the sun, it does for England what the sun, in that latitude, can not do. It fructifies her soil, tempers her skies; it puts renewed vigor into the arms of her brawny mechanics, and gives the bloom to her maidens' cheeks. The Icclander also rejoices in its proximity. And the poor Norwegian, at the North Cape itself, in midwinter, exults in the fact that his harbors are kept open and his shores delivered from the severe tyranny of the Frost King.

The waters of the Gulf Stream are highly colored. As far away from the straits of Florida as the coasts of the Carolinas they are of an indigo-blue. Their line of junction with the surrounding sea can be easily discerned with the naked eye. "Often," it is said, "one half of the vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in common water of the sea—so sharp is the line and such the want of affinity between those waters, and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the littoral waters of the sea."

The explanation of this peculiar phenomenon, though important, is difficult. Sir John Herschel contended that it is due to reflection of the sun's light from the sea bottom of great depth, and the deepness of the blue increases, where there is nothing to foul the water, with the depth. Mrs. Somerville states, too, that the reason the Gulf Stream loses its indigo hue near Newfoundland is that the water is shallow. It is said that the light illuminating the Grotto of Capri, in the Bay of Naples, is very blue; so also the color of the water in the Grotto of Vaucluse. The Rhone, it is also said, where it issues from the Lake of Geneva, is intensely blue, its color far surpassing that of the bluest sea. But this interpretation of the indigo hue of the great tropical current seems unsatisfactory. Off the Carolina coasts, where it is bluest, the depth of the ocean is not over a thousand fathoms, while off the Grand Bank of Newfoundland it suddenly falls to a depth of four thousand fathoms—a fact which interferes with Mrs. Somerville's statement. It is hard to see how the facts in the case can be accounted for by Herschel's solution. For we have the edges of the Gulf Stream so sharply defined that the

* Maury's "Physical Geography," p. 48, 3d ed.

green water or cold banks of the stream are visible from a ship's deck. The two bodies of water, the green and the blue, moving side by side, though in opposite directions, have a bottom of the same depth.

The discovery of copper in sea-water has suggested to some that the blueness of the Gulf Stream was due to the presence of cuprate of ammonia. But chemical analysis of sea-water shows that this ingredient enters into it in less

than the proportion of one part in a thousand. The author before quoted, in his "Physical Geography of the Sea," takes the ground that the color of the sea is determined by its saltiness. "The salt-makers," he tells us, "are in the habit of judging of the richness of the sea-water in salt by its color—the greener the hue, the fresher the water. At the salt-works of France, and along the shores of the Adriatic, where the "salines" are carried on by the proc-



THE DRIFT OF THE GULF STREAM.

ess of solar evaporation, there is a series of vats or pools, through which the water is passed as it comes from the sea, and is reduced to the briny state. The longer it is exposed to evaporation the saltier it grows, and the deeper is the hue of its blue, until crystallization commences, when the now deep blue water puts on a reddish tint.* This seems consistent with what has, so far, been revealed of the great oceanic currents. The saline theory, as it may be called, proceeds upon the known solar evaporation the hot stream has undergone in the Gulf of Mexico. The great equatorial current of the Atlantic is blue; that of the Pacific, long under the sun, on reaching Japan, is called by the Japanese "Kuro-Siwo"—"The Black Stream." The solution of the problem may be found to differ from all answers that have been yet given. The surface water both in the Indian and Pacific oceans is often highly colored. Patches, red, brown, and white, are found stretching as far as the eye can reach, the water of which, when taken up and carefully examined under the microscope, is found to be full of the animalculæ having the colors in question. Along the shores of the Red Sea a red matter is washed up, which Ehrenberg proved to be of vegetable growth. The same phenomenon occurs in the Yellow Sea, where yellow spots have been found. Captain Kingman, in lat. $8^{\circ} 46'$ S., long. $105^{\circ} 30'$ E., a few years ago passed through a tract of water 23 miles in breadth, and of unknown length, so full of minute *phosphorescent* organisms as to present at night the aspect of "a boundless plain covered with snow." Some of these animals were "serpents" of six inches in length, transparent, of gelatinous film, and highly luminous. These were taken in a fork of the equatorial current of the Pacific. Another sea-captain, in the Gulf Stream, off the coast of Florida, some years ago, fell in with "a school of young sea-nettles," and, bound as he was to England, he was five or six days in sailing through them; sixty days afterward, on his return-trip, he again fell in with them, recognizing them as the same, as, on both occasions, he frequently hauled up bucketfuls and examined them. The Gulf Stream is freighted with these creatures. To use Irving's figure, they appear to be clad "in brilliant coats of mail." They mostly shine when excited by the agitation of the water, or when struck, as by an oar. One of them, more than an inch in length, when thrown down on the deck of a ship, bursts into a glow so strong as to appear like a lump of white-hot iron. In the storm, at midnight, the Gulf Stream, in the mechanical dash of its billows, glares and burns with their fiery radiance, as if it were a sea of flame, and thus obtains the name which has been given it—"The Milky-Way in the Sea."

* "The water of the brine-springs of Cheshire, England, when pumped up is perfectly clear and free from particles in suspension. It is of clear sea-green color."—MUSPRATT'S *Chemistry*, p. 104.

When the microscope has done its work with these insects, we believe it will be found that they decide the color of the mighty current. We have dwelt here because, whatever solution shall prevail in the settlement of this question, one thing is established, viz., the individuality and insulation of the Gulf Stream in mid-ocean, and its adaptedness to preserve through its long course those strange qualities which mark and distinguish it from surrounding waters, as if by the brush of an artist "upon a painted ocean."

The eye of the traveler is arrested by no feature of the great "river" in the Atlantic more than by the sharpness of its edges. Its water refuses to mingle with that around it. Wonderful as this is, other streams exhibit the same stubbornness. The red flood of the Missouri and the inky waters of the upper Mississippi are distinguishable for several miles after their confluence. "In the offings of the Balize, sometimes as far out as a hundred miles or more from the land," we are told by the author of the "Physical Geography of the Sea," "puddles or patches of Mississippi water may be observed on the surface of the sea with little or none of its brine mixed with it."

To this antipathy toward mingling with any foreign water, so strikingly evinced and displayed by the Gulf Stream, we must add an all-important fact. Nowhere, so far as we have any reason to believe, does it in any part of its course, unless near or within the arctic basin, come in contact with the solid and highly heat-conducting projections of the earth's crust. The coasts of the United States and the shoals of Nantucket do not, as was once supposed, touch, much less turn it or shape its direction. If, now and then, it is slightly invaded or impinged upon by the polar current coming down at Newfoundland, not even does the Grand Bank itself reach to the Gulf Stream, or rob it of its heat. For the Grand Bank is the haunt of the codfish and other sea life that can not endure warm water, and, coming from higher latitudes, swarm only in their native temperature. The bottom of the bank, too, being two hundred fathoms deep, is *overswept*, if at all approached, by the westernmost and extremely shallow fringe of the stream, in this latitude not over one hundred fathoms deep. It has long been observed, moreover, that the water of the Stream distributes itself in the northern ocean into *layers*, with alternations of warm and cold water. And it is probable, as has been suggested by a great master of hydrography, that this stratification of the aqueous masses assists in protecting the tropical streams of the ocean.

Captain Silas Bent, the authority just referred to, thus explains it: "It is a natural arrangement of waters of different specific gravities; that of the lowest temperature, being the densest, clings to the bottom; the warmest water, from the salt it contains, being next in weight, overlies the first; and then the cool fresh water floats sometimes on the surface (as

Captain Rodgers mentioned to me he had seen it northeast of Behring's Strait), and is carried with and becomes a part of the current immediately underlying it." This arrangement, he thinks, too, a wise provision of nature, by which the warm current is *insulated*, as it were, to prevent the loss of its temperature, while passing to the high latitudes.

Such are some of the more striking lineaments an all-wise God has graven upon this mighty effluent from the torrid zone of the earth. As long since as Anghiera's day and that of Sir H. Gilbert (1523), the Gulf Stream has excited curious inquiry and wonder.* Many have been the attempts to unravel its philosophical mysteries. With greatly increased and increasing light, the subject has not yet been removed from the field of conjecture. Early theorists explained it by assuming that the hot current bursting through the Straits of Florida and bounding northward was due to the discharge of "The Father of Waters" into the Gulf of Mexico. It was contended that the velocity of the Mississippi and the velocity of the great Stream were the same, and that both were sensitive to the same vicissitudes.

Captain Livingston disproved the credibility of this view, by proving that the volume of water emptied into the Gulf was only one three-thousandth part of that running out. Lightly and hastily, however, as this refuted theory has been dismissed, it was countenanced by some remarkable facts which have never received an explanation and scarcely a comment, but which, as we shall presently see, are not to be despised or forgotten.

In place of the hypothesis he had overturned, Livingston substituted one equally, if not more untenable, that the velocity of the Gulf Stream is due to "the motion of the sun in the ecliptic, and the influence he has on the waters of the Atlantic." According to this view, "a sort of yearly tide" was conceived to be "the true parent of the Gulf current." The sun's apparent motion would affect the North Atlantic only—if in such a way at all—for a few months in the year, and could never thus generate a ceaseless and perennial tide, which, as has been beautifully said, "in the severest droughts never fails, and in the mightiest floods never overflows."

About the year 1770 the fertile and untiring brain of Benjamin Franklin, conscious of the magnitude of the subject, and its importance to the fortunes of the colonial commerce, began to busy itself in the study of Atlantic hydrography. He first offered a solution of the problem which bore any marks of plausibility. His opinion was widely repeated, and became deeply rooted in the mind of sea-faring men, and as it is substantially identical with the latest theory advanced—that of Sir John F. W. Herschel—deserves special consideration.

Dr. Franklin maintained that "the Gulf Stream is the escaping of the waters that have

been forced into the Caribbean Sea by the northeast trade-winds, and that it is the pressure of those winds upon the water which drives up into that sea a head, as it were, for this Stream." Whether this be true or not, it is unquestionably well supported by oceanic phenomena. Admiral Smyth, in his work on the Mediterranean, states that a continuance of "*gusty gales*" in the Sea of Tuscany has been known to raise its surface no less than twelve feet above its ordinary level. It is well known that in the Indian Ocean and China Sea the waters are driven alternately backward and forward by the monsoons. It is the southwesterly monsoon that causes inundations in the Ganges, and a tremendous surf on the coast of Coromandel. The historic student will recall those rises in the German Ocean which, created by westerly winds, beat against the dykes of Holland, and which, in the desperate struggle for Netherland liberty, were used by the great William of Orange against the armies of Spain. Nautical annals have recorded one of those fearful storms that sweep over the West Indies, so violent that, as with resistless besom, it arrested the Gulf Stream, forced back its mighty flood, and piled up its waters in the Gulf of Mexico to the height of thirty feet. The ship *Ledbury Snow* gallantly attempted to ride out the hurricane. When it abated she found herself high up on the dry land, and discovered that she had let go her anchors among the tree-tops of Elliott's Key. The Florida Keys, it is said, were inundated many feet, and the scene presented in the Gulf Stream was never surpassed in awful sublimity. "The water thus dammed up rushed out with a frightful velocity against the fury of the gale, producing a sea that beggared description."*

But amidst all such magnificent displays of the power of the winds, the theory advanced first by Franklin, and afterward revived, with a somewhat new dress and under the sanction of his own name, by Sir John Herschel, has never been received as conclusive.

For reasons which we shall presently state, it rests upon a partial induction of the facts known.

A fourth and last explanation of the great phenomenon of the Gulf Stream was offered to the public in 1855, by Lieutenant Matthew F. Maury. Although admitting that "the pressure of the trade-winds may *assist* to give the Gulf Stream its initial velocity," he showed that, for hundreds of miles after it comes out of the Gulf of Mexico and enters the Atlantic, the

* The tropical trade-wind of the Pacific, in which exists one of the greatest of oceanic currents, is first found moving slowly near to the Galapagos Islands, where it produces but a slight effect on the water of the ocean. The Thames, during a strong wind, is raised above its tidal mark. When the wind has for some time blown strongly from Suez, at the head of the Red Sea, it is said that the water of that sea has been forced southward to so great a degree as to leave the bed of the sea almost fordable, though at other times it is deep.—HOPKINS on *Atmospheric Change*, p. 384.

* Humboldt's "Cosmos," vol. i.

great current sets against the trade-winds, and for part of the way runs right in "the wind's eye." He alleged, moreover, that the famous Japan current—"the Gulf Stream of the Pacific"—does the same; and that the vast set of water from the Indian Ocean, known as the Mozambique Current, runs to the south, against the southeast trade-winds, and changes not with the monsoons. Rejecting the hypothesis of Franklin as inconclusive, and as inconsistent with many facts that had come to light since Franklin's views were propounded, he reasoned in this wise: The mean annual fall of rain on the entire surface of the earth is estimated at about five feet. To evaporate water enough annually from the ocean to cover the earth on an average five feet deep with rain is one of the offices of the grand atmospherical machine. This water is evaporated principally from the torrid zone. "Supposing it all to come from thence, we shall have encircling the earth a belt of ocean three thousand miles in breadth, from which this atmosphere evaporates a layer of water annually sixteen feet in depth." Here, then, is a vast equatorial trough or "lake, sixteen feet deep, three thousand miles broad, and twenty-four thousand miles long," ever emptying and ever filling. Evaporation destroys the equilibrium of the sea, and in the endeavor of the water to occupy this enormous space and restore equilibrium, all the waters north and south of this space are set in motion. To this cause of circulation was added the increased specific gravity of equatorial and Gulf of Mexico water, saltier and heavier from being longer under the sun than the water of higher and cooler latitudes; which, it was argued, accounted for the northward tendency of the great stream. "The effect of moderate winds, as the trades," said the author, "is to cause what may be called a *drift* of the sea, rather than a current. Drift is confined to surface waters, and the trade-winds of the Atlantic may assist in creating the Gulf Stream by drifting the waters, which have supplied them with vapor, into the Caribbean Sea. But, admit never so much of the water which the trade-winds have played upon to be drifted into the Caribbean Sea, what should make it flow thence, with the Gulf Stream, to the shores of Europe? It is because of the difference in the specific gravity of sea-water in an intertropical sea on one side, as compared with the specific gravity of water in northern seas and frozen oceans on the other, that they so flow." In a word, whatever alters the specific gravity of the sea, whether the temperature, or evaporation, or the tiny secretion of the myriad hosts of sea-shells, is a *current-producing agent*.

We have already intimated that the philosophy of the Gulf Stream involves the elucidation of all oceanic currents, and we beg the reader, therefore, to bear with us as we consider these antagonistic theories. The time has come when the interests of science, navigation, and commerce demand that this whole question

shall be transferred from the region of theory into that of certitude.

Rightly to estimate and appreciate the circulation of the Atlantic, or of any ocean, we must obtain some notion of its bed, and also of its littoral outline. The Atlantic must be conceived of as a vast channel, or, as geographers often name it, "The Atlantic *Canal*." The opposite shores of this ocean, in both hemispheres, appear to have once been in adherence, but by some grand subterranean upheaval to have been rent asunder, and in the open gap the ocean water rushed in.

The *bottom* of the Atlantic greatly affects the movement and circulation of its waters, and especially of the Gulf Stream. Extending from the arctic circle to the icy barrier that girds the antarctic continent, its length is 140 degrees of latitude, or nearly 10,000 miles; and its width, between the two great continents it laves, varies from 800 miles (between Greenland and Norway) to 1500 miles (between Brazil and Sierra Leone), and, at its widest part, 3600 miles (between Florida and the shores of Africa). It is therefore an irregular, elongated valley. It is over the diagonal of this valley that the Gulf Stream is projected.

The sub-basins of the Atlantic have been very distinctly traced. The elevated rim of its northern basin has been thus ably defined and delineated by Ansted:

"Starting from Iceland on the east side, and proceeding southward, we find the Faroe Islands, the mountains of Scotland, Wales, and France, the Western Pyrenees, the coast of Portugal and Spain, the Atlas, and the Azores. From this point a multiplicity of shoals and banks, crossing the ocean and terminating with the great bank of Newfoundland, form a depressed rim. In this way we find an almost continuous chain of mountain land, either sub-aerial or submarine, reaching finally to Greenland and returning to Iceland. This forms the Northern Atlantic basin.*

The central basin of the stormy ocean is equally as well marked as the northern. Beginning with the submarine mountains off Newfoundland, running to the Azores, and thence through Madeira to the Canaries and the Cape Verds, and thence westward, we pass by the island of Fernando de Noronha to Cape St. Roque.

The floor of the Atlantic, as determined by deep soundings, consists of a series of descending steps. Wide-extended and flat terraces stretch out beyond the present shores, and are succeeded by steep cliffs dropping down nine thousand feet. For the distance of two hundred and thirty miles from the coast of Ireland there is a slope of about six feet in a mile, or twelve inches in a thousand feet. In the next twenty miles there is a sudden descent of nine thousand feet, after which, for twelve hundred miles, all the bottom is nearly level. This is the

* Ansted's "Physical Geography," p. 129.

celebrated telegraphic plateau. By a succession of drops we finally reach the greatest depths of the Atlantic, at least *thirty thousand feet*, which, on the American side of the ocean, is some distance south of the great bank of Newfoundland.

We are now on vantage-ground from which to survey the whole field of discussion before us; and we are in possession of facts which, rightly read, unravel much of the mystery still clinging to the Gulf Stream and Atlantic circulation. Livingston's theory, we have already seen, is to be rejected, because it explains a phenomenon of ceaseless and perennial continuance by a cause which acts efficiently, if it acts at all, only for a part of the year, and then is withdrawn. Happily, we think, for the cause of science, we are reduced to a choice of the two remaining hypotheses—the Franklin-Herschel theory, and that of Maury. Of these two it is impossible to form any combination. It is impossible to reconcile them. "The dynamics of the Gulf Stream," says Herschel, "have of late, in the work of Lieutenant Maury, already mentioned, been made a subject of much (we can not but think misplaced) wonder, as if there could be any possible ground for doubting that it owes its origin *entirely* to the trade-winds."

Let us put this to the test.

The trade-winds of the northern hemisphere, in both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, commence to blow from the tropic of Cancer, and reach the equatorial zone from the northeast, at an angle with the equator of 24° . The "trade-wind belt," or the terrestrial girdle, swept by these air-currents so ceaselessly, is three thousand miles broad, extending to 23° north latitude, and to a still lower southern latitude. But this belt is not stationary.* It is obedient to the apparent motion of the sun, and moves and vibrates up and down on the earth's surface, as the sun declines to either side of "the line." When he shines vertically on Cancer (June 21), the trade-wind belt is shifted nearly eight hundred miles to the north. When, again, he is vertical to the tropic of Capricorn (December 21), the southern edge of the belt is eight hundred miles south of Capricorn. At the equinoxes, of course, the sun being directly overhead at the equator, the belt is commensurate with the intra-tropical regions, transgressing them neither toward the North Pole nor toward the South Pole. Without discussing the theories of the trade-winds, *these* are the agents on which Franklin and Herschel rely for their Gulf Stream theory. According to Maury's theory the Gulf Stream may derive its "initial velocity" from the trade-winds; but it rejects the Herschelian statement that, "if there

were no atmosphere, there would be no Gulf Stream, or any other considerable oceanic current whatever."*

We have already seen that the main equatorial current of the Atlantic is a considerable one, and likewise that of the Pacific. But it is impossible to account for either of these tremendous streams which flow from east to west (as Columbus so long ago pointed out) by evaporation, temperature, or difference in specific gravity. However these forces may come into play in the production of the Gulf current, they can never be assigned as the dynamical agents for the equatorial current. If it should be urged against Herschel's view that the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, from being longer under the sun, are heavier than the waters in the East Atlantic, then it would follow that the equatorial current ought to flow from west to east, just contrary to its known course. Were there, however, no atmosphere, the axial revolution of the earth would never cause the ocean surface any friction with surrounding matter. But the moment the globe began to revolve in its atmospheric envelope, the fluid and mobile particles of the sea, impinging on the air, suffered reaction, and began to flow westward, as we now find. The waters which flow *equator-ward* along the shores of Senegambia, in which the equatorial current of the Atlantic has its genesis, may have a westwardly motion from the same force which guides the trade-wind to the west; but, at the very utmost, this could only avail until these waters have reached the equator. There the circumferential velocity of the earth is greatest, and the westwardly set would be stopped, were there no other powers and forces to urge it on toward the Antilles. The trade-winds are, therefore, the only agencies which can supply this perpetual motion to the equatorial current. And *this much* must be conceded to Herschel's doctrine; but no more. Not to reiterate what has been already advanced against it, we vainly demand of it to meet known facts. In the dead of winter, for instance, when the trade-wind belt is removed mostly below the equator, certainly below the tropic of Cancer, how is it that the Gulf Stream, in unabated majesty, and with undiminished volume, ceases not to issue from the Gulf of Mexico? How is it that, even then, it forces its way beyond the tropic of Cancer, beyond the British Isles, and far within the arctic circle, keeping the harbor of Hammerfest, near the North Cape, free of ice?

More than this, in the summer, when the Gulf Stream's velocity is greatest, and while it is rushing through the Straits of Florida in its greatest volume, the trade-winds in the East and Middle Atlantic receive a serious check and drawback. Then it is the Desert of Sahara drinks in the fiery rays of the sun. The air over its vast area is heated, and rises toward the clouds in columnar masses. Beneath, a vacuum is created; and from all sides of the

* Columbus first fell in with the trade-winds on September 14, 1492, just after leaving the islands of Ferro and Gomera in the Canaries, latitude 28° north. He would have met them several hundred miles further north had he passed on the meridian of the Canaries two months earlier. The trades in September have receded with the declination of the sun.

* Herschel, Art. 37, "Physical Geography," 8th ed. Encyclopedia Britannica.

arid and blazing waste there is an in-draught of air. The *monsoons*, in a word, are now prevailing. The trade-winds, which propel the waters of the sea into the equatorial current, are overmatched by the counteracting monsoons. So mighty are the influences of these periodical winds that even those formed on the deserts of Arabia have been distinctly tracked into Austria and other parts of Europe. The monsoons of the Indian Ocean, so famous, are of six months' duration in the year, and sweep a sea zone more than two thousand miles broad. The effect of the sun's heat on the great Desert of Sahara and the sun-burnt shores of Africa is to turn back and divert the trades of the Eastern Atlantic. And this monsoon influence extends out to sea over a thousand miles! If it were possible to settle questions such as the one before us by the simple *inprimatur* of great and honored names, like Herschel's, we should not have ventured to challenge his theory, or test it with the opinions of others, far less with our own reasoning.

Exception may possibly be taken to the statement that Herschel's and Franklin's theories are substantially the same. We are not unaware that the English philosopher, in accounting for the Gulf Stream or other ocean current, thinks it not essential for him to assume or prove the existence of what is called "a head of water." He very justly remarks: "A circulation in a closed arca, produced by an impulse acting horizontally on the surface water, may perfectly well coexist with a truly level course of each molecule." What *may be* and what *is* are two very different matters. Dismissing all opposing views with an assertion of his own opinion, Herschel has not hereby increased his scientific fame. He suggests no reconciliation between his theory and the many known phenomena at war with its assumptions. In truth, his hypothesis was defunct when he espoused it; and it has been as much as even his great name could do to galvanize it into a transient, unnatural vitality. What, then, are

THE FORCES GENERATING THE GULF STREAM?

First, it seems clear that the *initial velocity* is given by the momentum of the equatorial current, flowing westward under the impact of the trade-winds. This is but feeble, and would soon be spent. A second cause is the *difference in specific gravity of the equatorial water and the polar water*. This is equally true of the waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the Baltic Sea. The density of the Baltic is:

Highest yet recorded.....	1.0232
Lowest.....	1.0003
Average of the West Baltic.....	1.0112
Average of the East Baltic.....	1.0042

The average density of the waters of the Atlantic is considerably higher than of these frigid yet lighter seas. The specific gravity of the Atlantic is, for the average, 1.0266. The heavy waters of the Gulf of Mexico, as we shall soon

see, above the average Atlantic density, by a law of hydrostatics, would seek an exchange with the lighter, though icy, waters of the Baltic, were there no other point of the sea with which they might change place. But if we compare the specific gravity of Gulf Stream water with that of Arctic Ocean water, we perceive that, besides the Baltic, the vast polar basin itself offers to the mass of equatorial water a hydrostatical inducement that will take no denial. "The mean specific gravity of the Arctic Ocean water" (according to the long-continued and elaborate experiments of Commander Rodgers), "reduced to the freezing-point (27.2° Fahrenheit) of sea-water, was 1.0263. The specific gravity of the Gulf Stream water, reduced to the same temperature (27.2°), was 1.0303. If these be taken as specimens of the water of torrid and frigid zones, it would appear that the waters of intertropical seas have fifteen per cent. more salt in them than the surface water of the Arctic Ocean has."* The specific gravity of the Gulf Stream water on the thirty-fourth parallel of north latitude is found to be *thirty* per cent. heavier than the sea-water along the American coasts, which is cold, and in every way marked as an effluent from the arctic.

But Rodgers, in his experiment, by reducing the polar water to a low temperature (27.2° Fahrenheit), chilled it far below the degree at which he found it, which, in latitude 72° 2' north, was nearly 48° in temperature by the thermometer. This, of course, would somewhat affect the inference to be drawn theoretically from what has been said. In his investigations north of Behring's Strait, in 1855, he found that, in point of fact, the water was in layers, alternating with warm, cool, and hot, and he thus labels these layers: "*Warm and light water on the top*," "*cool in the middle*," but "*hot and heavy at the bottom*."

The temperature of the sea near Scotland, according to Alexander Buchan, off the Orkney Islands, is 48.8° Fahr.; off the Shetland Islands is 48.4° Fahr.; mouth of the Firth of Forth is 47.8° Fahr. The Gulf Stream water which passes the Orkney Islands, giving them the mild winter alluded to by Sir Walter Scott, has *ascended* from the ocean floor many hundred feet since it left its fountain in the Gulf of Mexico. For Lieutenant Bache found, "off Cape Florida, about 12 nautical miles east from the light-house, at the depth of 450 fathoms, the temperature was forty-nine degrees Fahrenheit, in June, 1852." (See Bache's "Notes on Gulf Stream.") Beneath this depth the thermometer suddenly fell to 35°! The reason, of course, was that the banks and bed of the Gulf Stream are here of cold water. If it be asked, Why does the Gulf Stream remain on top? we answer: *While in the polar basin*, the water which moved as a surface and ice-bearing current to the south, along the shores of Greenland

* Consult "The Physical Geography of the Sea," p. 207, 225, and 226.

and Newfoundland, was *lighter than the equatorial water*. On its passage, by mingling with the northward flowing water (both surface and undercurrent), it is every hour becoming salter and salter, and hence heavier and heavier. On reaching the banks of Newfoundland, this ice-bearing and berg-drifting flow meets the tropical and salty waters from the Gulf and equator, and from them obtains the salt to give to its chilly mass a superior specific gravity. Before meeting the equatorial water, that from the pole lacked specific gravity or density. Robbing the hot water of its salt, and thus becoming the heavier body, it drops down to the sea-bottom, and underruns the warm water all the way to the shores of Cuba, where it is found at great depths, and known by its icy temperature of 35°! We have not commented upon the "*cold water bed*," and the "*banks of cold water*," which form the channel for the great equatorial or Gulf current. The reader will see that no constant stream can move *into* the polar basin without keeping it in ceaseless motion, and forcing an equal body of water *out* of it. This, of course, takes place in both hemispheres, and the *refluents* from the two poles conspire in keeping up the oceanic circulation. Could a sea-wall, however, be built of solid masonry, connecting Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, and another be built in the Arctic Ocean, thus cutting off the Atlantic from all polar communication, the present system of currents would be only modified, not destroyed. For, the weight of the hot seas exceeding that of the cold, the forces of hydrostatical equilibrium would come into play. This physical law has been beautifully likened to a *MAGICIAN IN THE SEA*. Standing midway between the pole and the equator, he strikes first the hot water and then the cold with his wand. The hot water going to the pole and the counter-stream going to the equator feel and obey the stroke, and thus for ages have kept up their ceaseless circulation and their perennial fullness.

Another co-operative agency in sustaining the movement of the stream is

"THE BONNY WEST WINDS."

After passing to the north of the trade-wind belt, in latitude 24° north, the volume of the Gulf Stream receives a *new* impetus from the drifting impact of the southwest and the famous "*bonny west winds*." These, for nine days in every twelve, blow steadily over the North Atlantic, and sweep its waters, in a surface movement, toward the British Isles and Northwestern Europe. These winds have descended from the upper regions of the atmosphere in the torrid zone, and are the antitrades, which, according to Kane's observations, largely prevail even into the polar basin. If, as we have seen, the trade-winds were the efficient cause of the equatorial current (though not of the Gulf Stream), it is very clear the antitrades, which, by a law of meteorology, must just equal their counter-current—we say, it is clear the

antitrades (were they to blow as steadily as the trades) must impel northward and eastward the whole mass of Gulf water, and any other with it, with the same force the trades give to the equatorial water. Did the antitrades blow due north, the shores of Greenland and Iceland would bloom and blossom with the flora of the Antilles. But these winds deflect the vast equatorial flow somewhat to the east, and cause it to trend toward the shores of Norway. But the stream is not turned away from its course, because it is moving in obedience to other calls more potential than wind. It uses the wind as a servant, and not as a master. Like the noble ship, whose course is at right-angles to the breeze which is received on her quarter, the equatorial Gulf water curves gracefully toward the track charted out for it by the Lawgiver of hydrostatics.

Such are, we believe, the forces which alone can be enumerated as propelling the equatorial Gulf mass into the polar receptacle.

There are other forces at work, no doubt, in assisting and accelerating this flow of hot water and in promoting oceanic circulation. The tiny sea-shell and the swarming myriads of the deep play an important part. The vast floods of fresh water from the grand river systems of America are factors in the result. The storms of the Atlantic, which are traced in numbers to the Gulf Stream flow, conspire to hasten its movement and swell its volume. The Stream is called by sailors "*The Weather-Breeder*"—a doubtful appellation. Its path is, indeed, fearfully visited by the terrors of the deep. "Storms, squalls, hurricanes, water-spouts, lightning and thunder," in the words of R. H. Dana, "give continual and terrific variety to this stupendous ocean current. Truly it is grand, in the deep silence of midnight, to pace the deck and listen to the roaring noise of the Gulf Stream as it travels on its ceaseless course." Along its way the caverns of the deep are doubtless thickly strewn with the wrecks of ages. But not from any agency of its own, and rather because the storms of the Atlantic seem to love this highway. Mr. Espy has shown that the storms of the United States, and "even those which arise in the Mississippi Valley, travel east, and often march out to sea to join the Gulf Stream." The Smithsonian Institute has mapped one of the latter, which, beginning at Galveston, Texas, after a long circuit by the Lakes, finally joined the favorite Stream by way of Nova Scotia.* These occasional phenomena ought to be reckoned among the causes of the Gulf Stream—volume and velocity—but not of its genesis or its perpetual circuit.

IS THE GULF STREAM CRADLED OVER A VOLCANO?

We have seen that all the way from the coasts of Africa the water which feeds the ever-flowing fountain of the Gulf Stream has been

* See the *Bureau* (Chicago) for January, 1870.

under the fiery blaze of an equatorial sun. It is highly probable that, after reaching the Gulf of Mexico, this water receives a vast quantity of heat from a *subterranean furnace*. The vast plateau or Mexican table-land is rent by a most singular crevice, through which the internal fire of the earth finds vent. From the Gulf to the Pacific Ocean stretches this fissure, in a line about sixteen miles south of the city of Mexico. Along this parallel rises a long row of active volcanoes, conspicuous among them Orizaba, with its ever-fiery crater, "seen like a star in the darkness of the night," Popocatepetl, Tuxtla, Toluca, and Iztaccihuatl, forming a volcanic circus around the city of the Montezumas. Not far off is the volcanic cone of Jorullo, which suddenly appeared and rose on the night of September 29, 1759, to the height of 1683 feet above the plain. This is only one out of six mountains that have been thrown up in this region by plutonic forces since the middle of the last century. It has, therefore, suggested itself to geographers that the vast basin of the Mexican Gulf, in many places of very great depth, reposes upon a seething mass of volcanic fires. We can not now stop to consider this at length, but are loth to pass it by. The subject is so full of interest, and bears so powerfully upon the hydrostatic theory of the Gulf Stream, that we venture to press it upon the reader by the following beautiful and forceful passage from the work of Mangin, whose "Mysteries of the Ocean" is so universally admired:

"The solar heat, undoubtedly, does not act alone upon this caldron of the Mexican Gulf, which is every where surrounded with coasts and islands bristling with semi-extinct craters, still agitated by frequent earthquakes, and betraying to the careful observer the glowing furnace seething beneath the waves.

"Who knows but that it is to the operation of the submarine fires that the Gulf Stream, sprung from this estuary, owes the force of irresistible expansion, closely analogous to the detention of vapor, which enables it to force a passage through the mass of waters even to the arctic circle?

"Who knows but that it draws from this same furnace the enormous provision of heat which it lavishes on its circumference (*parcours*), and enough of which remains in the end to melt the ices of the polar sea? At all events, it is curious to see another, and nearly as powerful a current, starting from that point of our hemisphere whose meteorological and geological conditions are nearly the same as those of the Gulf of Mexico. I refer to that other great artery of warm salt-water which rises in the Bay of Bengal, in the centre of another circle of fire, and on a bed which the internal convulsions of the globe have besprinkled with volcanic islands."*

Almost at the moment of writing these words (February 19), the telegraph announces an

earthquake at San Francisco, "coming from the southeast"—the very quarter in which lie buried the cyclopean furnaces described. Late disturbances around the mouths of the Mississippi and the sudden elevation and agitation of waters in the Bayou Plaquemine, two years ago, confirm what is here advanced.*

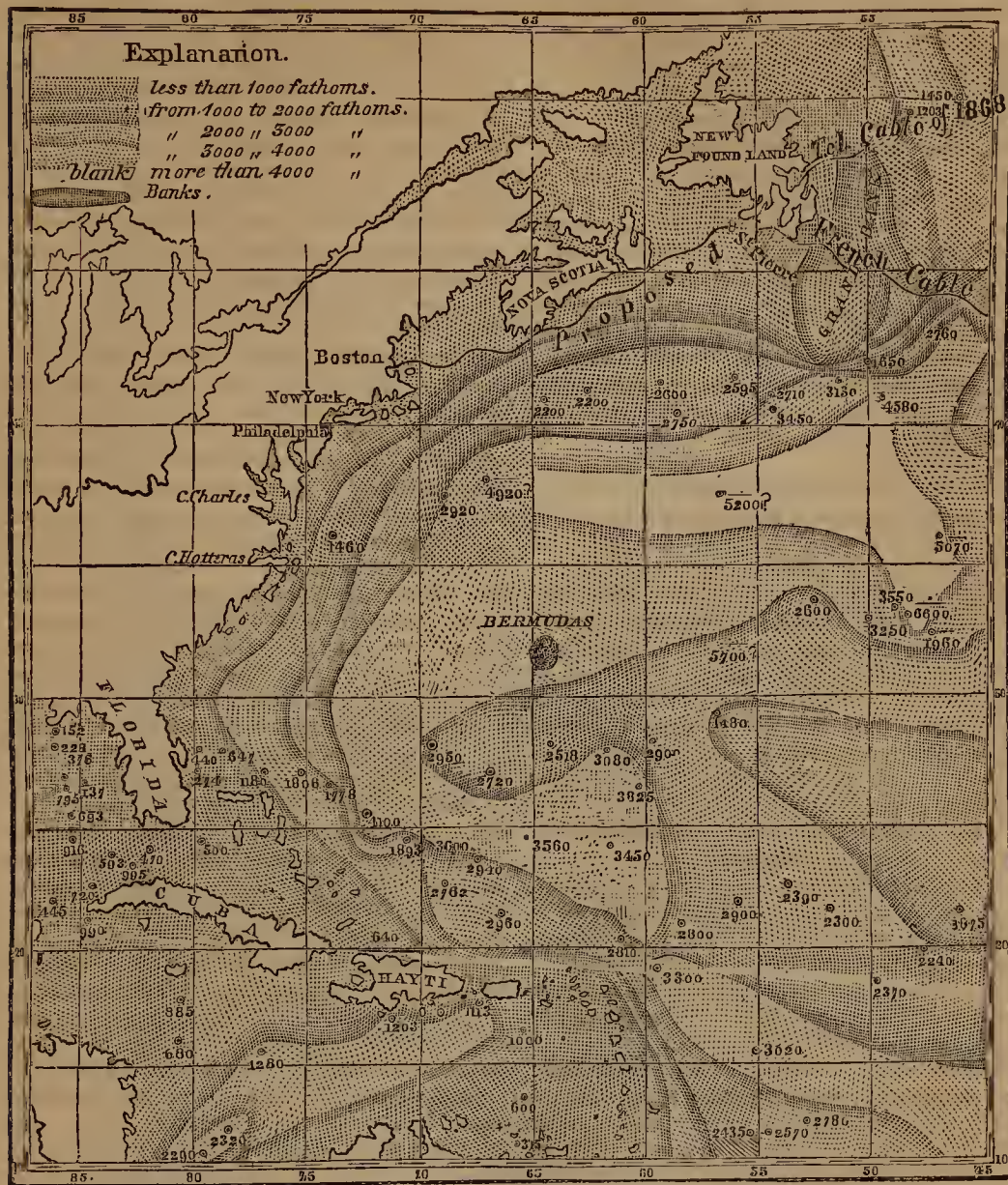
Two points in the discussion of the subject remain to be considered. But they are paramount, and, we believe, of novel interest and importance. One of these is

THE RECURVATION.

Our maps and charts frequently give to the "blue," tepid stream a decided easterly, and afterward southerly, curve from the Nantucket Shoals and the Grand Banks of Newfoundland toward the Azores. That there is a movement of the water giving an appearance of truth to this idea is not to be questioned. The Sargasso Sea of Columbus, "the centre of whirl," as in the eddy, to use a popular expression, fully attests the rotation of waters in the Atlantic; and it is plain the Gulf Stream must furnish a share of the revolving tide. But we are not to mistake a drift by the antitrade-winds, however wide, for the mass which makes the Gulf Stream. It follows as a corollary from the true doctrine of the Gulf Stream formation that it can never pause or turn aside in its course till it has obeyed the hydrostatic call from the polar basin. It is restless till it rests there. The recurvation toward the Azores is necessarily a mere drift—a *pellicle of water*. Could this be skimmed from the surface, we should see, beneath, the onward-flowing mass of tropical water, rushing, in undisturbed and unruffled majesty and grandeur, toward its northern and arctic goal. Every observer has noted how the stream widens after passing the Carolina coasts, and it is always argued that the volume is the same that issued through the Narrows of Bemini, but has only become thinner.

* Hopkins, a distinguished writer on this subject, thus argues: "The distance of the equatorial surface of the ocean from the centre of gravity is, say, about thirteen miles more than that of the polar surface, and, were gravity the only force that was constantly in action, the water of the equator, notwithstanding any influence of wind, would run down to the poles, just as water will ordinarily run down a hill. But this is prevented by centrifugal force, which, to a certain extent, counteracts the attraction of gravitation; and the natural level of the water of the ocean in every latitude, when undisturbed by wind, is determined partly by both gravity and centrifugal force." The centrifugal force of the earth, however, compared with the force of gravity, is as 1 to 289. Before the centrifugal force could equal the force of gravity, the earth would have to increase its rotative velocity 17 times. (See Smith's Mechanics.) If, then, the equatorial water is moved toward the poles by gravity, it has a fall of 12 miles in 8000. The Amazon River only falls 12 feet in the last 700 miles of its course; and the La Plata 11 feet in 400 miles. The reader can apply these figures for himself. He can easily see that the trade-winds, blowing from the tropics toward the equator, alone serve to prevent the equatorial waters from rushing toward the poles in torrential velocity. But the wind can not reach the deep sea, and hence can not retard the unseen and submarine flow of the water.

* "Mysteries of the Ocean," p. 110.



There are many reasons for rejecting this view, which, we believe, is the universally accepted notion. A single but sufficient one is the volume of water which unites with the Gulf Stream some time after it leaves Cape Florida. There, too, its depth is not more than 370 fathoms in some places, according to Lieutenant Bache, who, in his Report of the Coast Survey (1855), states: "The existence of the water of the polar current below those of the Gulf Stream was established by Lieutenant-Commanding Craven, who found the temperature of surface water at 82° , but in 370 fathoms he found it to be *but two* degrees, of Fahrenheit's scale, above the freezing-point of fresh water (34°), p. 6. But elsewhere, by the same authority (1852), he fixes the depth of the stream on the Charleston section at from three hundred to five hundred fathoms!"

Thus it seems, in flowing from the Gulf to Charleston, it has not only widened but deepened its bed! Off Hatteras, at 525 fathoms, the temperature was only 54° !

We adduce these facts to show that the surface flow or drift, in the recurvation, is no test or index of the true course of the current itself. To ascertain this, we must feel to the bottom of the warm set and discover the cold-water channel (over which it moves) with the bulb of the thermometer. It may be well for the navigator to know every eddy and drift of the sea; but the thermometer only can reveal the hidden mechanism and wheel-work beneath the waves. Meantime the physical law of hydrostatics which gives birth to the great current must be allowed to be the decisive and controlling shaper of its course.

The phenomenon of the Sargasso Sea by no

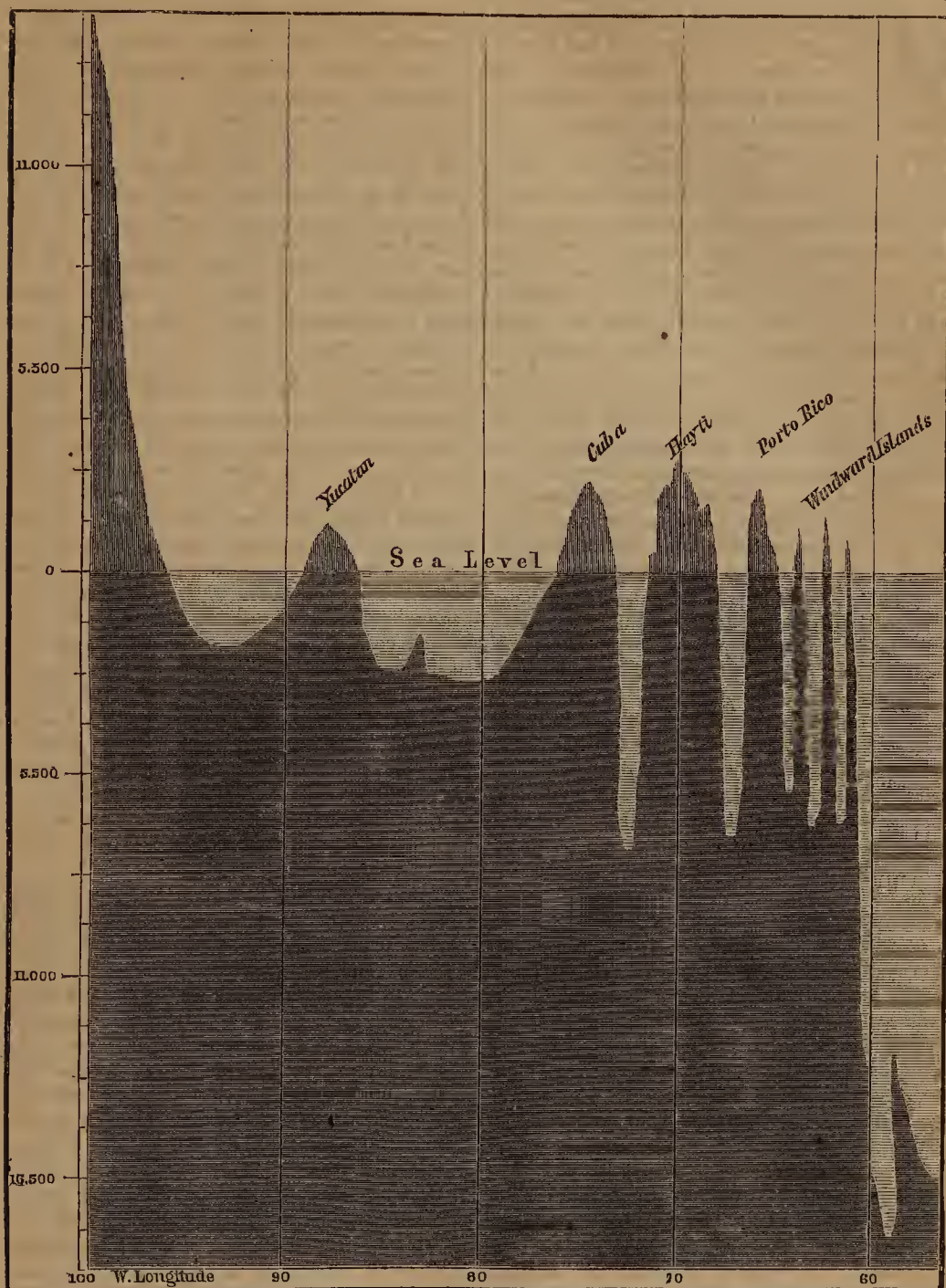
means proves a recurvation of the Gulf Stream. This weedy sea shoots its fibres down deep into the ocean. "In some cases," says Fay, "the stems are 800 feet long and nearly a foot in diameter. The weed is not always floating, but sometimes grows up from a submarine plateau." This vegetation evidently rests in a circle of comparative tranquillity; but it is by no means necessary to suppose, as some have done, that it marks a centre around which every portion of the North Atlantic must revolve. The slightest rotation of surface water around it would fully explain its stationary character, especially when we reflect on the great length of its stems shooting down to great depths, and occasionally serving, with its roots, to anchor the swimming field securely in its position.

THE TOTAL GULF STREAM VOLUME

is the most important problem for geographical science now to solve. Little or no attention has been given to its solution, save only to determine the mass of water running through the Florida pass. Vast as this is, and sufficient to form a thousand such rivers as the Mississippi at New Orleans, it is but a part, and the smaller part, of the true Gulf Stream, as that tropical current is recognized on its way to Europe. It seems strange that those who have refuted so ably the Franklin and Herschel theory, and who argue that the issue from the Gulf of Mexico is caused by evaporation of equatorial waters and the consequent alteration of specific gravity by the salt, should never have suggested that other masses of equatorial water (besides those in the Gulf of Mexico) would obey hydrostatic laws and seek to preserve equilibrium with the polar seas.

Reasoning upon the facts now adduced, the writer of this article has been led to the conviction that the Gulf Stream proper has scarcely gotten beyond the coasts of Carolina when it receives an enormous accession of tropical water. It seemed to him unaccountable that the vaster flow of the main equatorial current, which moves from the shores of Africa in an ever-widening sheet, should, when arrested by the Antilles, send off no tributary to the majestic current from the Gulf of Mexico. It is clear that the trade-winds can alone generate and keep in perpetual flow the equatorial or westerly current. But their force can not extend to great depths beneath the surface of the sea; and hence this current can not be so deep as if it were set in motion, like the Gulf Stream, by the force of specific gravity. The force of the winds would be comparatively superficial; but the forces of specific gravity would be both superficial and submarine. It is, therefore, not inconceivable that, while the broad equatorial current is rolling to the west as a *surface flow*, there is another and mighty mass moving beneath it, to the northwest, as an *undercurrent*. The Gulf of Mexico has been compared to a "boiler" or "caldron," in which the water has been evaporated by the sun and become heavy enough to force its way out in

search of lighter water. But may not this figure be extended, as Dové did extend it, to apply to the whole equatorial sea-basin? As the equatorial surface water gets warmer and saltier it sinks by its weight, and thus drops down beneath the line at which the trade-winds can affect its motion. In other words, as it grows heavy it falls out of the westward set of the equatorial current. It is no longer under any constraint, save that which the law of hydrostatics imposes. Having a high specific gravity, there is no reason why it should not, just as the Gulf Stream proper, and acting under the same impulse, move to higher latitudes in search of lighter and interchangeable masses. Seen or unseen, we know, as surely and certainly as we know that the tropical sun is hot, that some such movement must take place, and take place on a grand scale; and we might show that this movement, sooner or later, must conspire and fall in with the movement of the Gulf Stream itself. Let us see what this movement is. Were the globe in a state of quiescence, and had no daily revolution on its axis, the entire volume of the Gulf Stream would, after leaving Florida, run nearly due north, laving the eastern shores of our continent. But experience and observation show that its course is otherwise. The axis of the Gulf Stream is found, by actual measurement, to lie 80 statute miles from Charleston. The American shore, north of Charleston, projecting, the axis is 50 miles from Cape Hatteras, 210 miles from Sandy Hook, and 240 miles from Nantucket—though the warm water reaches nearer the shore, on an average 50 miles. And thus the Stream, which ran near the Everglades of Florida, on the 80th meridian of west longitude, has, before reaching Newfoundland, obtained an easting of more than twenty-five degrees. This is not due to its being deflected by the coasts, nor yet even by any shoals or sand-banks whatever. If we except the surface influence of the antitrades, already alluded to—winds blowing from the southwest—this easting of the Stream water is due solely to the earth's rotation. Every thing upon the surface of the globe at the equator is carried toward the east, at the rate of about 69 miles in four minutes. But if we recede to the north or south of this line the eastern velocity is so diminished that at the latitude of 60° it is reduced to one-half, and at 82° it is reduced to one-eighth of its original amount. The rotative velocity to the east, of an object on the equator, is $\frac{5}{15}$ of a mile per second, and 1000 miles per hour. It is easy, therefore, to see that, as equatorial water having an easterly velocity so great is borne to higher latitudes where the velocity is less, it will trend to the east. The drift-wood and floating sea-weed are found, therefore, on the European side of the Gulf Stream. The bamboos, the relics of carved wood and trunks of trees, conveyed to the islands of Fayal, Flores, and Corvo, contributed to the discovery of America by confirming Chris-



VERTICAL SECTION OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

topher Columbus in his belief of "the existence of Western Indies on the other side of the Atlantic." If we take the illustration of a railroad in our hemisphere, running north and south, we may understand this easterly drift. It is said to be a well-known fact to engineers that when the cars are going north the tendency, at great speed, is to run off on the east side; but when the train is going south the tendency is to run off on the west side, *i. e.*, always on the right-hand side. By the same law the débris and drift on the Mississippi are said to seek the right bank of the river. The effect of the

earth's diurnal rotation is, too, universally admitted to give the westerly direction to the northeast trades in the northern hemisphere (blowing from Cancer to the equator), and also the direction of the southeast trades in the southern hemisphere.

The Gulf Stream issues from its source in the Gulf of Mexico through the Bahama Channel. For a few miles it moves nearly north. Current-bottles have been found on the east coast of Florida which had been thrown from ships cruising in the Gulf of Mexico. One of these from the steamer *Walker*, of the United

States navy, cast overboard in the longitude of Mobile Bay, and in the latitude of the Pass à l'Outre, at the mouth of the Mississippi, was found just south of Mosquito Inlet; and another, from the steamer *Corwin*, east-northeast from Cape Florida Light, was picked up on the beach near Jupiter Inlet. But from Bemini the course of the current describes the path of a trajectory. The water, which at first was moving eastward with the earth, at the rate of nearly 800 miles an hour, is every moment coming to latitude of *less* easterly motion, and hence it falls to the east. And thus the whole mass is moving on a *fixed mathematical line*, and according to the *resultant* of the two forces which act upon it. "Like every agent employed by nature," says Felix Julien, in his "*Les Harmonies de la Mer*," "it has a mission to fulfill, an important rôle to discharge. Nothing, therefore, can divert it from its intended aim. Its route is unchangeable; it is traced beforehand, and as precisely and clearly indicated as the elliptic orbit which our planet describes around its central star. Like heat, light, electricity—in a word, like all fluids in motion which no obstacle arrests—the waters of the Gulf Stream follow the shortest line which they can trace from the place of their birth to the allotted limit of their career. On our globe, as every body knows, the shortest distance between two given points is the arc of a great circle; such a curve is exactly described by the great current which issues from the Bahamas, links Newfoundland to the British Isles, and proceeds, while turning round to the north of Western Europe, to lose itself in the polar regions."

Through this apparent digression we hope to usher the reader into the clear sunshine of observed and unquestioned fact. It has been proved that the Gulf waters and all the equatorial sea is acted upon by two classes of force. 1. The forces which are set in play by solar radiation, evaporation, and inequality of temperature in different latitudes. 2. The easterly momentum of the water from diurnal rotation of the earth. *How far are these forces effective?* The notion has long prevailed that the current which passes out through the Florida pass corresponds to the portion of the great equatorial current which passes into the Gulf of Mexico, between the West Indian Islands and the peninsula of Yucatan. But we have seen already how the Antilles meet and resist the equatorial current, and, especially, how the Windward Islands stand out in bold and *crescent-shaped* opposition, like immense barriers, forty-seven in number, just athwart the path of the great westward flow, diverting its tepid mass toward the northwest. The water thus diverted, if obedient to hydrostatic law, must inevitably find its way outside of the West Indian Archipelago, and thus join the other portion—which, having run the gauntlet of the islands, has in the mean time made the circuit of the Gulf—after it issues from the Florida and Bemini straits. The width of this off-

shoot very greatly exceeds that of the Bemini current or the Gulf Stream proper. We say the Gulf Stream proper, although future explorations may show this to be a misnomer, and may demonstrate that if the larger mass is entitled to give name to the current, what is now known as the Gulf Stream shall be or ought to be denominated *The Antilles Current*. A study of the subject, we are convinced, will fix and settle the existence of such a northerly flow beyond a doubt. We believe it can be proved that such a mass of equatorial water, *equal to the issue at Bemini, both in volume and velocity, moves to the northwest and enters the latter as a coefficient power*. Although this question seems never to have entered into the investigations of navigators and hydrographers, they have occasionally rendered, unconsciously, testimony which goes far to determine it. On his large physical chart of the Atlantic, Alexander Keith Johnston has recorded, "North-west branch of equatorial current of Atlantic: extends frequently to latitude 20° north, sometimes to the polar limits of the northeast trade-winds." The longitude on this chart for this branch current is between the 30th and 45th meridians west of Greenwich; and its breadth is given as six hundred miles—*fully fifteen times as broad as the Gulf current at Bemini*. (Keith Johnston. Plate XII. "Physical Atlas.") The same representation is made on the large and beautiful chart of the world (Mercator's) of Berghaus, published at Gotha. These two authorities would, if unsupported, give credibility to the view now presented.

Another evidence that the Bemini or Florida stream receives an immense acquisition on its way to Newfoundland is furnished by the deep-sea soundings of the United States Coast Survey. On its emergence from the Gulf of Mexico it has a breadth of fourteen leagues (42 miles) and a depth of two thousand feet. As it flows beyond the Bahamas it grows wider and wider, and if it received no affluent it should, as it expands in surface, diminish in depth. This is not found to be the case. It both *widens and deepens*! Here we have Lieutenant Bache's figures. At the bottom of the stream he has shown us the thermometer stands at 34° off Florida. Off Charleston, where its surface is three or four times as broad as off Bemini, the cold water of the bottom is reached between "300 and 500 fathoms," or say 2800 feet, an increase of its original depth. Some of the experiments off the Carolinas showed that at 525 fathoms its bottom had not been reached. Before it has attained the offings of Cape Hatteras its volume is over 375 miles in width, nearly ten times what it was off Florida. The careful observations of the Coast Survey give: "Off Cape Hatteras the temperature at 525 fathoms was only 54° Fahr.; at 425 fathoms it was over 60° Fahr.!" (See Bache on the "Distribution of Temperature in and near the Gulf Stream off the Coasts of the United States.") And off Cape Henry other examinations proved

that at the depth of 500 fathoms the bottom had not yet been found, for the temperature was as high as 52° . Behold, then, the Bemini stream has grown into more than tenfold its original volume! How, too, we might ask, was it that Bache found off Hatteras, at a depth of 425 fathoms, a body of water "over 60° ?" Was this not a portion of the "hot and heavy" water from the equatorial or Antilles current marked by Keith Johnston as the "Northwest branch of the equatorial current?" Diverted and deflected by the crescent formation of the West Indies, this mass (several times larger than what is known as the Gulf Stream at Bemini) moved to the northwest under a triple impact. A part of it remains on the surface and unites with the Gulf Stream as a surface drift, described in the "Physical Geography of the Sea" (p. 47, § 141, 8th edition). And the remainder and larger part, becoming heavy from evaporation under "a hot and copper sky," sinks down and moves off as an undercurrent to commingle its briny flood and its kindred elements with the original current from the Gulf.

If further proof of this is needed, the writer refers the reader to some remarkable facts which have been long recorded, but are evidently explicable only by the view now offered.

The Coast Survey Report for 1858 (p. 220) shows that the "easterly set of the Gulf Stream, through the keys of Florida, disappears during the regular summer trade-winds." In crossing from Key West to Havana the Gulf Stream runs much stronger on the Cuban side. The oldest and most skillful and experienced pilots have testified that, during the season of the summer trades, the winds seem to block up the outlet from the Gulf; and numbers of these seamen assert that not unfrequently, at this time, they can detect *no Gulf Stream at all*. From no less an authority than Commodore Bainbridge, we learn that on one occasion, while cruising off Cape Florida, his vessel was "*drifted to the west*." In other words, the current of Bemini was running back into the Gulf of Mexico, instead of running out of it. These facts receive confirmation from their exact agreement with Livingston's theory—a theory, it is true, long ago disproved—but doubtless having these observations or similar ones for their basis.

It is incredible that the Bemini current should linger and the Gulf Stream roll on, in unslackened speed and undiminished volume, unless we concede that, north of Bemini, it receives a mighty *affluent*. During the summer trades spoken of the thermal equator is moved northward, and, with the thermal equator, the equatorial current itself. It is, therefore, easy to see how the true Gulf Stream at this season may, under peculiar circumstances, be represented as moving in a northwesterly and afterward in a northeasterly curve, not out of the Gulf of Mexico, but from the shores of the Windward and Lesser Antilles.

A glance at the picture of the vertical sec-

tion of the North Atlantic will satisfy us of the correctness of this reasoning. The passage for the supply of the Bemini stream, between Yucatan and Cuba, is but a trifling *fosse* compared with the magnificent opening of the Antilles, or northwest branch of the equatorial current, off the Windward Islands. The one is two thousand feet deep, the other fifteen thousand feet deep, and the width of the latter is still greater, proportionately. "The tooth of running water is very sharp." Is it possible that the equatorial current in deep sea has, by erosion, cleft and opened a channel-way through the Atlantic bed to the northwest and north? It would seem so; for, if the liquid ocean were dried up, we should see, according to the results of soundings by the Hydrographic Bureau, just such an excavation. From the northern shores of the island of St. Pedro (latitude 2° N., and longitude 28° W.), in a line running northwest, and very close to the Windward and Lesser Antilles, and thence around the west of the Bermudas, the basin of the great Atlantic Canal, as Ansted calls it, is cut and gashed by a deep longitudinal valley—a *canal in a canal*. This inner and central channel is very deep, averaging thirty-five hundred fathoms. Its sides are elevated from the sea-bed to within only eighteen hundred fathoms of the surface. There is thus found in depths of the ocean a *submarine canal*, so to speak, extending from the equator toward the pole, already traced through forty-five degrees of north latitude. Indeed, it may be said to have been traced even to a greater distance south of the line. Its mean breadth at the greatest depth exceeds three hundred miles. If, as Ansted has so strikingly remarked, "the form and depth of the Atlantic bottom have a great influence on the movements of its waters," we may almost assume that we have here a clew to the motion of the equatorial current deflected by the Antilles. The latter would then enter the Gulf current in about the latitude of the Bermudas, which is in exact agreement and correspondence with the thermometric soundings of the Coast Survey.

This reasoning is strongly corroborated by a singular and, on other grounds than those now presented, an inexplicable fact. Vast patches and fields of the Sargasso Sea are brought into the Gulf Stream and borne across the ocean. These fragments of long kelp are drifted even so far as the Strait of Dover. "It is not unusual in the months of July and August," says the same distinguished English geographer lately quoted, "to see large quantities of drifted weed in crossing the channel between Folkestone and Boulogne. In perfectly fine weather the water is sometimes almost as much covered with vegetation in these seas as in the immediate neighborhood of the great Sargasso Sea itself." The floating masses of algæ have evidently been torn off from the southwestern borders of the weedy sea by some passing current uniting with the Gulf current. The southwest-

ern borders of the Sargasso face the Antilles, and are separated from the northeastern shores of these islands by a narrow sea not over three hundred and fifty miles wide—a width insufficient to allow the passage of the northwest branch of the equatorial current, according to Keith Johnston six hundred miles wide. It is a physical impossibility that the weed, finding its way into the English Channel, could get there except in the way mentioned. For the northern edge of the Sargasso Sea is thirteen hundred miles south of the so-called recurvation of the Gulf Stream and of its easterly drift. And any other oceanic surface currents or drifts in the North Atlantic would bear the weed far away from the shores of England.

The dislodged matter, it is probable, is influenced by the southwest winds (the antitrades) to depart from the normal track of the Gulf Stream and veer to the eastward.

How far the Gulf Stream has been traced into the arctic basin is one of the most interesting inquiries of modern geography. We have already seen its climatic influences extending beyond the charmed circle of the North, and in dead of winter keeping open the Norwegian harbor of Hammerfest, in latitude 72° north. (We allude to the subject as throwing light upon the hypothesis of the Gulf Stream volume now advanced.) "It is owing to the Gulf Stream," says Arthur Mangin, in his magnificent work, "Mysteries of the Ocean," "that, in the north of Spitzbergen, the limit of eternal ice and snow, instead of sinking to the very level of the sea, maintains itself at a point fully 550 feet above" (page 115). The Devil's Huck, a considerable elevation in Spitzbergen, has its summit continually shrouded in fog. Lord Dufferin, while sailing in the yacht *Foam*, distinctly perceived the Gulf Stream water 140 miles from the little island near Spitzbergen known as Bear or Cherry Island. Laing, in his account of a voyage to the former, says the climate is not entirely destitute of vegetation, and some plants are found which "convey a faint representation of a more southern country" (page 57).

But these islands stand related to the Gulf Stream flow only as Boston or New York do. They receive only an occasional and fitful benefit from the tepid waters.

The climate of Iceland likewise, though milder than Greenland, is much more vigorous than that of the corresponding latitude on the eastern side of the Atlantic. Seventeen of the Faroe Islands are habitable: they are rugged, mountainous, and rocky, and the intervening currents are deep and rapid. "The inner harbor of Hammerfest," says Laing, "though seldom agitated by winds, was never seen frozen over." In 1808, the captain of this harbor states, there were seen two hundred sail riding in it at one time. Codfish, which are prepared by exposure to the sun, are ready for market in Hammerfest in three days, while the same process of preparation in Newfoundland requires, in the best weather, at least five days. The ob-

served range of the thermometer at this Norwegian city, during the stay of some weeks of the voyager quoted, was between 75° and 80° Fahr. From the North Cape it flows onward, says a celebrated French writer, to console the pole—to create that warm, or rather that unfrozen, sea which has been recently discovered.*

With the facts which have been now set before the reader, he is able to form for himself an intelligent opinion of the correctness of the entire reasoning which is advanced in this article. The last-mentioned facts concerning the extent to which the energy of the Gulf Stream has been distinctly traced seem, reflexively, to indicate its nature, its cause, and its volume.

The hypothesis of the Total Gulf Stream Volume is here, the writer believes, propounded and demonstrated for the first time. The views he has enforced are his own, and for nothing, either in their conception or expression, is any one responsible but himself. He has, however, diligently sought light from every quarter. Having addressed a distinguished navigator who sailed under Commodore Wilkes, and was afterward the honored hydrographer of Commodore Perry's Japan Expedition, and who has, perhaps, more than any living sailor, been led to examine the subject, and having laid before him the substance of the hypothesis, the following indorsement was received:

"The theory (of the Gulf Stream), so far as the question of its having its origin from the Gulf of Mexico between Florida and Cuba is concerned, has, with me, like yourself, been the subject of a good deal of reflection; and I feel sure observations will prove that it receives accessions from the northern part of the equatorial current, which, passing to the north of San Domingo and east end of Cuba, meets the outflow (to the eastward) from the Gulf, and acts as a wall or fender to turn the latter (the Gulf Stream proper) short to the northward, along the east coast of Florida; while the reciprocal action against itself carries the water of this northern part of the equatorial current also to the northward, to give additional volume to the Gulf Stream. These two masses of water, being of nearly the same temperature (that from the Gulf being probably the hottest, from having been longer under the sun), mingle more or less freely."

This brief but pertinent and comprehensive reply has encouraged the publication of this paper, in the belief that science will soon demonstrate that the Antilles current goes to swell the great current from the Gulf, performing for it the office which, according to ancient fable, the classic Alpheus of the Peloponnesus, flowing under the sea, performed for the humbler stream of Arethusa. The late deep-ocean dredgings, by Professors Carpenter and Thomson, go so far as to prove the existence of an unbroken sheet of icy water spread over the dark floor of the deep. The marine life is

* Michelet's "La Mer." The allusion is to Kane's Open Sea.

every where, at 2400 fathoms, influenced by an arctic coldness; and, if we are informed aright, the results of their labors all show the interchange of polar and equatorial waters. If we have succeeded in the aim of the argument, the Gulf Stream and all oceanic currents are seen in new light, and clothed with new dignity and grandeur.

What the exact mass of the Antillian tributary may be must be determined by the diligent use of the deep-sea sounding apparatus. Meantime we can see, as in noonday clearness, that the grand system of oceanic circulation, from pole to equator, is kept up, to use the figure of the eloquent Julien, as precisely and unchangeably as our planet describes the elliptic orbit around its central star. We see enough to know that the limpid and limitless equatorial ocean is precipitated upon the polar basin. We see enough to convince us that the Gulf Stream is *not* a myth.

Above all, we behold the wheels of the terrestrial machinery in motion—every breeze that blows, every wave that rolls, even the volcanic fire beneath the sea, conspiring to make good to man the dominion of the earth, and to instate him in the possession of every inch of the Heaven-given heritage, from pole to pole.

TRANSMUTATION.

IT was nearly sunset of a clear summer's day when, in the large, comfortable, but unadorned kitchen of an old-fashioned farm-house, which stood almost by itself on a rather lonely and isolated by-road, an elderly woman was seated alone.

The woman was not positively ill-looking in any marked degree, although the restless, furtive glances of her cold, sharp, watery blue eyes, and a nervous twitching about the thin, closed lips, might have been held suggestive of low craft in purpose and asperity in temper. "Commonplace—commonplace to the last degree!" would have been the epithet most likely to have been applied to her by the chance observer.

Yes, commonplace she most certainly was, from the thin locks of rusty, yellow-gray hair, even to the down-trodden and shapeless shoes. You have seen fifty just such women, no doubt, and you will probably see fifty more just like her; for it is a common pattern to be found every where—tall and angular, high-shouldered, hollow-chested, sallow, thin, and stooping.

Her dress was a rusty black alpaca, scarred and stained with the wear of many months, and a cap and neck-handkerchief which, if "cleanliness is next to godliness"—as our nursery oracles used to tell us it was—certainly did not denote her as holding a very conspicuous place on the roll of immaculate purity!

But all these little minutiae, though they may serve to call up the woman before your imagination, are nothing *per se*; they were only the rather exaggerated peculiarities of her age, sex, rank, and position, and might well have been pass-

ed over with the innocent and not unfriendly remark quoted above, "Yes, very commonplace!"

But what made the woman repellent, and gave to her an individuality, was the all-pervading vulgarity of look and manner which invested her like a mantle from head to foot; and a lurking something in her glance, half-cunning, half-fearful, as if the vicious will was only held in check by the cowardly spirit.

She sat in her high-backed wooden chair at some distance from the open window, and was restlessly trifling with a letter. She had taken it out of her pocket two or three times, reading it over carefully, and with an evident effort, as if painfully striving to make herself mistress of its contents by rote, and returned it each time with a reflective and doubtful expression on her face. And now she had again drawn it forth, and re-read it; and then, having folded it, and replaced it in its envelope, she was (after a fashion not uncommon among persons to whom the advent of a letter is an infrequent occurrence) matching closely together the torn edges of the envelope, and smoothing and pressing the letter to make it look as if it had not been opened; though all the while she thus idly trifled with it, the changing expression of her face denoted perplexed and possibly conflicting emotions.

At last her reflections seemed to have reached a definite conclusion; for suddenly raising her head, and turning in the direction of the open window, she called, in a sharp, querulous voice, "Ma-hit-a-bel!"

"Yes 'm," came the immediate answer from outside the window; and the voice of the unseen speaker was that of a young girl, sweet and musical in its tone; but the manner was crisp and tart, almost defiant.

There was silence for some minutes, while the trifling with the letter still went on; and then, as if suddenly remembering that her call had not been properly attended to, the woman called again, with even greater asperity than before, "Ma-hit-a-bel!" and again came the same short, defiant answer—"Yes 'm!"

"What do you keep saying 'Yes 'm' for, without coming, when I call you, Hitty? Where are you, hey?"

"Outside the window. Where did you s'pose I was?"

"What are you about out there? what are you doing?"

"Watering the flowers, and picking the bugs off the squashes, I guess; and there's an awful lot of them!"

"Didn't you hear me calling of you?"

"Yes 'm."

"Then why in the world didn't you come in?"

"You did not tell me to, did you?"

"Well, if I didn't, you knowed well enough I wanted you."

"I'm sure I didn't; you didn't say so—how was I to know it?"

"Well, then, you know it *now*, don't yer?"

"Yes 'm! Very well, I'm coming.

"Here's one—to make ready,
And two—to prepare;
Three—to go slam-bang,
And four—to be there!"

sung the sweet but saucy voice, as, suiting her action to her words, the singer placed her hand lightly upon the low window-sill, and with one agile bound sprung into the room, and repeating the words "be there," stood before the woman; and, certainly, a stranger-looking object never entered a room in stranger way!

She was a slight, but well-grown girl, of possibly twelve or thirteen years—just at the age when young girls are usually most awkward, when the rapid development of length of limb rather puzzles the youthful possessor as how to use gracefully the sudden and unlooked-for elongation; but the untrammelled freedom of Hitty's country life, the entire absence of all artificial training, and a naturally healthy organization, had given to the girl this advantage, that her free motions, though often startling in their suddenness, had all the natural grace which we see oftenest in the unconscious movements of infancy; and although her abrupt entrance into the room could not by any means be considered elegant, still it was so light and free as not to be ungraceful; and the pose of her head and her whole attitude, as she stood with folded hands before the woman who had summoned her, was easy, piquant, and saucy.

In person she was tall and slight; her naturally fair skin was sun-burnt and covered with unsightly freckles up to the very roots of her immense crop of red hair, which was drawn back from off her forehead and braided into two stiff, cable-like braids, so tightly as to give the impression that the curve of her arched eyebrows was the result of the unnatural tension. These stiff and unyielding braids stuck out, one behind each ear, and were terminated at their extremities by coarse twine strings, to prevent the possibility of their unbraiding in the least. The object of this strange and most unbecoming mode of arranging her hair, Hitty would most probably have explained, was to "keep it out of mischief, for it was eternally bothering!" But these extremely rigorous measures would have seemed to fail in their accomplishment, for they had not served to keep it from the inroads of hay-seed and thistle-down, with which its red surface was profusely peppered.

There were two good points in the girl's face which not even tan and freckles could disguise—clear, deep, liquid blue eyes, now flashing with scornful mirth, but wearing a look of wistful tenderness in their blue, violet depths; and a well-formed mouth, fresh and dewy, but wearing now a smile of contemptuous indifference.

The rest of her person was invested in a scant, coarse, blue-checked garment, with long sleeves, made much like a butcher's frock, which descended from her chin even to the bottom of her clothes.

It was evident, as they remained thus for a moment, looking each in the other's face, that the stronger and higher mind of the child had already asserted its supremacy over that of her companion; and that while she regarded her with saucy indifference, and dislike only kept in check by a sense of what was due to the requirements of the fifth commandment, the woman regarded her with mingled and ill-concealed dread and aversion.

"Ma-hit-a-bel!" she began again, as if doubtfully.

"What 'm?"

"I never saw sich a gal as you are, never! I declare you're enough to kill any body to have you round; you come into that winder jest like a great bear!"

"Did I?" said the girl, carelessly. "I wonder at that, for I don't think I ever saw a bear, and I don't know how he would look; but I know just how a wolf looks, in 'Little Red Riding-hood,' you know; and I've seen somebody," she added, fixing her eyes meaningly upon the face of the listener, and thus giving an unpleasant personality to the remark, "who looked just like him! Why, in bed, you know, I could hardly tell the difference. Ah, poor dear little Red Riding-hood, I always did pity you!"

"Ma-hit-a-bel Cutter!" said the woman, angrily, "you're the very sauciest gal I ever saw in my life!"

"Yes 'm, I know it; but you've said that a dozen times before. Could not you make an effort, and get on a little?"

"Yes, Hitty; I've got something to say to you."

"Oh, Lordy! Gran'mother, don't!"

"Don't what?"

"Don't say something to me. I hate to be said something to; and, besides, I have not got the time to spare. The bugs will eat your squashes all up, if you keep me here; there's lots of 'm, I tell you now; they are eating on the right hand, eating on the left. I give you fair warning, they are hard at it; you must not blame me!"

"Never mind the squashes; I don't care for them."

"You don't? Well, I am surprised! I thought you did. Well, then, if you don't, I don't; so up and at it, bugs—free and easy—go in and win!"

"Hitty, I never saw sich an outrageous gal as you are in my life!"

"No; I s'pose you never did; and I wish, with all my heart, you had never seen this one; but, there, if the sermon has got to be preached, do give out your text and go ahead; I'm ready; come on." And she flung herself down upon the unpainted floor as she spoke, and snatching up a venerable gray cat which came purring around her, she very unceremoniously turned the patient animal upside down, laying her upon her back between her knees; then grasping one of the creature's front and one of its back paws

in each hand, as it lay upon her lap, she nodded and bowed to it, as the great, gray-green eyes opened and looked up into her face, talking to it the while as if it had been a petted child:

"Now, Morgiana Longtail, my darling cat, do be quiet, and behave yourself as you should do. Your grandmother has got something to say to you; so be good, and listen, I tell you. Now, grandmother, all ready; get on as fast as convenient, will you?"

"Well, Hitty, I want to tell you—I've got a letter."

"Have you? Well; and can't you make out to read it?"

"Read it! yes, of course I can."

"Oh! you can, can you?" said the girl, with indifference. "I supposed you couldn't, and wanted me to read it for you. If you have read it, what do you want me for?"

"Because," said the woman, doggedly, "the letter concerns you."

"Concerns *me*?" said Hitty, raising herself up, while her face flushed, and a look of blended curiosity and anxiety replaced the former listlessness of her manner. "From the selectmen, or the school-committee, I bet: about that old window I broke in the school-house. Well, I did break it," she added, while the hot crimson flush rose to the roots of her red hair—"I did break it, and I ain't going to deny it. It was an accident, and I'm sorry for it, and I didn't mean to do it; but I did break it—and now, what are they going to do to me about it?"

"The letter is not from the school-committee, nor the selectmen neither, Hitty."

"Oh! it is not, is not it?—so much the better, then," said the girl, relapsing into her former mood and attitude.

"Well," said the woman, regarding her with a sort of hesitation, "why don't you ask me who it is from?"

"Oh! I don't much care to know; if you are going to tell me, I suppose you will without my asking; and if not, I don't think asking all day would make you tell me."

"Well, Hitty, the letter comes from your gran'father."

"My grandfather! Whew! that's a likely story to tell! Dead men don't often write letters, I guess; at least not to little girls like me, that ever I heard of."

"Your gran'father is not dead, Hitty."

"Isn't?—then you've told me many a whacker! Why, you always said that he was dead."

"I never did."

"No?"

"No!"

"You did, now. Oh, come; that's a little too much! You—told—me—that he died in California; with the cholera infantum, I think you said it was."

"I say I never did; cholera infantum, indeed! Nonsense, Hitty; you oughter know better, great gal as you are. Cholera infantum! nobody but babies has it; it was the chol-

era morbus. I told you that my husband died of that in Californy; that's what I told you, and that's so."

"Well, have it 'cholera morbus,' if you like that any better. I suppose it won't make much difference to any of us now; but was not he the old man there?" said the girl, indicating by a rather supercilious nod of her head a melancholy and smoke-stained silhouette, in an oval, black frame, which adorned the fire-place—"wasn't that your husband, Deacon Josh Cutter?"

"Yes; but he was not your gran'father."

"He wasn't? Good gracious! hallelujah chorus! and so forth. Now is not that splendid?"

"I'm sure I don't know why you should say so; he was a very excellent man, a deacon of Mr. Webber's church; and when he died—"

"Oh yes!" interrupted the girl, eagerly; "I know all that; you've told me that, time and time again; but I don't fancy his looks—I never did, and I never shall, and I can't help it."

"I dunno why not, I'm sure; I only wish you had half his good looks."

"Thank you; half would be enough for me, I guess," said the girl, casting another mock-reflective look at the black and white memento of departed worth. "I really think half of his nose and half his queue would be quite as much as I could venture to accept. I would not wish to be too grasping, more especially as it seems I have no claim upon him; but if the deacon was your husband, as you have just said, may I venture to inquire how did it chance that he was not my grandfather?—that seems to strike me as a little peculiar. How was that?"

"Because," said the woman, regarding her anxiously, "I am not your grandmother."

"Glory and praise!" shouted the girl, turning a somersault upon the floor; "that's the greatest news yet. I declare the newspaper man ought to get out an extra. Hurrah! 'John Brown's soul is marching on,' I guess; and so is mine. Oh, excuse me, my darling Kitty! I hope I didn't jam your little, precious old paws; but I couldn't help it; such news doesn't come every day in the year, does it? And now, Mrs. Cutter, having gone so far, and told me who were not my grandparents (for which I thank you from the bottom of my heart), may I ask you to go a little farther, and tell me who my grandfather who writes the letter is?"

"His name is Arnold."

"The old Harry!" said the girl, now fairly beside herself with excitement; "and 'bully for you,' Grandfather Arnold!"

"No," said the widow, "that was his father; his name is not Harry, it's Ed'ard; your gran'father is Judge Arnold."

"Edward Arnold!" repeated the delighted girl; "oh, what a sweet name! sounds just like a novel or a poem, I declare if it don't; it seems to do one good to speak it. A judge, too; then, I suppose that he is a gentleman, ain't he?"

"I guess he thinks so."

"And I dare say he is right; and now, Mrs. Cutter" (it seemed to give the child pleasure to substitute these words instead of "grandmother"), "I will read the letter from my grandfather Arnold;" and she reached out her hand for the letter.

"No, you don't, nuther," said the woman; cautiously withdrawing the letter from the reach of the eager hand. "This letter is to me, not to you."

"Didn't you say it was from my grandfather?"

"Well, yes; that is, it's from his agent—his lawyer, I s'pose that is."

"And is it not about me? You said it was."

"Yes; and I'm going to read it to you, at least some parts on't, if you will ever hold your tongue long enough."

Then Mrs. Cutter put on her glasses again, fussily wiping and adjusting them with a slow delay, torturing to the impatient Hitty; and having had some practice in spelling out its contents half a dozen times before, which practice had, however, not made her perfect, she managed to read as follows:

"MRS. PERCIS CUTTER,—I am directed by Judge Arnold to inform you that having returned to this country after his long absence, and intending to re-establish himself in his own home, he means to take charge of his grand-daughter himself. As your quarterly allowance for the board and use of the young lady has been regularly paid'—(hum, hum)'—interpolated the incautious reader, finding she was entering upon private grounds—" (that isn't it, let me see)—"I inclose a check for'—(no, that does not concern you either)—"to meet any extras'—(why, where in the world is it?—oh, here it is!)"—"he wishes Miss Belle Linzee to be at the station in your village at 11 A.M., Thursday, June 16, where she will find a messenger to bring her to L— in the cars, where her governess will be waiting to receive her, and take her home at once."

"I am, etc., etc.,

"WILLIAM R. PARKINSON."

It would have been a study for a painter, could he have seen the girl as she sat upon the floor, with wide eyes and parted lips, listening almost breathlessly to this, to her amazing letter, not one word of which escaped her, although she was too much bewildered to comprehend and arrange it all in her mind.

"Who is the young lady, Mrs. Cutter?" speaking almost reverentially.

"Why, you, you born goose; who else should it be?"

"Me a young lady? I look like one, don't I?" as putting the cat gently aside, she sprung up and looked down upon herself, in silence, while her red lips quivered, and tears of real feeling dimmed for one moment the lustre of her clear blue eyes. But it was but for a moment; her whole life had taught her lessons of self-control, and she had recovered herself before her companion's slow perception had remarked her unusual excitement.

"Well," she said, "I don't quite understand. It says a messenger will be sent for her—what does that mean, I wonder: what is a messenger? Is it a man or a woman?"

"I don't know."

"I guess it means a constable, don't it? That's worse than the selectmen; do you suppose they will put me in handcuffs, as they did the poor fugitive slaves?" she asked, apprehensively, for her unguided and miscellaneous reading of sensational novels had filled her mind with a crude mass of ideas which her secluded life had never served to assort or rectify. "And then, the young lady is to be met by her governess; do you know what sort of thing a governess is, Mrs. Cutter?"

"Well, yes; I reckon it means a sort of schoolmarm, at home in the house; and I guess you've got to be screwed pretty tight by her—yes, night and day too, I take it," said Mrs. Cutter, maliciously.

"And I should think it would need it," said the child, gravely and reflectively; "there's an awful sight to do, certainly. I vow I don't envy her her job; she'll find she's got her match, I guess. Well, next, what was that about a Miss Belle Linzee?—who's she?"

"Why, who in the world do you s'pose, you little fool? You, of course."

"But my name is not Belle Linzee, is it?"

"Like enough! Your father was a Linzec, I know; and they used to call your mother Mabel. Of all the ridiculous names I ever heard, that's the beatemest!"

"I don't think so; it's a lovely name; I like it. But what did you call me Hitty for?—such a vulgar, hateful name!"

"Well, I suppose Mabel is short for Mahitable, ain't it?"

"No, indeed! no such thing; not the least like it in the world! And so you tucked in the Hitty, did you? I don't thank you."

"Yes, I did; Hitty is a good, useful, sensible name, and I s'pose your folks dropped it out by mistake."

"No mistake at all; I'll answer for that. You may keep your old Hitty; I don't want it. And pray, why did you call me Cutter, if my name was Linzee? Where's the mistake there?"

"I didn't; you called yourself so when you was little, and I thought it was jest as well."

"I don't; but that is a matter of taste, perhaps, and I like my own name best. But, one thing more," and again the lips and eyes quivered with emotion; "you spoke of my mother. Oh! tell me true; did I ever have a father and mother of my own, as other girls have?—oh, tell me that!"

"Of course you had. I never see such a born fool as you are, Hitty! How did you think you came into the world? I s'pose you thought you grewed right up out of the ground like a mushroom, didn't you?"

"I might well have thought so, from the way in which I have been reared," said the girl, bitterly. "But tell me this: are my parents living?"

"I dunno; I guess not. Come to think on't, I know yer father's dead; he was killed. I know that much."

"Killed?" echoed the little listener, with horror in her look and tone. "What! in the war?"

"Laws, no! some accident; I don't justly remember what it was. I s'pose I knew at the time; but I've forgot now. But I know that when he died, your mother went crazy, or had fits, or went into the consumption, or something or other terrible bad, but I can't tell you just what; and that's why they went abroad. And I reckon she's dead too, and so the old gent has come home and wants you."

"The dear old man!" said the child, with a gush of tenderness never felt before. "And now, how in the world came I here? What am I to you?"

"Nothing." The girl's face brightened. "My daughter she was your nurse, and when your folks broke up, and went off all of a sudden, as it were, they had to leave you with her; and she come home to live with me. And when she was took away from me, the agent didn't seem to know justly what to do with you, and so I said I'd keep you."

"Then," said the girl, drawing herself up, with a natural, but very unconscious, assumption of new-born dignity—"then I have really been your boarder all this time, instead of your slave, as I have been made to believe, have I? And I dare say you have been well paid for all you were supposed to be doing for me."

"Well, yes; I don't say but what your folks has been liberal enough. They have paid me all I asked; for I always told them you was an awful limb to manage; and so you are!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Cutter, for your flattering remarks about me; perhaps the time is coming when I may be able to repay you for all kindness. And now, when am I to go?—did it say?"

"The letter says Thursday, the 16th."

"Yes; and to-day is Tuesday. The day after to-morrow, then."

"If you are ready. I dunno any reason why you shouldn't go then; do you?"

"Me? no, indeed! I only wish I knew there was no reason why I shouldn't go now, to-night!"

"Well! you are civil; I'll say that for you."

"No, Mrs. Cutter; as we have never indulged ourselves in that sort of thing, it is hardly worth while, as I am going so soon, to make a beginning of it now; so, as I have a good deal to think about, I will leave you for the present."

Catching up the old cat again in her arms, Hitty left the room as she had entered it, through the window, and running at full speed to work off some of her superabundant excitement, she fled to a secluded and shady nook, under some old apple-trees which, by long use, she had learned to regard as her own peculiar sanctum, and there flinging herself at full length upon the grass, she dandled the patient cat high above her head, and broke forth:

"Kitty! Kitty! Kitty! Kitty! my only com-

fort and my true confidante; what a day this has been! Can you understand it all, my furry friend? If you do, it is more than I can. I think little Prince Silverwings or Cinderella's dear old godmother must be round in the neighborhood somewheres. Let me see: in the first place, old Josh Cutter, my grandfather that was, was never my grandfather at all! and Mrs. Cutter, my grandmother that is, is not my grandmother at all!—three cheers and an extra thanksgiving for that, Morgiana Longtail!—then, my grandfather Arnold, that never was my grandfather, is going to be my grandfather for evermore. And I've had a father and mother like other folks—ah! would to Heaven I had them now! That's the only sad part of it; but then, Pussy, you know it is so respectable and comfortable to have had them at all that I ought not to mind that—it seems as if it would be ungrateful in me, don't it? And then, I am not Hitty Cutter at all—oh! what a hateful name that was!—but I'm Belle Linzee; and I'm a young lady! a young lady!! a young lady!!!—Pussy! do you comprehend that fact? Oh! well may you open your great gray eyes, and whisk your beautiful tail. (Bless your heart, my darling, did I squeeze you too hard? Excuse me, dearest, won't you?) You see this is a day of mighty changes; it seems to me the world is tipping upside down; and if I don't hold you tight and fast, I'm afraid in five minutes you will turn into a dog, and bark in my face; and you know I never did like dogs much better than you did, did I?"

In this way the excited and jubilant girl ran on, until she was fairly breathless and weary; and then dismissing the cat (who was not sorry to be released), she sat down to reflect seriously upon all that had occurred, or all that seemed likely to occur. This gave her full occupation until bedtime.

The next morning Hitty awoke early, as was her wont, and after she had fully convinced herself that yesterday was a reality, and not, as she almost feared, a splendid dream, she set herself busily to work, for she felt she had much of importance to perform. And first, she emancipated her tame robin, whom she had cured of a broken leg, and heard with unmixed pleasure his glad, rejoicing song, as he soared aloft on the free blue air. Next, she disenthralled her pet squirrel; and though she could not by any possibility replace the fine, bushy tail which he had lost in a neighbor's rat-trap, and the loss of which important appendage, by materially depreciating his market value, had made him hers, yet she saw him run up a tree, in a rather rudderless and unbalanced manner to be sure, but still very glad to be able to run at large at all—though the truth was, his largeness was reduced nearly one-half by the abduction of his splendid caudal extremity.

Then she carried her blind hen, with its one miserable chicken, as a present to little Sammy Twist, the miller's little lame boy—explaining to him, with great amplitude and exactness,

that though Cuddie was a splendid hen to lay and to set—indeed, seemed rather to like such sedentary employments, perhaps because by reason of her blindness she had not so many resources in the out-of-door line—and was always remarkably lucky in hatching out, still, as from that aforesaid infirmity she was not good at rearing her young ones, rarely bringing more than one or two of a brood up to maturity, she informed him of a bright idea which she had been meditating upon—namely, to form a partnership between Cuddie and some other good, respectable hen, and let Cuddie do all the laying and hatching business, and be the “sleeping partner,” and the other to be the “active partner,” bringing up the chickens and doing all the running and collecting duty of the firm. But fully enjoining it upon little Sammy, and impressing it well upon his young and ductile mind, that poor Cuddie was to be respected none the less, but rather the more, on account of the infirmity, which was clearly her misfortune, and not her fault; and having seen the virtuous but ill-fated Cuddie safely bestowed in a pen, so that her one remaining chick could not stray away and vex her maternal bosom, she felt satisfied that she had done her best for her poor dependent. This done she walked a mile and a half with her mud-turtle in her hand, carrying him carefully inverted on his shell, with his snaky head, flabby, spotted paws, and ridiculous file-like tail, thrust out in all directions, and wagging in wonder and alarm, to the very spot from whence she brought him; stopping two or three times on her road, however, to kindly set her little captive down to let him recover himself a little, fearing his inverted mode of progress might give him the headache; and as soon as he regained his wits enough to try to walk, catching him up and resuming her journey; and had at last the pleasure of giving him back, whole and entire (and doubtless with enlarged ideas), to the muddy joys of the swampy bog from whence he came, and where she probably supposed and fondly hoped that he would find that

“There were his young barbarians all at play.”

Then returning, she stopped in the village, and invested her whole amount of currency (three cents) in a couple of lemons, not quite so fresh as could be desired, but certainly cheap at the price; and as she loitered through the shabby little garden she gathered a few of the early-ripened flower seeds, as the sole reminiscence of all she had ever known of elegance and refinement in her early home.

After their frugal dinner was over, Mrs. Cutter, wooed to an unwonted liberality by the large amount of the check which had been sent her, took the little girl to the village shop, and purchased her an outfit, consisting of a pair of coarse stockings, a cheap, tawdry-colored shawl, printed on muslin de laine, and a pair of sturdy, low-cost leather boots; and at the earnest solicitation of poor Hitty, and remembering

it was for the last time, she munificently added a pair of bright, lemon-colored cotton gloves, costing one shilling.

Hitty did cast longing looks upon a cheap red sunshade, feeling that the possession of it would give the finishing-touch of grace and elegance to her appearance on the coming day; but she did not dare to ask for it, for the present expenditure had been lavish in the extreme, in comparison with any thing which she had ever known before; and with a child's generous recklessness of pecuniary matters, she had already forgotten the few words Mrs. Cutter had blunderingly let slip about the check, which was no doubt intended for the child's benefit, but which the woman's rapacious spirit had chosen to believe was meant as a bonus for herself.

Then returning home thoroughly tired out with the fatigue and excitement of the day, both mental and physical, our young heroine retired at once to the miserable little attic, which she was to occupy, as she fondly hoped, but one night more; but, even tired as she was, the poor little thing kept herself awake with difficulty, and by main force, until she had performed one more act of preparation.

Her freckles—“their name was legion”—had always shocked her own sense of beauty and refinement, and had drawn upon her many times the mortifying remarks of others. She hated them, but, with a fierce disdain born of her distasteful surroundings, she had made no effort to get rid of them, stolidly accepting them as only one among the many crosses of her daily life. But now a new ambition was stirring within her, and remembering a recipe once imparted to her by an older and pitying school-mate, she had determined to try it; and having procured a cup of milk, she squeezed the lemon juice into it, and rubbed her face, neck, and hands with the mixture.

This was all well enough, had poor Hitty been contented with a small and gradual removal of the enemy; but, eager for victory, flushed by partial success, and believing, like many older persons, that if a little of a thing is good, a good deal of it will be better, she grew absolutely furious in her application, and rubbed and squeezed and squeezed and rubbed, until her fair and tender skin, which is always the sort naturally most a prey to these unsightly invaders, was almost excoriated, and red to the very roots of her hair. Then, with a mental hope that the morning would find her

“O'er all victorious,”

she flung herself on her bed, and as soon as her flaming face, which stung like nettles, permitted, she sunk into dreamless sleep. But, alas! the morning did not justify her hopes, for the fair skin, resenting the harsh treatment it had undergone, was one universal pink flush, like a case of incipient scarlet-fever, and drew upon its owner the notice of even the unobservant Mrs. Cutter, who remarked, in consternation,

nation, "Why, Hitty! child alive! what in nater have yer been a-doing to yourself? Your face is as red as a beet, and you look for all the world like a new-skinned eel." This was not a pleasant observation exactly, in the ears of a young lady just coming out. But, fortunately for the girl's peace of mind, her life had not served to foster personal vanity; and though she was sorry to look worse than usual upon such an important occasion, still she did not suffer it to distress her. So she bathed her yet tingling face in warm milk and water, and powdered it with flour, and then proceeded to dress herself for her entrance upon her new life, and the journey, the first stage of which was to be performed on foot.

At nine she was ready, dressed in her best, with her hair nicely combed, and braided tighter than ever, but two bits of yellow string taking the place of the twine; her dress, a limp faded lawn, with the tawdry shawl of many colors; the stiff boots, redolent of the odor of leather; a cheap hat of no particular fashion, with a few feathers in it, which poor Cuddie might have recognized had her visual organs been more perfect; and the bright-colored gloves, which, being an altogether new adornment to her, she wore with reverence, keeping her fingers all wide apart, and stiff as a star-fish in their unaccustomed stateliness; a good-sized cotton handkerchief, with a high-colored border of red and blue, being carried gingerly between her thumb and finger. But, ah! there was one hard parting still to be got through with: poor "Morgiana," the cat, the only living thing she had ever regarded as a friend and companion, and upon whom her young heart had expended a wealth of love worthy of a far more appreciative object.

Half a dozen paroxysms of love, regret, and tenderness had the patient old creature already been subjected to since the letter had been received; half a dozen times had her little mistress indulged the thought of taking the old cat with her on her long journey—à la Whittington—but then, as her good sense told her, the cases were not exactly alike in all points. Whittington was his own master, and totally independent; and she was not. Then, Whittington had no grandfather Arnold, no governess, and no messenger to consult the wishes of; and she had! There were persons in the world, it was said, who did not care for cats; indeed, she had heard of one individual who really disliked them. It seemed almost incredible, but it might be true, and the "messenger" might be one of that strange sort; and the idea of Morgiana as a traveling companion had to be given up.

Now she bore the long-tailed treasure to the gate in her arms for the last time, tears—real, honest tears—dimming her blue eyes, but mentally rejoicing that the unconscious creature, now purring so contentedly in her arms, knew not the sad eternity of the separation, and thus escaped the pang which wrung her own bosom.

Then, with a last fond embrace, so ardent that the poor cat couldn't help responding with a low wail of pain (fairly squeezed out of her), Hitty placed her upon her favorite post of observation (the gate-post); and turned away forever, hastening after Mrs. Cutter, who, all regardless of this tender parting, was half-way down the lane. It was some consolation to the sorrowing child to reflect that she had made the best provision she could for the affliction of the grieving and faithful cat, by engaging their next-door neighbor, a kindly single woman, and, therefore, perhaps more amenable to the soft appeal, to have a look-out for the poor, desolated animal, and if she pined badly under the separation, to solace her woes with an occasional cup of milk; but we regret to have to say, destructive as it is to the romance of our story, that, the attachments of the feline race being rather local than personal, Morgiana never seemed to need the consolations of friendship thus provided for her; but continued to maintain her post and her flesh, perhaps the latter rather the better, from not being subjected to the daily exercise, the turnings and twistings, to which her young mistress's love had always exposed her.

Few remarks were exchanged by the ill-assorted and unloving companions during their long walk through green lanes and dusty high-ways to the distant station, for no sympathy had ever existed between them. The avaricious old woman, trusting to the prolonged absence of the child's natural protectors, and a prey to sinful greed, had stinted the helpless little one left in her charge in every possible way, and had devoted the ample allowance paid her quarterly for the child's use to her own enrichment; and burdened with the knowledge of the wrong thus done the unconscious girl, she had come to regard her with dread and aversion.

She had always had a terror of a final adjustment of accounts, and now she was mentally congratulating herself on her good luck that the girl had been sent for rather than reclaimed in person, for she felt that a personal interview with Judge Arnold might, and probably would, call up some inconvenient explanations, while she knew enough of his liberality from her daughter's long and well-paid service in his family to fear any future investigation from him on the score of money-matters; thus her thoughts were busy with the Past, and her tongue silent.

On the other side, Hitty (or "Belle," as we shall now call her), who had never received from her one loving look or word, had always shrunk away from her with instinctive disgust and aversion, treating her as rudely as her supposed claim upon her as her grandmother seemed to render admissible; and now busy with dreams, hopes, and wonders of all which the Future was bringing to her, was equally silent.

They reached the station, where their unusual appearance called forth some observations,

which, fortunately, they did not hear, and sat down to rest themselves and wait for the expected up train.

It came at length, and little Belle eagerly eyed every one that came up in it; but she saw no one at all answering to her expectations of what her grandfather's messenger would be like to be—indeed, it would have been difficult to find such a person in real life. A tall, stern-looking man with fierce whiskers, dressed in a single-breasted, befrogged coat buttoned up to the chin, with a cockade on his hat, a badge upon his breast, spurs upon his heels, and gold-lace and buttons sprinkled over his person *ad libitum!*—a something between an English beadle and a Yankee militia captain.

But, alas! no such person appeared; and Belle, who would now have even welcomed the handcuffs, grew wildly anxious. Presently the train started upon its onward way, and no one had appeared to claim her; and the eyes of the poor child filled with drops of mortification and bitter disappointment.

Mrs. Cutter, though secretly anxious and disappointed herself, saw the discomfort of her young companion and enjoyed it. "Come, child," she said aloud as she rose from her seat; "I guess we may as well mog home again. Ain't no use in setting here all day, as I know of. You needn't have been in such a fuss to get here airy. It's clear you ain't going to be sent for this day, any how. I guess yer gran'father ain't in sich a mighty hurry to see you as you s'posed he was. Come!"

As Mrs. Cutter spoke a well-dressed, quiet-looking woman, who had been sitting unobserved a little behind them, rose and came hastily across the room to them, saying to Mrs. Cutter as she drew near, "Excuse me. But—can I be right? Are you Mrs. Cutter?"

"Yes 'm, yes 'm," said Belle, pressing forward before the widow could reply, and speaking for her in quick, breathless tones—"yes 'm, yes 'm, she is—she's Mrs. Persis Cutter. That's her name; and I'm Belle Linzee. And are you the messenger that my grandfather Arnold wrote he would send for me?"

"Yes, my dear," said the stranger, regarding the droll little figure before her with its strange garb and eager, flushed face in evident surprise and consternation, "I am. There is a letter I was to give you, Mrs. Cutter. And now, Miss Belle, the down train will be along in two or three minutes—I am going to the door to look for it. When you have bidden your friend here 'good-by,' you will join me there, if you please."

It was evident that "grandfather's messenger" had withdrawn from motives of delicacy, not wishing to be a check upon what she doubtless expected would be a tender farewell; but Mrs. Cutter and Belle had no such intentions. A cold "good-by" from each, and a tremulous "give my love to dear old Morgee!" from Belle, terminated their last interview. And Belle re-

joined her new guardian some time before the down train appeared in sight.

As the cars came thundering up to the station-house, the messenger—for Belle knew no other name for her—took her little charge by the hand, and, entering them, took a good seat for her, and then took one for herself at some little distance from her, but where she could keep her full in view; for, to tell the truth, the well-dressed and well-trained servant was rather ashamed of the bizarre dress and rustic appearance of her young mistress.

This arrangement, by condemning the little girl to total silence, gave her time for much reflection. She had never before, since her earliest recollection, been in a steam-car, nor indeed in any vehicle of any sort beyond a farmer's market wagon, and even that was a pleasure not often enjoyed. So that this new experience would of itself have occupied all her thoughts had there been no more urgent call for them; but now she was so intent upon the future, and what it was to bring forth for her, that the present seemed to be annihilated for her, and she scarcely noticed by what mode her progress was being made.

The ride was a long one and the weather very warm, and the poor child, who could have walked or run a dozen miles without fatigue, grew cramped and weary with the unnatural constraint. But she bore it bravely, made no complaints, and asked no questions—it was her "grandfather's messenger," and she was taking her to him; and if she had been kept riding all night, the faith and hope in her brave little heart would have sustained her.

The nicely-dressed and respectable woman who had her in charge was to her an object of respect and admiration, amounting almost to awe; for she was, in dress and bearing, very far beyond any thing the child had ever seen before—a decidedly "great lady" to her; and she gave herself up to her guidance without one questioning doubt.

At last, late in the summer afternoon, they reached their place of destination—at least so far as they were to go in the cars—and the weary girl was glad to leave her seat and stretch her cramped and benumbed limbs.

"There, Miss Belle," said her conductress as they stepped from the cars—"there they are, you see, waiting for us. There is your grandpapa's carriage."

Her grandfather's carriage—hers! She who had thanked Farmer Twitchel, with a humble courtesy, for a ride in his empty hay-cart! Why, it seemed to her that the very heavens must be breaking up and falling in glory about her feet as, looking in the direction indicated by her companion, she actually saw a stylish, well-appointed family-carriage, with a pair of sleek iron-gray horses, waiting in the distance.

Remember, Belle was not a connoisseur in carriages, this being the first equipage of the kind she had ever beheld; and wonder not if she felt through all her being that the "golden

coach" in which the cat-loving Whittington was borne through the streets of "great London town," in all the full-blown honors of his lord mayoralty, was "not a circumstance" compared to this one!

Taking the hand of the girl who, between awe and weariness, walked as if in a glorious but bewildering vision, the woman led her on toward the carriage.

"There," said she; "that is Mrs. Montravers."

"And who is she?" faltered poor Belle.

"Why, she is your governess, dear! And such a nice, pleasant lady! I'm sure you will like her; you can not help it. See, she is coming to meet you." And as she spoke, a stylish and elegant woman, of commanding presence, dressed in a rich shawl, and that (to Belle) often heard of but seldom seen luxury, a silk dress, descended from the carriage, and came toward them.

"And this is Miss Belle Linzee?" she said, inquiringly, as her astonished gaze rested upon the flushed face and shrinking figure of our poor little heroine; and her first verdict was, "Good Heavens, what a little savage!"

But as she met the mild, imploring glance of the sweet blue eyes, so softly pleading and full of tenderness, her heart corrected the judgment her taste had rendered, and she said to herself, "Poor, neglected little thing!" and stooping, she gently took the little yellow, cottage-gloved hand in hers, and lightly kissed the crimson cheek. "This way, my dear," she said, and in a moment more Belle was beside her in the luxurious carriage.

As the coachman resumed his reins, and the high-stepping grays moved homeward, Mrs. Montravers looked again into the face of the little stranger by her side.

"You are very tired, my dear, are you?" she asked, kindly.

"Yes 'm; no 'm," faltered poor Belle. "I don't know 'm; I don't think I'm just tired; but I'm not used to riding—and—and my head begins to ache a good deal."

"I'm sure it does," said her pitying companion, seeing the evident exertion the child was making to control herself. "It is a long ride for you, and the day has been very warm, and I am sure you must be tired. Suppose you take off your hat, and rest your head upon my shoulder—there—so." And, suiting the kind action to the kind words, she gently removed the feathered monstrosity, and putting her arm round the now fairly sobbing girl, drew her toward her, and rested the throbbing temples on her shoulder.

"Oh dear, kind, good lady!" sobbed weary little Belle. "How very, very good you are to me! Nobody was ever so kind to me before."

"Oh," said the lady, with an encouraging smile, "you are going to be my little girl now, you know; and I hope we shall be very good friends together—you and I."

"I am sure that I shall like you," said Belle,

fervently. "There's no doubt about that; I am sure I can't help it; but I'm afraid I shall give you lots of trouble. I am such an ignorant little girl. I do not know any thing. I've never been taught to do any thing; and I do not know what to say or how to behave; but if you will try to teach me I will do just what you tell me, and love you dearly—dearly!"

"That is all I can ask of you, my dear child. But you are too tired to talk now. Sit still, and rest your poor head. We shall soon be at home now, and you shall have some tea, and go to bed; and to-morrow we will talk of all this." And the obedient girl, fairly overcome by her mental excitement and bodily fatigue, nestled down into a heavy drowse, which was neither sleep nor wakefulness, conscious only of a grand and perfect contentment.

When the carriage stopped she was so far asleep that she had to be lifted out; and as she was led on she saw as in a dream the lighted hall, the pictured walls, the richly-carpeted stairs, the beautiful and fragrant flowers upon the various landings; and enchanted castles, eastern bowers, and fairy palaces seemed more than verified. At last they paused in a small but luxurious room, and then, when some cooling lotion had been applied to her face to relieve the flush which her new friend naturally attributed to the heat of the summer day, Belle had some tea, toast, simple cake, and preserve. Very simple the repast was, but to her inexperienced taste it seemed like nectar and ambrosia! Not the far-famed

"Jelly of stars, and a dish of humming-birds' tongues,"

which old-fashioned hospitality used to covet for the delectation of its most honored guests, could have been more acceptable to her.

When this needed refreshment was over Belle was allowed to go to her luxurious chamber; and so tired was she, the unwonted services of a maid to help her undress were not rejected, or indeed scarcely noticed.

"You will not be afraid to sleep here alone, will you, my dear?" questioned the governess, kindly. "I sleep in the next room, and shall keep my door open."

"Afraid? Oh dear! no 'm." And sleepy Belle

"Laughed a laugh of merry scorn,"

as she thought of the lonely little attic, up under the roof, where she had slept alone through summer's heat and winter's cold; when the howling wintry storms beat upon the old roof, which creaked and shivered in the fierce blast, and where the rats and mice scabbled and squeaked in the decaying walls.

Mrs. Montravers lingered a moment to turn down the gas to a slumberous light, and before she left the room the little tired traveler was lost in a dreamless sleep.

In the morning Belle woke at her usual early hour, but the house seemed preternaturally still, and the windows of her room were dark-

ened with shades and curtains; and as she had no "chores," as Mrs. Cutter called her services, to perform, that she knew of, she did not venture to rise, particularly as a peep through the open door, into the other chamber, showed her her kind governess still fast asleep; so she lay still and reviewed her position.

It was strange how the sun of prosperity had already thawed the frozen soil of this little desolate heart, and called into bloom some of the sweet traits of the child's character! While with Mrs. Cutter, her love of truth and justice, her innate perception of the pure and good, and her natural and instinctive love of the beautiful, had been so outraged and disgusted by all her surroundings that in very scorn she had adopted a harsh, defiant tone, defending herself from the evils she could not conquer by opposing to them a fierce recklessness and a saucy wit; but now, in the more genial atmosphere of refinement and love, she had at once laid down her arms, and exhibited only the beautiful traits of her sweet, generous, and truthful nature; and, as she lay waiting the summons to rise, she made up her mind to be as wax in the kind hands of her governess.

After a time which seemed interminable to her, whose eagerness counted moments as hours (and when her enforced inaction had wearied her nearly as much as her journey), she heard a slight stir in the next room, then a distant bell tingled, and the stately messenger of the day before, who was, in truth, only lady's-maid, entered the next room. Mrs. Montravers spoke to her in a low voice, and coming to the door, she looked in.

"Oh! you are awake, then, Miss Belle?"

"Yes 'm."

"Mrs. Montravers sends her love and compliments to you, and says 'Good-morning' to you; and, if you please, she does not want you to rise until she comes in."

"Yes 'm."

The woman smiled at Belle's rustic politeness. "My name is Rachel," she said, suggestively, and withdrew.

Rachel! Her name was Rachel, very likely; but how could a little country girl like Belle dare to call her so—such an elegant lady, and so much older than she was too!—it seemed preposterous. Why, she might as well call the reverend Parson Stoddard, her minister, "Leander," and his wife, the minister's lady, "Eunice Irene!"—what fearful profanation! She grew red to think of it.

Soon Mrs. Montravers and Rachel came into the room, and Belle's toilet was begun. The cooling wash of the night before had removed "the flush of victory" which had followed the forcible extermination of the hated freckles and tan, and rested by a long night's sleep, and refreshed by her luxurious morning bath, she was fresh as a rose, and stood revealed in the fair and brilliant red and white which make youth so beautiful.

It was evident that her coming had been an-

ticipated, and her wants provided for: money, taste, and judgment had been freely expended; ready, skillful hands had been at work; and articles of luxury and beauty seemed springing up for her use on every hand. The delicate French boots, the silken stockings, the rich lace, the embroidery and fine linen, to which other girls of her rank are accustomed from infancy, and which from long use seem scarcely any luxuries at all to them, were all, to her inexperienced eyes and keen perception of the beautiful, objects of real enjoyment; but the watchful governess saw with pleasure that no personal vanity had any part in her delight. It was the beauty of each article in itself, not its effect upon hers, which she seemed to rejoice in.

"And now, Miss Belle," said Rachel, "you will sit down, if you please, and let me arrange your hair." And the obedient girl seated herself at once.

"What magnificent hair!" said the admiring operator, as, having removed the yellow strings and untwisted the stiff braids, she saw the rich masses of red gold fall shimmering through her hand.

"What, my red stuff?" asked Belle, looking up in unaffected wonder. (Belle did not know how the edicts of mighty Fashion had glorified the once-despised hue.) "Why, I always think it is awful! Mrs. Cutter said it was hateful, and if I did not take care it would burn the house up! I have cut it off close to my head two or three times; but it was of no use, it only grew all the thicker and curled all the tighter, so I just let it alone, and let it grow."

"I am very glad you did, my dear," said the smiling governess, who was superintending this first toilet.

"The red stuff" was in skillful hands now, however. A careful brushing and a tasteful adjustment by fingers fully competent to their task, and the shining masses, drawn away from the brow in the waving lines of beauty, fell in a profusion of loose curls over the girl's plump white shoulders and round arms.

A simple white robe of delicate material and tasteful fashion, and a lustrous blue silk sash, completed the dress, and the two officiating priestesses exchanged delighted glances at the result of their labors, as Belle took the offered hand of her governess and turned from the room without one glance into the tall mirror which seemed to stand waiting for her.

At every turn on the stairs she stopped in wonder and admiration of the exquisite flowering plants, and inhaled their sweet odors with exclamations of delight.

As they reached the drawing-room door, Mrs. Montravers stopped to speak to a servant, and signed to Belle to enter alone. As she walked up the spacious and elegant room, almost in awe at all the splendors surrounding her, a young and beautiful girl, about her own age, advanced from the adjoining room to meet her. Belle was unprepared for this; she turned hastily

back, and, shy and trembling, regained the hand of her friend.

"Who is that?" she asked, in a low, breathless whisper.

"Who, my dear?"

"That beautiful young lady in the other room. Is she my sister? Does she live here?"

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Montravers, smiling; that is the young lady of the house. Come, and let me introduce you to her." And she led Belle, blushing and shy, and half afraid to look up, directly before the great mirror before she discovered her mistake.

"Why, is it me?" she said, when the truth revealed itself to her. "Am I so pretty as that? Oh! my dear friend, what have you done to me? You have really made me look like a young lady. How did you do it?"

"You are a young lady, my dear Belle; you were born a young lady, and I trust you will always behave like one; but now come into the other room, and we will have our breakfast."

After breakfast Mrs. Montravers took Belle through the rooms, and pointed out to her the pictures and statuary.

The pictures of her father and mother, taken soon after marriage, moved her to tears of filial tenderness, and she returned to them again and again in loving interest.

"Mrs. Cutter told me," she said, in a tearful voice, "that my father died by some accident, she couldn't tell me what. Can you tell me?"

"Yes, my dear. I have heard that your parents were riding out, when their horses took fright and ran, and your father was thrown out and instantly killed; but this, of course, was years ago, before I knew any thing of the family."

Belle's lips trembled to ask about her mother, but the swelling tears prevented her. Her governess had already told her that her grandfather was still at some watering-place, and would not probably reach home under another week; at which the child was half sorry, half glad, for she felt she had time for improvement before his return; and to be what he would wish her to be was the one great object of her ambition.

The next day Mrs. Montravers took her out for a long drive; and on their return the elder lady went up to change her dress, but little Belle, seeing some new flowers which the gardener had just arranged on the piazza, flung off her hat and stopped to admire them. She had been bending with clasped hands and delighted eyes, lost in the contemplation of a beautiful tuberosa, when, as she turned hastily away (with one of her old sudden motions), she turned nearly into the arms of a fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, who had been standing silently observing her, with quite as much admiration as she had accorded to the flowers.

Now, Belle's ideas of her grandfather's personal appearance had naturally, but unconsciously, been formed upon the model of Deacon Josh Cutter's profile over the chimney-

piece; and comprised, of course, as its component parts—old age, a wig, a queue, a ruff-bosomed shirt, and a bottle nose; modified, of course, in the individual. And it never occurred to her that the elegantly dressed and handsome man before her, deficient in all these important particulars, could be her grandfather.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," she said, retreating hurriedly, but blushing and beautiful in her timid confusion.

"Mabel Arnold! her very self, I protest!" said the gentleman, gazing at her in wondering admiration.

"Oh no, Sir!" said the child, gently and gravely; "that was my dear mother; I am only Belle Linzee. If you will walk into the drawing-room, if you please, I will call Mrs. Montravers; my grandfather has not come yet."

"Your grandfather has come, you little angel! and you did not know him," said the gentleman, catching her in his arms. "My darling! my darling! Why! you are your mother over again. I declare! I scarcely know if it is Mabel or Belle; whether you are my child, or grandchild."

"Let me be both to you, dear grandfather!" said Belle, caressingly, twining her arms round his neck, and pressing her soft cheek to his.

"No, no, my pet!" said the delighted parent; "don't aim at too much. I think I can love you quite enough as my grandchild; but I forget, you have not seen your mother yet."

"Oh yes; indeed I have!" said Belle, in trembling tones, while tears dimmed the soft lustre of her eyes. "I go and stand before her sweet picture very, very often."

"Her picture? Nonsense! Come here!" and he threw open the drawing-room door.

Belle saw a slight, graceful figure, in widow's weeds, standing with clasped hands before the picture of Howard Linzee.

"Mabel!" shouted the happy grandfather. "See here! Our Belle—" and in another instant the one deep longing of Belle's heart was gratified. She was clasped in the arms of her mother, and her cup of earthly happiness had sparkled to the brim.

THE RUNNING TURF IN AMERICA.

[First Paper.]

IT is traditional, if not a well-authenticated fact, that horse-racing was known in America prior to the defeat of General Braddock, in 1753. Virginia and Maryland were the places where first the people began to think about developing the speed of the horse. In that early period quarter-racing was most in vogue, and it is safe to assert that sport, rather than the improvement of the equine, was the incentive to action. Fearnought, imported into Virginia in March, 1764, was regarded as the Godolphin Arabian of America. If we may believe the old chronicles, he certainly was a superior horse. He was a bay, 15 hands 2½ inches high, and

was foaled in 1755, being bred by Mr. Warren. He was got by Regulus, and his dam Silvertail, a mare descended from the Darley Arabian. Fearnought was bred to the best mares in the country, and the result was a better class of horses than had formerly been seen on this side of the Atlantic.

But Jolly Roger had left his impress upon the stock of Virginia prior to the importation of Fearnought. He was a chestnut, got by Roundhead, and out of a sister to Wilkie mare by Croft's Partner. His seventh dam was the Burton Barb mare. He was foaled in 1741, and brought to this country by Mr. Craddock. He died in Greenville County, Virginia, in 1772, aged thirty-one years, leaving speedy but not over-stout sons and daughters. Janus, by Old Janus, the latter a son of the Godolphin Arabian, was imported into Virginia in 1752, and did good service in the stud. Both Janus and Jolly Roger are entitled to much credit when we come to trace the history of the blood-horse of America. They are the first links in the chain which binds the present to the past. They sowed seed which has brought forth good fruit. Their blood mingled with coarser currents, and gave a shade of purity and richness to these currents. So when Fearnought made his appearance in Virginia—came from the Old to the New World with the pride of aristocratic lineage—he was not called upon to dissipate his powers through unknown channels. There was a base to work upon, for Janus and Jolly Roger had not lived in vain. Many of their immediate descendants had reached the age of maturity, and they were prepared to receive, blend with their own, and perpetuate the blood of the son of Regulus.

Fearnought conferred stoutness and qualities of endurance upon his stock, which led to trials of speed at longer distances than had been the fashion before. Mares of pure blood were also imported from England, among which was the celebrated Cub mare, the dam of Slamerkin; and breeding was carried on with great success in the Old Dominion until it was interrupted by the war of the Revolution. After the war new importations were made, among which may be mentioned as the most celebrated the stallions Medley and Messenger. From Virginia the blood and racing fever extended into Maryland, and then into the Carolinas. Charleston for many years was a great racing centre. Horses were matched against each other as far back as 1734; but the contests were not of a character to exercise much influence upon the problem of breeding, if, indeed, at that time breeding was regarded in the light of a problem.

The Newmarket Course was inaugurated at Charleston, February 19, 1760, under the management of Mr. Thomas Nightingale, a Yorkshire man by birth. Several other courses were opened in different parts of South Carolina, and racing became something of a popular pastime, though the sports were what in this modern

day we would forcibly, if not elegantly, denominate the scrub order.

About 1772, Flimnap, a bay stallion by South out of a Cygnet mare—Cygnet by the Godolphin Arabian—was imported into South Carolina by Mr. Mansell. He was quite a celebrity in his day, and his blood served to enrich our stock. Though small, being but fourteen hands and a half inch high, he was strong and hardy. Josiah Quincy, who visited Charleston in 1773, made a brief note in his journal: "March 3.—Spent day in viewing horses, riding over the town, and receiving complimentary visits." "March 16.—Spent the morning, ever since five o'clock, in perusing public records of the Province, etc., etc.; am now going to the famous races. The races were well performed; but Flimnap beat Little David (who had won the last sixteen races) out and out. The last heat the former distanced the latter. The first four-mile heat was performed in eight minutes and seventeen seconds, being four miles. £2000 were won and lost at this race, and Flimnap sold at public vendue the same day for £300 sterling. At the races I saw a fine collection of excellent though very high-priced horses, and was let a little into the singular art and mystery of the turf."

When South Carolina was invaded by the soldiers of Lord Cornwallis, frequent attempts were made to secure from the farm of Major Harleston Flimnap as a prize, for the fame of the horse had spread throughout the two armies. But all efforts to get possession of the stallion proved unsuccessful. Flimnap eventually was sent into North Carolina, where he remained until the British soldiers were withdrawn from the other Carolina. And to this day many of the pedigrees of the best horses of America trace back to this small but hardy son of South and the Cygnet mare.

When the war closed a new impulse was given to the sports of the turf. Among the gentlemen from South Carolina who now took an active interest in racing were General Hampton, Colonel Alston, Colonel Washington, Colonel M'Pherson, Major Thompson, Mr. Sumter, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Wigfall, Mr. William Moultrie, and Mr. Singleton. The season of 1786 opened brilliantly at the Newmarket Course. The turf became the fashionable amusement of the hour, and the era that then and there dawned is referred to as "a golden age of racing" in the State of South Carolina. A chronicler of that period writes enthusiastically of the gatherings on the Newmarket Course: "Whether we consider the elevated character of the gentlemen of the turf; the attraction that the races possessed at that time, and for many subsequent years, for all sorts and conditions of men—youth anticipating its delights for weeks beforehand, the sternness of age relaxing by their approach, lovers becoming more ardent, and young damsels setting their caps with greater taste and dexterity—the *quality* of the company in at-

tendance; the splendid equipages; the liveried outriders that were to be seen daily on the course; the gentlemen attending the races in fashionably London made clothes, *buckskin breeches, and top-boots*; the universal interest pervading all classes, from the judge upon the bench to the little school-boy with his sachel on his back; the kind greetings of the town and country; the happy meetings of old friends whose residences were at a distance, affording occasions of happy intercourse and festivity; the marked absence of all *care*, except the *care* of the horses; the total disregard of the value of time, except by the competitors of the races, who did their best to save and economize it—every thing combined to render race-week in Charleston emphatically the *carnival* of the State, when it was *unpopular*, if not *impossible*, to be out of spirits, and not to mingle with the gay throng."

The picture is a glowing one, but it is not complete until we add that clergymen and learned judges sat side by side when the horses were running, taking a deep interest in the contest and the animated scene around them. We see much of the style and good feeling described at Jerome Park on gala days; but the fashions have slightly changed between 1786 and this year of grace 1870. Instead of gentlemen appearing on the course in tight breeches and top-boots, they introduce their servants to the gaping crowd in this peculiar garb.

The history of the Newmarket Course closes with the year 1791, for in 1792 the South Carolina Jockey Club took possession of the Washington Course, the following gentlemen being the original proprietors: General C. C. Pinckney, General Washington, O'Brien Smith, John Wilson, James Ladson, William Alston, H. M. Rutledge, Gabriel Manigault, General Reed, Colonel Mitchell, General Wade Hampton, James Burn, Captain White, L. Campbell, William Moultrie, General M'Pherson, Colonel M'Pherson, Colonel Morris, E. Fenwick, and William M'Cleod.

The Jockey Club increased in strength as the years went by; and, up to the breaking out of the war caused by the firing on Fort Sumter, the history of the Washington Course was a history of uninterrupted success. The races were the fashionable event of the year, and the race-week was one of gayety and royal display. But one meeting was held each year, always commencing on the first Wednesday in February and continuing throughout the week. On Wednesday the Jockey Club gave their annual dinner—a dinner which brought together all the choice, convivial spirits of the State; and Friday evening was set apart for the great Jockey Club ball. No expense was spared in the effort to make this ball the social event of the season, and success always attended the effort. Bright, very bright is the picture; but the brightness faded when Beauregard rallied the people around his standard and rode forth to battle. Charleston suffered terribly, as we all know, by

the war; and now the glory of the South Carolina Jockey Club and the Washington Course is a feature of the past. We understand, however, that Dr. John B. Irving, the former secretary of the club, has been making an effort to reorganize the shattered forces, with the hope of inaugurating a new turf era at Charleston in the autumn of 1870.

Immediately subsequent to the Revolution racing stables were established in Virginia and Maryland, as well as in South Carolina. Among the early patrons of the turf in Virginia were Colonel John Tayloe and the Messrs. Hoomes, Selden, and Johnson. Upon the turf roll of Maryland we find the names of Governors Ogle, Ridgely, Wright, Lloyd, and Sprigg. Racing has been truly named the "sport of kings;" and wherever it has flourished in America it has received the support of our wealthiest citizens and most eminent men. More than eighty years ago race-courses were established at Petersburg and Richmond. When the two quarter nags, Twigg and Polly Williams, were rivals, and engaged in frequent battles, owing to the absence of currency, tobacco was freely wagered upon the races, sometimes as much as one hundred thousand pounds depending upon a single contest.

Although we can trace racing back to the very infancy of our history, the turf was not conducted on a systematic plan until about the year 1815; at least, records of running prior to this date are not authentic. The people of New York, like those of the more southern States, indulged in racing before they even dreamed of going to war with Great Britain; but there was little organization, and the result of each contest was not officially recorded. Mr. Herbert, better known as "Frank Forester," expressed himself very emphatically upon this subject. "To draw a parallel, as nearly as I can draw one," he wrote, "I regard the old Virginia turf, prior to the fifteenth year, at least, of the nineteenth century, as neither more nor less authentic than that of England up to the time of English Eclipse; and I consider that the era of the importation and covering of Diomed and Messenger in the United States as parallel to that of O'Kelly's wonderful stallion in the Old Country. From the day when the sons and daughters of these noble animals began to run upon the turfs of England and the tracks of America, all is plain and on record, so that who runs may read."

American Eclipse, got by Duroc out of Miller's Damsel, by Messenger, was foaled at Dozon's, Queens County, Long Island, May 25, 1814, just one year in advance of that from which Mr. Herbert dates the authentic era of the turf in this country. And this bright era of the turf did not close until about the year 1845. The South met the North in wholesome rivalry, and the fruits of the rivalry, conducted under such men as Johnson, Tayloe, Van Mater, Wade Hampton, Bingaman, Stevens, Livingston, Stockton, Jones, and Gibbons, were ap-

parent in the wide dissemination of blood, and the improvement of the thorough-bred horse. Long Island was the chosen battle-ground of the champions, and year after year the tracks there resounded with the drum roll of feet.

Our limits will not allow us to trace the history of the blood-horse, link by link, from the earliest times down to the present. Volumes are required to make the annals of the turf complete. We make pretension to only a glance at the history of racing, desiring to show the vitality of the sport, and the prominence it has enjoyed.

There were race meetings in the vicinity of New York anterior to 1819; but it was not until that year that the people of Gotham seemed to take a lively interest in the transactions of the turf. In 1819 an association was formed, and a course established at Bath, Long Island; but the location was not most desirable, and in 1821 the same association purchased a plot of ground eight miles from Brooklyn, and inaugurated it as the Union Course. Large purses were now offered for speed contests, and racing was established on a respectable and firm basis. The Union Course stands prominently on the page of history, since it was the theatre of some of the grandest turf battles ever decided on American soil. The great race between Henry and American Eclipse, if no other had been run on the track in Queens County, would have given an enduring fame to the Union Course. The racing career of American Eclipse had been one series of brilliant successes. He was a Northern-bred horse, and as such was the rival of Southern studs. The turfmen of Virginia, Maryland, and South Carolina regarded him with envy, and they sought to defeat, if not to disgrace him. In 1822, so great was his fame, and so feverish the racing pulse, that the gentlemen of the South made a bold effort to humble Northern pride. Mr. James J. Harrison, of Brunswick, Virginia, challenged Mr. Van Ranst to run his horse American Eclipse against Sir Charles, over the Washington Course at Charleston, four-mile heats. The challenge was promptly accepted, each gentleman staking \$5000 on his horse, and fixing the 20th day of November for the race. Sir Charles having met with an accident, Mr. Harrison was obliged to pay forfeit; but he offered to run his horse a single four-mile heat against Eclipse, for \$1500 a side. This offer was accepted by Mr. Van Ranst; the horses were prepared for the race, and the Northern champion achieved an easy victory, Sir Charles breaking down on the last mile.

The South felt humiliated; and in the evening of the same day, that Napoleon of the turf, William R. Johnson, Esq., of Petersburg, Virginia, pledged himself to produce a horse, on the last Tuesday in May, 1823, to run four-mile heats against Eclipse over the Union Course, Long Island, for \$20,000, \$3000 forfeit. On the part of several gentlemen from the North this challenge was promptly accepted by Mr. John C. Stephens. Such, in brief, are the

facts which led to the most exciting race ever run on this continent.

Throughout the long winter nights the proposed match was the subject of earnest discussion and speculation; the North was pitted against the South, and the event aroused sectional prejudices and appealed to sectional pride. A battle between two great armies could not have excited deeper anxiety than this race between Henry and Eclipse. The 27th day of May, 1823, dawned in beauty, and by twelve o'clock it is estimated that not less than sixty thousand people had assembled at the Union Course. The Southern party had brought five horses with them; and from this five, Henry, a son of Sir Archy, and out of a mare by the great Diomed, was selected as the competitor of Eclipse. John Richards, a four-year-old, was Colonel Johnson's favorite, and Henry his second choice; but the former having fallen lame, the fortunes of the Southern gentlemen were staked upon the latter. The race was run amidst the wildest enthusiasm—Henry winning the first heat by half a length. Mr. Purdy, an experienced jockey, and one who had piloted Eclipse to many victories, changed places in the saddle with Crofts for the second heat; and when it was observed that Purdy was astride the son of Dnroc, we are told that Northern hope revived. Eclipse was a horse that required punishment to force him to his speed; though not so fleet of foot as Henry, he was a horse of great stoutness, and it was this stoutness which made him invincible in a four-mile struggle. Purdy understood this fact full well; and when they received the word for the second heat he drove the chestnut forward, giving Henry no respite. The tactics were good, and they won the second heat.

At this stage of the battle the excitement was most intense, for a heat had been placed to the credit of each contestant. One more struggle, and the race would be over, and victory would perch either upon the banner of the North or that of the South. A few fleeting minutes, and the pride of one section would be exalted, while the hopes of the other section would be blasted. Thousands trembled in the balance; and not thousands only, but the glory of victory or the shame of defeat. Arthur Taylor, a skillful rider and a trainer of experience, mounted Henry for the third heat, the boy Walden not having ridden him with sufficient tact in the former heat to receive the admiration of the backers of the son of Sir Archy. Purdy took the lead at the start, and making good use of his whip and spurs, kept Eclipse hard at work throughout the four miles. Henry made a gallant struggle for the front, but the hardy champion of the North could not be passed; and Henry was too weak, in the last half-mile of the race, to astonish the multitude with one of his marvelous flights of speed down the home-stretch. He lost the race, and the North was exultant; while Southern hearts felt sore, and Southern pride was humbled.

Over two hundred thousand dollars changed hands at the Union Course on that 27th day of May, 1823. And that night mail packets and mail couriers carried the news south, north, and west from New York. In every country town the people gathered in great numbers, hours before the courier could possibly arrive, in eager anticipation of the news. The race created national interest, and it was regarded as a contest of national importance.

Those were the palmy days of the turf, and the Union Course was then in the zenith of its fame. General Ridgely of Baltimore, Captain Cox of Washington, and John Allen, Esq., of Philadelphia, were the judges of the race; and they reported that the first heat was run in 7 minutes 37½ seconds, the second heat in 7 minutes 49 seconds, and the third in 8 minutes 24 seconds; thus making the aggregate time 23 minutes 50½ seconds, which is equivalent to an average of about one mile in 1 minute 59 seconds. American Eclipse, as an aged horse, being nine years old in the spring of 1823, carried 126 pounds, while Henry was burdened with 108 pounds; the advantage in weight clearly being on the side of the former, since the latter was his junior by five years. This great four-mile match led to much speculation before it was decided on Long Island soil in the presence of a vast multitude of people; and after the race the history of the struggle led to almost endless discussion—a discussion which is kept up even until this day. It is maintained by one party that had Purdy been in the saddle from the start Henry would not have won the first heat, and that eight miles instead of twelve would have finished the race. Another party insist that Eclipse would have been defeated had Colonel Johnson been on the ground to direct the running of the race. They argue that Henry was badly managed in the second heat, and that this bad management lost him the race. Both sides are plausibly argued, and we simply mention the fact without presuming to decide the controversy. Certainly, the Southern gentlemen maintained confidence in the son of Sir Archy in spite of his defeat; for they offered to make a new match, Henry to run a race of four-mile heats against American Eclipse, in the fall of 1823, for any sum from twenty to fifty thousand dollars—a proposition which was firmly declined by the Northern party. The Virginians were of the opinion that the absence of Colonel Johnson from the Union Course on the 27th of May was the main cause of Henry's defeat; and this opinion was strengthened when the Eclipse party declined to enter into a second match.

But why was the Napoleon absent on that eventful day? Ay, why? Simply because he was too weak to resist temptation. He attended a supper-party the night before the race, met convivial friends, and wine and lobsters made him a helpless invalid when his strength should have been greatest, his nerves calmest, and his intellect most unclouded. That brilliant but

eccentric man, Hon. John Randolph, of Roanoke, witnessed the race between the champions, and he was the author of the since often quoted remark, "It was not Eclipse, but the lobsters, that beat Henry." Apropos of Randolph, the Virginia statesman was a careful breeder, and one of the most devoted patrons of the turf. His horses were usually trained and run by his friend, W. R. Johnson. Randolph's peculiarities and sarcastic tongue made him enemies on the turf, as well as in political circles. Although he provoked the distinguished Kentuckian, Henry Clay, a patron of the turf, like himself, to stand face to face with him in a duelistic encounter solely that he might gratify his inordinate greed of notoriety, we can not forget how chivalrously he received Clay's fire. This duel made him the warm friend of the sage of Ashland; and when Randolph, weak and dying, visited the Senate chamber for the last time, his soul shone out in all its true nobility, and he paid a touching and beautiful tribute to the oratorical powers of the great Kentuckian, in asking to be raised up from the sofa in order that he might for the last time on earth hear Henry Clay speak. These were his words: "Raise me up; I wish to listen to that voice once more." Beautiful, are they not, especially when we think of them in connection with the arrogance of the patrician representative from Virginia to Speaker Clay in the winter of 1815-16?

The game qualities of American Eclipse were transmitted by him to his descendants. His daughter Ariel was one of the greatest racers ever on the turf. In her memorable career she run fifty-seven races, aggregating 345 miles, and was a winner forty-two times. She was bred in 1822 at Flatbush, Long Island; her dam was by Financier, her grandam Empress by imported Baronet, and her great-grandam by imported Messenger. She was a very handsome mare, a gray, of good proportions, fine action, and about fifteen hands high. Her greatest race, or at least the one which attracted the most attention, was with General William Wynn's bay mare Flirtilla by Sir Archy, dam by Robin Redbreast. When it was announced that the Northern mare Ariel was matched against the Southern mare Flirtilla, a race of three-mile heats, for \$20,000, an enthusiasm was awakened in the two sections surpassed only by the great conflict between Henry and Eclipse. The same strains of blood were brought together, for Flirtilla was the half-sister of Henry, and Ariel the daughter of Eclipse.

The race was run on the Union Course, October 31, 1825, in the presence of the largest turf-gathering on Long Island since the battle fought by the two chestnuts on that never-to-be-forgotten 27th day of May. Ariel was but three years old, while Flirtilla was five; so the advantage of age this time was on the side of the South. Colonel Johnson trained Flirtilla, and he directed her running in the match, having learned prudence, and to avoid lobster sup-

pers on the eve of battle. Ariel won the first heat, and Flirtilla the second and third, thus retrieving the honor of the South.

The time of the running in this race was very good, both of the animals exhibiting qualities of speed and endurance—qualities that challenge the admiration of the turfman, and qualities that the breeder always aims to combine. Famous as a racer, Ariel was next to a failure in the breeding stud. Her first colt was foaled in 1832; it was a filly, and strongly inbred, the gray mare having been bred back to her own sire, American Eclipse. Ariel produced two other colts, but none of them ever achieved much of a reputation on the turf.

It is thought by many who have given serious study to the problem that a long and trying career as a racer renders a mare unfit for the breeding stud. The course of training is very severe, and, if it is kept up for a series of years, it is claimed that it has an injurious effect upon the reproductive powers. Be the argument true or not, certain it is that the produce of many of our most celebrated race-mares have failed to reflect honor upon their dams. Mary Randolph, a gray mare of excellent breeding, sixteen hands high, got by Gohanna, a son of Sir Archy, foaled in March, 1829, was a brilliant performer on the turf; but in the stud she was a total failure. She ran in nothing but heat races, and in all she had to struggle to win. For two years the strain upon her nervous system was kept up, and when she was retired from the turf the glory of her life was at an end. She replenished the earth with the fruit of her womb; but not one of her offspring was worthy to wear the crown that she had won for herself. Fashion, the chestnut mare, the daughter of imported Trustee and Bonnets o' Blue, by Sir Charles—she who astonished the world by her gameness and marvelous speed—was on the turf for about ten years, during which time she ran many hard races, but did not give satisfaction as a brood-mare. Her first three colts were worthless—a fact that may partially be accounted for on the theory that consanguinity of blood impairs constitutional vigor; for Fashion, for three successive years, was bred to Mariner, her half-brother. Her fourth foal, Young Fashion, by imported Monarch, proved a good brood-mare, but was not highly successful as a racer. Her eighth colt, Dangerous, by imported Bonnie Scotland, was a successful turf horse—was dangerous not simply in name, but on the field of battle.

Facts, we see, are somewhat conflicting; but without going to the extreme that Mr. Blenkins, an eminent English breeder, goes, who has frequently said that he would rather have the sister of a Derby winner for a brood-mare than the Derby winner herself, we may safely claim that a long and arduous career on the turf is calculated to weaken rather than improve the breeding powers of an animal. And when the life of the reproductive powers has been temporarily impaired by the ordeal of training, rest and the act of generation for two or three succeeding

years seem to restore wasted or restricted vitality. Alice Corneal, the dam of the immortal Lexington, came of good racing blood, and was a fine race-mare herself; but owing to her bad temper, when at the post waiting for the tap of the drum, she was early withdrawn from the turf. She passed through no exhausting ordeal as a racer, and as a brood-mare she was a success. But Lexington was her fifth foal. Reel, the dam of Lecompte, Prioress, and Stark; and Picayune, the dam of Doubloon, Lou Dore, etc., were promising racers in their early forms; but breaking down young, and going into the stud, they were made famous through their descendants. Had neither met with an accident, we question not but that both would have won laurels on the race-course, and possibly would have failed to make reputations as brood-mares. These facts do not stamp the turf as an agency injurious to horse-flesh; but they impress upon us the importance of practicing moderation in racing, as we are required to be moderate in all things.

Whether or not any one of the sixty thousand people who thronged Union Course on the day that Henry was pitted against Eclipse, in the hour of wild excitement, saw visions of future greatness through the union of the blood of the two champions, it would be idle to guess. But the currents did flow together, and the result was a marvel, named Black Maria. This mare was bred by Henry Hall, of Harlem, New York; was foaled June 15, 1826. She was got by American Eclipse, and her dam was the celebrated Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy; and Sir Archy, the reader will not forget, was the sire of Henry. Two days after Black Maria opened her young eyes upon this fair earth she was left motherless, Lady Lightfoot dying from the effects of a violent cold. The handsome black filly developed into a grand racing-mare. She was on the turf six years, during which time she started twenty-five times, and won thirteen races. Eleven of her contests were three and four mile heats. Her purse winnings alone amounted to nearly \$15,000.

Her most memorable race was for the Jockey Club purse of \$600, four-mile heats, over the Union Course, Saturday, October 13, 1832. Four started—Lady Relief, Slim, by Flying Childers, Black Maria, and the nonpareil Trifle. Black Maria won the first heat, made a dead heat with Trifle for the second; the third heat was taken by Trifle, the fourth by Lady Relief, and the fifth and race by the dashing daughter of Eclipse and Lady Lightfoot. The track was heavy, and yet, to achieve a victory, twenty miles had to be run.

We wonder if there is a horse on the turf to-day that could stand up under such a performance as this? We fear not; for, unfortunately, the English dash system of racing has become too popular on this side of the Atlantic for the good of our stock. We have learned to look too much for speed, and to pay too little attention to the more valuable quality of

endurance. The speedy horse, without lasting powers, is simply ornamental. The horse that can go fast and long is not only ornamental but useful. He is of some practical account, even when no longer able to carry the colors to the front, when opposed by younger and more nimble companions. It is a sad commentary upon our system of racing when a purse for a contest of four miles—a four-mile dash, not heats, please bear in mind—fails to secure a run worthy of the name of race.

In the age of such renowned racers as Timoleon, Florizel, Maid of the Oaks—the ancestors of Eclipse, Medoc, Boston, and Lexington—the age of Oscar, First Consul, Hickory, Sir Archy, Duroc, and Miller's Damsel, Washington had her race-course, and it was the arena of many brilliant exploits. Gentlemen of education, position, opulence, were the patrons of the turf, and many drove out in coaches-and-four to witness the games.

The Washington city race-course was laid out in 1802, on the Holmead Farm, about two miles north of the President's house. It was managed by a jockey club composed of the leading citizens of the capital, Colonel Tayloe for a number of years being the president of the club. Among the most distinguished members of the club was Hon. Gabriel Duvall, Judge of the United States Supreme Court, by the appointment of President Madison. Judge Duvall, after his retirement from office, being then an old man, was in the habit of riding on horseback from his residence, a distance of twelve miles, to the National Course, witnessing the races, and then returning home in the saddle. He must have been vigorous in his age to have found pleasure in such a journey as this.

Mr. Tayloe is authority for an amusing anecdote affecting the Judge: Duvall and his friend Giles were members of Congress when that body sat in Philadelphia, and both were boarders of Mrs. G——, whose daughter was neither young nor taciturn. The two members of Congress were accustomed, when conversing by themselves, to speak lightly of the talkative maiden lady. In after-years Duvall and Giles met in Washington, one as the Comptroller of the Treasury under President Madison, the other the great debater in the Senate, when the latter inquired of the former, "What has become of that d—d cackling old maid, Jenny G——?" "She is Mrs. Duvall, Sir," was the surprising and stately reply.

The National Course was often graced by the Presidents, from Jefferson down to Van Buren. General Jackson took the liveliest interest in the races. He once started one of his colts on this course, entered in the name of his private secretary, Major Donelson, but was much chagrined to suffer defeat by Commodore Stockton's imported Langford. John Quincy Adams was also fond of the sports of the turf. One time he walked out to the course from the Presidential mansion, saw the race decided, and then walked back again. This was in the

most glorious era of the turf, when the wealth and fashion of the city rolled to and from the races in equipages that reminded the traveler of the royal displays of Europe. Possibly Mr. Adams, occupying the highest office within the gift of the nation, sought to set an example of republican simplicity by trudging along quietly on foot when others dashed by in their carriages, each aiming to outshine his or her neighbor with costly and gorgeous trappings.

The second epoch of the National Course at Washington was from the year 1822 up to about 1844. During this period the course resounded with the footfalls of such horses as Eclipse, Sir Charles, Boston, Blue Dick, Fashion, and Revenue. As at Charleston, so at Washington there were Jockey Club dinners and Jockey Club balls, attended by the beauty and fashion of the land. The last president of the club was Governor Samuel Sprigg, of Maryland. In 1844 the prosperity of the turf at Washington began to decline; and in 1846, after a few sickly, spasmodic efforts to inaugurate a fresh era, racing was abandoned on the National Course. The men, like the horses, who gave to it its renown are now sleeping in their graves, and we remember its glory as only a dream of the past. Since the war one or two attempts have been made to revive racing at the city of Washington, but each attempt proved abortive. The right kind of men have not taken hold of the matter, and it is not surprising that failure should attend their efforts. The turf is a pastime depending for support upon the purest, and, at the same time, the wealthiest, men of the country. It is an expensive amusement, requiring a heavy outlay of money to keep up a racing-stable. And as the sport is so open to question, men of honor and position must be its chief directors, in order that the character of the sport may be colored by the character of the gentlemen connected with it. Racing is not knavish, in the abstract; but, unfortunately, the knaves too often make it the medium of carrying out their knavish designs upon the public. When men of position and integrity are at the head of the turf, the pastime is the noblest in the world; but in the hands of sharpers it is the most corrupt institution that ever blackened the age of civilization.

WAMPUNSUNG GAP.

YESTERDAY I stumbled upon some news of Wampunsung Gap. It appears that the mining interest there is looking up, and that during the late season there was a wonderful yield of pure ore. I didn't so much mind the prosperous condition of the place, although it has my good wishes always, but the name touched me a little, and brought back a throng of memories. Wampunsung Gap! I cut the paragraph out, and sent it to some friends of mine, who will look upon it with interest; then I indulged in a little retrospection. It seems only the other day that Dolph got back from

college, and I stood looking at him with amazement—such a great, glorious Apollo as he had ripened into! such hair and eyes! Such a straight nose, and wonderful white teeth! It seemed something to be thankful for, to have been able to help such a magnificent fellow in any way; and from calling him my half-brother, I took to dubbing him with the full kinship. He was my father's son, born to him late in life by the fair young creature who spent her last breath in bringing Dolph into the world. Father shortly after sickened and died; and it was long before I could forgive the young urchin for being the cause of all this woe in the household. But poverty is an excellent tonic; and the wolf almost stood at the door when the two great gloomy bills were settled. I couldn't even afford the luxury of grief. But it was a great thing to be able to step into my father's shoes—I don't say I filled them as well as he, nor do I think I shuffled along as easily. It was tough work at times; I got grizzled and gaunt, and stiff and angular; and the Polyphemia Merivale that looked at me in the glass wasn't very pleasing to the eye.

But then, I had managed to scrape through all these years. Youth, troublesome and wayward—unreasonable, yearning youth was safely behind me, and here was Dolph, a great, handsome fellow home from college.

"I've brought home Teddy Delaney with me, Polly," said Adolphus; "he's my best friend, and a capital fellow in every way."

"Any friend of my brother's is heartily welcome," I said, holding out to him my hand. Teddy made a great salaam, and we all went out to supper, where Teddy and I fell into a strain of unconscious adulation, and let fall a great many admiring words of the young gentleman who did the honors of my poor little home so gracefully.

Shortly this adulation became a habit, and Adolphus accepted it as his due; so that, when it was withheld from him, he, in a measure, took umbrage. After he had spent three months in the coal business, six in real estate, a year in a government office, and then began to talk of going out to Wampunsung Gap, the fact dawned upon me that this brother of mine was a little vacillating.

"Better stay where you are," I said. "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

"And 'the ganging foot is aye getting,'" rejoined Adolphus. "I'm sick of hanging around home. A fellow with an adventurous turn of mind can't stand it. It'll do very well for Teddy; he likes it."

"Small blame to him," said Teddy, scribbling away for dear life. I can see the lad now, with his handsome, ugly face—a face that only a few could see much beauty in; but those few, having discerned the charm, found it irresistible. His mop of reddish-brown hair hanging down about his neck; his projecting forehead, full of suggestive bumps; his nondescript of a nose; and his great, gray, womanish eyes!

I can see him at the old table, scribbling away with his little nervous hand, jotting down in a most abominable caligraphy the pleasant and pretty fancies with which his brain was teeming. For Teddy was a great help and comfort to me. When I finished one of my stiff, pungent articles—forcible perhaps, and to the point, but sadly lacking in eloquence and feeling—I handed it over to Teddy, and lo! with a few magic touches here and there, the wilderness was made to blossom as a rose, and the Hammersville *Herald* became famous in its way. Then in the poets' corner, once in a while, appeared a wondrous bit of rhyme, full of a vagabond genius, delicious with color and tenderness, and glowing with warmth and feeling. Straightway it was copied into some powerful journal, and the nice little words neatly printed over it, "From the Hammersville *Herald*." So, thanks to Teddy, we were getting on.

Of course it is all out now. The way I got a living all these years was by editing a country newspaper; and now that the country was becoming a town, I was proprietor as well as editor, and Teddy was my comrade and assistant. We lived alone—Dolph, Teddy, and I—in an old brown house on the outskirts of Hammersville; and every thing went well with us, until Dolph, getting tired of his government office, talked of going out to Wampunsung Gap with a mining expedition. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like hum," sang Teddy, in a rich Milesian tone.

"That's all very well in its way," said Adolphus; "but I haven't much appetite for humility in any shape. I'd like a taste of the good things of life with the rest of them."

"What are the good things of life?" asked Teddy.

"Isn't there something in 'purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day?'" said Adolphus, veiling his covetousness under a quotation.

"There's something very tormenting in it, I should fancy," said Teddy. "God preserve me from the experience. I don't much care for fine linen; and I know purple would be trying to my complexion. As for faring sumptuously, I'd rather have a crust in comfort—wouldn't you, Polly?"

I grunted out something in reply, and Dolph sauntered off to his business.

A month or two later there was a great stir and bustle in Hammersville; and there appeared, in one of the columns of our paper, a Jenkinsish article stating that the rich and beautiful young widow, Mrs. Diana Debrell, would shortly take possession of her imposing mansion on the hill; and as her term of mourning had expired, there might be a few festivities expected upon this occasion.

Later there appeared many more Jenkinsish articles describing the predicted festivities, and that winter was a merry one in Hammersville. The rich, young, and lovely widow seemed also to be amiable and good-natured, and invited

every body she liked without regard to caste. Adolphus said no more about Wampunsung Gap, and the mining expedition went off without him. He took to wearing "purple and fine linen," and Teddy declared, with his usual lack of envy, that purple became Dolph so mightily that it was a thousand pities he shouldn't wear it forever. In the mean time Teddy had his hair cut off as an effort at comeliness; but stopped there, because the poor fellow saw that the experiment was a failure.

"Faith, there's something in the theory that a man is but one remove from an ape—ch, Polly?" he said, looking in the glass dolefully. Then seeing the horror and dismay I exhibited at his shorn locks, he cried out, cheerily:

"Don't mind, Polly dear. I'm a second Samson. They'll grow again directly."

"Don't bother with Delilahs, Samson," I said. Teddy blushed, poor lad, innocently enough.

"Here comes the Samson that delights this Delilah," he said, as Dolph came up the garden path.

"If that's a pun, Teddy," said I, indignantly, "it's a more wretched one than you've perpetrated this many a day."

"It's the truth!" said Teddy. "All Hammersville declares that Dolph has found favor in the eyes of the beautiful widow. What a handsome couple they are, to be sure!" he added, with a sigh.

"Well, it's better than going out to Wampunsung Gap," I said.

While we were looking out of the window, a pretty little phaeton stopped at the garden gate, and Dolph started back, lifting his hat gracefully to the fair occupant, and hastening to assist her in alighting. Then he went on down the road, and the widow walked up to the house.

"What does the fair Diana want here at this hour in the morning?" I said, turning to Teddy. The lad had suddenly darted from the window, his face in a flame.

"Tut, man," I said, snappishly, "she'll not come into the sanctum, you know. I suppose she's going to propose for Adolphus—the age is so progressive. I'll give my consent with more eagerness than dignity, I'm afraid."

A knock at the door startled us both. "Don't let her come in!" said Teddy, rumpling his hair in affright. I think I also made an effort to improve my toilet by taking off an apron that I had been using for a pen-wiper.

"She can't eat you, Teddy," said I; "and, besides, you look better in that jacket than you do in your dress-coat. With your neckcloth untied that way, and 'flowing free,' you bear a great resemblance to Lord Byron. Come in!" I added, boldly. And there entered the most enchanting figure in the world—a goddess, imperial and glorious—Venus, not as she rose from the sea, but attired in the very latest fashion—Mrs. Diana Debrell!

"Oh, Miss Merivale," she said, looking

about her curiously, "I'll go right away again! I wouldn't interfere with your literary duties for the world! But your brother said I might come in."

"Just like his impudence!" I replied. "But as long as you're here, you may as well stay."

Teddy began making an ingenious detour of the room, ambitious of getting out of the door without attracting attention to himself; and had already his hand upon the knob, when the fair widow turned and smiled sweetly upon him.

"Oh, Mr. Delaney, pray don't let me drive you away!" she said.

Teddy was rooted to the spot, burning and blushing in a pitiable state of delighted embarrassment.

"I want a favor of Miss Merivale," she pursued, in the most mellifluous of accents, "and perhaps you can help me in coaxing her to consent—all Hammersville have made up their minds that they will have it as a crowning festivity—but I'm afraid she'll think I'm very bold."

I own I was a little taken aback. Can it be possible, I thought, that she has really come to smooth the way for the wedding? Already I had the leading points of an editorial in my mind entitled, "Progress," when she turned to Teddy, and said, softly:

"We want a charade, you know—an original charade."

"A charade!" said Teddy. "Ah, yes; I know; of course—a charade!"

"And what may that be?" said I. "Perhaps, if you know so well, you'll tell me something about it; but I tell you beforehand, if it's any thing in the shape of a conundrum, you couldn't come to a worse person."

"It's a kind of parlor drama," said Teddy, "constructed out of one word. You take each syllable and make an act of it; then the whole forms a word, and the audience guesses it. It's a capital amusement—we used to play at it sometimes when I was—" Teddy stopped, blushing furiously.

"Speak out, man," said I; "when you were in Ireland, you mean. Mr. Delaney's family, madam," I said, turning to the widow, "at present only occupy the left wing of the battlements on the ramparts of the ruins in the castle Espagne. They have to climb up by a ladder now, and it's a little inconvenient; but the view is beautiful when you climb over the turret to the tower, and look over the moat. In happier days there were great festivities there—the Lord Lieutenant himself sojourned there once when he was belated at a hunt; and, if there's any obligation about it, it's thought to be on the nobleman's side. The hereditary title of the family is 'The Delaney Dun;' but my friend here scorns every thing of that kind. He's a sort of bonnet-rouge, and pays his debts honestly enough to make his ancestors' bones rattle in their coffins."

The widow looked at me open-eyed, not understanding a word that I said; but, somehow,

when she left us, I discerned a little reverence in the bow she gave to Teddy.

I turned to him, laughingly, when she went away, but there was a great look of reproach in his face, and his eyes flamed with indignation.

"I didn't think you'd be capable of it, Polyphemia," he said. And when he called me by my whole name I knew he was in earnest. "I'd rather you'd have struck me with the ruler than made fun of me that way before her!"

"Tut, you goose," said I; "it was she I was making sport of."

"And how could you?" he said, with solemn amazement. "Isn't she beautiful? Was there ever so glorious a creature? Did you notice her eyes, Polly? So deep, and dark, and luminous! And the sweet, short upper lip, and the graceful poise of her head! And her hand—oh, Polly, did you look at her hand? If you could make sport of a creature like that, there's nothing too sacred for you!"

"She's very handsome, Teddy," said I; and, to mollify his wrath, I consented to assist in writing the charade.

The day after the Hammersville *Herald* came out Teddy and I shut ourselves up in the sanctum; and, although I say it who ought not say it, we made an excellent day's work of it. The charade was certainly a success.

"The fact is, Teddy," said I, "we'll have to take to writing for the stage; there's absolute genius in this little thing."

"Well, if there isn't genius in it, it's *ingenious*," said Teddy. After that I kept the ruler in my hand, and he made no more puns that day.

The difficulty was to make Adolphus study his part. Of course he had to be the hero. I suggested to Mrs. Debrell that if she wanted the thing to go off handsomely, she'd better consent to throw over Adolphus, and give Teddy the character.

"If you want the elder Kean back again," said I to her, "there you have him in Terence Delaney. I tell you, Diana" (we'd grown pretty intimate by this time), "if you'll have Teddy for the hero we'll astonish Hammersville!"

"But Mr. Delaney's so ugly," she said, pouting, "the beautiful costume will be quite thrown away on him; he's nice, I know, but he's so ugly," she repeated, idiomatically.

"Oh," said I, "you think so, do you? Well, let Adolphus have it, then."

"He's so handsome and talented," said Diana, blushing brightly; "he can't help but do every thing charmingly!"

"It's a free country," said I, "and every body has a right to an opinion; but I think, madam, your swan is a goose."

He was worse than a goose, he was a donkey, and a conceited donkey at that.

Let me quote just one little scene in the charade, to show the rock upon which we were wrecked.

Scene—Lady Angelica's drawing-room. *Time*

—twilight. Lady Angelica seated at her writing-desk, her head resting upon her hand, an expression of deep sadness upon her face. Enter Ignatius, disguised as a peddler—rough coat, green goggles, etc. He contemplates the scene before him, and thus apostrophizes the idol of his heart: "Do I see thee again, oh, my beloved? What madness is this that seizes upon my brain? What agony is this that assails my heart? Can I not resign thee, then, sweet empress of my heart? Ah, let me enter paradise, let me bask in the warmth of thy presence for one little moment more, and I shall be gone forever!" A smothered sob falls upon the ear of Lady Angelica; she starts, and, turning suddenly, discovers in the peddler at her feet her long-lost lover Ignatius.

Surely it was a touching and pathetic episode in the play. The subdued light, the enchanting figure of Mrs. Debrell seated at her writing-table, her beautiful face half turned from the admiring audience, the folds of her deliciously fitting, marvelously trimmed robe lying yards behind her. It fills me with indignation now, to think that Dolph couldn't bear to wear the peddler's disguise.

"You wretched peacock!" I cried, indignantly; "aren't you contented with turning into a seraph afterward, and blazing down upon the audience in top-boots and a slashed doublet?"

"But the whole thing is such wretched twaddle," he replied, with brutal frankness. "Come now, confess, Teddy; have the manliness to say what you think."

"I think it's beautiful," said dear old Teddy; "of course it's a little boshy in parts, but that only serves to show off the tragical points with effect."

The tragical points Teddy rehearsed charmingly. Coming in with a lantern in his hand, and discovering Ignatius at the feet of Lady Hidalgo, he is torn with remorse when he finds it is his preserver and benefactor.

But what mattered it how well Teddy did his part, or that Diana rivaled Mrs. Siddons, when neither threats nor entreaties could prevail upon Adolphus to go through one rehearsal with ordinary credit—when day after day passed by, and the eventful night was at hand, and he persisted in lounging in and out of the scenes without life or interest, slurring over the touching and pathetic parts, and turning the tragic points of the play into buffoonery? It was too late to draw back. It was well known that an original charade, by Miss Polyphemia Merivale, was to be performed at the mansion of Mrs. Diana Debrell. All Hammersville was on tip-toe with enthusiastic expectancy. The die was cast, my reputation was at stake, and yet Adolphus persisted in saying that it was time enough to make an ass of himself when the time came!

At last the night came, and I found myself in the luxurious home of the beautiful widow, breathing an atmosphere tempered by hot steam, and made fragrant with spoils from the hot-

house, treading ruthlessly on master-pieces of art in the shape of carpets, gazing upon wonderful paintings and statues, and reclining upon divans that would have delighted the heart of a Turk. But, truth to say, all this magnificence was thrown away upon me. I was like a fish out of water—my black silk dress cut me in the arm-holes, a collar rasped my neck painfully, and some necessity in the shape of hair gave me a fearful pang when I moved my head. I'd rather—oh how infinitely rather!—have been at home in the dear old battered, manuscript-littered, ink-stained sanctum. When the house began to fill, and taking shelter upon the stage, I peeped out from a corner of the curtain upon the sea of faces in the great drawing-room, and actually heard the musicians commence the little operatic morceau that was to precede the charade, I confess that an ignominious cowardice prompted me to make my way out of the back-door, and fly homeward as fast as my trembling legs could carry me. "It might look a little eccentric," I said to myself; "but can't a literary woman be a little odd if she likes?" I was upon the point of gathering up my skirts for a retreat, when Teddy came up to me with the manuscript. He was happy enough, dear lad, his face glowing, and his eyes shining joyfully. It was plain to be seen he wasn't out of his element if I was, and for that night at least he was quite worthy of the long line of pedigree belonging to *Câstle Espagne*.

"You'll act as prompter, won't you, Polly?" he whispered, giving me the paper.

"What's the use, Teddy?" I groaned. "Those that know their parts know them, and those that don't, don't! You can take a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink!"

"Ah, Polly, let's do the best we can," said the dear boy, and I took the paper without a word. Then the bell tinkled, the music ceased, and up went the curtain. This act went off capitally. It was confined to Lady Angelica and her waiting-maid, and the beauty and costumes alone of the amateurs would have enchanted the audience.

A night scene, in the second act, followed, where Teddy, in a Spanish cloak, sombrero hat, and lantern, made a decided hit. At last the eventful moment approached, and after an instant of agonizing suspense, I saw Dolph lounge into the gentleman's dressing-room, with the green goggles in his hand, and the rough coat of the peddler thrown over his arm. The bell tinkled and the scene opened, disclosing the fair Lady Angelica seated at her writing-desk, her brow upon her hand. Never had Diana looked so enchantingly lovely. A murmur of admiration arose from the audience; an appreciative silence reigned in the room. "Ah," thought I, "if only Dolph can go through his part decently, all will be well." My heart beat high with hope when he passed me and went upon the stage. The rough coat completely enveloped him, a pair of great boots went halfway up his legs, and a red handkerchief and

green goggles effectually concealed his handsome face. So far, all was good.

"Do I see thee again?" he said, very slowly, and without a particle of feeling; but I didn't so much mind that. "Do I see thee again?" he repeated, musingly; then he paused, standing in a graceful enough attitude; but I was painfully cognizant he was trying to remember his part.

"Do I see thee again?" he shouted, in a sort of prolonged roar that I hoped he meant for emotion; but he paused again. Ah, what a fratricidal heart I had at that moment!

"What is the cause of this agony?" he at last stammered out, and then must needs repeat it again—"What is the cause of this agony?" he said, in quite an argumentative tone, that caused a wag in the corner to shake his head and whisper, "he didn't know."

"Why," said the wretched Dolph, "do I feel in this—this devil of a state?" he added, and of course the audience burst into a roar. He walked over to the wing where I was standing.

"Give me a cue," he said. "Can't you see I've forgot it?"

Such a rage welled up in my heart at that moment that I was choked. "One little moment more," I whispered, frantically leaping to the last words of his part.

"A little more!" he roared out, and the audience listened with some degree of respect. "A little more!" he repeated, in a hopelessly stupid tone, and floundered again.

"A little more of kin and less than kind," said Teddy, in my ear. Diana was pale as death at her writing-desk, and I flaming as a coal at the wing.

"Come off!" said Teddy, signaling to Dolph to fly from the stage. Diana's head sank for a moment, then lifted itself proudly again. I think at that moment she trusted to Teddy.

"Give me the toggery!" said Teddy, pulling the boots from Dolph's legs and wrapping himself in the peddler's cloak.

"We'll change parts," he whispered, hurriedly, "and do you, Polly, post Dolph up in mine. All he has to do is to come in with the cloak and lantern, and shout, 'Ah, villain!' But in Heaven's name be careful of the lantern, for it's filled with kerosene!" Then Teddy leaped upon the stage.

"Do I see thee again, oh, my beloved?" cried the sonorous voice of dear old Teddy, and a roseate flush overspread the face of Diana. I took heart of grace and threw aside my manuscript to listen. "What sweet madness is this that seizes upon my brain?" he cried, in the richest of monotonous. "Can I not resign thee, then, sweet empress of my soul? Ah, let me enter paradise, let me bask in the warmth of thy presence for one little moment more, and I shall be gone forever!" He threw himself at her feet—his voice broke into a sob—the disguise was thrown aside—it was her lover, Ignatius!

Truly Teddy was an alluring fellow just then; there was that in his face that was better than beauty—there was genius, and feeling, and heart—there was goodness!

Diana took up her part with earnestness and grace—her voice was melody itself; her great dark eyes shone luminously; not a word did she forget. As she held out to him her charming hand, Teddy gazed upon her with rapture. The agony of his abnegation, of his immolation of self, was quite lifelike and real; he burst into a rhapsody of eloquence that startled and delighted the audience. They applauded rapturously. Diana's voice trembled in the reply; nothing could exceed the sweetness and majesty of her expression.

"Oh, Dolph," I whispered, in an agony of hope and trepidation, "surely you can say the two words, 'Ah, villain!' But take care of the lantern, I beg of you!"

"You have saved me from an act of madness," said Lady Angelica. "Oh, how I love your brave generosity!"

"It's your turn, Dolph," I whispered, and he went on the stage.

"Ah, villain!" shouted Adolphus, and, horror of horrors, he actually brandished the lantern over his head. Out tumbled the lamp, and falling upon the floor, a tongue of flame seized upon the drapery at his feet, and rapidly licked up fold after fold of the beautiful robe of Diana. Shrieks of affright burst from the audience! All was confusion and dismay. Dolph and I sprang forward to save Diana, but Teddy was first. She fell into his arms, pale and unconscious, but quite unhurt, thanks to the friendly coat of the peddler that lay within reach of Teddy's frantic grasp. The flames were soon extinguished, and a crowd of sympathizing friends rushed upon the stage.

"Give her to me, Teddy," I said, "and get home as fast as you can. Your hair is burned off this side of your head, and your face is all black and singed. Tell me, boy—tell me truly, are you hurt—are you badly burned? Come home and get some salve on your poor hands!" For in truth the boy's flesh was of more consequence to me than that of the most beautiful woman in the world.

"Never mind the salve, Polly," said Teddy, "I'm thinking of *salv*-ation just now." And in the face of this most atrocious pun he put Diana into my arms and went home. Then I put her into the arms of her housekeeper, and went after him, followed by Dolph, who insisted that it was all the fault of the lantern.

"To fill a lantern with kerosene!" he said, indignantly. "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

We found Teddy walking about the floor, his face swollen and red, his hands blistered and raw, his right eye completely closed, and not a vestige of eyebrow or eyelash about him. This pitiable sight touched Dolph to the heart. He would much rather have been killed outright than disfigured thus seriously, and he judged Teddy by himself.

"You'll never forgive me," said Dolph. "I'd kill any body that was the cause of such a calamity to me."

"You've done me a great service, unconsciously," said Teddy. Then seeing a look of stolid amazement upon Dolph's face, he added: "I was such an insignificant fellow before, you know, if it leaves a decent scar, people may turn to look at me once in a while."

"I don't see what we wanted of the lantern, at all," said I; "when the horse is gone there's no use shutting the stable-door; but what was the use of the lantern?"

"Didn't Polly put it in the play?" said Dolph.

"It was an *interpol*-ation of Providence," said Teddy, with a villainous accent upon the "pol."

The next morning nothing would do but he must come down into the sanctum.

"What will you do there, you singed monkey?" I said. "You can't write, and you can hardly see."

"But I can dictate," said Teddy; "and I won't have the editorials spoiled; and oh, Polly, let me come down and sit by you! You're the only one that's fond of me in the world!"

I helped him down, and we grew quite merry together, in spite of his pain, for I didn't see much use in spoiling his bravery by crying over him; but in my heart of hearts I honored and loved him the more that he bore his pangs like an Indian.

My head was bent over the paper, and I was slinging the ink furiously around me, when suddenly a little tap at the door startled us.

"It can't be the printer's boy; and Dolph never knocks," said Teddy, in an agonized whisper. "Oh, Polly, I think I'll run!"

"You'll have to make a charge over somebody's body, then," I replied, "for there's only the one door. Come in!" I added; and I confess I gulped down a strong exclamation, when, upon the threshold, we saw Diana, as bright and beautiful as ever; more bright and beautiful, for, upon seeing the battered and bandaged Teddy, her face became enchanting with emotion, a glow leaped into her cheek. Once, twice, she opened her lips as if to speak, but her voice faltered.

"His—his—eyes," at last she stammered out. "Oh! they're not hurt, are they?" Then, without waiting for an answer, she went over to the poor lad, and put both her hands tenderly upon his. "You've saved my life, Mr. Delaney," she said; "but I'd rather have lost it than that you should lose your eyes!" Her own filled with tears. I spilled a great dab of ink on my article.

"Tell her you can see, Teddy," said I.

"Just as well as ever," said Teddy; "and I'm very thankful to God for it, just now, at least. As to saving your life, Mrs. Debrell, it was only a lucky chance threw the boon to me. I happened to be nearest you, and the cloak was within my reach."

Teddy was pale as death, but he spoke bravely, and with his old merry accent.

"I'm glad it was you!" said Diana, still holding his hands. "I'd rather owe my life to you than any one in the world!"

Dolph entered just then, and Diana went up to him and commenced bantering him about his awkwardness with the lantern.

"All my carpet ruined, and my pretty dress; the statue of Cupid and Psyche broken to atoms; and such an awful odor of kerosene!"

Presently Dolph and she went away, and walked down the garden path together.

"Polly, Polly," said Teddy, "if there's any whisky or brandy in the house, give me a bit, for I think I'm going to faint."

"And no wonder," said I, reaching down a glass from the mantle. "Why hadn't the woman more sense than take hold of a man's hand, when the touch was agony to him?"

"Ah!" said Teddy, "why was the touch denied me? But through these triple bands of linen I felt it; I swear to you, Polly, I feel it still. Polly, Polly, miserable wretch that I am, how is it that I dare love—"

Dolph put in his head at the door.

"I'm going home with Diana, Polly," he said. "She's asked me, and I can't very well refuse; and say, I think, on the way, I'll propose. It's all a fellow can do, you know; and I may as well have it over with. Don't wait lunch for me." And Dolph went down to the phaeton that was waiting for him at the gate.

"You were saying, Teddy," said I, holding a glass of punch to his lips, "that you loved somebody—"

"It was you, Polly—I love you!"

"Don't be unhappy, then," said I, "for your passion is reciprocated. There's no necessity for any thing feeding on your damask cheek on my account."

"It's a damaged cheek, just now, Polly; and it never was a damask one. But there's Dolph; he's all roses and lilies!"

"And daffydownhillies," said I; "and he's gone to take tea in the arbor."

"Who says that all men are created free and equal?" said Teddy, fiercely. "We're trampled from our birth. Why is one man made like an Apollo, and another like an ape?"

"Why is one man given brains, and another none?"

"So that the one with brains may suffer the most," said Teddy.

These bitter words sounded very strangely from his lips, so we kept silence for a while.

As Teddy and I were alone, I determined to have something nice and warm brought to us in the sanctum; but just as the table was laid for two, and we were waiting for a delicious little game-pie to be heated, who should stalk in but Dolph? I saw from the look of his face that he had been rejected. If ever mortified vanity was depicted any where, it was there.

"She's thrown me over," he said, with his

usual frankness, scowling down upon Teddy and me.

There was a struggle in Teddy's face between relief and sympathy; but he said nothing.

"She's a cursed coquette," pursued Adolphus; "but she can't play fast and loose with me; she'll never get another chance, never!"

"It's a pity to be too hard upon her," said I. "Don't be cruel, Dolph!"

But he never noticed the sarcasm at all. "She'll find out I'm not the man to be trifled with!" he said, as we sat down to the table.

"I'll tell you what," said Dolph, helping himself to half the pie; "I'm sick of this sort of thing; I'm going out to Wampunsung Gap!"

"For a man that's crossed in love," said I, "you have an excellent appetite. Fair play with the pie, Dolph; share and share alike, you know. It was quite an unexpected pleasure having you to lunch, and we weren't quite prepared for it."

Seven days after Dolph came home with a complete trapper's outfit. He said he didn't intend to confine himself to mining; there was nothing like having two strings to one's bow. When he told me he'd given up the government office, I began to believe that he might possibly go to Wampunsung Gap; and the womanly part of my nature stirred a little, as it will at parting with one you are in the habit of fraternizing with. I found out I was a little fond of Dolph, and petted the great handsome fellow to his heart's content. Teddy had got over his injuries, and had given up hoping for the distinction of a scar; his eyebrows and eyelashes were beginning to grow, and his hands were well as ever; but he seemed unable to settle himself to write. There was no bantering at the table, and Dolph ate all the dainties himself, for Teddy had no appetite, and I was out of sorts. The fair widow had flitted away somewhere, and the great house was closed, and somehow a cloud hung over every thing.

One day the cloud resolved itself into a thunder-bolt of this kind. Dolph had gone out hunting for a rubber cover for his new rifle, and Teddy and I were alone in the sanctum. I was writing away, pretending never to notice Teddy, but once in a while stealing a look at his gruesome face as he shadowed it with his hand.

"Polly," said Teddy, suddenly, "I wish you'd let me go with Dolph!"

I dropped my pen and looked at him. "To Wampunsung Gap?" I gasped.

"Yes, Polly dear, it's the only thing that'll save me! I'm getting unfit for any thing—I want to go, Polly; oh, my good friend, my comrade, my more than sister, be generous to me!"

The boy's arms were about me, his face close to mine. I drew down his head and whispered in his ear, "Stay! Take hope! Who knows?" But he drew back, flushing painfully. "No, Polly, it is impossible! Hope would be insanity!"

From that hour it was settled. In ten days they were gone, Dolph and Teddy—gone to Wampunsung Gap!

Fancy it, ye who can, the old brown house without them! Fancy the miserable, lonely woman, gaunt and grizzled, forlorn and desolate, as destitute of joy as the stuffed owl over the sanctum door! To eat, and drink, and sleep, to dip one's pen in gall and write—ah, it was sad!

A month later a great joy leaped up in my heart only to vanish, and leave it more desolate than ever. There was a tremendous bustle at the door—the little servant burst into acclamations of delight. She bounded into the sanctum unrebuked. "Oh, ma'am," she said, her face in a flame, "here's Mr. Adolphus home again!"

My legs refused to hold me. I sat down, but looked eagerly at the door. Dolph came in and embraced me warmly. I still looked at the door. "Teddy?" I said, interrogatively, and half rising to my feet.

"Well, you see, Polly," said Dolph, "Teddy would go on."

"To Wampunsung Gap?" I said, sinking back in my chair.

"Yes," said Dolph. "The fact is, it's madness! The Indians are as thick out there as blackberries in August. Twenty-seven men were scalped and left in one place on the plains. I had an offer to go into the lumber business, and I took it up. I offered Teddy a half interest, but he would go on. Here's a letter he sent you."

I read the letter without even wiping my spectacles. After all what mattered it? I knew I never should see him again.

"DEAR POLLY,—To confess the truth I'm longing to go back. I never saw any thing so dreary in my life as this long waste of prairie, and the grass is so high now that you can fancy it quivering with redskins; but I feel somehow as if it would be cowardly to retreat, and we've heard so much from Wampunsung Gap I'd like to see it. When I get there I'll write you a glowing letter for the *Herald*, and in the mean time I'll send you some scraps jotted down by the way-side. This, for your ear, dearest of Pollys, I've got over the old weak pining despair altogether—I'm a man again, ready to do all that a man can do. Away down in my heart is the old passion: love is hard to kill, dear; but I'm none the worse for it. As for my scalp, I shall tell my red brethren I'm not an ordinary hairy person, I'm *liter-hairy*; perhaps it'll save the wretched mop that seems destined to come to grief.

"Always, my incomparable Polly,

"Your devoted

TEDDY."

That was the last scrap of his dear old hieroglyphics that came to me. Days and weeks fled by, Dolph went off to his lumbering, and married the rich lumber proprietor's daughter. The fair widow came back to her mansion on the hill. I was alone again in the old brown house—alone with the serving-maid, now rapidly strengthening into a sturdy woman. I watched and waited for the postman's ring, and scanned the letters at first with a trembling hand and a choking in the throat; but after a while quite hopelessly and mechanically.

There were none from Wampunsung Gap, not even the glowing descriptive one. I gave him plenty of time, even allowing for accidents. I was lavish in hope and patience; but all was useless, the boy was dead!

It made me mad when Dolph insisted that he might be alive. "Alive," I said, "and not write to me!"

"Well, but, hang it, Polly, when a fellow is journeying about that way, meeting with all sorts of adventure, he don't get a chance."

"Teddy isn't a fellow, he's a gentleman, Dolph," I said; "and if he was alive, he'd write to me as a gentleman ought. You see, Diana," I said (turning to the widow, who was kind enough to spend some of her time with me), "the Delaneys of Castle Espagne are of the old chivalrous, knightly order, that would scorn to keep a poor old woman like me in an agony of suspense. Teddy's without fear and without reproach, wherever he may be, that you may be sure of."

One night we sat in the sanctum alone, Diana and I, and suddenly we heard a long, loud wail outside; it was a melancholy shriek enough, and Diana fell back almost fainting.

"What's the matter, child?" said I, hastening over to her; for she had got to be dear to me for her own sake as well as for that of somebody else.

"Oh, perhaps it's the Banshee!" she said, lifting her great eyes to mine swimming with tears. "I've heard that, when any one belonging to one of those old Irish families dies, the Banshee is sure to come to their home and lament over them."

"I think it's Pluto, the tom-cat," said I; and then I was ashamed to keep up the story of Teddy's ancestry any longer, and, however it was, I told her every thing I knew of him—that he was the soul of honor, and the brightest, cheeriest, bravest, best lad that ever walked, and that his great love for her had cost him his life. I brought out his letter and showed it to her, and I gave her a beautiful little poem he wrote to her eyes, and put into her hand a sketch of her profile that he drew from the sanctum window.

"But why didn't he stay at home and tell me, if he cared for me so much?" she said, innocently enough, and then she blushed very brightly. "When I saw the flames ready to devour me that night I stretched out my arms to him, and, as he wrapped the peddler's cloak about me, he whispered, 'Don't be afraid, darling;' and I wasn't afraid. I knew he'd save me; but the next morning you saw how cold he was. I couldn't say more than I did, Polly; but it didn't matter; and now he's been murdered by those dreadful Indians. Oh, Polly, why don't they kill them all?"

"I'm coaxing the government to, all I can, Diana; but since Teddy's gone the Hammersville *Herald* hasn't much influence."

And all this time I never shed a tear for the lad! It seemed as if all within me was a great

arid desert, and not a life-spring to be found. The wound gaped wide, refusing to be healed. Day after day I sat in the sanctum, my only companions Pluto, the big black cat, and the stuffed owl over the door; and if Diana had not taken compassion on me, and once in a while come over, I'd have turned to stone.

One blustering March day I expected her to tea, and as the light began to wane, I stood by the window wondering if she'd dare venture out in a snow-storm, for the flakes began to gather and whirl madly about. I hoped she would, for all that day I had been unspeakably lonely and sad. I turned away from the window and sat down by the table again; but I couldn't read, I couldn't write, I couldn't think. In truth, I was tired and wretchedly out of sorts. Hearing a step in the hall, I was glad to think it was Dolph, and called out to him to come in. But a stranger entered; a brown, burly man, with green spectacles, and a wonderful amount of hirsute appendages; his hair hung down about his shoulders, and a tangled beard nearly reached to his waist. I thought he was a Mussulman, and bowing gravely, motioned him to a seat. I was about calling for strong coffee, and sending Hannah next door to borrow some pipes, when he took from the pocket of his coat a package.

"Madam," said he, in an accent that was not quite American, and yet not Oriental, "I am from Wampunsung Gap!"

I fell back motionless, stretching out my hand for the package.

"It's my painful duty, madam," said the man, in a sepulchral tone, "to break to you a melancholy piece of news, and to deliver into your hands this package."

"Give me the package," I said, "and never mind the news."

"It's the first time I ever heard of a person in your pursuit that didn't care for news," he said. "I hope the paper hasn't gone to the dogs?"

"But I know the news," I said. "I've felt all day as if something was going to happen to me—the worst of the blow is over. God has prepared me for it, Sir; but don't say it, for I can't bear it. I know my boy is dead, and these are his last words to me; but don't say it, Sir; I'm getting old, and I've suffered greatly. Give me the package, Sir, in Heaven's name!"

A sudden pallor overspread the face of the stranger. He half arose from his chair.

"Be—be calm, madam," he said, his voice breaking a little out of the gruffness. "I want to be certain you're the person I'm to give it to. Are you Polyphemia Merivale?"

"Yes, yes," I replied, impatiently.

He took off his gloves, and I saw that his hands were brown and weather-beaten, but singularly small, and ah, how familiarly nervous they looked!

"Editor-in-chief of the Hammersville *Herald*?" he said.

I nodded eagerly, for I couldn't speak.

"I—I—be calm, madam, I beg of you. I—I will give you the package, but I beseech of you to be calm."

I looked at him fixedly. It seemed to me that I should awake pretty soon, and find it all a dream. My heart thumped up and down in my breast. I saw through the spectacles a pair of great loving gray eyes, filled with honest tears. If it had been a dream, it would have been merciful to have let me die there and then.

"Be—be—calm," he repeated, getting upon his feet, his voice breaking into a sob; "be—be—*hang it, Polly*, can't you be calm?" Then he threw away his spectacles and caught me to his heart.

Oh, ye who have suffered, who, after long grief and pain, find the arms of your true love round you once again—only ye can tell the unspeakable joy of that moment! I was long past forty; what then? Is there no powerful love but the one?

"You spoiled it all," said Teddy; "you wouldn't be calm, do what I might. I was going to make you show me the mole on your left arm; but, in truth, Polly, my heart was full to bursting. Oh, Polyphemia Merivale! my dear old Polly, thank God you are alive and well! And how is Dolph? Married? Don't be afraid to tell me, dear. It's all gone; the old passion is burned out—not even a cinder left. I've been a captive among the Indians, Polly; and what with fire-water and the treachery of the whites, they've got sadly demoralized, and they're not a nice set of people to live with. They're a little drunken, and dirty, and given to lying and stealing, and a few other sins. I've been a medicine-man, Polly, and I've killed a few of them with the aid of Providence. But I've written it all out for the *Herald*. It's a beautiful thing. It'll bring tears to your eyes. Sensational, you know, with an impossible Indian princess in it, just to show, you know, what they might be, if they were the old imaginary heroic race. I've scraped up a goodish bit of money, Polly, and we'll spend every penny of it on the *Herald*, and live in the old sanctum, like gods together, Polly, heedless of mankind."

"Then you don't care for Diana, Teddy?"

"Not a straw, dear, except as one human creature cares for another. We all love one another, I hope, Polly."

"I'm sorry for her, poor thing!" said I.

"Why, why, what's the matter?" said Teddy. "Don't keep me in suspense, Polly. Out with it at once. She—she—she's alive, Polly?"

"Oh yes, alive and well, and beautiful as ever, and wonderfully sweet and kind. It's a pity for her; it is, indeed."

"Has she married unhappily, Polly?"

"No, she isn't married at all; but she might have been, if I'd known your character better."

"Now, Polly, what upon earth do you mean? Haven't I been tortured enough? I've had my

scalp hanging by only one hair many a time. There's tattooing all over me from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. A fire was built on my stomach once, and would have been lighted if some horse-stealing Camanches hadn't spoiled the sport of my captors. Don't torture me any more, Polly. Tell me at once. What's the matter with Diana?"

"Why, the fact is, Teddy, I thought you loved her, you know, and I've been fool enough to teach her to love you. She's coming here to tea to-night, and you'd better keep out of her way. There's no use breaking her heart."

"You've taught her to love me, and she's coming here to tea?" repeated Teddy, growing red and pale by turns.

"Yes; if you'd staid at home you might have married her long ago."

"I! Diana! Polly, you're the soul of honor. You—you wouldn't deceive me. Oh, best and dearest of Pollys, I'm the happiest man alive!"

Then he suddenly got upon his feet, and raising his hands devoutly to Heaven, he lifted up his voice, and gave vent to one of the wildest yells it was ever my fate to listen to. It raised the hair on my head, and froze the blood in my body; it echoed and re-echoed about every rafter in the old house; it set the glasses to jingling in the cupboard in the kitchen; and the maid came running up to see what was the

matter. I was paralyzed, and stood looking at him in horror, but he turned gently to the servant.

"Don't be frightened, Hannah," he said. "I've been showing Miss Merivale the triumphant whoop of the Sioux. When they've gained a great victory, and the scalps of their enemies hang in scores about them, and they're overwhelmed with joy, that is the way they give vent to their feelings. When fifteen hundred braves or so join in a cry like that it's a grand thing to hear, when the tympanum of the ear isn't too delicate."

"I should think so," I said, gaspingly; "it's a little too much for civilization. Since you've been away we've got a corps of police in Hammersville. There's a ring at the bell. Maybe you'll please repeat it for their benefit."

"I should be happy to please the p'lice," he said, with his old villainous play upon words.

But it wasn't the police; it was Diana; and I needn't go on, I suppose. My story is too long already; I'm getting old and garrulous, I think. I've lost the happy faculty of putting things in as few words as possible; but I'll cut out this paragraph about Wampunsung Gap, and send it up to Teddy and Diana. They'll be glad to see the name in print. As for me, I live in the old brown house still; but I'm very happy, and I'm very seldom alone any more.

WINE IN AMERICA AND AMERICAN WINE.

OURS is truly a land of plenty. Whatever may be said of American cookery, all must admit that the variety and abundance of things good to cook which grow and multiply in the shadow of the spreading eagle is fully equal to the worthiness of the people; and, as compared with what any portion of Europe north of the shores and peninsulas of the Mediterranean can boast of, the superiority in quality too is with us. Humid climates, where rain falls a hundred and fifty or a hundred and seventy-five days in the year, may impart bulk and succulence to vegetables and fruit, and tenderness and juice to meats, but savor and aroma distill best from fair skies and generous sunshine, such as bless America.

Considering the profusion and excellence of the feast which Nature, at Heaven's command, has spread before this should-be happy people—considering green corn and Lima beans, tomatoes and sweet-potatoes, summer squash and marrowfats, egg-plant and okra—considering, also, buckwheat-cakes and johnny, Indian-pudding and hasty, corn-dodgers, fritters, muffins, waffles, and hoe-cakes, with hominy, big and little—considering water-melons and cantelopes, apples, peaches, and strawberries—considering, moreover, long clams and round, oysters, lobsters, and scollops, shad, white-fish, and sea-bass—considering, besides, canvas-backs, prairie-hens, and pigeons, quail, partridge, and deer, and turkey, wild and tame—considering, to con-

tinue, beans-and-pork and pumpkin-pies, maple-molasses, rosy butter, and cranberry-sauce—considering, in fine, Connecticut geese, Kentucky beef, and White Mountain mutton—it is not wonderful we should have set apart in every year one day for holding a high-mass of thanksgiving; the only wonder is, that we do not hold two of them. But maybe the institution of a second festival of gratitude is being reserved for the time when Divine Bounty shall vouchsafe to us, in addition to all this wealth of solid comfort, a liquid worthy to moisten it. We have nothing to drink.

Nothing to drink—but water! Is this as it should be? Is it consistent with Nature, is it worthy of Providence, is it in accordance with the true order and fitness of things that, while earth, air, and flood, multiplying themselves by the many differences of soil, and again by the many differences of climate, and all of them by the successive stages in the march of the seasons, combine to produce an ever-renewing variety of food to delight the palate in all its changes and fancies, our only liquid aliment should be the one tasteless, colorless, odorless, inert, cold, sad element condensed from gloomy clouds and showered down from weeping skies? Is this a drink fit for man—a spiritual being, with nerves finely strung to know all the delights of sense, for whose eye colors are, for whose ear melodies and harmonies are, and for whose breathing odors—man, created with manifold

capability, and requiring manifold incentive to put him to his proper activity? For the beasts of the field, that eat grass, yes; but for man, no!

Not water, but WINE, is the natural and providential drink for civilized and refined humanity. Wine is positive; water is negative. The one is compound, the other simple. The one corresponds to spiritual truth in the arcana of the New Jerusalem; the other, in the same arcana, to natural truth. Water quenches thirst as it puts out fire; wine, while satisfying a need, brings pleasure to the senses also, with exaltation of power to every mental and physical faculty. Water is not food, but less than food; wine is more than food. It has color, sparkle, fragrance; is fine, spiritual, ethereal, dynamic; has quality, variety, occult property, mystery, interest, value, good, and evil.

Yes, it is good or it is evil according as it is received, as all blessings are which God bestows and man receives—be it a wife, a beef-steak, or a steam-engine. Which brings to mind that many excellent and intelligent people in this country refuse to admit wine to be good at all, but, on the contrary, fixedly believe it to be wholly and outrageously evil; and that before going further into the subject of wine supply it is proper to consider in a brief way the basis of their belief. Of the good or evil effects of drinking pure wine Americans have small means of judging. The dogmas of total abstinence have been built upon facts existing in two countries where pure wine is an almost unknown thing—upon British and American facts. Not in France, not in Spain, or Portugal, or Italy, or Switzerland, or South Germany, are gathered the awful statistics of the temperance lecturer; but from Britain, from America, and other countries, where a kind of necessity, or at least a controlling fatality, has led to the using as a beverage what in grape-growing climates is hardly known save as a medicine. The advocates of abstinence, having made out their case against distilled spirits, demand judgment against wine also. Having shown that drinking whisky or rum tends in a dangerous degree to make men drunkards, they jump to the conclusion that wine-drinking must also tend in a like degree to the same calamitous result. By such reasoners it is assumed:

First, that alcohol as found in distilled spirits and alcohol as found in wine that has not been distilled exists in both cases under identically the same conditions, and has on the drinker the same effects.

Secondly, that the foreign wines which are usually consumed in America and Britain are the same as what the people of the countries which produce them drink at home, and the same as what we should drink in case we grew our own wines at home.

But distilled and undistilled alcohol exist under very different conditions, and have very different effects. And to reason from port,

sherry, and Madeira, and other liquors that come to us in ships, to the wine that will spring from our own soil, if our vine culture be blessed, is by no means admissible.

Simple alcohol is not a drink at all. It is never taken without a large admixture of water, and usually of other substances. Brandy, whisky, and rum contain nearly as much water as they do of alcohol, even before being diluted for drinking; while wine is in its nature a very delicate combination of various ingredients, with all of which we are not yet fully acquainted. Alcoholic drinks, then, being essentially compounds, either naturally or artificially formed, they can not be fairly judged without considering the properties of the various substances which compose them, the proportions they bear to each other, and the manner in which they combine. And to assert that the alcohol which condenses in the worm of the still from the vapor of boiling wine is the very same thing to the drinker of it—to his stomach, brain, and nerves—that it would have been if it had remained united with all those other constituents, with the sugar, acids, tannin, resin, salts, and ethers which were its companions in the vine sap, were elaborated with it in the leaf, and ripened with it in the grape, is to say what requires the very strongest proof to sustain it. But no such proof exists; while the contrary can be abundantly shown.

It has always been known that distilled spirits, diluted to the strength of wine, are much more intoxicating, more heating, and quicker in its action than the latter; for which reason and others it was, not very long ago, thought that alcohol, as such, did not exist in wine. Macculloch as well as Henderson, in their works on the subject, fully recognize the difference; and so does Carpenter, the highest authority against alcoholic drinks, the latter remarking that even the brandied wines drunk in England “give a more continued support, with less of stimulation,” than spirits do. Mr. Redding, in his valuable work, says, in reference to the same subject: “How this difference between combined and uncombined alcohol happens baffles the research of science to explain; but it is sufficient to know that such is the incontrovertible fact.” Macculloch, to account for it, conjectures that alcohol may be, like carburetted hydrogen, subject to variations of composition; while Carpenter supposes the difference may result from “the peculiar state of admixture” of the alcohol that is in wine. But we can now do something better than conjecture. We now know that distilled alcohol combines very much more feebly with water, and whatever else it is mixed with, than the alcohol that inheres in wine does with the water and other various substances with which it is there naturally associated. There is a difference, then, between the two in their modes of combination. This fact of itself goes far toward solving the problem, even if we forget to consider, as some of the above writers seem to have done, the modi-

fiyng power of those other substances, and the proportions they bear to each other. And now to prove the fact.

M. Delarue, a French chemist, in giving instructions how to detect adulterations of wine with spirits, says: "Take some of the wine to be tested in a porcelain capsule, which place over an alcohol lamp. Float in the wine a nut-shell filled with oil, in which put a floating taper. Ballast the nut-shell with shot till its edges are brought even with the surface of the surrounding liquid. Light the lamp and the taper. Now if you place a thermometer in the bowl, you will see that at 45 degrees of centigrade alcoholic vapors will rise from the wine and catch fire, forming round the taper a reddish halo. Repeat the experiment with natural wine, and the vapors will not show themselves *until the wine has reached 90 degrees of centigrade, almost boiling-point.* In the first place the alcohol was in the condition of a simple mixture; in the second it was in a state of combination, or, we may say, *intimate incorporation*, and retained by a cohesive force not to be broken *except by a high degree of heat.*"

The difference thus established between alcohol as a constituent of a natural compound and as an artificial extract from that compound is most marked, and its consequences must needs be such as, if duly considered, will release wine-drinking from all logical connection with spirit-drinking, and entitle it to a separate trial on its own merits. The temperature of the stomach is about 36 degrees of centigrade, so that distilled alcohol, which passes into vapor at 45 degrees, needs only nine degrees more of heat than it finds there to set it free from the water and whatever else it may have been mixed with, and from the modifying influence of such, while 54 degrees above the heat of the stomach are required to liberate the alcohol held in wine. In other words, the one would require *six times* as much force to set it free as the other would, whatever that force might be.

Though we have as yet no light by which to follow all the processes of nature through the labyrinths of the human system, and learn the actual consequences of the difference in question, yet certain of them will readily suggest themselves as reasonably to be inferred.

Distilled liquors, after reaching the stomach, will very soon decompose, the alcohol going one way and the water, etc., going another; these last, following the usual course of fluids, being taken up by the absorbent vessels and carried into the general circulation. Pure wine, there is every reason to believe, also follows the usual course of fluids, and without undergoing any change in its component parts. But even if a portion of its alcohol be liberated while in the stomach, and before the absorbents have time to act—of which, however, there is no proof—it must be but a small portion, owing to the cohesive power which holds it to its fellow-components. All, or nearly all, of the wine, then, will pass out of the stomach as wine, and as such

go through the channels of circulation; and the alcohol contained in it will circulate and act in connection with and qualified by all those various substances of high qualifying power which Nature, in her own wise way, has given to conduct it to its proper uses and restrain it from perverted ones. Of those substances and their efficacy in combination we know something, but by no means all; and what we know, as well as what we do not know, alike admonish us not to condemn wine as a whole for the sins of any one of its detached parts. Thus what insight our small chemical knowledge affords concurs with exterior indications in bringing us to the conclusion that when wine is drunk that is pure its alcohol acts, not independently, but in combination; not abruptly, but gradually; and as it circulates, economizes and slowly distributes its power through every organ and member with an even, a balanced, and a mild effect, continuing long and disturbing little; exciting moderately, but sustaining much. On the other hand, the alcohol of brandy, whisky, and rum, escaping easily soon after entering the stomach, goes free and uncontrolled to work its will upon the tissues of the drinker; for which Nature is not responsible, but man, whose art has wrested the powerful fluid from its native envelopment, and man must bear both the consequences and the responsibility.

But not only can distilled alcohol, when drunk, thus easily separate itself from its mixtures, but it can, as has been shown, pass into the form of vapor *six times* as readily as the other; and vapor is the form in which it is quickest and strongest. Liebig says: "Owing to its volatility and the ease with which its vapors permeate animal membranes and tissues, alcohol can spread throughout the body in all directions." A dog, into whose stomach Doctor Percy injected simple alcohol, fell almost instantly dead; breathing and pulsation ceasing in two minutes. Upon dissection the stomach was found nearly empty, while the blood was strongly impregnated with alcohol. The vital forces had converted it into vapor, which had immediately pervaded the whole body without regard to the channels by which fluids find their way. Now there is nothing to show that the alcohol of pure wine vaporizes at all while in the body. For aught we can learn it remains liquid until finally decomposed in the lungs and at the surface of the skin into the vapor of water and carbonic acid gas, though possibly it may vaporize to a partial extent. However this may be, the greater quickness which the one alcohol, as compared with the other, passes into the subtle and potent form of vapor of itself establishes between the two another most important difference. It was the suddenness of the conversion into vapor that killed the dog. Had the process of vaporization occupied an hour the animal would have lived. "Alcohol is alcohol," says the chemist; but the difference between a gradual decomposition and a sudden explosion is such as renders combined

and uncombined alcohol, for present purposes, two and not one.

The chief danger attending the habitual drinking of distilled spirits is, that a craving for them may result which the will is impotent to control. This craving amounts to insanity, and is in fact a veritable bodily disease, known among physicians as "oinomania." Doctor Carpenter, in his celebrated essay against alcoholic drinks, says of it, that it "is an inordinate and uncontrollable thirst for excessive quantities of intoxicating drinks." Drinkers not thus afflicted, he says, "possess self-control, and can at any time refrain from stimulants; but those affected by the disease can not do so." Again he says: "I repeat that the disease does not consist in the mere act or habit of becoming intoxicated, but in the irresistible impulse which drives the unhappy being to do what he knows to be pernicious and wrong, and which, in the intervals of his paroxysm, he views with loathing and disgust."

This disease it is which makes drunkards of men, and makes all spirit-drinking a peril. This it is whose dreadful consequences have brought opprobrium on every thing from which alcohol may be extracted, and involved in moral, religious, and even legal interdiction the very liquid which can prevent it more effectually than can morality, religion, and law combined.

To create such a disease it is easy to see how infinitely more potent must be an artificial extract, whose quickly generated steam attacks immediately and directly the linings of the stomach, shocks the nerves and brain with rude explosions, and flits unhindered through every chamber of the body, than can possibly be the milder compound of nature's make. Indeed, it is hard to conceive that wine should ever create the disease in any case; and accordingly wine-drinking is rarely opposed on any other ground than that it leads to and educates the taste for stronger and more dangerous liquids. That this should be the common opinion in America is not astonishing; for it is formed from observation of the results of drinking imported wines, and these, with rare exceptions, contain a considerable mixture of distilled alcohol. What spirits and water can do, spirits and wine can also do, and yet the wine itself remain as innocent as the water. The three British wines, as port, Madeira, and sherry may be called, are so largely adulterated that, instead of containing about nine per cent. of alcohol, like what is drunk in wine-growing countries, they contain from twenty to twenty-six per cent. French red wines, known as claret, are usually "fortified" before shipment with no trifling proportion of distilled alcohol, the laws of France allowing the addition, free of duty, of as much as five per cent. The same is true of importations from other countries than France, as well as those from California. Port, Madeira, and sherry scarcely merit the name of wines. They are concoctions, rather,

made up to please the palates and cravings, and possibly to answer the physical needs, of dwellers in the damp and chilly climate of the British Isles, from whom our own countrymen have derived a taste for the same factitious liquors, by inheritance and the force of fashion. As for the imitations of these last, which are manufactured in America and sold cheap, they are considerably worse than common whisky. French and German and other European light wines, as well as those from California, are "fortified" merely to preserve them on the voyage of shipment, and ought not to be discarded so long as nothing purer can be had. Still, in measure as they are fortified, they all contain an element of danger. Bearing these facts in mind, and also the peculiar action of distilled alcohol on the human system, we can not wonder it should be a common opinion in America that wine-drinking is only a school for brandy, whisky, and rum drinking.

But is the drinking of pure wine, as practiced in grape-growing countries, and as we may expect it to be practiced in our own, if the vine shall thrive here, attended with the same objection? Who believes it is, that knows any thing of those countries? True, it is sometimes boldly, desperately asserted that the people of France are as drunken as Americans are; and such assaults upon reason and fact are confusing and difficult to meet at first, for they bring all testimony into discredit; but, with a little reflection, they may be completely disposed of.

The wine-drinking that leads to spirit-drinking, so soon as it has developed in the victim incipient oinomania, is abandoned for the stronger drink. Port, sherry, and Madeira, when once they have created the insane craving, are found insufficient to satisfy it. It must have what is quicker, hotter, and stronger than either of them. The drunkard will take wine only when he can not obtain spirits. And the people of any country, whom the use of wine has taught to love brandy, will no longer drink the first if they can get the last. This seems evident. And this being so, then, if pure wine is no better than impure, what are we to make of the French people? The whole living generation of them have been schooled in drunkenness (if the free consumption of red wine can so school them) ever since they were weaned; and if the drunkard's thirst be hereditary, as it doubtless is, then the whole nation have been taking the same kind of instruction during some twenty centuries; yet have they not abandoned wine, nor taken to strong drink. One proof they have not taken to strong drink is that they have not given up wine; and another is that they do not manufacture any considerable quantity of strong liquors to drink, but remain content with the mild beverage of their fathers in its simplest form, instead of distilling it into the pabulum of drunkenness. The production of wine in France is growing yearly larger, the last crop having amounted to near 1800 millions of gallons, and the aver-

age yield is equal to half a bottle daily for every inhabitant; so that, allowing for what is exported and distilled, and taking into account the consumption of cider, perry, and beer, and the reduced allowance of children and very poor persons, it may be assumed that the Frenchman who earns full wages consumes a whole bottle every day. The yearly production of brandy in France, though the wine crop would yield 200 millions of gallons if distilled, is only about 16 millions of gallons. The production of other spirits and the importation from other countries about counterbalance the exports, so that the 16 millions of gallons must supply all home demands. About 4 millions are needed in fortifying wines exported abroad, and if we allow one-half of the remaining 12 millions to be consumed in the arts, in the form of simple alcohol, there remains for drinking only little more than a pint to each person. Thus Frenchmen, largely aided by foreign sojourners of every wicked class, take only a little more brandy in a whole year than they do of wine in a single day. If wine is the preparatory school for rum, our people are apter scholars than they. With only a few millions of gallons yearly of instruction, in the shape of fortified foreign wines, and under the discouragement of a strong public sentiment allying morality, piety, and law against it, we annually produce 100 millions of gallons of whisky, and drink almost every drop of it at home; and this, although not one in ten of us habitually takes wine, nor one in ten touches whisky at all. Truly, if drinking wine leads to spirit-drinking and drunkenness, it is by a long road and at a slow pace. The nine per cent. red wine of the French breakfast and dinner table is, in fact, neither a fit liquor for inducing drunkenness nor for satisfying it. It stimulates, to be sure, as do a hundred other unforbidden things; but, so far from its unduly exciting the head, there is doubt if the Frenchman, accustomed from infancy to drink it, but seldom doing so between meals, derives as much excitement from his wine as his cup of coffee affords. He is gayer than an American, to be sure, but gaiety is hardly a sin.

Other testimony in favor of the temperate habits of the French people is found in their preferring red wine to white, although the latter is one-fifth stronger, and so much quicker in its action as to be perhaps one-half more intoxicating. All grapes will not make red wine, but all will make white; yet so much more do they love the milder form of drink that only under peculiar circumstances are white grapes grown or white wines made. A French gentleman traveling in this country was offered some of our American wines to drink. He remarked: "It appears as if your people made wine for the purpose of getting drunk with it. In France we make it to drink when we are thirsty, and therefore make it red whenever we can. In Germany perhaps the climate may render stimulating white wines such as are there produced necessary, or, at any rate, harmless;

but in the climate of France we do not find it so. Perhaps it is the German vine-cultivators have introduced in America the plan of making wine with the press; you would do well to engage some Frenchmen to show you how to make it in a vat." Red wine, as is well known, is made by merely crushing the fruit, and then flinging it into a vat to ferment, while white wine is made by fermenting only the juice which a strong machine presses out. In the one case all parts of the grape contribute to make up the compound, or rather the original combination remains undisturbed, and all that can enter into a fluid state is allowed to do so; in the other all the more solid parts, including seeds and skins, are rejected, and the wine thus produced is in the nature of an artificial extract or concentration, which well accounts for its more rapid and exciting effects. The nature of our climate, our natural preference for "clarets," and many other circumstances, show that for the greater portion of our people red wine should be the drink. By beginning with making white wines, whatever were the inducements to do so, we made a false start, which should be corrected. In judging new varieties their fitness for producing red wine should be a controlling consideration; and if the *V. labrusca*, fox family, which has chiefly supplied us with plants thus far, will not give what is needed, the *V. æstivalis* will abundantly suffice.

But to return to France and to temperance. Whatever may be said of the French nation by their hereditary enemies and habitual traducers, they possess some virtues that do not usually grow in the soil of intemperance. Drinking seas of wine has not prevented their being more industrious, saving, prudent, and orderly, more polite to strangers and respectful to each other, more dutiful to their parents, more devoted to their children, and more obedient to law, than either the English or Americans. As Lincoln said of the whisky that Grant drunk, if such be its results, we might do well to get some wine "of the same brand." Where shall we get it?

Not from abroad. Wines transported by sea are almost sure to be "fortified." Such as are brought in bottles do not need it, and are more like to be pure; but such are only for the rich. We might bring over claret in its pure state, in midwinter of the first year, but we do not. As a rule, imported wines will be "fortified" at the best; and therefore the interests of temperance demand we should grow our wines at home, and consume them as near to where produced as may be. But another consideration settles the question. If we become a wine-drinking people our present population will need 1000 millions of gallons yearly. This quantity, estimated at the average value of wines in France, in first hands, which is 19 cents a gallon, would cost nearly 200 millions of dollars there; but estimated by present retail prices in New York the figures swell to the skies, and put quite beyond possibility the obtaining of a supply from Europe.

"Clarets" that sell here when bottled and boxed for from \$4 to \$6 a dozen—equal to \$2 and \$3 a gallon—only cost to the merchant of Certe, when he buys of the producer in Languedoc, from 10 to 20 cents a gallon, or to the Bordeaux man, when he buys of the cultivators of the inferior parts of the Bordelais, from 20 to 40 cents; while California wines, which it was hoped would prove a means of cheap and plentiful supply, though costing no more at the places where they are grown, sell in the Atlantic cities even dearer than the French. At any such rates as these our yearly drinking would cost as much as ten cotton crops would pay! And so the question of wine-drinking in America resolves itself into the question of grape-growing in America.

Though the slow and unsatisfactory progress our grape cultivation has thus far made seems to answer this last in the negative, yet it must be considered that, owing to the rude changes of temperature in our climate, foreign vines have failed us, so that we have been forced to go into the forest, and, as it were, create our grape plants out of the raw material which savage nature affords; and it must also be considered that just at the time when our experiments seemed resulting in success there came out of the skies to blast our hopes the first and only disease ever sent upon the vine since it was planted on the slopes of Ararat; therefore patience!

The discoverers of the continent, wherever they touched the coast, or however far they explored the interior, found the grape growing. Gigantic vines clambered over cliffs of granite and ledges of limestone, bore down with their weight great trees of the primitive forest, festooned with beauty the borders of rivers and creeks, and, before European herds came to browse them away, ramped down to the very shores of the sea. A cargo of voyagers approaching the coast of North Carolina, while as yet more than a hundred miles off, were met, as they told, with a perfume of welcome so sweet and strong it enveloped and pervaded their ship as if she were sailing among gardens. It was the breath of vine-blossoms, borne on western breezes from that land of the grape. As long as the forest itself had stood it had been the home of the vine, whose generations produced and reproduced themselves within its shelter, waiting for man to come. Three families there were, known to botany as *Vitis labrusca*, *Vitis æstivilis*, and *Vitis vulpina*, otherwise named after the fox, the frost, and the bull. They were mostly hard, thick-skinned, and sour, for their energies were expended in reproduction, to the end that their species might be preserved through the many dangers that beset their wild condition. Yet from time to time they would fling off luscious varieties; seedlings of chance, though fulfilling design; fit for the use of man, yet needing the fostering of his hand, because fine and delicate, and perishing without it. And thus those wild originals of the vine will con-

tinue to do while the forest stands; for the rude changes of our climate destroy the tender plants brought from Europe, and a hardy stock is needed that is native to the soil. Seedlings of chance and foundlings of the woods are our Herbemont, Lenoir, and Norton's Virginia, members of the frost family; the Catawba, Concord, and Delaware, with many more, members of the fox family; and the Scuppermong and others, of the bull. These we know and have, and others we look and hope for. How many as good or better than they have perished in their bleak nursery for want of adoption none can guess.

But we have vines enough, and they are good enough to grow wine to satisfy the hemisphere, even though another variety should never be discovered. All needed is, that we know how to place and how to cultivate and preserve them; and richly furnished as is the board of our national feast, the drink that shall fill its now empty crystals will be worthy of it. The same conditions which produce good apples and peaches can produce good grapes. Diversity of soil and climate will give diversity of product; warm sunbeams, clear skies, and a dry atmosphere will insure sweetness and flavor in the fruit, and richness, body, and bouquet in the wine. In most of our varieties there is an excess of flavor to be tempered down by cultivation. Many of them are superabundant in sugar, while others yield a juice whose color is so deep that it too might be deemed excessive, if it were possible for wine to be too red. And if the musky flavor of the foxes is by many disliked, be it known that the important family of frost grapes, *Vitis æstivilis*, have none of it whatever, but only such delicate bouquet and savor as the most fastidious European taste may accept. With such materials we must be poor cultivators indeed if we fail soon to produce something better than what Europeans now send for our drinking, and in time something equal to what they keep for their own.

Though few or none of our grape-growers have yet planted in soils poor enough for growing fine wines, and though for various reasons the culture remains still in its infancy, there have already been some good results obtained. The ill-used and much-abused Catawba, whatever may be thought of it as a still wine, has, by virtue of its excess of tartaric acid, such an affinity, so to speak, for sugar, that if, while yet in the greenness of its first year, it is properly compounded with sugar and ice, a summer drink is made of unequalled excellence. A cobbler of new wine, grown in the valley of the Ohio, or Missouri, where the Catawba ripens almost to blackness, drunk when the dog-star rages, lingers in memory for life. The exile from his native land, whom summer heats overtake, will long for it even on the Rhine or Garonne, whose borders supply no drink to match it; nor can the sherbets of the Orient or cliquot frappé make him forget the cobbler that repaired his soul in the Western bar-room. For the same reason (its happy mode of combining with

sugar) sparkling Catawba, properly made and from choice selections of raw material, is fully equal to the average quality of the Champagne we import. The Scuppernong, too, put up in sparkling form, though in respect to acidity quite opposite to the other, can make as good a drink, to say the least, as Moselle. Delaware and Herbemont, the one for the South and the other for the North, have already proved themselves capable of great things, though every one may not yet know it. Finally, the Norton's Virginia seedling, even when grown on strong corn land, gives an abundant yield of wine that is pure to the taste, vinous, full-bodied, red as blood, yet clear as rock water, which none would require to be taught how to love. Let this only be produced in sufficient quantity, and it will be at once accepted as a substitute for all ordinary sorts of claret; while for such as shall be grown on fine soils an altogether higher destiny awaits: all which is written by one who is fully aware that American wines have been immeasurably overpraised.

But there are few persons outside of the Catawba districts that have ever tasted a genuine cobbler. The inequality in sparkling Catawba has discouraged its best friends. Of red Norton or sparkling Scuppernong little enough is known, and the same is true of Delaware and others, on which good judges who know them build great hopes. But why should we have only hope to drink? and when will something more liquid be poured into our glasses? It is a whole generation since vine-culture begun in the neighborhood of Cincinnati. Nearly every one of the plants just named was discovered more than twenty years ago; and yet down to the present time very little wine that is tolerable has been produced, and none that is cheap. None of it has yet made for itself a respectable market in the large cities outside of the neighborhoods where it is grown; and through the country generally American wine is but little known and poorly esteemed by habitual wine-drinkers. Very different from this was promised by the enthusiastic pioneers in grape-culture of thirty years ago. Alas, there is a lion in the path! There are two; one called "Mildew," and the other and lesser one "Black rot." Other impediments there have been, such as retard all new enterprises; but were it not for mildew, otherwise known as "oïdium" and black rot, otherwise known as "charbon," nothing had hindered the promises of 1840 being fulfilled before 1870.

Those who labored in the beginning dreamed little of the disasters in store for their beautiful enterprise; for of the two scourges just named one had not yet been let loose upon the earth, and the other they had never heard of. The vines earliest planted by Mr. Longworth and his co-laborers came rapidly into bearing, yielded abundantly, and were exceedingly profitable. The proclamations of success then made, and promises of great results, remind one who reads them now of reports often heard since then con-

cerning the Missouri, Lake Island, Lake Shore, Crooked Lake, and California grape districts. More than a thousand gallons of Catawba "must" to the acre were sometimes produced. Eight hundred gallon crops were common, and, all allowances being made for frost and other casualty, the result of the first six or eight years' experience showed that, with good cultivation, a yearly average of four hundred gallons to the acre could be counted upon. Success most brilliant seemed assured. The plain wine of the Catawba, a little too hard and sour to be loved at first tasting, was gladly received as being at least healthy, pure, and our own, and people set themselves to learn to admire it. But when it took the sparkling form, in bottles just like those of Champagne, popping, frothing, and prickling just like it, and often tasting quite as well, a truly patriotic sentiment was aroused in its favor. Orders came faster than they could be supplied. Gold medals and silver cups were showered in from exhibitions and fairs. The enthusiasm of the pioneers was met by a receptive enthusiasm full as high on the part of the people, and all got exhilarated with the wine that was promised in advance of its coming.

But a blight came upon our vines, and a mildew on our hopes. To-day the forty vineyards which Longworth planted are being cut up, root and branch. The large wine-house he built in Cincinnati is converted into an oil-refinery, and the half million of dollars he embarked in the undertaking has sunk and gives no account of itself. The great valley whose slopes he hoped to see adorned like those of many a river in the Old World—as fragrant at blossom-time, and as purple and joyous at vintage—has become, for the vine, a valley of desolation. When he died, in 1863, the doom of his hopes was sufficiently evident, though not as yet fully accomplished; but to the last he refused to despair, and it was well enough he should pass away without knowing how nearly had failed the great work of his life. Among his last words before losing consciousness was an inquiry if the writer of this had arrived: he wanted to tell him, he said, of a new vine he had found which would neither mildew nor rot. He never found it in this world.

About the time the progress of grape-growing was arrested in the district where it originated some new seedling plants were introduced which found favor with cultivators in the new vine districts that had been meanwhile developed in Missouri, in the islands and borders of Lake Erie, and the borders of Crooked Lake, in New York, and which, being new, had as yet escaped the calamity that overtook the older one. These plants were the Concord, Delaware, Diana, Ives' seedling, and Norton's Virginia seedling, and others of less note. In the new districts these remained healthy and produced well during several years, which was partly because they were new varieties, and partly because the plantations were young; for while its youthful vigor

lasts the vine will triumph over almost every disadvantage and danger. And for a good while even the Catawba flourished so well in those districts (excepting that of the Missouri) that it was largely retained in connection with the others. But the cultivators in the neighborhood of the Ohio were too discouraged to pay much attention to the new-comers until after their success in other places had established their value and sent their fame abroad. Then some of the more courageous were induced to believe in the invulnerability of the Concord and Ives, of which so much was heard, and planted a few vineyards of them among the very graves of defunct Catawbas.

The good success which, for a while, attended this new development created a fresh enthusiasm, under whose impulse grape-growing took a wide extension. Ohio statistics, the most reliable we have, show the "acreage" of vineyard in that State to have more than trebled in the five years following 1864. Crops which yielded at the press from 1000 to 1500 gallons of wine, worth within the year from \$2 to \$3 a gallon, or which when sold as fruit brought as good a return, quite turned people's heads. Land in vine neighborhoods mounted rapidly in value, as high sometimes as \$1000 an acre. Enormous prices were paid for rooted plants, when cuttings would have done better; and the plants, as soon as they came into bearing, were allowed to bear twice what they could ripen well or their permanent vigor endure. All fears of disaster were derided, and the sad fate of the cultivators of the Ohio Valley, when cited, was met with the theory that all the new vines were safe every where, and that even the Catawba was safe in the newer of the new districts—merely a pleasant theory of hope which abandoned the old to decay, but promised indestructible vigor and immortal life to the new.

But for all this the destroyer has found them out. The experience of the last two seasons, and especially of the very last, has proved that no vine, nor soil, nor situation can be accounted safe. By the Ohio statistics of 1868 it appears that, notwithstanding the large extent of new vineyard coming into bearing, the crop of that year fell off one-half. And though the report for the year 1869 is not yet made, it is well known that it was far more disastrous than the other, and that the ravages of mildew were such as, if continued, must effectually finish grape-growing in America. The destruction that visited the old vineyards was no swifter than what is now accomplishing the ruin of the new ones. Where the disease comes, it comes to stay; and it is blindness not to see that, with few exceptions, which no man can promise will continue to be so, the same calamity that happened to the Catawbas of the Ohio has happened, is happening, or will happen to all other vines in all other places—will happen unless a remedy be found.

The black rot is a carbonic deposit of intense black, which forms on the green surfaces of the

vine-stalk, its foliage, and fruit. It also appears on other kinds of fruit, and especially the apple, which has been of late years very seriously injured by it; the pippin suffering the most, it is said. On the grape, however, its ravages are the most serious. The causes which immediately act to bring on its attacks are rain, heavy dew, or fog abruptly followed by a warm sunshine, while the conditions which predispose to its attacks are want of drainage, or of ventilation, or both. It is of the nature of rust in wheat, and is likened to it by a writer who described it as afflicting the vines of Greece two thousand years ago; ever since which time it has haunted the Mediterranean shores, where it attacks grapes, apples, pears, olives, mulberries, and other fruit. They call it in France "charbon" and "black sickness." Now, nothing could be more inviting to this black evil than vines planted in the undrained stiff clay soil of the hills of the Ohio; and it is not strange that, in so warm and foggy a valley, it should make its appearance as soon as the newly-trenched soil had time to again compact itself, and the first vigor of young vines had become exhausted. But the black rot, though sufficiently troublesome, is still an endurable affliction. In the Mediterranean countries it has always existed, and though in very damp seasons it has been known to destroy a third of a crop of some varieties, it is there esteemed of small account when compared with the fell *oidium*, the only disease properly so called that has ever visited the grape, and which has been let loose upon the earth so inopportunately for us.

This *oidium* was first observed in the year 1846, when it appeared upon the vines of a hot grapery in Margate, England, having been bred there, as some suppose, by the unnatural fattening process common in such places, as hog cholera is thought to have been developed in swill-fed distillery pens. From the Margate hot-house it went forth to afflict the free vines of open-air culture with the penalty of a sin of which they themselves were innocent, and in four or five years had spread over all Europe, playing havoc every where, but proving most fatal in the warmer districts, and filling cultivators with dismay. It soon reached the island of Madeira, where it was so destructive that the vine culture was generally abandoned, the plants uprooted, and the ground devoted to raising food for the famine-stricken inhabitants. The same would have been done in the greater portion of the European districts, had not the discovery been made that powdered sulphur sprinkled dry upon the vines, by means of a bellows or dredge-box, if often and thoroughly enough done, would effectually cure the disease, by destroying in its early stages of growth the mushroom parasite whose presence constitutes it. It had early been proved that sulphur, scattered on the heating pipes, where it soon turns to vapor, was an effectual way to keep the disease out of hot-houses; but it needed a long while to demonstrate to the sat-

isfaction of the parties most concerned the efficacy of the same drug in the open air. To obtain general faith and acceptance for the remedy among the panic-stricken cultivators of France, the combined and persistent efforts of philanthropic gentlemen, agricultural societies, and governmental administration had to be continued during several years. Those efforts were, however, successful at last, and the vine was saved.

Though it is generally believed the oïdium originated as above, yet it may possibly be true that it was an old thing on this continent before ever heard of in Europe, and co-operated with black rot to ruin our early vineyards before the date when it is said to have come across the ocean. However this may be, we know that soon after it got abroad in Europe, the oïdium, or something essentially like it, was observed on the vines of this country; and though their tougher foliage and fruit helped them to resist it stubbornly and long, they have finally succumbed, every variety of them of any established value, and in every district of all our vine region, not excepting California. And whatever may be said to the contrary, the vine culture in America is at a point when the question before all others is, Who shall be master of the vineyard—the planter of it, or the invader that is there? Until this is decided it is mere waste and folly to lay out ground for new plantations, or hybridize for new varieties; and to promise flowing wine for the thirsty no better than mockery.

The Europeans cure their disease, can we cure ours? Strange to say, we have never yet seriously tried to do so. There have been partial trials and partial success, and sometimes supposed failures. But the methods and principles which science and practice have discovered and explained for the guidance of vine-growers in Europe were never promulgated here until the writer of this lately attempted to do so,* and of course could not be properly followed. The writer himself tested the efficacy of the sulphur-cure during the pestilential season of 1869, in an old and badly diseased vineyard of Catawbas in the Ohio Valley, and with the most complete success. This has encouraged him to write a small volume,† in which will be found the necessary practical instructions for applying sulphur to the cure of American vines. Since this little work is the only one of the kind accessible to American vine-growers, he makes no scruple of calling attention to it here for the benefit of whoever may be willing to co-operate in the salvation of the vine.

Black rot is not curable with sulphur, nor any thing else, it being a mode of decay, and not a disease. In certain situations and soils, and in wet seasons, and with varieties peculiarly susceptible to it, the black rot will be a bad vis-

itor. It may be in large measure prevented, however, by the methods used in France, which are good drainage and good circulation of air; so that if we can but conquer the oïdium, or mildew, there will remain nothing to frighten us from continuing the endeavor to draw a supply of wine from our native soil.

Thus the question of wine supply having, as has been seen, resolved itself into that of grape-growing, this last in its turn resolves itself into the question of the curability of the grape disease. Between the promoters of the cause of pure wine and the accomplishment of their aims nothing now stands but a small, a contemptibly little parasite mushroom, an erysephe, a cryptogam of the family of Mucedines. Look at it! To the naked eye it appears only as a white or whitish dust; but in a microscope this dust is perceived to consist of a multitude of fungi, slender and of club-like form, which sustain themselves upon a net-work of long, rambling roots covering the surface of the stalk, leaf, stem, or fruit. The roots soon throw downward little claws, which pierce the outer skin and grapple to it, the wounds thus given resulting in all the multiform mischief which the vine suffers from the presence of the parasite. The mushroom is at most the $\frac{1}{175}$ th part of an inch in height, and the $\frac{1}{2500}$ th part of an inch in thickness. Behold our enemy!

And if we can not kill this thing, then the merry industry founded by Noah and Bacchus, the promise of the fruit clusters from the land of promise, the blossoming in June and the purpling in August, the joyous vintage, the ruddy press-floor and the bubbling vat, the miracle of Cana and parable of the vine, the poetry, imagery, and song, and all that comes to us from afar telling of wine—wine the restorer—wine the sustainer—wine the enlivener—are made foreign and remote to the generations of this continent forever by the interposition of a microscopic stool of an infinitesimal toad!

FAREWELL TO MAY.

Among the falling apple flowers
The mated robins sing;
The hyacinths are fading fast—
It is the last of Spring;
Its sweet, last day! "Oh, why,
Fair maiden May," we sigh,
"Wilt thou not linger?" Hush! for June
Delays until she goes;
And we must see the violets fade
Before we pluck a rose.

'Tis only losing we can win,
And giving we can take;
Our pleasures, tarrying too long,
Our sorest trials make.
The hearts that grieve to lose thee, May,
Would sorrow more to have thee stay.
Farewell, farewell, then, gentle Spring!
Our blessing with thee goes;
Above the withering violets
We see the opening rose!

* In "Three Seasons in European Vineyards." Harper and Brothers. 1869.

† "Handbook of the Sulphur-Cure." Harper and Brothers. 1870.

THE STORY OF SIX WEEKS.

I HAD lived my life of twenty years in the cathedral town of which my father, Doctor Dennet—Doctor of Music—was the renowned organist: lived it quietly and uneventfully, when a change came that wrested my girlhood from me, and made me what I am now—a woman of the world.

My father was not only a renowned organist, but he was a very justly celebrated teacher of music, and an author of considerable repute. The subjects on which he chiefly exercised his pen were connected with the science of the art he loved so well. His treatise on thorough bass and his essay on harmony marked an epoch in the musical literature of our country; consequently his position socially was very superior to that which was ordinarily held by organists, however proficient, thirty years ago.

Doctor Dennet being what he was, I, his only daughter, was early imbued with a great loving admiration for the literary part of his profession—an admiration that roused the spirit of emulation which is inherent in every feminine breast, and made me, too, long to make something or somebody “famous by my pen.”

Though we were living a hundred miles from London, which was then, as now, the great centre of literary and artistic life and activity, still we were held to be within reach by many of those who were giants in those days. As a curly-headed, starry-eyed little child, I was accustomed to be patted on the head by the men whose names were familiar as household words to the great masses of the cultivated British public. And as a young girl I was suffered, even encouraged, to throw myself into all the intellectual discussions which took place at our house with interest and avidity.

The scribbling *dementia* seized me at a very early age. But my crude and immature efforts were wisely condemned to the flames by my father, who spared no pains in cultivating my taste and widening my understanding. I was a voracious and insatiable reader, and the limits he set to my range were so wide that I never transgressed them: a course I recommend to every parent who values the integrity equally with the intellect of his child. The result of his method with me was that when, at twenty, a tale in one volume of mine was published, it was received with a consideration by the critics that *he*, the most valued of them all, avowed to be no greater than its merits deserved.

I was a very happy girl when I first felt myself authorized to write my imaginative ideas and make them public. Here, I thought, was a fathomless well of delight—a never-ending panorama of bliss stretched around me on all sides. “Whatever comes,” I told myself, “I shall always have this to turn to for comfort.” And this was very remunerative too; for, girl as I was, I had touched a chord in people that thrilled most responsively.

About this time a friend of mine, some five

years older than myself, who was suffering greatly in body and mind, was ordered to a quiet West-of-England watering-place by her medical attendant. She was that most miserable of all women, a deserted, unloved wife; and about the time of which I write she had been compelled by her own family to institute legal proceedings against her husband with a view to obtaining a divorce. He had openly left her, and another woman was living with him as his wife; therefore my poor, unhappy friend, Mrs. Bellamy, had a strong case to go into court with, and naturally won it.

We reached Dawlish the last day of July, and took up our abode in quarters that had been secured for us in a whitewashed cottage-villa that stood some way back from the sea, on the bank of that trickling “Dawlish-water” which so exquisitely divides the two portions of one of the prettiest places on the coast of Devon. And here, the following day, we quite settled down comfortably to our several occupations in our respective sitting-rooms; for my father had counseled me never to give up the boon of many hours’ solitude every day, for reading and writing purposes, while I could secure it.

Behold us, then, as we were in those days at the commencement of the six weeks whose story I am about to tell. Flora Bellamy lying on the sofa, with a newspaper in her hand (she could not concentrate her attention on any thing of a less ephemeral nature), in a loose white wrapper trimmed with ribbons as blue as her eyes; a sweet, pale, Madonna-faced woman, with soft, shining bands of nut-brown hair brought low on her forehead; with a form that was meant by nature to be rounded and generously full, but that was now attenuated by anxiety and suspense; a woman with a voice like a silver bell, and with a manner that was full of little subtle flatteries and caresses to those about her. Altogether a decided contrast to myself. I had inherited from my mother, who died when I was a child, and who had been married and idolized for her almost Cleopatra-like beauty, a fiery ardor of purpose, which expressed itself in my physique. Though not above the middle height, I always gave people the impression that I was tall, in consequence of the way I had of holding myself very erect, and keeping my head rather thrown back. The bronze-brown hair, that had been curly when I was a child, was only wavy now; but it was long and luxuriant, and I wore it rolled in soft coils round my head in a way that was unusual then, when leech-like curls, or braids brought down low on the cheek in a line subversive of all beauty, were the fashions that obtained. My face was a small oval, and I had a clear, glowing, almost olive complexion, that gave me a southern look, which was intensified by eyes of so dark a violet that they were often mistaken for black.

I was very busy in my own room the morning after our arrival at Dawlish, when I heard Flora’s voice feebly calling me by name: “Frances, Frances, here’s a surprise!” I went in to her

at once, and she handed the *Dawlish Gazette* to me. "Look among the arrivals at the Royal Hotel," she said, "and you will see the names of Mr. and Mrs. Winstanley, from the Isle of Wight. They're my uncle and aunt."

"I suppose you are glad," I said, half discontentedly. "For my part, I'm sorry; they'll break up our quiet."

She smiled at my impatience. "When they know what your employments are they won't disturb them," she said. Then she went on, sadly: "Poor things; ours will be a miserable meeting, for it was at their house I met Captain Bellamy, and from their house that I married him. We haven't met since my misfortunes." Then she shed a few tears, and I kissed her, and pitied her, and went back to my story in hand, to pen a sentence eloquent in its indignation against man's heartlessness. Unconsciously I was working some of the facts of my friend's case, or, rather, some of the fancies I had about it, into fiction.

My name was becoming known as a contributor to one or two of the leading periodicals of that day; and when I went in to luncheon I was in high spirits, for I had just finished and posted a story into which I had thrown all my young nerve and vigor. "How happy it makes you, Frances," Flora said, half enviously; "you will always be able to shake off trouble, even if it comes upon you. What puzzles me is, how you can write love-stories when you have had no love experiences; at least, I don't know of your having had any: have you?"

"None," I said, shaking my head, and laughing and blushing at having to make a confession of being unwooed as well as unwon.

"I suppose, as you have finished your tale of bricks for the day, you won't mind going with me to call on the Winstanleys this afternoon, will you, dear?"

"I shall be delighted," I said; and accordingly we went.

The meeting between the uncle and aunt and their poor deserted young niece was a heart-rending one. They were old people; and great grief, when expressed by old people whose feelings ought not to be harrowed up, is a very sad thing to witness. They evidently loved her as a daughter, and smarted, as parents might, at the slights and injuries she had received. I left them alone after a short time, and went out for a walk on the sands by myself. Lured on now by a piece of sea-weed, now by a crested wave, now by a swooping gull, and generally by the extreme beauty of the day and scenery, I found myself at length close to Teignmouth, and very tired. Taking out my watch I found that I could not possibly get back to Dawlish by our dinner-hour, seven o'clock; and being hungry, and accustomed to act for myself, I went into a pastry-cook's, on the Dea, and ordered a plate of cold chicken and ham and a glass of wine.

While I was eating it, and laughing to myself over the unorthodox nature of my repast

and the state of consternation that Flora would be in, a gentleman sauntered into the shop and called for sherry and soda-water. Yes; He has come on the stage at last. In the story of *Six Weeks* it was inevitable that "He" must appear sooner or later.

He was a young, handsome, fair man—bronzed, apparently, by a foreign climate, but with crispy, blonde hair and large, light blue eyes. He was fashionably dressed in a morning costume, and struck me altogether as being better style than any one else I had seen down here. I knew that both Dawlish and Teignmouth were full of visitors, and adjudged him at once to be one of these latter, and not a son of the soil.

Presently I had to pay for my refreshment, cease from my speculations respecting him, and start on my homeward walk. I caught a glimpse of myself in a large pier-glass as I walked out of the shop, and I blushed a gratified blush at perceiving how very pretty I was looking. Aspiring authoress as I was I was always quite alive to the claims of the toilet, and to-day my brown holland dress and jacket, thickly braided with white, and my little cavalier hat and feather, were particularly becoming to me. (N.B.—I was very much given in those days to making myself the ground-work, as it were, of every heroine, until my readers must have been rather tired of my bronze-brown hair and vivacious expression.) That parting glance sent me out on my homeward walk with a brighter red in my cheeks, and a quicker throb at my heart, and a greater spirit of conjecture rife in me as to whether that man had thought as well of me as I had thought of him.

Glancing back once as I was pausing to look at the gallant "white horses" that were coming rolling in, I saw that he was behind me, walking along leisurely, oblivious of me in a well-bred manner, as if we had been in Regent Street.

He passed me presently, walking with a slinging stride that showed off his fine athletic figure admirably. I began to wonder about him. Who and what was he? Had he a wife, or a love, or was he fancy-free yet? What had brought him to Dawlish? for he looked in perfect health—very far from needing the restoratives of sea-air. Above all, was I seeing the last of him now as he turned the corner of that jutting rock and passed out of sight?

It was nearly half past eight when I reached home, and Flora was, as I had anticipated, in despair. "I made sure you had got on that sea-wall and fallen into the water. Never do it, Frances. I have been in an agony, and have begun a hundred letters to your father in imagination, telling him of your accident." Then she forgave me, and I told her "my adventure," as I termed it already.

I noticed that the interest she took in my recital was of a very flaccid order, and when I had concluded she explained why it was so by saying:

"I have hardly heard a word, dear; I have been thinking so much about the Winstanleys."

"Are those old people alone?" I asked.

"No; their son is with them for six weeks. Such a dear fellow he is, or used to be, when I knew him. He's a clerk in the Treasury."

"Did you see him to-day after I left?"

"No; he was out." Then she leaned back and closed her eyes, and appeared to go to sleep; and I quietly went off to read for a couple of hours.

I was engaged at that time in a course of reading which interested me deeply, namely, the biographies and principal works of the dramatists of the seventeenth century, with a view to writing a series of essays on them. I meant this to be my next literary work, and was bending my mind very earnestly to the task that was really a labor of love for me; and so my "two hours" prolonged themselves far into the night. When I rose up at last, wearied and heated, to go to bed, I opened the window and leaned out for a minute or two to refresh myself, and there, just opposite to our house, smoking a cigar, and apparently watching Dawlish-water as it trickled by, was the gentleman I had seen that afternoon.

The natural frivolous, girlish thought that came into my mind at once was: "He noticed me more than I thought; he has been watching me while I have been reading." In another moment I had softly closed the window, drawn the curtains, and crept up to bed.

The next day I was introduced to him as Mr. Augustus Winstanley, and the romance of my life began.

It came to pass that he was with us a great deal, for he was Flora's first-cousin, and so no difficulties intervened in the way of our meeting. He had that gentle, deferential manner which is so winning to women; and he contrasted vividly with the men I had known previously, who had been men of learning and of letters, and not men of fashion. My fever of first love was soon at its height. Frequently he was my sole companion, for Flora was too weak to sit out upon the sands for hours as we did; and then I would be steeped in a delicious stupor, from which I would rouse myself with a start to remember that I was passing another idle day, and that my knowledge of the dramatists of the seventeenth century was not deepening. I could not concentrate my thoughts or attention on any thing but him. My books and my pen were alike neglected. I felt that all my former pictures of love had been empty and expressionless, no more like the real thing than I was like my former self. I arose from dreams of him to long to see him so fervently that I could not eat my breakfast. I was wildly impatient for my morning walk, that we might meet him; that I might hear the sound of his voice, and feel the touch of his hand for one moment. When Flora would say, "Frances bears the interruptions that I have brought upon her so much better than I thought she would, Gus," I used to feel my face burn with the thought that he was reading my feelings,

and knew the reason *why* I bore them so well, and appreciated it. In vain I struggled against the infatuation. It grew upon me; and when at the end of a fortnight he was called to town for a few days, the world seemed to have grown suddenly dark.

Even during these few days of his absence I could not resume the avocations in which I had but the other day delighted. I gauged all things by his taste now, and with all his delicate attentions to me he had never shown any interest in my literary efforts. Indeed the night before he left, when we had all been down on the beach together, he had taken my hand that was covered with sand and sea-weed, and said: "I would rather see this bit of a hand in this state than with one spot of ink on it."

"But I never ink my fingers," I had expostulated.

"Don't you? I thought authoresses always did; inked their fingers and wore dowdy dresses, and were generally regardless of their personal appearance," he said, laughingly.

"Ah, vanity is not extinct in me," I said, gayly; but gayly as I spoke I felt a pang that he should, even jestingly, suppose that I should grow dowdy and unattractive.

It was of no use! I could not write or read, or *think* of any thing save him. His absence gave me no more time than had been my portion while he was at Dawlish. That unruly palpitation of the heart which made life seem one throb to me now effectually prevented my "inking my fingers" or doing any thing else that involved mental labor. In vain my father wrote to me and besought me to "report progress." In vain he and other old friends of mine sent me tempting packages of books fresh from the binder's band. I could only think of my love, and as I could neither read nor write of it, I would not read nor write of aught else.

What chivalric, feminine, feeble plans I made in those days to be sure! I was going to work in secret (when I could command time and my own feelings) until I made myself famous, and then I was going (figuratively) to lay that fame at his feet. I resolved to deck myself in the brightest and most attractive garbs of the period—not out of vanity, but out of my intense feminine desire to appear fair in his eyes. He was not a rich man—he had told me this in the course of conversation about nothing particular on more than one occasion himself; I would work for him! "He was in no haste to marry," I had heard his mother say; I would wait for him. Meanwhile I dreamed and idled away my time, and became captious in my demeanor toward Flora.

"You're a little humbug, like the majority of girls, after all, Frances," she would say to me. "You profess to be earnest and busy and absorbed in your books and literary pursuits when you're with people with whom such professions take, but directly you get away from them you're as absolutely idle as mindless me;

much you have got up about the dramatists of the seventeenth century since you have been here, for instance!"

"I must have time to digest what I have read before I begin writing about it—even you will allow that," I retorted.

"The process of digestion is a rather long one," she said, dryly. "However, all I can hope is that your fit of masterly inactivity will last—it gives me more of your companionship."

The day after this conversation he came back to Dawlish, and the old habits were resumed. Flora seemed to me to give way daily more and more to the languor under which she was laboring, and Mr. Winstanley and I were thus thrown more and more together without the saving presence of a third.

"How much longer are you going to remain at Dawlish?" he asked me one evening when he had persuaded me to step out through the French window of Mrs. Bellamy's sitting-room and walk up and down in front of the house, while Flora tried to recruit her strength by a sleep on the sofa.

"How much longer? Oh, three weeks I believe," I said.

He paused, and, by the light of the moon, made an entry in his note-book. Then he laughed and rejoined me, and I asked him what he was taking notes about.

"Before you leave Dawlish I am going to take a most important step—the most important a man can take, I think," he replied. And then he offered me his arm, and as I laid my hand upon it he said:

"I registered a vow to take this step under the purest light that can shine upon the world; that ought to be a good omen, ought it not? Tell me, you little romancist?"

I trembled in every limb, but I steadied my tongue to say,

"I think so;" and soon after that, with my heart full of happiness, we went in to tea, and by-and-by Flora roused herself and sang to us, and I sat in the shade of the window curtains and thought how I loved him! how I loved him! and how worthless every thing else in the world was compared to that love.

The next day my father sent me a copy of a new work by a lady who justly ranked highly in the literary world. We all read the book with interest, and it pained and surprised me to hear him presently speak of it with an expression of strong distaste.

"Thank the Lord she isn't my wife!" he said.

"Would you not be proud? Oh, you *would* be proud of her!" I ejaculated, impetuously, while Flora laughed.

"Not a bit of it. I'm of the opinion of the old fellow in 'The Last of the Barons,' who says it's enough for a gentlewoman to know how 'to spin and be virtuous.' You say this book has been 'well received.' Heavens and earth! I should go mad to read even favorable remarks made by cads of the press about my wife; such 'fame' would be infamy to me."

He spoke very strongly and earnestly, and I abjured literature at once. The following day I wrote and told my father that, "on further consideration, I did not deem myself competent to undertake the task of critically reviewing the lives and writings of the dramatists of the seventeenth century;" and then I went on to add, in a very priggish way, that "I thought a woman should never strive to shine out of her own domestic sphere." My cheeks burned as I reflected on what would probably be my father's facial and verbal expression as he read this twaddle; but they paled directly afterward with the delicious pallor of love as I thought of how perfectly and entirely Mr. Winstanley would agree with my sentiments.

I could fill three volumes easily with a history of the thoughts and emotions that went to the making up of the sum of the days of the remaining three weeks. But I find it difficult to indicate, much less to fully express them, within the limits of a short story in one chapter. Probably that I am restricted to these limits is a boon and a blessing to my readers, to whom the subtle analysis of a young girl's heart might not be an attractive thing. However that be, the onus is upon me of doing the best I can for and with my materials and the space they may occupy.

Dawlish-water! Dawlish-water! how many silent vows you must have felt me utter as I strolled along your brink, in a state of intellectual coma, in the soft, warm evening air! I was going to be such a wife, such a household treasure, and domestic goddess! I was going to sacrifice myself in every way. Had I not already offered up my schemes of ambition on the altar of his high-minded and refined (?) prejudices? What a fool I was! But still, "for a' that and a' that," I would rather my daughter should develop into such another confiding fool than that she should grow up a prudent, calculating girl, distrusting every thing save expediency.

My heart thrilled as it took in and appreciated the perfect approbation with which the old Winstanleys regarded our intimacy. I could not be blind to their palpable observance of all that was going on. They joked me delicately and mildly about the hardship it would be to "Gus," as they all called him, to return to his official duties. They bade me arrange our little daily schemes of pleasure with him. They presupposed my interest in all that concerned him—in the property that would be his, the family connections, the prospects of promotion. In short, they identified me with him completely. And still Flora made no sign of seeing any thing or suspecting any thing. I lived a lifetime in those few weeks. He revolutionized all my ideas, and reorganized them, without seeming to trouble himself much. He taught me to think lightly of those I had hitherto revered or admired: taught me to think lightly of them, not by abusing them, or even laughing at them, but simply by letting me understand that he had

never heard of them; that they were not in his world; that they were outside and utterly beyond the pale of his sympathies. "Where do those fellows put themselves?" he would ask, in accents of most sublime indifference. "They never go any where. I don't meet them." When he would say that, I, weak woman that I was, would blush for my former friends—for the men who could not pervade the pitiful haunts of fashion, not for Mr. Winstanley.

How did he obtain this influence over me? I was infinitely cleverer than he was; and I knew, at the time that I was most abject to him, that I was the cleverer of the two. And yet, for all this knowledge, he had the power over me of putting me down or lifting me up just as he listed. I loved him, and believed that he would make me happy by-and-by when I should be wholly his, though he did not make me happy now. Fond, futile, foolish belief, born of that besotted credulity which submerges the intellect of the cleverest woman when once Love saps her strength!

I think one of his charms to me was his invincible good temper. Nothing fretted him. He was never peevish and irritable about trifles; and there was a great charm to me in this, for I had frequently winced under a sense of incongruity when I had witnessed a fit of petulance in some man whose strength on some given subject was as the strength of ten. Gus Winstanley's good temper was proverbial. Inferiors, servants, satellites of all kinds adored him. He had the winning word and the winning way. Little children worshiped him, and pestered him with their little attentions; and it seemed to me so grand a thing on his part to be so condescending that I followed the example of the little children as far as worshiping him too went.

One night—the night before his six weeks' leave of absence from the Treasury expired—he came in just as we were about to sit down to dinner, with some message from his mother—some message which involved the necessity of Flora going over to her aunt and giving a verbal reply. Mrs. Bellamy made a little face, expressive of dissatisfaction at this necessity; but at last gave way to it affably, saying that if he would stay and dine with us, and escort her to his mother afterward, she would go without a murmur. And when he agreed, she said: "And while I am with aunt, you must come back and take care of Frances, Gus." And as he acquiesced in this arrangement, I felt that my fate would be sealed that night.

What a dinner that was! The viands and wine were food and nectar fit for the gods, I felt. It came to an end at last—not a bit too soon for me, though, for I was longing for Flora to go away, and for her cousin to come back and tell me the story of his love. I had a strong presentiment that I should hear it that night; and I did hear it.

They made a charming picture when they stood in the lamp-lighted room just for a mo-

ment previous to going away. Flora had thrown a black lace mantilla over her head, and her fair beauty shone out from its folds like a rose. He stood by her trying to help her adjust it. Such a fine, stalwart, splendid-looking young Englishman! My heart beat with pride as I looked at him, and I felt how inferior all the literary triumphs I had once hoped to gain were to the hope I now had that he was going to crown me with the avowal of his love.

I watched them from the window as they went away from the house—Flora, with her always faltering steps, resting and steadying herself on his arm. "She will be *my* cousin soon," I thought, affectionately; and I was glad that she was so lovely, in order that I might feel that he had deemed my charms superior to hers; for was she not free to be chosen and wooed now?

He came back in about twenty minutes, looking agitated, and he joined me at the window at once. "Tell my fortune by the stars," he said, abruptly; "tell me; shall I be fortunate in all I am going to seek to-night? I should like you to be the sibyl to prophesy good fortune for me."

"If I were you I should have no doubt, no fear, no misgiving," I said, trying to laugh as I looked up at the shining worlds above us, and pretended to humor his fancy. Then I turned away and seated myself at a little distance, for he was nothing to me yet, while to my heart he was every thing.

"Sing to me, will you, Miss Dennet? sing that 'Message' of Blumenthal's, or the 'Beloved Eye, beloved Star,' that I heard you singing like an angel the other night," he said, following me, and compelling me to meet his eyes.

"It was Flora you heard singing that," I stammered. "Don't make me sing, Mr. Winstanley; don't ask me to sing," I went on pleading.

"Then talk to me!" he exclaimed. "For God's sake don't let me stand still and think!"

Startled and frightened by I knew not what, with all my faculties strung up to the uttermost by hope and love and expectation, and yet with a dull, deadening possibility of despair and disappointment hanging over me, I still strove to obey him. I tried to talk, but I could not. My mind and my tongue both refused to act; and at length both of us went to the window again, and stood there looking out, steeped in silence.

Was he mad? Was I a fool? Had he played with me? Had I deceived myself? I asked myself these and a hundred other kindred questions as I stood there during the awful ten minutes that ensued. Then he spoke. "Have I been here with you half an hour, Miss Dennet?" he asked, quickly.

I shook my head.

"Heaven be merciful, how the time lags!" he muttered. "I have permission to go for her to hear my sentence in half an hour from

the time of my coming back here." Then he commenced walking up and down the room, and I stood still in dumb despair.

Presently he came up to me.

"You have always been my friend; always aided me in seeing her, for of course you saw—"

I interrupted him with an ejaculation: "Oh, Mr. Winstanley, don't say I have done any thing—*please don't!*"

"You have only done what all good women do at some time in their lives," he said, looking impatiently down in the direction where his mother lived. "You have helped on a true love affair; I can't stand this any longer." Then he seized his hat and rushed out of the house, and I was left alone to ponder over his words, and to make what I could out of them and his actions.

What true love affair? Whose true love affair had I "helped on." My own? No, not my own, not my own! I realized this in a momentary burst of such agony as I can never feel again; because, you see, *this* was the waking from my first, my freshest love-dream. Then I sat down in a deep lethargy of pain, to wait for what would come next; and to remember how shamefully, how vainly, I had wasted my precious hours of youth and health and strength at Dawlish.

I will finish the story; I will tell out the tale of my disappointment and mistake, and their mutual love and happiness. They came back by-and-by. His mother—her aunt—had not added her solicitations to her son's in vain. They came back together, happy, betrothed, to tell me that he had loved Flora before she became Mrs. Bellamy, and that her divorce had been the signal for him to attempt to rehabilitate his happiness. She had had scruples for a long time. Especially had she deemed it probable that her aunt would not approve of such a marriage for her son. But the aunt had banished all these scruples during that long interview they two had had this night. And they were engaged, and very happy now.

He went back to town the next day, radiant, better tempered, and more agreeable than ever. I staid with Flora till her health was quite restored, and then I went back to my home.

It was a long time before I took an interest in any of my old pursuits. The ghost of that feverishly happy time at Dawlish would rise up and mock me so cruelly. But our best friend Time has brought me to feel that I may do some good in my generation still, though it will not be as a wife; which is a conclusion I should have deemed it a very sad thing to come to before those six weeks at Dawlish.

BORDER REMINISCENCES.

By RANDOLPH B. MARCY, U.S.A.

XVII.—STORY OF MRS. L.—'S CAPTURE AND ESCAPE.

THE verity of the somewhat paradoxical adage that "truth is sometimes stranger than fiction," was never more strikingly presented to my mind than upon an occasion when listening to a detailed account of the capture by the Comanches of a woman upon the Texas border, and the unparalleled achievements, sufferings, and fortitude connected with her captivity and her subsequent escape therefrom.

In order that the reader may get a full understanding and appreciation of the facts as they occurred, a few explanatory observations upon the peculiar features of the country where the scenes were enacted, and the character of its population, seem indispensable.

Before the inhabitants of Texas surrendered the sovereignty of their republic, by contributing their rising "lone star" emblem to swell and emblazon the constellation of the glorious Union galaxy, and, indeed, for many years previous to the achievement of their independence from Mexican rule, they were continually subjected to the merciless and bloody incursions of those barbarous freebooters of the plains, the Comanches and Kiowas, who have to this day kept up their outrages upon the border occupants of that State, in absolute defiance of all the efforts of our government to prevent them.

They have repeatedly been informed by our

authorities that Texas has become incorporated into the Union, that we are now one and the same nation, and that they would not be allowed to make any discrimination between the people of the two sections. Yet they do not seem to comprehend the existing relations, and the antagonistic attitude assumed by Texas toward the United States during the rebellion, which the Indians were perfectly cognizant of, only served to confirm their previous impressions, that there was no real national unity established between us.

These nomads range over a vast extent of country about the waters of the Arkansas and Red rivers, hundreds of miles removed from all white settlements; and in this unfrequented district they leave their women and children while absent upon protracted raids into Texas and Mexico.

In the execution of their atrocious ravages they are always well mounted, and pass stealthily along outside of the populated sections of the country, until they learn from their scouts when a favorable opportunity offers for the accomplishment of their purposes, when, like tigers pouncing upon their prey, they swoop in upon their unwary victims, murdering and scalping the men, and making captive the women and children, whom with their booty they carry hurriedly away to their distant haunts, where it is impossible to track or pursue them.

The chronicles of the wars between the early colonists of New England and the aborigines abound in thrilling narrations of heroic deeds and sufferings, of miraculous escapes from torture and the stake, as well as of the marvelous fortitude and courage evinced upon many occasions by the women of that eventful era; but I have yet to learn any thing, either from history or romance, that impressed me as being more remarkable or more deserving of commendation than the signal exploit of mental and physical valor and endurance which I am about to relate, and which can substantially be vouched for by several creditable living witnesses.

Beyond the extreme outer line of settlements in Western Texas, near the head waters of the Colorado River, and in one of the remotest and most sequestered sections of that sparsely populated district, there lived, in 1867, an enterprising pioneer by the name of Babb, whose besetting propensity and ambition consisted in pushing his fortunes a little further toward the setting sun than any of his neighbors, the nearest of whom, at the time specified, was some fifteen miles in his rear.

This proximity did not afford him quite as much "elbow-room" as he would have desired, for he was decidedly averse to human attrition, and the jostling consequent upon closely packed communities; but he was a kind and indulgent husband, and cheerfully snuffered this little inconvenience for the gratification of his better half, who was rather more fond of society than himself, and objected to going any farther away from the settlements.

The household of the borderer consisted of his wife, three small children, and a female friend by the name of L——, who, having previously lost her husband, was passing the summer with the family.

As this woman is the heroine of our narrative, and performed a conspicuous rôle in the exciting scenes I shall attempt to depict, a brief description of her person and characteristics seems to be apropos in this connection.

She is represented as having been, at the period alluded to, about twenty-five years of age, with an erect and somewhat commanding presence, but possessing eminently a graceful feminine person of rather less than medium proportions; yet she was no delicate, ethereal, hot-house exotic, who required constant shelter and protection from every unusual atmospheric asperity. On the contrary, she was a veritable type of our vigorous, self-reliant, border women, who encounter danger or the vicissitudes of weather without quailing.

Born and nurtured upon the remotest frontier, she inherited a robust constitution, and her active life in the exhilarating prairie air served to develop and mature into perfect symmetry and beauty a healthy womanly physique, which is rarely met with in the impure and enervating atmosphere of the cities.

The contour of her naturally graceful figure had not been squeezed and warped by those in-

struments of torture called corsets, into an outline entirely at variance with the inimitable model designed by the Almighty in his own perfect image; neither had she sacrificed her natural hair to the feverish, steaming ordeal of attaching to the back of her head a fish-net, stuffed out with a huge coil of flax or defunct hair cable. She was no slave to such senseless and disgusting mandates of fashion, and suffered her long glossy locks to hang in massive waving curls all over her shoulders.

Her features were regular and classic, and the glances from her jet-black eyes, surmounted by exquisitely penciled brows, were, when she was excited, as vivid and piercing as the dazzling scintillations from calcium lights.

Her complexion did not carry that pallid, sickly hue so characteristic of city women; neither had she been inducted into the mysteries of rouge, cosmetics, or other appliances of the toilet; for her cheeks required no such artificial adornment. By constant impact with the salubrious prairie breezes they had become tinged with a shade of rich brown, and when under the influence of excitement or exercise, the rapid pulsations of crimson pigment, which flashed from her heart beneath her transparent skin, rendered her complexion more beautiful than any thing within the power of art.

Her costume was designed and made for comfort and use, without regard to the arbitrary dictates of fashion. There were no elaborate puckered frills, flounces, furbelows, or dromedary-like humps to load down or deform her person; nor was the crown of her head surmounted by a Tyrolean doll's hat; yet the *toute-ensemble* of her limited wardrobe was comely and appropriate.

Besides her other personal attractions she is said to have possessed a large element of vivacious, social *bonhomie*—a spontaneous Di Vernon-like abandon, which attracted and fascinated all who came within the sphere of its influence.

She probably seldom, if ever, during the entire course of her life, rode in a carriage; and the only means of locomotion familiar to her, aside from that bestowed upon her by the Creator, was upon horseback.

At an early age she had been taught to ride, and in after-life it had been one of her chief sources of pleasure to mount her horse in the cool of the morning, and gallop away for miles over the verdure-clad expanse of the plains, where the spicy aroma from an ocean of fragrant flowers saturated the entire atmosphere with a pungent and exhilarating perfume, and where her free, independent, and fearless nature had ample scope.

In the saddle she felt perfectly self-confident; and while dashing at full speed over the gentle undulations of the prairie upon her favorite horse, her long locks streaming in unconfined luxuriance in the breeze, and her lithe, supple person yielding in centaur-like unison with every movement, pulsation, and breath of the

generous animal that shared her enthusiasm, she presented an equestrian model of bewitching beauty and grace.

The cares, perplexities, and luxuries of civilized society were unknown to her, yet she was contented and happy; and here she would probably have passed the remainder of her days had nothing occurred to break in upon the monotony of her career.

But, alas! like the capricious mutations of all other human calculations, the current of her peaceful and innocent avocations and pastimes was destined soon to encounter a most abrupt and unforeseen interruption, the details of which will constitute the burden of the following narrative, which was related to me by the agent of the very Indians concerned, and may therefore be relied upon for truth and accuracy.

Upon one bright and lovely morning in June, 1867, the adventurous borderer before mentioned set out from his home with some cattle for a distant market, leaving his family in possession of the ranch, without any male protectors from Indian marauders.

They did not, however, entertain any serious apprehensions of molestation in his absence, as no hostile Indians had as yet made their appearance in that particular locality; and every thing passed on quietly for several days, until one morning, while the women were busily occupied with their domestic affairs in the house, the two oldest children, who were playing outside, called to their mother, and informed her that some mounted men were approaching from the prairie. On looking out she perceived, to her astonishment, that they were Indians coming upon the gallop, and already very near the house. This gave her no time to make arrangements for defense; but she screamed to the children to run in for their lives, as she desired to bar the door, being conscious of the fact that the prairie warriors seldom attack a house that is closed, fearing, doubtless, that it may be occupied by armed men, who might give them an unwelcome reception.

The children did not, however, obey the command of their mother, believing the strangers to be white men, and the door was left open. As soon as the alarm was given Mrs. L—— sprang up a ladder into the loft, and concealed herself in such a position that she could, through cracks in the floor, see all that passed beneath.

Meantime the savages came up, seized and bound the two children outdoors, and entering the house, rushed toward the young child, which the terror-stricken mother struggled frantically to rescue from their clutches; but they were too much for her, and tearing the infant from her arms, they dashed it upon the floor; then seizing her by the hair, they wrenched back her head and cut her throat from ear to ear, putting her to death instantaneously.

Mrs. L——, who was anxiously watching their proceedings from the loft, witnessed the fiendish tragedy, and uttered an involuntary shriek

of horror, which disclosed her hiding-place to the barbarians, and they instantly vaulted up the ladder; overpowered and tied her; then dragging her rudely down, they placed her, with the two elder children, upon horses, and hurriedly set off to the north, leaving the infant child unharmed, and clasping the mangled corpse of its murdered parent.

In accordance with their usual practice, they traveled as rapidly as their horses could carry them for several consecutive days and nights, only making occasional short halts to graze and rest their animals, and get a little sleep themselves, so that the unfortunate captives necessarily suffered indescribable torture from harsh treatment, fatigue, and want of sleep and food. Yet they were forced by the savages to continue on day after day and night after night for many, many weary miles toward the "Staked Plain," crossing *en route* the Brazos, Wachita, Red, Canadian, and Arkansas rivers, several of which were at swimming stages.

The warriors guarded their captives very closely until they had gone so great a distance from the settlements that they imagined it impossible for them to make their escape and find their way home, when they relaxed their vigilance slightly, and they were permitted to walk about a little within short limits from the bivouacs; but they were given to understand by unmistakable pantomime that death would be the certain penalty of the first attempt to escape.

In spite of this, Mrs. L——, who possessed a firmness of purpose truly heroic, resolved to seize the first favorable opportunity to get away; and with this resolution in view, she carefully observed the relative speed and powers of endurance of the different horses in the party, and noted the manner in which they were grazed, guarded, and caught; and upon a dark night, after a long, fatiguing day's ride, and while the Indians were sleeping soundly, she noiselessly and cautiously crawled away from the bed of her young companions, who were also buried in profound slumber, and going to the pasture-ground of the horses, selected the best, leaped upon his back, *à la garçon*, with only a lariat around his neck, and, without saddle or bridle, started quietly off at a slow walk in the direction of the North Star, believing that this course would lead her to the nearest white habitations. As soon as she had gone out of hearing from the bivouac, without detection or pursuit, she accelerated the speed of the horse into a trot, then to a gallop, and urged him rapidly forward during the entire night.

At dawn of day on the following morning she rose upon the crest of an eminence overlooking a vast area of bold prairie country, where, for the first time since leaving the Indians, she halted, and, turning round, tremblingly cast a rapid glance to the rear, expecting to see the savage blood-hounds in eager pursuit upon her track; but, to her great joy and relief, not a single indication of a living object could be discerned within the extended scope of her vision. She

breathed more freely now, but still did not feel safe from pursuit; and the total absence of all knowledge of her whereabouts in the midst of the wide expanse of dreary prairie around her, with the uncertainty of ever again looking upon a friendly face, caused her to realize most vividly her own weakness and entire dependence upon the Almighty, and she raised her thoughts to Heaven in fervent supplication.

The majesty and sublimity of the stupendous works of the great Author and Creator of the Universe, when contrasted with the insignificance of the powers and achievements of a vivified atom of earth modeled into human form, are probably under no circumstances more strikingly exhibited and felt than when one becomes bewildered and lost in the midst of the almost limitless amplitude of our great North American "pampas," where not a single footmark or other trace of man's presence or action can be discovered, and where the solitary wanderer is startled at the sound even of his own voice.

The sensation of loneliness and despondency resulting from the appalling consciousness of being really and absolutely lost, with the realization of the fact that but two or three of the innumerable different points of direction embraced within the circle of the horizon will serve to extricate the bewildered victim from the awful doom of death by starvation, and in entire ignorance as to which of these particular directions should be followed, without a single road, trail, tree, bush, or other landmark to guide or direct—the effects upon the imagination of this formidable array of disheartening circumstances can be fully appreciated only by those who have been personally subjected to their influence.

A faint perception of the intensity of the mental torture experienced by these unfortunate victims may, however, be conjectured from the fact that their senses at such junctures become so completely absorbed and overpowered by the cheerless prospect before them that they oftentimes wander about in a state of temporary lunacy, without the power of exercising the slightest volition of the reasoning faculties.

Such instances of mental alienation, as strange as it may appear, are by no means uncommon; and I have myself seen several persons whose minds for days, after having been lost and found, were greatly deflected from the channels of sanity.

The inflexible spirit of the heroine of this narrative did not, however, succumb in the least to the imminent perils of the situation in which she found herself, and her purposes were carried out with a determination as resolute and unflinching as those of the Israelites in their protracted pilgrimage through the wilderness, and without the guidance of pillars of fire and cloud.

The aid of the sun and the broad leaves of the pilot-plant by day, with the light of *Polaris* by night, enabled her to pursue her undeviating course to the north with as much accu-

racy as if she had been guided by the magnetic needle.

She continued to urge forward the generous steed she bestrode, who, in obedience to the will of his rider, coursed swiftly on hour after hour during the greater part of the day without the least apparent labor or exhaustion.

It was a contest for life and liberty that she had undertaken, a struggle in which she resolved to triumph or perish in the effort; and still the brave-hearted woman pushed on, until at length her horse began to show signs of exhaustion, and as the shadows of evening began to appear he became so much jaded that it was difficult to coax or force him into a trot, and the poor woman began to entertain serious apprehensions that he might soon give out altogether and leave her on foot.

At this time she was herself so much wearied and in want of sleep that she would have given all she possessed to have been allowed to dismount and rest; but unfortunately for her those piratical quadrupeds of the plains, the wolves, advised by their carnivorous instincts that she and her exhausted horse might soon fall an easy sacrifice to their voracious appetites, followed upon her track and came howling in great numbers around her, so that she dared not set her feet upon the ground, fearing they would devour her; and her only alternative was to continue urging the poor beast to struggle forward during the dark and gloomy hours of the long night, until at length she became so exhausted that it was only with the utmost effort of her iron will that she was enabled to preserve her balance upon the horse.

Meantime the ravenous pack of wolves, becoming more and more emboldened and impatient as the speed of her horse relaxed, approached nearer and nearer until, with their eyes flashing fire, they snapped savagely at the heels of the terrified horse, while at the same time they kept up their hideous concert like the howlings of ten thousand fiends from the infernal regions.

Every element in her nature was at this fearful juncture taxed to its greatest tension, and impelled her to concentrate the force of all her remaining energies in urging and coaxing forward the wearied horse until, finally, he was barely able to reel and stagger along at a slow walk; and when she was about to give up in despair, expecting every instant that the animal would drop down dead under her, the welcome light of day dawned in the eastern horizon and imparted a more cheerful and encouraging influence over her, and, on looking around, to her great joy there were no wolves in sight.

She now, for the first time in about thirty-six hours, dismounted; and knowing that sleep would soon overpower her, and that the horse, if not secured, might escape or wander away, and there being no tree or other object to which he could be fastened, she with great presence of mind tied one end of the long

lariat to his neck, and with the other end around her waist dropped down upon the ground into a deep sleep, while the famished horse eagerly cropped the herbage around her.

She was unconscious as to the duration of her slumber; but it must have been very protracted to have compensated the demands of nature for the exhaustion induced by her prodigious ride.

Her sleep was sweet, and she dreamed of happiness and home, losing all consciousness of her actual situation until she was suddenly startled and aroused by the pattering sound of horses' feet beating the earth on every side.

Springing to her feet in the greatest possible alarm, she found herself surrounded by a large band of savages, who commenced dancing around, flouting their war clubs in frightful proximity to her head while giving utterance to the most diabolical shouts of exultation.

Her exceedingly weak and debilitated condition at this time, resulting from long abstinence from food and unprecedented mental and physical trials, had wrought upon her nervous system to such an extent that she imagined the moment of her death had arrived, and fainted.

The Indians then approached, and, after she revived, placed her again upon a horse and rode away with her to their camp, which fortunately was not far distant. They then turned their prisoner over to the squaws, who gave her food and put her to bed; but it was several days before she was sufficiently recovered to be able to walk about the camp.

She learned that her last captors belonged to "Lone-Wolf's" band of Kiowas.

Although these Indians treated her with more kindness than the Comanches had done, yet she did not for an instant entertain the thought that they would ever voluntarily release her from bondage; neither had she the remotest conception of her present locality or of the direction or distance to any white settlement; but she had no idea of remaining a slave for life, and resolved to make her escape the first practicable moment that offered.

During the time she remained with these Indians a party of men went away to the north, and were absent six days, bringing with them, on their return, some ears of green corn. She knew the prairie tribes never planted a seed of any description, and was, therefore, confident the party had visited a white settlement, and that it was not over three days' journey distant. This was encouraging intelligence to her, and she anxiously bided her time to depart.

Late one night, after all had become hushed and quiet throughout the camp, and every thing seemed auspicious for the consummation of her purposes, she stole carefully away from her bed, crept softly out to the herd of horses, and, after having caught and saddled one, was in the act of mounting, when a number of dogs rushed out after her, and by their barking created such a disturbance among the Indians that she was

forced, for the time, to forego her designs and crawl hastily back to her lodge.

On a subsequent occasion, however, fortune favored her. She secured an excellent horse, and rode away in the direction from which she had observed the Indians returning to camp with the green corn. Under the certain guidance of the sun and stars, she was enabled to pursue a direct bearing; and after three consecutive days of rapid riding, anxiety, fatigue, and hunger, she arrived upon the border of a large river, flowing directly across her track. The stream was swollen to the top of its banks; the water coursed like a torrent through its channel, and she feared her horse might not be able to stem the powerful current; but after surmounting the numerous perils and hardships she had already encountered, the dauntless woman was not to be turned aside from her inflexible purpose by this formidable obstacle, and she instantly dashed into the foaming torrent, and by dint of encouragement and punishment, forced her horse through the stream, and landed safely upon the opposite bank.

After giving her horse a few moments' rest, she again set forward, and had ridden but a short distance when, to her inexpressible astonishment and delight, she struck a broad and well-beaten wagon-road; the first and only evidence or trace of civilization she had seen since leaving her home in Texas.

Up to this joyful moment the indomitable inflexibility of purpose of our heroine had not faltered for an instant; neither had she suffered the slightest despondency, in view of the terrible array of disheartening circumstances that had continually confronted her; but when she realized the hopeful prospect before her of a speedy escape from the reach of her barbarous captors, and a reasonable certainty of an early reunion with people of her own sympathizing race, the feminine elements of her nature preponderated, her stoical fortitude yielded to the delightful anticipation; and her joy was intensified and confirmed by seeing at this moment a long train of wagons approaching over the distant prairie.

The spectacle overwhelmed her with ecstasy, and she wept tears of joy while offering up sincere and heart-felt thanks to the Almighty for delivering her from a bondage more dreadful than death.

She then proceeded on until she met the wagons in charge of Mr. Robert Bent, whom she entreated to give her food instantly, as she was in a state bordering upon absolute starvation. He kindly complied with her request, and after the cravings of her appetite had been appeased he desired to gratify his curiosity, which had been not a little excited at the unusual exhibition of a beautiful white woman appearing alone in that wild country, riding upon an Indian saddle, with no covering upon her head save her long natural hair, which was hanging loosely and disorderly about her shoulders, while her attire was sadly in need of repairs. Ac-

cordingly, he inquired of her where she lived, to which she replied, "In Texas." Mr. B. gave an incredulous shake of his head at this response, remarking at the same time that he thought she must be mistaken, as Texas happened to be situated some five or six hundred miles distant. She reiterated the assurance of her statement, and described to him briefly the leading incidents attending her capture and escape; but still he was inclined to doubt, believing that she might possibly be insane.

He informed her that the river she had just crossed was the Arkansas, and that she was then on the old Santa Fé road, about fifteen miles west of Big Turkey Creek, where she would find the most remote frontier house. Then, after thanking him for his kindness, she bade him adieu, and started away in a walk toward the settlements, while he continued his journey in the opposite direction; but he still followed the exit of the remarkable apparition with his eyes until she was several hundred yards distant, when he observed her throw one of her feet over the horse's back, *à la femme sauvage*, and casting a graceful kiss toward him with her hand, she set off on a gallop, and soon disappeared over the crest of the prairies.

On the arrival of Mr. Bent at Fort Zara, he called upon the Indian agent, and reported the circumstance of meeting Mrs. L——, and, by a singular coincidence, it so happened that the agent was at that very time holding a council with the chiefs of the identical band of Indians

from whom she had last escaped, and they had just given a full history of the entire affair, which seemed so improbable to the agent, that he was not disposed to credit it until he received its confirmation through Mr. Bent. He at once dispatched a man to follow the woman and conduct her to Council Grove, where she was kindly received, and remained for some time, hoping through the efforts of the agents to gain intelligence of the two children she had left with the Comanches, as she desired to take them back to their father in Texas; but no tidings were gained for a long while. Meantime she formed the acquaintance of a man at Council Grove whom, as I understood, she married, and for aught I know may be there yet. Wherever she is, I most heartily wish her all possible happiness.

The two captive children were, as the agent informed me, ransomed at a subsequent date, and sent home to their father.

It will readily be seen, by a reference to the map of the country over which Mrs. L—— passed, that the distance from the place of her capture to the point where she struck the Arkansas River could not have been short of about five hundred miles, and the greater part of this immense expanse of desert plain she traversed alone, without seeing a single civilized human habitation.

If any other woman, either in ancient or modern times, has performed as signal an equestrian achievement as this, I have yet to learn it.

ANTEROS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE," "SWORD AND GOWN," "SANS MERCI,"
"BREAKING A BUTTERFLY," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THERE is this advantage about a multiplicity of grievances, that the sufferer seldom frets long over any single one. In the earlier part of that week Philip Ashleigh had several small worries, and these gradually thrust into the back-ground the danger that had appeared so formidable on Sunday, till he began to consider it rather an imaginary one. Indeed, he said as much to Marian, and, when she declined to agree that her suspicions might have been groundless, was exceedingly peevish, giving vent to some sharp strictures on women's fancies and the like.

Marian had scarcely been in her wonted spirits since that incident at the breakfast-table, and she did not feel up to futile arguments; otherwise, perhaps, her reply would not have been so meek.

"I dare say you are right, Philip," she said; "I am sure I hope so."

The which submission her husband accepted with a sniff of superiority.

The Wednesday's post arrived in due course,

and Lady Marian's letters were brought to her, as usual, before she rose. There were several, as it chanced, that morning; but her eye lighted at once on the one in Lord Atherstone's handwriting, and she snatched it up, casting the others aside. However, in despite of this apparent eagerness, she held it in her hand for a brief space before, with a kind of effort, she tore open the envelope.

A more useless faculty can hardly be imagined—for how can it profit us to guess at the truth a few seconds before we are certified thereof?—but it is odd how even obtuse people are clairvoyant in this especial line. Lady Marian had received perhaps a score of letters bearing the same superscription, and there was no sort of reason why this one should not, like the rest, have related merely to ordinary domestic arrangements; but that such was not its character she felt as sure before she broke the seal as when she had perused it to the last word. As she read it through very slowly her countenance betrayed neither anger nor surprise; but there came over it a certain malign look of which before you would not have deemed

it capable, and this abode there after she had laid the letter softly down, and while she leaned back musing, with eyes half closed. The news was not unexpected, of course: indeed, for three days past she had almost reckoned on receiving some such a missive; yet the blow came home none the lighter. Perhaps you have not realized yet why it stung Marian Ashleigh so keenly.

Though she had little personal ambition, she was intensely fond of power; it was not for ostentation's sake, or even with a view to any substantial profit, that she sought it. In the mere consciousness and exercise of authority lay her delight. The mistress of such a household as the Ashleighs might prudently maintain, would be a very different personage from the *châtelaine*—in fact, if not in title—of Templestowe. Only very weak or well-disciplined natures can adapt themselves to those rapid descents, even where there is no degradation, without a murmur.

When it was noised abroad in Elba that the dethroned emperor was already so reconciled to the change as to begin to busy himself with the economy of his island, those who had him in ward ought to have doubled their precaution; for that placability, if not a feint, must surely have sprung from the certain knowledge that the bark was even now hovering in the offing that would bear him away to make another rally for dominion. Since the days of Walworth has the civic chair been filled by one so stout or so humble of heart as to have met without one pang of regret the uprising of the ninth sun of November?

But howsoever Marian Ashleigh may have chafed at the thought that her reign at Templestowe was nearly ended, this was not the darkest element in her present discontent. Philip, as you know, always had a grievance on hand, with which his wife—in outward seeming at least—generally contrived to sympathize; but there was a grief—a common grief—concerning which the lips of both were sealed: the grief of a childless marriage. Though most of her husband's maladies were as imaginary as his other troubles, Marian knew very well that the father surviving the son was scarcely an improbability; and in such a case—supposing, further, that another heir to Templestowe should be born from Lord Atherstone's second marriage—what chance would there be of her ever being "brought back to her own?" Pondering over these things, it is no wonder if her countenance lowered. After a few minutes she arose without so much as glancing at the rest of her correspondence, and throwing on a wrapper, went into her husband's dressing-room hard by.

In that brief passage her face had nearly regained its usual composure; nevertheless, Philip, who was not particularly sharp-sighted, guessed what had happened before she laid the letter in his hand. He took it and read it through, as it were, mechanically, his jaw dropping lower and lower; and when it was finished,

looked up at his wife with a blank helplessness that was almost pitiable. Perhaps she so interpreted it, or perhaps she thought a triumph under the circumstances too trivial; at all events she refrained from the feminine formula of, "I told you how it would be," and spoke very gently and gravely.

"It sounds hard now that it has come, doesn't it, Philip; even though we were half prepared?"

As Ashleigh set his teeth together there was a look of his father about the lower part of his face—weak and inane enough as a rule—and his answer was almost inaudible; it would have been better had it been quite so, for the syllables that caught her ear made Marian shrink a pace backward.

"Hush!" she said. "Such language would be too wicked even if there were cause. Lord Atherstone has done no more than he has a perfect right to do—no more perhaps than we had a right to calculate upon. You can not deny that he writes kindly and generously, and even considerately—for him."

"Generously!"

The word came out like the spit of an angry cat. Marian saw that argument with her husband, in his present temper, would be purely wasted.

"I am sorry you take it so," she said; "it won't mend matters. Perhaps by breakfast-time you will be in a more rational frame of mind, and then you can help me to think how we can make the best of it. Now I am going to read my other letters; I hope some of them may bring pleasanter news."

Indeed, though he brought small appetite to his morning meal, Ashleigh had then so far recovered from the shock as to be able to discuss, in his own fretful, querulous fashion, their own prospects, and the probable character of the future Lady Atherstone, with whom, as it chanced, neither he nor his wife was acquainted.

But with such vague speculation it was not likely that one of Marian's character would rest content. Before noon—unknown to Philip—she had dispatched a note to a certain cousin in town, praying him to furnish her with all the reliable information that he could gather bearing on Lena Shafton's family and personal history.

She could hardly have applied to a likelier source. By dint of long service Archie Carnegie had risen high in the Foreign Office: perhaps he would have risen higher, by dint of merit, if he had devoted as much time and trouble and talent to the practice of his profession as he had bestowed on domestic diplomacy. There were very few stories of late years written in cipher to which he had not sooner or later gained the key. He was not a mischievous person, for he was too cautious to be a gossip, and too humane to be a tale-bearer; nevertheless, people were afraid of him, simply because he was supposed to know so much, and would liefer have offended many loud-voiced and bitter-tongued satirists than this placid phi-

losopher. As he read his cousin's missive, a quiet, cunning smile wrinkled his lip; but he seemed to ponder somewhat gravely after he laid it down, and paused more than once while inditing this reply:

"MY DEAR MARIAN,—You know you may always command my resources, such as they are; and if one can not speak freely to one's cousin, there is an end of confidences; nevertheless I doubt—rather more than doubt—whether I am justified in answering your questions. Their object, of course, is very plain; for Miss Shafton's engagement was discussed last night at several tobacco-parliaments, I fancy, besides the one at which I assisted.

"There will be slaying of oxen and broaching of barrels and lighting of deal-fires, I suppose, when that same bride is brought home to Templestowe; but I do not suppose that her reception within doors will be absolutely enthusiastic. But then again, to find a house—castle, cot, mansion, or villa—where a step-mother—particularly a young step-mother, and handsome *par-dessus le marché*—might count on being honestly welcome, you would have to travel far, perhaps as far as the Undiscovered Islands, if any such remain. Now, in my humble judgment, when a bitter draught is inevitable, it is infinitely more sensible to open your mouth and shut your eyes and swallow it, like Margery Goodchild, than to submit the potion to all possible tests of taste, sight, and smell. You will see the application of this elegant allegory at once; but that it should for one moment influence you, would be far too much to expect. So having tried to satisfy my own conscience, I will try and satisfy your curiosity—always under protest.

"We will take the lady's family first. In point of descent it would puzzle the herald's office to peck a hole in the coat of the Shaftons of Blytheswold; but in a social point of view their garments for some generations past have needed much mending. It is of the males I speak, remember; for concerning the females history is comparatively silent. Ill-natured people have said that by the side of such *diaboles déchainés* as their husbands and brothers, the womankind must needs have seemed quasi-angelical; for myself I prefer to believe that there was no evil to be told, rather than that it was smothered in comparison. At any rate against Miss Shafton's next ancestress—this is our diplomatic way of putting *mother*—there is not a word to be said. She has had very difficult cards to play with her late husband, and with one at least of her two children, and has played them, I have always heard, with great patience, honesty, and skill. The child I refer to is a prodigal, a very prodigal son, presently a lieutenant in the—hussars, who, if there is any left, is wasting his substance in the good old family fashion rather more rapidly than his sire and grandsire did before him—no small word.

"Next as to the *physique*. I should have guessed you would be curious on this point, even if you had not put it beyond a doubt by blinking that question altogether. Well, if the figure is not perfect on an imperial scale, I, speaking as a humble amateur, do not quite know where it is to be matched. In the face there are half a dozen faults, I dare say; but she has taken hearty-rank ever since I can remember her; and it is too late—or too soon—now to try to disqualify her.

"As to the *morale*—"

Karneguy came fairly to a check here, and, walking to the window, looked out over the Mall, seeking perhaps, as cleverer men have done before him, to gather inspiration from the thin brown trees seething and swaying in the sullen wind. He came back after a while, and wrote on again, but more slowly than before:

"As to the *morale*. We are on much more delicate and difficult ground here; and pray remember the few hints that I can furnish are founded entirely on

hearsay and guess-work, not on any personal knowledge of the subject. If my poor skill in physiognomy does not mislead me, I think I may fairly attribute to the lady a certain strength of will and passion, and a temper less violent than intractable. I can conceive her willful or reckless to any degree, but scarcely, under any provocation, cowardly, malicious, or mean. On the whole, very nearly a grand character, but of the kind which is wrecked much oftener than more ignoble ones. Now do not stretch or distort my meaning. I do not pretend to insinuate that she has come to any serious grief as yet; but that she was much talked about at one time I can not deny. This is no more than any handsomely woman who lives up to the pace of the period ought to expect; but Miss Shafton had exceptionally had luck in the name which was coupled with hers. You were very little in town before your marriage, and these matters belong to the Pre-Mariane Era; nevertheless, you must have heard more than once of Caryl Glynne. Perhaps the man is not a whit worse than many of his fellows; but he has an unlucky *spécialité* for compromising his female acquaintance. An 'acquaintance' is rather a mild way of putting the intimacy of these two while it lasted. I never heard any thing worse than imprudences alleged against her, such as open-air meetings held at uncanonical hours in the forenoon, and the like; but people made as much fuss about it as if the whole decalogue had been broken. I dare say Glynne would willingly have married her; but as his marrying any one but an heiress was and is a notorious impossibility, his good intentions did not count for much in extenuation. To do the mother justice, when the rumors flying abroad came to her ears she acted promptly and decisively; and if the meshes entangling the fair Lena were not broken then and there, it was no fault of hers. That they were so broken I am inclined to believe; indeed, I should feel absolutely confident of it if I had not remarked a certain change in Glynne's manner of life that makes me think that up till now, at all events, he must have had some hope or object of which the world was not aware. He is still very far from sanctity, no doubt; but since then he has certainly contrived to steer clear of any open scandals. Don't you admire the charity that can not confess improvement in one's neighbor without imputing to him covert, if not evil motives? At any rate, of late years the Shaftons have lived so very quietly and blamelessly that society may well afford to bury the hatchet; and if I can not congratulate you on your connection, I will not allow that you are greatly to be consoled with.

"So I have answered your queries with thoroughly unprofessional candor; and though I am sure that you will make no ill use of my weakness, I look at what I have written not without self-reproach and misgiving. Doubtless you would have heard of these *can-can*s sooner or later, and, perhaps, in a more garbled fashion than I have set them down; nevertheless, it might have been better if I had chanced this.

"My acquaintance with the future Lady Atherstone is very slight; so you may believe it is not in her interest that I close this long letter with a short scrap of advice, which you may leave unread if you will. Does not the text run thus, 'Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him?' My dear Marian, it was not to me only that these words were spoken; and there is more of wisdom in them—ay! even of worldly wisdom—than in most saws or proverbs. I pray you now, if ever, to lay them to heart; I feel certain that it will be easy for you soon to gain a fast friend and useful ally; also, it may not be hard to make a very dangerous enemy. Either way, may good wishes follow you! but in the latter case, with all possible respect for your science and courage, I fear that some day you will have to call a truce, and that, if granted, it will be not on your own terms.

"I hope that the next service you require at my hands will be less distasteful to me than that which I have just performed, though I do not begrudge you even this.

Always affectionately yours,
"A."

It was characteristic, both of the writer and of the person to whom this document was addressed, that it never alluded to the possibility of Philip's sharing in its confidences. In truth, you would have thought such a caution thoroughly needless if you had watched Marian Ashleigh during the perusal. She did not attempt to open the Foreign Office dispatch when it came with the other letters; but locked it away in a casket, and there let it lie till her husband had departed to the Petty Sessions at Heslingford. Then she shut herself up in her boudoir with the precious packet; and while she studied it to the last syllable, and weighed the last grain of its meaning, the great bell overhead might have rung out alarms and she would never have stirred. After a while—a long while—she dropped the letter, envelope and all, into the heart of the fierce fire that burned close to her feet. Her eyes followed the light gray flakes as they vanished up the chimney with a kind of regret; and yet a more useless document than that just annihilated can hardly be conceived; for every line by this time was rewritten in characters more abiding than pen ever traced on paper; and before Marian Ashleigh will forget the lightest syllable therein she will forget the prayers they taught her when she was a little child.

CHAPTER XII.

ONE forenoon some twenty centuries ago Cambyzes, son of Cyrus, sitting in his summer-garden under the shadow of the planes, overheard one of his courtiers extolling the wondrous prowess of a certain Bactrian Bowman. Now the king himself was a matchless archer, and his heart, as he listened, grew hot with envy. After a while, lifting up his head, he pointed to a single tree that stood afar off in the green-sward. "Thou seest yonder palm, Prexaspes," quoth he; "thinkest thou that this Bactrian of thine could aim at such distance at a hand's-breadth and not miss?" And Prexaspes made answer, "Nay, my lord, for I spake only of feats that may be compassed by mortal skill; and such a one is not of these." Said the king, "And if I myself were to make essay, thinkest thou that I should likewise fail?" Prexaspes answered, "My lord, I needs must think so; especially as yester even thou didst tarry somewhat long with the beakers." The great black eyes that, even when wrath or drink or lust inflamed them not, gleamed ever savagely, roved round the circle till they lighted on a boy beautiful above his page-fellows—the first-born of Prexaspes. Then said Cambyzes, "Go bind my cup-bearer fast to yonder palm so that he stir not a finger; and fetch hither the Macrobian bow." It was the self-same weapon that the spies had brought back from Ethiopia, with the challenge to any Persian to bend it; and, in truth, to that task none had been found equal save only the great king. He

strained it now till the horns nearly met; and as he drew the long arrow to the head, he glanced askance at the satrap, saying, "I aim at the heart." Then came a sharp twang, a shrill whistle, and the dull echo of a bolt smiting its mark; and those who were keenest of sight saw the fair child fall forward over his bonds, with all his limbs a-quivering. "Go now, Prexaspes," quoth the king, "and mark how my shaft hath sped." The father did as he was bidden. When he returned his face was white and riven, as the face of a slain man; but as he made obeisance he smiled meekly and piteously. "What am I," he said, "that I should have questioned my lord's strength and skill? His arrows are like the arrows of the god Horas, whom these Egyptians adore. The child's heart must needs be cloven in twain." And the great king laughed loud as he made answer, "Thou art forgiven, Prexaspes; only, when the Persians call Cambyzes drunkard, forget not to tell to what purpose, on the morning after a revel, he bent the Macrobian bow."

A courtly satrap—was it not? Nevertheless, courtiership was in its infancy then; nowadays, when a skillful archer has stricken down the hope or the object nearest and dearest to our heart, we do not even change color while we acknowledge his prowess; and if we do not always bid the bugle strike up in his honor, we can generally manage a grimace of congratulation.

Marian Ashleigh was no special dissembler; but you may guess that during the next two days she prepared herself to play her part decorously. It was much more trouble to tutor her husband: characters like his, from their very weakness and instability, are difficult to deal with. I remember a drill-sergeant saying years ago—"I don't care how rough the stuff is, so long as there's enough of it," and the sentiment appears no less morally than physically just. There was no fear of Philip's kicking over the traces, or giving any overt signs of rebellion; but as to keeping him up to the collar, and making him do his work pleasantly—that was quite another affair. However, by dint of much coaxing, a little urging, and perhaps just a shade of intimidation, his wife got him pretty well into her hand at last; and when Lord Atherstone arrived, he could scarcely have complained of his reception, even if he had been disposed to be captious. Marian's first embrace was more than sufficiently cordial, and so was her first speech, though it was low and brief.

"I do hope you will be happy."

Philip's remarks "were quite inaudible in the gallery;" but "he was understood to second the address."

Perhaps Lord Atherstone did not expect more; at any rate, his countenance showed that he was perfectly content; and not only throughout that evening, but for some days afterward, his manner toward both the Ashleighs was unusually gentle and kindly. Though he spoke very little about future arrangements,

he contrived to make them both thoroughly understand that he neither contemplated nor desired their immediate removal from Templestowe. So things went on smoothly enough throughout the following week; the baron hunted his five days as usual, bruising along just as determinedly as before he incurred fresh responsibilities. He accepted the congratulations and surprise of his friends and acquaintance—for by this time the engagement was fully noised abroad—with a wonderful composure, as if both were matters of course, and had for all nearly the same formula of acknowledgment.

On the ensuing Sunday it chanced that he breakfasted alone with his daughter-in-law; for Philip either was, or affected to be, too unwell to put in an appearance. You have not forgotten, perhaps, the peculiarity of the Sabbath post. When the letters were brought in, there was certainly something very odd in Marian Ashleigh's expression. It was like—yet not altogether like—that which her face had worn on the morning when she first began to doubt the stability of her tenure of Templestowe. Once more she watched Lord Atherstone, covertly but narrowly, as he took up his letters; but, besides vigilance, you might have detected a certain expectation in her eyes, not altogether devoid of dread; you might fancy just such a look on the countenance of a conspirator who, having lighted the slow match, lurks in a nook almost too close for safety to mark the effect of the train.

No need to ask from whom the first letter Lord Atherstone opened came; the smile—almost genial, for a wonder—hovering under his heavy gray mustache as he read, answered that question. The two or three that followed were evidently of no moment; but as he took up the last, Marian, who all this time, while apparently deep in her own correspondence, had never once relaxed her watch, could not repress a slight, a very slight, start, and she drew back yet further behind the cover of the great silver urn.

Lord Atherstone's glance was exceptionally swift and keen; nevertheless, he could not possibly have read half down the first page when he crushed the letter into a ball and flung it on the floor; and on his face there was less of anger than contemptuous loathing. Marian Ashleigh's countenance fell, and she bit her nether lip sharply. She had never studied Greek; yet perhaps the same thoughts crossed her mind just then as were in Teucer's mind when he muttered:

Ἦπόποι, ἧ δὴ παγχυ μάχης ἐπὶ μῆδεα κείρει
Δαίμων ἡμετέρης, ὃ τέ μοι βίον ἔκβαλε χεῖρός,
Νευρὴν δ' ἐξέρρηξε νεόστροφον, ἣν ἐνέδησα
Πρώϊον, ὅφρ' ἀνέχοιτο θαμὰ θρώσκοντας ὕστους.

After a minute or two Lord Atherstone broke silence:

"Marian, did it ever happen to you to receive an anonymous letter?"

She started, quite palpably now; but being disturbed in her correspondence might well account for this; and her voice was perfectly

steady, though a very delicate ear might perhaps have detected in it some slight constraint.

"Never any thing worse than a valentine. I was rather fond of them when I was a girl; but when I became a matron I put away such vanities. You don't mean to say that you have been so favored this morning? Is it indiscreet to ask its purport?"

"I don't know it myself," he replied. "The first two lines avowed the letter to be anonymous; in the third was Lena Shafton's name. After that I would no more have read further, unless she bade me, than I would have gone on drinking poison after fair warning. Perhaps it ought not to be burned without her leave. What do you think? No man is a fit judge in such a case—I less than most men. You are a woman, wise and kind, as well as good. Think how you would have liked Philip to act, and answer me honestly."

She seemed to ponder deeply, and during that pause she was once perhaps moved to say, "Burn it instantly, and so let it pass away;" but that weakness endured scarcely for a second's space; and when she answered, it was with a purpose set and planned.

"I think if Philip had received such a letter as this seems likely to turn out, and had kept it a secret from me, I should have found it hard to forgive him—harder still to trust him thoroughly any more. However hateful it may be to you, you are bound to show it to Miss Shafton, and let her dispose of it at her pleasure. I am not as wise as you give me credit for; but I do believe I advise now what is best for you both."

"I suppose you are right," he said, discontentedly; and so picked up the letter; but he scarcely looked at it as he smoothed out the creases before replacing it in its envelope, and his face expressed the aversion of one who, for reasons good, forces himself to handle tenderly some noisome reptile that he would fain have trampled under heel. That his appetite was spoiled was very evident; for after one or two fruitless attempts to settle down again to his meal, he arose and began to pace to and fro, coming to a halt at last just behind Marian's chair; he paused there a little, as if considering, and then leaning forward, laid his hand on her shoulder softly.

"My dear," he said, "I so hope you will try and be kind to Lena."

There was something strangely pathetic, not only in the earnestness, but in the humility of that intercession, coming as it did from one who, perhaps, never in his life had craved favor or indulgence from any fellow-creature; and many men thus tested, if not absolutely moved to compunction, would have been so far embarrassed as to blunder or stumble in their reply; but in these delicate touches of the trail the feminine superiority is manifest. In falsehood, cruelty, or cunning, we are perhaps more than their match; but in doing their cozening gently, they teach us lessons that we shall

never learn. When a man is weaving a net to catch his neighbor's soul, if he looks not guilty or shame-stricken, he will at the best brazen it out in Mephistopheles's vein; but take a woman under the same circumstances, and by Saint Iago, she might be Gretchen at her spinning-wheel; and—mark you—even while she looks up innocently into your face, her litesome fingers cease not to ply the shuttle.

There was nothing fiendish about Marian Ashleigh. Her Christianity perhaps went beyond formalism, and her morality was something more than surface-deep; but neither restrained her from using all lawful means toward a given end, or from interpreting "lawfulness" somewhat liberally. Howsoever she might choose to gloss the matter to her husband, she did in her heart consider that Lord Atherstone's present purpose was a manifest injustice, if not injury, to his family, and therefore to be thwarted, if that were possible, by all stratagem not absolutely sinful or shameful. She was not free to admit that either of these epithets could justly attach to the laying of an information which might possibly be true, or to the promise that she would essay a manifest impossibility. When she answered her father-in-law's appeal with a confidential smile and a whisper—"Can you doubt me?"—she knew it was more likely that oil would mingle with the running stream than that kindness would ever subsist between herself and Lena Shafton; nevertheless, of course she might "try." So, if my sweet cousin Alice, now in her fifth summer, were to set her affections on some bright particular star, I might promise to do my very best to fetch it down from its place in the firmament; but whether I should be justified in thus temporizing with this imperious young person, subtler casuists may decide. If all her *dévôtes* were to make full and free confession, I fancy such a question would not unfrequently be set before their conscience-keepers.

You have probably already attributed to the right source the authorship of the anonymous note. It was indeed Marian, and no other, that indited it and caused it to be posted in town by a sure hand. She ran a very slight risk here, for she could thoroughly trust her agent, and it was the only one she incurred. The handwriting was so cunningly distorted as almost to defy detection: besides this, she knew Lord Atherstone well enough to be certain that he would never allow any other eye than Lena's and his own to rest on those characters. Still she did think that he would have read the letter through, even if he had chosen to discredit every syllable of its contents; and her first feeling was one of sharp disappointment. Nevertheless, that it would be shown to Lena was a great point gained: then, at least, Lord Atherstone must be made acquainted with the contents; and if he should decline to credit or discuss them, the seed would still be sown, and sooner or later might fructify. Altogether it was not such a very bad morning's work.

An hour later Marian Ashleigh, kneeling in her place, besought of Heaven "to forgive her enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts;" and while she murmured this petition, stretching forth her hand she might have touched the man against whose peace she had already begun to contrive—a man who, however harshly and sternly he may have borne himself toward others, had ever kept a kindly word and look and thought for her, and whose bread she had eaten ever since she came forth from her father's home.

Once more, I see nothing monstrous in all this: there are vices and basenesses peculiar to either sex, of which the other is seldom guilty, simply from lack of temptation thereto. On the point of anonymous letter writing woman-kind seem to be affected with some strange cecity or obliquity of moral vision. For if the experts are to be trusted, we needs must believe that nine-tenths of darkling stabs are dealt either by female or by androgynic hands, and that of these more than a fair proportion may be traced to persons esteemed good by themselves not less than by the world—who hold their heads high in oratory as well as in church, and who perchance are in all other points of the law blameless. If by a rare chance such criminals be caught in the fact, do not expect to find them specially contrite or humble: they will probably bridle up, brace their lips, and say that they have done what they deemed to be their duty, and are content to be misunderstood; but, my brethren, for our comfort, let us believe something more: that our pious benefactresses may be brought to account concerning these matters yet once again; and that in such a Day it will be less tolerable for them than for some who, when their guilt was revealed, groveled before the accuser in a very agony of abasement.

THE GAMING-TABLE.

"It is possible that a wise and good man may be prevailed on to game; but it is impossible that a professed gamester should be a wise and good man."—LAVATER.

THERE appeared many years ago in a quaint old English publication an allegory giving the imaginary origin of gaming. It is said that the goddess of fortune, once sporting near the shady pool of Olympus, was met by the gay and captivating god of war, who soon allured her to his arms. They were united; but the matrimony was not holy, and the result of the union was a misfeatured child called Gaming. From the moment of her birth this wayward thing could only be pleased by cards, dice, or counters. She was not without fascinations, and many were her admirers. As she grew up she was courted by all the gay and extravagant of both sexes; for she was of neither sex, and yet combining the attractions of each. At length, however, being mostly beset by men of the sword, she formed an unnatural union with one

of them, and gave birth to twins—one called Dueling, the other Suicide. These became their mother's darlings, nursed by her with constant care and tenderness, and her perpetual companions. The goddess Fortune ever had an eye on her promising daughter, Gaming; and endowed her with splendid residences in the most conspicuous streets, near the palaces of kings. They were magnificently designed and elegantly furnished. Lamps always burning at the portals were a sign and a perpetual invitation unto all to enter; and, like the gates of the Inferno, they were ever open to daily and nightly visitants; but, unlike the latter, they permitted *exit* to all who entered—some exulting with golden spoil, others with their hands in empty pockets; some led by her half-witted son Dueling, others escorted by her malignant monster Suicide, and his mate, the demon Despair.

"Religion, morals, virtue, all give way,
And conscience dies, the prostitute of play.
Eternity ne'er steals one thought between,
Till suicide completes the fatal scene."

Such is the allegory.

From the day that Esau "went short" on "birthright," Jacob having "cornered" him, and called in all the "pottage" there was on the market, the passion of gaming has prevailed in all nations, with the single exception of the Mohammedans, whose religion prevents it. The determination of events by "lot" was a practice frequently resorted to by the Israelites; as, by lot it was determined which of the goats should be offered by Aaron; by lot the land of Canaan was divided; by lot Saul was marked out for the Hebrew kingdom; by lot Jonah was discovered to be the cause of the storm.

Plutarch tells a pretty Egyptian story, that Mercury, having fallen in love with Rhea, or the Earth, and wishing to do her a favor, gambled with the Moon, and won from her every seventieth part of the time she illumined the horizon, all which parts he united together, making up *five days*, and added them to the Earth's year, which had previously consisted of only 360 days.

Cards, which are commonly supposed to have been invented for the amusement of Charles VI. of France, were really invented ages ago by the Chinese, who have always been eager gamblers; indeed, they play night and day, and frequently, having lost all they are worth, go—and hang themselves.

Going northward to the regions of ice, we find the Greenlanders gambling with a board, which has a finger-piece in it turning round on an axle, and the person to whom the finger points on the stopping of the board, which is whirled round, "sweeps" all the "stakes."

The old Romans—those grand old fellows—what gamblers they were! In their "lotteries" were often prizes of great value, as a good estate and slaves, or rich vases; others of little value, as vases of common earth.

The Spaniards, as a people, are said to be

more addicted to gaming than any other nation. A traveler says: "I have wandered through all parts of Spain, and though in many places I have scarcely been able to procure a glass of wine, or a bit of bread, or any of the first conveniences of life, yet I never went through a village so mean and out of the way in which I could not have purchased a pack of cards." Voltaire, however, says the Spaniards were formerly very generous in their gaming. "The grandees had a generous ostentation; this was to divide the money won at play among all the by-standers, of whatever condition."

In England gambling prevailed during the reign of Henry VIII.; the king being himself a gamester of the most unscrupulous sort; and the practice was equally fashionable during the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and especially in the times of Charles II. Writing on the day when James II. was proclaimed king, Evelyn says: "I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'night I was witness of: the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, etc., a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections of astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust."

The *Harleian Miscellany*, of 1668, has the following curious allusion to the gaming of that day: "Betwixt twelve and one o'clock a good dinner is prepared by way of ordinary, and some gentlemen of civility and condition oftentimes eat there, and play a while for recreation after dinner, both moderately and most commonly without deserving reproof. Towards night, when ravenous beasts usually seek their prey, there come in shoals of hectors, trepanners, gilts, pads, biters, prigs, divers, lifters, mill kens, piemen, decoys, shop-lifters, foilers, bulkers, droppers, gamblers, donnakers, cross-biters, etc. (a goodly vocabulary!), under the general appellation of 'rooks;' and in this particular it serves as a nursery for Tyburn, for every year some of this gang march thither."

One of the largest gambling transactions on record is the Hindoo match between Duryodhana and Yudhishthira. Whatever the latter staked was met by the former; but Yudhishthira lost every game; first a very beautiful pearl; next, 1000 bags each containing 1000 pieces of gold; next, a piece of gold so pure that it was soft as wax; next, a chariot set with jewels and hung all round with golden bells; next, 1000 war-elephants with golden howdahs set with diamonds; next, a lack (100,000) of slaves, all dressed in good garments; next, a lack of beautiful slave girls, adorned from head to foot with golden ornaments; next, all the remainder of his goods;

next, all his cattle; and then the whole of his Raj, or kingdom, excepting only the lands which had been granted to the Brahmins. This was done with dice. The uniformity with which our friend Yndhishtira lost suggests to the Yankee mind that it was not a "square game." As they phrase it "on the Mississip"—"them dice was loaded."

Speaking of dice, it is known that that species of diversion was usual and fashionable at the Persian court in the times of the younger Cyrus (about 400 years before the Christian era).

Among the ancient Roman emperors gaming was fashionable. Augustus was greatly addicted to, and even gloried in, it. The Cæsars indulged in it. At the gaming-table Caligula stooped even to falsehood and perjury. On one occasion, after having condemned to death several Gauls of great opulence, he immediately went back to his gambling companions and said: "I pity you when I see you lose a few sestertii, while, with a stroke of the pen, I have just won six hundred millions." (Thirty millions of pounds sterling.) The Emperor Claudius played like an imbecile; Nero like a madman. The latter would stake four hundred thousand sestertii (£20,000) on a single throw of the dice. Claudius played at dice on his journeys, having the interior of his carriage so arranged as to prevent the motion from interfering with the game. Seneca, in his play on the death of Claudius, represents him as in the lower regions condemned to pick up dice forever, putting them into a box without a bottom. Caligula was reproached for having played at dice on the day of his sister's funeral. Domitian gamed from morning to night, without excepting the festivals of the Roman calendar. The day on which Didius Julianus was proclaimed emperor, he walked over the dead and bloody body of Pertinax, and began to play at dice in the next room. Finally, at the epoch when Constantine abandoned Rome never to return, every inhabitant of that city, down to the populace, was addicted to gambling.

In France, during the reign of Henry IV., gambling became the rage. Many distinguished families were utterly ruined by it. The Duc De Biron lost, in a single year, more than 500,000 crowns (about £125,000). "My son Constant," says D'Aubigné, "lost twenty times more than he was worth; so that, finding himself without resources, he abjured his religion." It was at the court of this king that was invented the method of speedy ruin by means of written vouchers for loss, which simplified the thing in all subsequent times. One can scarcely form an idea of the extent of gaming at this period. Bassompierre declares, in his Memoirs, that he won more than 500,000 livres (£25,000) in one year, and his friend Pimentello won more than 200,000 crowns (£50,000). Late in life Bassompierre won £50,000 at a single sitting, from M. De Guise, Joinville, and the Maréchal D'Ancre. But, like most gamblers, he died so poor that he did not

leave enough to pay the twentieth part of his debts.

Henry IV. was finally cured of gambling. Having lost an immense sum at play, he asked his minister, the great Duke of Sully, for the money. The latter demurred, so that the king had to send to him several times. Finally Sully took him the money, and spread it out before him on the table, exclaiming, "There is the sum!" Henry fixed his eyes on the vast amount. It is said to have been enough to purchase Amiens from the Spaniards, who then held it. The king thereupon exclaimed: "I am corrected! I will never again lose my money at gaming!"

Fouché, the minister of police, derived an income of £128,000 a year for licensing, or "privileging," gaming-houses, to which cards of address were regularly furnished. Besides this, the keepers of the houses were compelled to hire and pay 120,000 persons employed in those houses as *croupiers* or attendants at the gaming-table from half a crown to half a guinea a day; and all these 120,000 persons were *spies of Fouché!*

There were no gamestresses among the Greeks; and the Roman women were always too much occupied with their domestic affairs to find time for play. What will our modern ladies think when we state that the Emperor Augustus scarcely wore a garment which had not been woven by his wife, his sister, or granddaughters! ("Veste non temerè aliâ quàm domesticâ usus est, ab uxore et filiâ nepotibusque confectâ." Suet. in *Vitæ Caesarum*.)

In France, women who wished to gamble were, at first, obliged to keep the thing secret; for if it became known they lost caste. In the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. they became bolder, and the wives of the great engaged in the deepest play in their mansions; but still a gamestress was always denounced with horror. "Such women," says La Bruyère, "make us chaste; they have nothing of the sex but its garments." Then, as now, the vice led to other crimes. The Countess of Schwiechelt, a young and beautiful lady from Hanover, was much given to gambling, and lost 50,000 livres at Paris. In order to repair this great loss, she planned and executed the robbery of a fine coronet of emeralds, the property of Madame Demidoff. She had made herself acquainted with the place where it was kept, and at a ball given by its owner, the Hanoverian lady contrived to purloin it. Her youth and rank in life induced many persons to solicit her pardon; but Bonaparte left her to the punishment to which she was condemned. This occurred in 1804.

Of English gamestresses Goldsmith mentions an old lady in the country who, having been given over by her physician, played with the curate of the parish to pass the time away. Having won all his money, she next proposed playing for the funeral charges to which she would be liable. Unfortunately, the lady expired just as she had taken up the game!

A lady who was desperately fond of play was confessing herself. The priest represented, among other arguments against gaming, the great loss of time it occasioned. "Ah!" said the lady, "that is what vexes me—*so much time lost in shuffling the cards!*"

A curious case is reported in the London papers of 1820 of James Lloyd, who practiced on the credulity of the lower orders by keeping a *Little Go*, or illegal lottery. He was brought up for the twentieth time to answer for that offense. This man was a Methodist preacher, and assembled his neighbors together at his dwelling on a Saturday to preach the Gospel to them, and the remainder of the week he was to be found, with an equally numerous party, instructing them in the ruinous vices of gambling. The charge was clearly proved, and the prisoner was sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labor.

The celebrated Mrs. Crewe, whose husband was in 1806 made Lord Crewe, was as remarkable for her accomplishments and her worth as for her beauty; nevertheless, she, like most of the grand ladies of the time, was a gamestress, and permitted the admiration of the profligate Charles James Fox, who wrote on her the following lines, which were said to be not exaggerated:

"Where the loveliest expression to features is join'd,
By Nature's most delicate pencil design'd;
Where blushes unhidden, and smiles without art,
Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the heart;
Where in manners enchanting no blemish we trace,
But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face;
Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove
Defenses unequal to shield us from love."

Nearly eight years after the famous election at Westminster, when she personally canvassed for Fox, Mrs. Crewe was still in perfection, with a son one-and-twenty, who looked like her brother. The form of her face was exquisitely lovely, her complexion radiant. "I know not," Miss Burney writes, "any female in her first youth who could bear the comparison. She *uglifies* every one near her."

During the last half of the last century many titled ladies not only gambled, but kept gaming-houses. One of these actually appealed to the House of Lords for protection against the intrusion of officers into her establishment on the plea of her peerage! The following record of it is in the Journal of the House of Lords:

"*Die Lumce*, 29o Aprilis, 1745. — GAMING. — A bill for preventing the excessive and deceitful use of it having been brought from the Commons, information was given to the House that Mr. Burdus, Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the city and liberty of Westminster, was at the door. He was called in, and gave an account that the claims of privilege of peerage were made and insisted on by the Ladies Mordington and Casselis, in order to intimidate the peace officers from doing their duty in suppressing the public gaming-houses kept by the said ladies. And the said Burdus thereupon delivered in an instrument in writing of said

Lady Mordington, containing the claim she made of privilege for her officers and servants employed by her in her said gaming-house, as follows: I, Dame Mary, Baroness of Mordington, do hold a house in the Great Piazza, Covent Garden, for and as an Assembly, where all persons of credit are at liberty to frequent and play at such diversions as are used at other Assemblies. And I have hired Joseph Dewberry, Wm. Horsley, Ham Cropper, and Geo. Sanders, as my servants or managers (under me) thereof. I have given them orders to direct the management of the other inferior servants, (namely) John Bright (!), John Hill, John Vandenvoren, as box-keepers, Gilbert Richardson, housekeeper, John Chaplain, regulator, Wm. Stanley and Henry Huggins, servants that wait on the company at the said Assembly, Wm. Penny and Jos. Penny, as porters thereof. And all the above-mentioned persons I claim as my domestick servants, and demand all those privileges that belong to me as a peeress of Great Britain appertaining to my said Assembly. M. MORDINGTON. Dated 8th Jan., 1774." But the House declared against her.

Proceedings were also taken against the famous Lady Buckinghamshire, a notorious gamestress, who, at the close of the last century, actually slept with a blunderbuss and a pair of pistols at her side to protect her faro-bank. On the 11th March, 1797, her ladyship, together with Lady E. Lutterell and a Mrs. Sturt, were convicted at the police court and fined £50 for playing at faro; and Henry Martindale was convicted and fined £200 for keeping the faro-table at Lady Buckinghamshire's. This fellow soon afterward "burst up," and went into bankruptcy owing £328,000, besides "debts of honor" amounting to £150,000. Going "up" for an odd \$2,500,000 far surpasses any "black-leg" failure that has yet occurred in this republican country. His assets yielded about seven cents on the dollar.

Beau Nash was in his palmy day a noted player, but in his last years abandoned it. When the Earl of T—— was a youth he was passionately fond of play. Nash undertook to cure him. Conscious of his superior skill, he engaged the Earl in single play. His lordship lost his estate, equipage, every thing! The generous Nash returned all, only stipulating for the payment of £5000 whenever he might think proper to demand it. Some time after his lordship's death, Nash's affairs being on the wane, he demanded it of his heirs, who paid it without hesitation.

The corporation of Bath so highly respected Nash that the Chamber voted a marble statue of him, which was erected in the Pump Room, between the busts of Newton and Pope. This caused Lord Chesterfield's stinging epigram concluding with these lines:

"The statue placed these busts between
Gives satire all its strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length."

George Selwyn, one of the remarkable Englishmen of a hundred years ago, marred an otherwise exceedingly fine character by his passion for gaming. He had another peculiar characteristic—a morbid interest in the details of human suffering, and a taste for witnessing criminal executions. When the first Lord Holland was on his death-bed he was told that Selwyn, who had lived on terms of the closest intimacy with him, had called to inquire after his health: "The next time Mr. Selwyn calls," said he, "show him up; if I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him; if I am dead, he will be glad to see me." When some ladies bantered him on his want of feeling in attending to see the terrible Lord Lovat's head cut off—"Why," he said, "I made amends by going to the undertaker's to see it sewed on again." And yet this was the same man who delighted in the first words and in the sunny looks of childhood; whose friendship seems to have partaken of all the softness of female affection; and whose heart was never hardened against the wretched and oppressed.

The following are some of Selwyn's jokes relating to gambling:

One night, at White's, observing the Postmaster-General, Sir Everard Fawkener, losing a large sum at piquet, Selwyn, pointing to the successful player, remarked, "See, now, he is robbing the *mail*!"

On another occasion, in 1776, observing Mr. Ponsonby, the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, tossing about bank-bills at a hazard-table at Newmarket—"Look!" he said; "how easily the Speaker passes the money bills!"

On one of the waiters, at Arthur's Club, having been committed to prison for a felony—"What a horrid idea," said Selwyn, "he will give of us to the people in Newgate!"

When the affairs of Charles Fox were in a more than usually embarrassed state, chiefly through his gambling, his friends raised a subscription among themselves for his relief. One of them remarking that it would require some delicacy in breaking the matter to him, and adding that, "he wondered how Fox would take it?" "Take it?" interrupted Selwyn; "why, *quarterly*, to be sure!"

Gibbon writes to Lord Sheffield in 1773—"You know Lord Holland is paying Charles Fox's debts. They amount to £140,000." This was mostly the result of gambling, and principally by losses at faro. Before he attained his thirtieth year he had completely dissipated every thing that he could either command or could procure by the most ruinous expedients. He had even undergone many of the severest privations incidental to the vicissitudes that attend a gamester's progress; frequently wanting money to defray the common daily wants of the most pressing nature. Of the Jews he borrowed great sums at exorbitant premiums.

His brother Stephen was enormously fat; George Selwyn said *he* was in the right to deal with Shylocks, as he could give them pounds

of flesh! On the death of Lord Holland he left Charles £154,000 to pay his debts; it was all "bespoke," and Fox soon became as deeply pledged as before.

Amidst the wildest excesses of youth, even while the perpetual victim of his passion for play, Fox eagerly cultivated his taste for letters, especially the Greek and Roman historians and poets, and he found resources in their works under the most severe depressions occasioned by losses. One morning, after he had passed the whole night in company with Topham Beauclerc at faro, the two friends were about to separate. Fox had lost through the night, and was in a frame of mind approaching to desperation. Beauclerc's anxiety for the consequences which might ensue led him to be early at Fox's lodgings; and on arriving he inquired, not without apprehension, whether he had risen. The servant replied that Mr. Fox was in the drawing-room, when Beauclerc walked up stairs and cautiously opened the door, expecting to behold a frantic gamester stretched on the floor bewailing his losses; but he was astonished to find him reading a Greek Herodotus. On perceiving his friend's surprise Fox exclaimed, "What would you have me do? I have lost my last shilling."

Fox's best friends are said to have been half ruined in annuities given by them as securities for him to the Jews. £500,000 a year of such annuities of Fox and his "society" were advertised to be sold at one time. Walpole notes that in the debate on the Thirty-nine Articles (a religious debate!), February 6, 1772, Fox *did not shine*. No wonder! He had sat up playing at hazard, at Almack's, from Tuesday evening, the 4th, till five in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 5th. An hour before, he had recovered £12,000 that he had lost; and by dinner, which was at five o'clock, he had ended, losing £11,000! On Thursday he spoke in the above debate; went to dinner at past eleven at night; from thence to White's, where he drank till seven the next morning; thence to Almack's, where he won £6000; and between three and four in the afternoon he set out for Newmarket. His brother Stephen lost £11,000 two nights after, and Charles £10,000 more on the 13th; so that in three nights the two brothers—the eldest not *twenty-five* years of age—lost \$160,000! On one occasion Stephen Fox was dreadfully fleeced at a gaming-house at the West End. He entered it with £13,000, and left it without a farthing. Mr. Fox died at the age of fifty-seven. Probably no public man, of the highest intellectual, social, and political rank, either in England or in any other country, gamed so largely and desperately as Mr. Fox. This was the great defect in his character. In all other respects he was delightful. The pleasantries, perhaps, of no man of wit had so unlabored an appearance. It seemed rather to escape from his mind than to be produced by it. He had lived on the most intimate terms with all his contemporaries distinguished by

wit, politeness, philosophy, learning, or the talents of public life. In the course of thirty years he had known almost every man in Europe whose intercourse could strengthen, or enrich, or polish the mind. He was the most Demosthenean speaker since the days of Demosthenes. "I knew him," said Edmund Burke, "when he was nineteen; since which time he has risen, by slow degrees, to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw."

Both Wilberforce and Pitt were at one period of their lives gamblers. Pitt once lost £100 at the faro-table at Goosetree's; but soon after, perceiving the fascination of gaming, abandoned it forever.

Wilberforce's own case is thus recorded by his biographers, on the authority of his private journal: "We can have no play to-night," complained some of the party at the club, "for St. Andrew is not here to keep the bank." "Wilberforce," said Mr. Bankes, who never joined himself, "if you will keep it I will give you a guinea." The playful challenge was accepted; but as the game grew deep, he rose the winner of £600. Much of this was lost by those who were only heirs to fortunes, and therefore could not meet such a call without inconvenience. The pain he felt at their annoyance cured him of a taste which seemed but too likely to become predominant.

Sir Philip Francis, the supposed author of "Junius," was a gambler, and the convivial companion of Fox, who made him a Knight of the Bath. One evening Roger Wilbraham came up to the whist-table where Sir Philip, who for the first time wore the ribbon of the Order, was engaged in a rubber, and said, laying hold of the ribbon, "So this is the way they have rewarded you at last; a bit of red ribbon for your services; and that satisfies you, does it? Now, what do you think they will give me, Sir Philip?" The newly-made knight, who had twenty-five guineas depending on the rubber, and who was not very well pleased at the interruption, suddenly turned round, and, looking at him fiercely, exclaimed, "A halter, and be—" etc.

Captain Dennis O'Kelly was called the "Admirable Chrichton" of the turf. A bet for a large sum having once been proposed to him, the proposer asked O'Kelly where lay his *estates* to answer for the amount if he lost. "My estates!" cried O'Kelly. "Oh, if that's what you *mane*, I've a *map* of them here." And opening his pocket-book, exhibited bank-notes to *ten times* the sum in question, and ultimately added the *inquirer's* contribution to them.

Crockford's, which was opened in 1827, was the most famous of modern London gambling-houses. It was fashionable. Wellington, who was an original member, did not play, being in this respect unlike Blücher, who repeatedly lost every thing he had at play. Crockford was originally a fishmonger. In 1840 he retired, a *millionaire*, much as an Indian chief retires from a hunting country when there is not game

enough left for his tribe, and the club tottered to its fall.

Turf-gambling has long been one of the most conspicuous of English immoralities. Lord Foley, who died in 1793, is supposed to have lost \$1,000,000 on the turf.

The last grand sensation and explosion in the English sporting world was in 1867, when the late young Marquis of Hastings lost £100,000 on Hermit. When rapid decay and a premature death put an end to his sufferings, many felt that he had atoned for his errors and indiscretions, while all united in considering him another unfortunate victim added to the long list of those who have sacrificed their fortune, health, and honor to the gambling Moloch presiding over the turf of England.

Among the notable suicides that have resulted from gambling that of Lord Mountford is conspicuous. He had lost money; feared to be reduced to distress; asked for a government appointment; and determined to throw the die of life or death on the answer received from court. The answer was unfavorable. He consulted several persons, indirectly at first, afterward directly, on the easiest mode of finishing life; invited a dinner-party for the day after; supped at White's, and played whist till one o'clock of the New-Year's morning. Lord Robert Bertie drank to him "a happy New-Year;" he clapped his hand strangely to his eyes. In the morning he sent for a lawyer and three witnesses, executed his will, made them read it over twice, paragraph by paragraph, asked the lawyer if that will would stand good though a man should shoot himself. Being assured it would, he said: "Pray stay, while I step into the next room;" went into the next room and shot himself, placing the muzzle of the pistol so close to his head that the report was not heard.

In concluding these curious facts and anecdotes relating to gambling, it may not be inappropriate to quote a paragraph from a sermon of the good Bishop Latimer, preached in St. Edward's Church, Cambridge, on the Sunday before Christmas-day, 1527, in which discourse he may be said to have "deal" out an exposition of the precepts of Christianity according to the terms of card-playing: "Now ye have heard what is meant by this 'first card,' and how you ought to 'play' with it. I purpose again to 'deal' unto you 'another card almost of the same suit,' for they be of so nigh affinity that one can not be 'played' without the other," etc. "It seems," says Fuller, "that he suited his sermon rather to the *time*—being about Christmas, when cards were much used—than to the text, which was the Baptist's question to our Lord: 'Who art thou?'—taking occasion to conform his discourse to the 'playing at cards,' making the 'heart triumph.'"

"The sharp, the black-leg, and the knowing one,
Livery or lace, the self-same circle run:
The same the passion, end and means the same—
Dick and his Lordship differ but in name."

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Academy Exhibition opens with the flowers, but T. T. will not open upon it this year. Peace, perturbed spirits! Ye who have portraits and landscapes and works of *genre* hung upon the walls, for once the tomahawk will not gleam nor the war-whoop disturb your dreams. But a sound and generous criticism is what we all need, brethren of the pencil and the pallet, and it is what we all seldom receive. Squibs and gibes, and sneers and thrusts, and, on the other hand, a gush of extravagant and meaningless praise—all these we have in plenty. Isn't our criticism favoritism? And may we not find some proof of it in the fact that really severe criticism is almost always considered to be personally malicious? The reasoning in the case of pictures seems to be this: "Why should a man 'pitch in' so upon honest, hard-working painters, spoiling their market, and starving them, if he has no malevolence? Surely a kindly, generous man does not do so." And don't we see the same reasoning elsewhere? Would it be impossible to name journals—not many—which are usually mentioned as "too critical," which are declared to be always lying in wait for a victim, and treating every author or statesman or artist as if he were a mere target for a fusillade of smartness?

Now, brother artist, let us stand before your best picture in the Academy this year. Is it a portrait or a landscape? For really it is not easy at this distance to say. Can a spectator, can this Easy Chair, for instance, which T. T. and certain other judges who might be mentioned hold to be the mushiest of babblers upon such subjects—can it be "too critical?" It may be foolish and flippant and unjust. It may utter the loud whoop of war and hit every head that it can reach. Or it may declare every picture to be sufficient evidence that the great day of American art has dawned. But this is not criticism. Criticism implies knowledge of the principles and laws involved in any work, with an intelligent perception of the object and a spirit of justice. If you suppose these you must accept the consequences. Criticism of a work of art, for instance, knows nothing of the artist. You may have drunk his punch, you may have smoked his cigars, he may have been most generous to you—and if you are to speak of him personally you will probably speak accordingly. But if you are to speak of his book, of his statue, of his painting, of his building, of his design in any kind, you must see that and that only, or you are no critic, and what you say is not criticism.

Hard? Why, it is one of the hardest things in the world. There really is no duty in civilized society more difficult than that of the honest critic. And instead of helping him, we all make his path as thorny as we can. If he tries to tell the truth, we shout and sneer and insinuate, or go off in a storm of wrath. We are swift to declare that he is a grinning surgeon delighting in the exposure of disease; that he gloats over defects; that it is his business to find fault. If he sees a rose, we are ready to swear that he instantly searches for a worm hidden in it. If he takes a fruit, we are sure that he straightway feels

for the unsound part. If it is a woman, we expect him to tell us that she paints. If it is a man, that he pads. The critic, we declare, is a ghoul. He feasts upon death. Now, good brethren of all the arts, if it is not easy to climb a bare pole, and yet we insist that it shall be climbed, why do we grease it?

We all agree that we want sound, healthful criticism. Only yesterday at the Exhibition Giulio Romano said to the Easy Chair that he wished the honest truth could be told about the pictures. This morning the Easy Chair met Mr. Romano in a towering rage. "What now?" "What now! Why, here is an article upon the Academy in the daily *Mortar and Pestle*, and it says of my picture of 'Apollo and the Muses' that Mr. Romano is evidently a close imitator of Raphael, and had better learn to depend upon himself. And they call that criticism!" Mr. Giulio Romano thinks that it is not criticism, because it is very severe; and if he met young —— (but it is not fair to reveal his name, who undoubtedly wrote the article) he would feel so savagely that he would go near to insult him. Indeed, it hath been openly alleged that upon one occasion T. T.'s nose, under similar circumstances, was in mortal peril. Had there been an assault upon that member there would have been a fight, for T. T., although a quiet man, is not a coward. Brethren, may the Easy Chair ask if we artists and authors are likely to develop a sound and healthful system of criticism if we pull the noses of the critics who don't praise us?

And let us remember that there are various ways of pulling noses. The thing may be done metaphorically as well as physically. The Easy Chair has seen a man in company with others as plainly kicked as if every body had raised his foot against him. And the ill feeling, the avoidance, the aspersion, the unconcealed contempt, which so often attend criticism, are a distinct pulling of the nose of the critic, although they give him no excusable occasion for literal slapping of faces. See how this spirit displays itself in literature!

Here, for instance, is the *Mortar and Pestle*. It is the serious wish of the conductor of that journal to judge every new book upon its merits. To do this, he engages the most competent person in any particular case that he can find in the country; and he sedulously conceals his name. That critic tries the book by its merits solely. If it be a mere repetition of existing books, however well meant or however prettily done, the critic states the important fact, namely, that it is superfluous; and he does not waste his space and the patience of sincere people by stating that it is a pretty superfluity. If it be a work of high claim, a poem worth considering at all, he mentions its excellences and points out its defects. If it be the poem of a famous poet, and the poet's fame seems to the critic undeserved, he does not hide the fact, but declares it upon evidence. What he aims to do is to give his reader a scientific statement of the value of the work, not of the intention of the author, nor of his amiability, nor of his virtue, nor of his public service or his private charm.

This he does in every case, and simply because

it is his duty in every case. Mistaken he may be, but he is honest. Some authors he may seem always to praise, and some always to censure. But he neither praises nor blames unreservedly. And if there be a constant apparent favor toward one and disfavor toward another, the reason is not to be sought in the critic, but in the author. A man who writes a foolish book this year will not probably write a wise one next year. And when next year's book comes, the same science which detected the folly in one combination this year, detects it in another combination next year.

This kind of criticism—and nothing else is criticism—is sound and healthful. Now, dear fellow-sinners in all the arts, do we really like it? There are a great many books published in this country during a year. How many of them are actual additions to literature? How many of them which are so have not grave defects when tried by any ideal standard? And is not that precisely the duty of the critic, to try by an ideal standard? Here is young Carlo Dolce, who exhibits for the first time this spring, and his picture is a Madonna or a Magdalen. It has been prodigiously puffed and praised. There have been paragraphs sparkling in all the papers about this wonderful genius that has suddenly appeared to usher in the noontide glory of American art. We all hurry to the Academy: and probably Criticus of the *Mortar and Pestle* is of our company, if we could only single him out. We hasten up the noble staircase, and enter the great hall, and there—you remember where—we see the Magdalen or the Madonna.

We look at it attentively, and the Easy Chair is sure that the President of the Academy, like Criticus and the rest of us, in studying that picture, does really try it by an ideal standard. Not necessarily by the Madonnas of Raphael, although that is a legitimate course. If Carlo Dolce has added nothing to the conception of the Madonna—if, on the contrary, he has lowered it not only from the ideal but from Raphael, then it is fair to say so; and then, however fine his touch and skillful his manipulation, the highest value is wanting in his picture. If the color is exquisite, and the *chiar-oscuro* so delicate and masterly that the idea of the work is forgotten, and only the charm of the handling remains, let us all say so; and Criticus will say so first of all. But if he says that only, it is not sound and healthy criticism; because in a truly great picture there must be something more than fine handling and beautiful color.

If the Easy Chair at this point understands the brethren to say that they agree with it in this, but that they deny that criticism is generally impersonal, the Easy Chair replies again, that we have ourselves to thank for it. For instance, Mr. Stentor shouts through the monthly *Trumpet* that he is sick to death of the eternal tame amiability of the Easy Chair. What follows? The Easy Chair is invited to dine that very day with the Second Vice-President of the Academy, and Mr. Stentor is also invited. They meet at that cheerful feast. The Easy Chair arrives first, and is blandly talking with Mrs. Second Vice-President, when the door opens—the house, you remember, is small—and Mr. Stentor appears. He is a man of the world, and he enters entirely unruffled—meaning his aspect, not his linen. But

at the first glance he sees the Easy Chair, and he says to himself, "I wonder if it has seen what I said about it in the *Trumpet*!"

Now, as you are well aware, despite this assumed amiability of tone, the Easy Chair is as peppery a piece of furniture as you are likely to find in any office or drawing-room. Of course it greets Mr. Stentor in a very grand and lofty way. Apparently it smiles, and says, "Good-evening, Mr. Stentor." But really, as we all know who have been similarly treated in the public prints, it says in its heart, "You vile reptile, kicking is too good for you!" That feeling naturally infects its manner, and Mr. Stentor, who has always felt a personal kindness for the Easy Chair, goes away a little resolved—since human nature is weak—to be even with it upon every occasion. Plainly, the Easy Chair has done its best to make criticism personal by feeling offended and showing it. It has greased the bare pole which it is Mr. Stentor's duty to climb.

Of course it does not deny that there is often a gross and intentional personality in what is called criticism; nor that a witty and sarcastic humor can not always refuse itself the pleasure of a pointed and pregnant gibe. There are men enough who have sacrificed friends to jokes, and a critic is sorely tempted. Just drop in at the Academy and look at Gilliflower's performances, and declare upon your honor what is the duty of a critic in regard to them. Shall he cover them with the ridicule that they invite, or gravely show their worthlessness, or pass them by in silence? If you do the latter, upon what principle do you proceed? Is it that you do not wish to hurt his feelings or injure the sale of a poor man's wares? But that is a principle which must hold your pen wherever you can not praise; a course that makes all remarks upon the Exhibition valueless. If a thing is irretrievably bad, leave it. The object of criticism is not to put an artist or an author in the pillory and expose him helplessly to the ribald taunts and blows of the mob, but to help him by showing where he has failed as well as where he has succeeded, to befriend promising talent wisely, and to discriminate, not to idolize. Therefore, the true reason for not speaking of those monstrous things of Gilliflower's is, that it can not be of any conceivable use. But if you can not help him, you have no right to make sport of him. He may be a painter with no gleam of talent; but he may also be a man with the most sensitive feelings, and when you hold him up to the ridicule of every reader of a great paper, merely because you are a witty fellow, why, you are a bully also.

As for those of us who are criticised, let us cultivate philosophy. When we appeal to the public by issuing a book or an article, or by designing a cathedral or by painting a picture, or in whatever other way we may do it, we have chosen our tribunal, and must abide by its judgment. It is very foolish for the poet to say that only poets should criticise poetry, or for the painters and sculptors and architects, and men of every art, to insist that only artists shall criticise works of design. The Easy Chair would much rather throw itself and the eternal amiability, which exasperates Mr. Stentor, upon a jury of general readers than upon one composed of the other Easy Chairs. Would the singers like to have the other singers write the articles upon their

warblings? Would Sassoferrato like to have Carlo Dolce or Gilliflowser pass judgment upon him in any of the impartial journals of the city? Certainly not. He does not paint for the painters, but for all of us. Would you be a poet's poet, or a people's poet?

Perhaps before these observations get into print there will be changes at the Academy, a new dynasty and high promise and expectation. If the new dynasty could find a teller-of-truth in ordinary to the annual exhibitions, what lively times we should see! The Easy Chair thinks it beholds him—or why not her?—severely impartial, knowing nothing but the canvas before him, and the history of painting and painters, and the principles that, in his opinion, should govern the painting of pictures. If Omega, N. A., who has been sedulously devoted to his art for fifteen years, and as many more as you choose, still paints as wretchedly as he has always painted, let the truth-teller state that fact generously, but firmly. If a man is still making pot-hooks imperfectly at forty years of age, it is mere humanity to tell him that he will never learn to write. This is not the silence of which we were speaking just now, but it is a kindly truth-telling; and although it may be of no service to the painting, it may be of the utmost use to the painter.

For it is the tone of the criticism which exasperates, not the substance. Often and often the Easy Chair begged Thomas Tomahawk to remember that it was not the surgical operation that he performed in removing the scalps of what he considered offenders, but a certain savage glee which the victims supposed they detected in his manner, a kind of triumphant war-whoop style, which put them into great wrath. He not only brought them to the block, but he carefully observed every hideous detail of the punishment anciently awarded to high treason. The sufferer was not only executed, but he was hung, drawn, and quartered; and indeed the scene was painfully gory. Let us have no more of that. It is a clumsy headsman who can not sever at one clean stroke.

But these are sorry images with which to encumber our minds as we ascend the sparkling steps and enter the noble halls of the Academy. Did the Easy Chair hear a remark to the effect of "Fee, faw, fum," and see a gentleman with a note-book beside it? Don't smack your chops, my friend, as if you had a ravenous appetite! Slashing and swashing is not criticism. Criticism is telling the truth simply, and with a manly sympathy for all honest effort.

THE shops in the great city of New York, if the other great cities will pardon the expression, are certainly becoming very brilliant and entertaining. If the stranger, on any pleasant day, finds himself near Corporal Thompson's Broadway Cottage he will be in the midst of a very pretty scene. Of course the intelligent stranger demands to know where this romantic cot may be found. Perhaps he is comfortably seated in it, with his feet placidly reposing upon its window-sills, as he reads these words and asks the question. It is indeed in a new form. It no longer looks, as it did to the early citizen of twenty years ago, driving out before breakfast upon the Bloomingdale Road, and surveying the calm river from the seclusion of Stryker's Bay. It

had an indefinable road-side English air in those far-off mornings. The early citizen would not have been surprised had he heard the horn of the guard merrily wailing, and beheld the mail-coach of old England bowling up to the door. There were fields and open spaces about, for it was on the edge of the city that was already reaching out upon the island. Bloomingdale! 'Twas a lovely name, and 'tis a great pity that the chief association with it is that of a very dusty road.

Meanwhile, if you will contemplate the Fifth Avenue Hotel you will see Corporal Thompson's Broadway Cottage in its present form. But what a busy, brilliant neighborhood it is now! There are shops that recall the prettiest upon the Boulevards in Paris; and the people are greatly to be pitied who are too fine to stop and look into them. But what a power Mrs. Grundy is! What scion of the golden youth of this moment would dare, for instance, to walk by the site of Corporal Thompson's Broadway Cottage eating an apple at three o'clock in the afternoon? There was a grave and well-dressed gentleman who stopped recently at the stand of Mrs. M'Patrick O'Finnigan, which is just in the midst of the gay promenade, to transact some business in pea-nut candy. The interest of the public in that operation was inconceivable. If he had been Mr. Vanderbilt buying out Mr. Fisk—if he had been a lunatic, or a clown escaped from the circens—he could hardly have excited more attention. The passengers stared in amazement. Some of the young gentlemen, escorting certain young ladies from school, cracked excellent jokes upon the honest buyer of pea-nut candy; and if his daughter or any friend had chanced to pass, and had seen him, she would probably have been seriously troubled and half ashamed.

Now pea-nut candy is very good, and at Mrs. M'Patrick O'Finnigan's stand it is a very cheap commodity. Nobody is ashamed of liking it, nor of eating it. If the grave gentleman had stepped into Caswell's handsome shop, let us suppose—where perhaps it is also sold—and had called for that particular drug, nobody would have stared nor made a joke nor felt that it was extraordinary. It is one of the queer whims of Mrs. Grundy, who regulates our lives. How many of the brave generals in the war, who charged in the very face of flaming batteries, would dare to stop at Mrs. O'Finnigan's and buy ten cents' worth of pea-nut candy, if they saw Mrs. Sweller's carriage approaching, or Miss Dasher just coming upon the walk? And as for the Misses Spanker, who daily drive in that superb open wagon with yellow wheels, and who resemble nothing so much as the figures in a Parisian doll-carriage, if they saw an admirer of theirs bargaining for pea-nut candy at a street stand they would not know him—they would no more bow to a man so lost to all the finer sense of the *comme il faut* than they would nod to a street-sweeper. It is astonishing what an effect is produced upon some human beings of the tender sex by clothing them in silks cut in a certain form, and seating them in a high wooden box on yellow wheels.

And upon us also. When the Easy Chair beholds the silken Misses Spanker rolling by superior upon those yellow wheels, it is with difficulty that it recalls the cheese and sausages from which all that splendor springs. To-morrow it will be

Mrs. O'Finnigan's grandchildren who will look down from their yellow wheels at the pea-nut and apple stands, and wonder how persons can be so vulgar as to buy candy in the streets. It is a whim of Mrs. Grundy's. She will not let us buy a piece of simple candy at the corner, but she will allow us to drag a silk dress over the garbage of the pavement. 'Tis a whimsical sovereign. But we are so carefully trained that it is not easy to disobey her. If to prove your independence you stopped to buy the candy, would the pleasure of asserting yourself balance the unpleasant consciousness that you were wondered at and laughed at?

But the text was shops, and we have drifted into this episode because Mrs. O'Finnigan sells pea-nut candy in her shop upon the sidewalk near the site of Corporal Thompson's Broadway Cottage, in the midst of the gay spectacle of a summer day. And within a stone's toss of her stand how many fine houses you will see, and how many other fascinating shops! Our English ancestors were called a shop-keeping nation by Napolcon; but it is his own French men and French women who have the true secret of shop-keeping. They make shops fascinating. They have made shop-keeping a fine art. The other day the Easy Chair stepped into a shop in Maiden Lane, prepared to spend a very pretty sum of money—for a very proper purpose. But if it had invaded the shop-keeper's house, which is his castle, it could not have been more coolly received. The disdainful indifference with which its question was answered was exquisitely comical; and the shop-keeper proceeded to look for what was required with a superb carelessness, and an air of utter weariness and disgust of this incessant doing of favors to the most undeserving and insignificant people. It was plainly an act of pure grace that the Easy Chair was not instantly shot into the street as rubbish, or given in charge to the police as a common vagabond.

This worthy attendant—doubtless very estimable in his private capacity—is a serious injury to the business which he is supposed to help. He does not in the least understand his profession. Let an Easy Chair advise him to run over the sea to Paris, and observe how they keep shop in that capital. Does he want a cravat? Here is a houri, neatly dressed, evidently long waiting for him especially, and longing to serve him. "Is it a cravat that Monsieur wishes? Charming! The most ravishing styles are just ready! Is it blue, or this, or that, that Monsieur prefers? Monsieur's taste is perfect. Look! It is a miracle of beauty that he selects. Will he permit?" And before you know it, you foolish fellow, who don't understand the first principle of your calling—before you know it, she has thrown it around your neck, she has tied it deftly under your chin, and that pretty face is looking into yours, and that pleasant voice is saying, "Nothing could be better. It is the most smiling effect possible!" You might as well hope to escape the sirens as to go from under those hands without buying that cravat.

This is shop-keeping, and a little study of the art, as thus practiced, would be of the utmost service to the Easy Chair's friend in Maiden Lane. The shops there are pretty, and especially during the holidays they are glittering, but they are a little cold and formal. The air of the Bou-

levards is to be detected only in the neighborhood of Corporal Thompson's Broadway Cottage. Whether cravats are wafted around the buyer's neck, as it were, entangling him hopelessly in silken and satin webs, the Easy Chair does not know. But it can believe it as it passes by upon the outside, and beholds the windows which Paris could hardly surpass. Through those windows it sees that, as in Paris, the attendants are often women. It is thereby reminded that in Paris the women are among the most accomplished accountants also; and it remembers that in the same city men are cooks. It is very sure that when Madame Wells, who was afterward the Marchioness De Lavalette, became at the death of her husband the head of the great banking-house, her cook was a man.

And thereupon the Easy Chair falls into meditation upon "the spheres" of the sexes, and asks itself, as it loiters about the site of the Broadway Cottage, admiring the pretty shops, whether, if it be womanly for a woman to keep a shop and to acquire property by her faithful industry, it can be manly to appropriate and use her property without her consent?

THE M'Farland trial was of a kind that always excites a great deal of popular interest. The court-room was daily crowded. The newspapers that daily chronicled the details of the proceedings were evidently strong partisans. The appeals and assertions of the counsel for the defense were—to those who supposed that the object of a trial is the discovery of the truth and to do justice—most extraordinary and unpardonable. If the object of a trial is not justice, but a verdict, as is often said by neophytes in the profession of the law, then it is a very contemptible profession, and sadly needs the reformation which has been undertaken in the city of New York.

There was a great deal very imposingly and edifyingly said by the counsel about "the solemnity of their oaths;" and after the most sonorous explosion of epithets in regard to points that had not been proved, nor even yet introduced into the case, one of the counsel, with an exquisite sense of comedy, gravely remarked, "No one shall be assailed by this defense." Perhaps a lawyer in high criminal practice does not understand what is meant by "assailing" other persons concerned in a trial. Possibly to stigmatize them by the foulest epithets in the language is "legitimate" advocacy. The ways of courts and of lawyers are inscrutable. But a judge has discretion; and when the Easy Chair is chief justice it will hear the opening counsel state what he intends to prove. But if in stating his intention he grossly insults and maligns persons against whom there is no charge whatever, the court will peremptorily silence the counsel and rule that blackguarding is not good practice.

This case belongs also to a class of cases upon which the public mind seems to be decided. The last conspicuous one in the State of New York was that of General Cole. Nobody supposed that he would be convicted or punished. Indeed it is not supposable that a man would be capitally punished upon the clearest conviction of homicide, under the circumstances either of the Cole or the M'Farland case. The reasoning, such as it is, is very brief and conclusive. The offense alleged is not easily susceptible of proof; but it

is held that the injury to a man's honor by another man who wins his wife's affections is so mortal, whether the wife leaves him or not, that, as the law provides no adequate remedy, he may himself punish the offender. If, therefore, the husband shoots the other man he will unquestionably never be seriously punished for the act.

This is really giving to jealousy the right to murder. For we must not be confused by the word honor. A father's honor is not mortally injured, nor touched in the least degree, by the forgery of his son nor by the shame of his daughter. He may be infinitely grieved and mortified, his heart may break and his hairs go down with sorrow to the grave, but he is not dishonored. Nobody can dishonor a man but himself. If a man commits a dastardly crime, for which he is hung, his family may be bowed to the earth with grief that their father is dishonored. But they are not; and the feeling of others for them is one of pity and sympathy, not one of condemnation nor contempt.

It is in this incapacity of a truly honorable man to be dishonored by another that a civilized mind sees the exquisite absurdity of what was called the code of honor. It put the best men at the mercy of the worst. Here, for instance, was a hulking bully and dead shot, who took a dislike to some man infinitely his superior. He met him at table, and threw a glass of wine in his face, or he spat at him, or he pulled his nose, and it was straightway held that the honor of the assaulted man had been injured, and could only be repaired by giving the bully the chance to murder him and ruin his family. Nothing more preposterous is conceivable; and it was this silly theory of honor that so long perplexed, and, to a certain degree, still perplexes, civilization. This theory of honor said: "If a man pulls your nose, he has mortally insulted you, and nothing but blood can atone. Ho! for the field of honor!" Common-sense says: "If a man pulls your nose, he breaks the peace. Call a policeman, and—Ho! for the station-house!"

Of course, if you don't choose to call a policeman, but instinctively do your best to thrash the bully, nobody will complain. But you are not dishonored by him, even though he pulled your nose off, and, when you tried to punish him, doubled you up and left you senseless in the gutter. Could a drunken bully, or a sober bully, dishonor Sir Isaac Newton by pulling his nose? Would Mr. Bryant be dishonored if somebody gave him the lie? It is by lying that he would be dishonored, not by somebody's saying that he lied. If, therefore, every man be the guardian of his own honor, and that honor can be touched only by himself, it is idle to speak of somebody else as dishonoring him. Somebody else may exasperate him—may madden him, by exciting his jealousy, as Iago maddened Othello—but somebody else can not dishonor him; and, in such cases as we are considering, honor is always invoked, and the injury to honor is elaborately alleged, because it is universally felt that if jealousy is to be allowed to shoot at discretion, there will be a good deal more shooting than society can safely tolerate.

All intelligent people will agree that the honor of the marriage tie must, in reason, be equal upon both sides; but every body knows that it is not considered so in fact. Take any average

jury that would acquit a husband for shooting a man who had "injured his honor," and it would wink at the same husband injuring his wife's honor in precisely the same way. These are subjects not to be easily mentioned; but they are well understood, and it is not for men, as a class, to vociferate too loudly about matrimonial honor. Gibbon caustically says of the goddess who presided over the peace of marriages: "Her epithet of Viriplaca, the appeaser of husbands, too clearly indicates on which side submission and repentance were always expected." And was the offense supposed to come usually from the same side?

The honor of marriage is mutual. Husband and wife are alike bound by it. But the defection of either dishonors that one only, and not the other. The other may be sorely grieved and humiliated—may be even excited by passion to what is called frenzy. But that is the possible effect of all strong excitement, and it is not changed in character because it is called the madness of outraged honor. It is very possible that one man, under the same circumstances, would do what another does. A man of Othello's temperament would be affected as Othello was. But, when public opinion authorizes persons laboring under strong excitement to shoot other people, it is only necessary to establish strong excitement to justify shooting.

The worst of a trial like that which lately occurred in New York is the total perversion and distortion of facts. Most of the acts and words of every person may be tortured into a significance and even a consistency which are utterly foreign to them. This truth, of which we are all conscious, is the theme of Wilkie Collins's novel of "Man and Wife," which is now publishing in *Harper's Weekly*. The simplest expressions, the most innocent conduct, are there made to entangle wholly unsuspecting and honorable persons in the meshes of a tragedy. On the other hand, while innocence is thus at the mercy of clever misrepresentation, guilt may be as ingeniously evaded. If you knew the habits of Mr. Toodles, for instance, and he were charged with an offense, and in order to establish his guilt it were necessary to prove that he was a drunkard, you would appeal in vain to the staggering step, the bleared eye, the thick voice, the rampant cravat end. A skillful counsel would cover you with confusion in the cross-examination, would appeal to the jury that your blushing hesitation betrayed you as a probable accomplice in a fiendish conspiracy, and would triumphantly acquit the outraged Toodles with a kind of martyr's halo around his head.

A man is charged with an offense which it is not denied that he committed. A defense is necessary. Ingenious counsel carefully study the facts. They fit them to various plausible, or at least defensible theories, and after careful deliberation they decide to which theory the facts may be made to conform most consistently. That theory they adopt, and strive with every art, strive unscrupulously, to establish. Every man remembers how curiously his *ipsissima verba* have been made to affirm what he denies, and to support what he opposes. There is nothing which every man who speaks or writes in public must sooner learn than the folly of chasing misrepresentations and misconstructions with the hope of end-

ing them. He might as well chase these spring cloud shadows upon the grass and hope to trample them out. You have been imprudent, you have been extravagant, you have gushed in correspondence, for instance, and lo! with the best friendly intention in the world, you are proved by your own words to be a conspirator and things not to be named. You refuse to join a general outcry of shame upon those whom you honestly believe to be guiltless, however mistaken and imprudent, and instantly your words and conduct are thrown in your face to prove

that you connive at a "hellish" ceremony, and that you are "an apologist for adultery."

Meanwhile, good friends, let nobody be alarmed. Snug, the joiner, is a spry little fellow, but he is by no means a lion. Ten thousand newspapers may scream that two and two make five, and that he is a noisome pest of the human species who denies it. But two and two still make four. Yet what a blessing that public virtue has such bulwarks as some of those newspapers that we all know, and which daily inform us how virtuous they are!

Editor's Literary Record.

POETRY.

LET us frankly confess that we do not approach W. C. BRYANT'S translation of the *Iliad of Homer* (Fields, Osgood, and Co.) in a frame of mind at all befitting the unprejudiced critic. We owe him too great a debt of gratitude for the enjoyment he has given us to be in any mood of mind to criticise.

While radical philosophers are impatiently demanding the exclusion of Greek and Latin from our college curriculum, the poets, who feel the public pulse a great deal quicker than the philosophers, are at once indicating and satisfying the appetite of the unlearned for the romance of the past. Not only are Lord Lytton, Professor Coningsby, Mr. Merivale, and Lord Derby employing their best thoughts in rendering the odes of Horace and the songs of Homer into English, but Tennyson, in what has proved on the whole his most popular poem—for it is really one, though in form several—is reviving the legends of ancient England; and William Morris, on whom the critics are inclined to bestow the poet laureate's crown which now rests on the brows of Tennyson, earns all his laurels by graceful pictures which he paints of times still more remote. And now W. C. Bryant adds his testimony to the public want, and his provision for it, in seeking recreation from the laborious duties of the editorial sanctum, and relief from a great domestic sorrow, by turning the hexameters of Homer into English verse.

It may, indeed, be that "if the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey* could now be given for the first time to the world divested of its traditional claims, and put upon its intrinsic merits, it would fall still-born from the press." It is doubtful whether the philosophy of a modern Plato would command so great a sale as that of Mr. Wells; or whether a modern Shakspeare's plays could get a place upon the stage at all; or whether a modern Raphael would secure as general and widespread a popularity as Nast; or whether Paul would be a widely popular preacher. Books, like plants, are both annual and perennial. There are that perish, like the Madeira vine, in the very year that gave them birth; there are that, like the oak and elm, get not the full glory of their growth till many years have passed over them. The glory of Homer is his age. He is grand because he is antique. It is Rufus Choate, if we remember aright, who once said that he should die if it were not for the classics. Wearied with

the strife of the office and the court-room, exhausted but sleepless, he threw himself into his easy-chair, and in ten minutes, in the life which Homer opened to him, had forgotten his own. The modern romance is not thus restful. It carries us into a world too like our own. But the song of Homer transports us into another world than ours, and gives to the wearied brain a rest more sweet and healthful than sleep itself. It is this appetite for rest which the "Legends of the Round Table," and the "Earthly Paradise," and last, and best of all, the new translation of Homer, are written to satisfy. The number of men that can find restful reading in the original Greek are very few, and grow yearly less. The number who know Homer at all except as the school-boy knows him, as an exercise in parsing, are, in America, with its hurried life and its intense and hard practicality, so very few that we may almost say there are none at all. There have, indeed, been no lack of previous translations, from the jingling and curiously un-Homeric lines of Pope, to the plain, bald prose of Buckley; by scholars, too, of all degrees of merit, from some to whom Greek was as mother-tongue, to other some who scarce knew the first principles of its syntax. Indeed, one Italian poet, Vincenzo Monti, translated the *Iliad* without knowing a word of the original, simply from Homer's previous translators. But of all which we have seen—though to have seen, at least to be familiar with them all, would itself require almost a life's study—there is none to equal this work of our own poet. Nor can we conceive a medium more fitting for the rendition of the legends of the greatest of all bards than the blank-verse of the author of "Thanatopsis," the rhythm, natural grace, and stately dignity of whose lines are all his own. One thing alone we count unfortunate, that the style and price of publication should be such as absolutely to debar the book from those who need it most, and would be most glad to read it. It is too good a book to lie with uncut leaves upon the centre-table as a parlor ornament, the fate to which its present form threatens to condemn it.

"What is really best in any book," says Ralph Waldo Emerson, "is translatable—any real insight or broad human sentiment.....I should as soon think of swimming across Charles River when I wish to go to Boston as of reading all my books in originals when I have them rendered for me in my mother-tongue." This senti-

ment, uttered by so scholarly a man as Emerson, is as comforting as it is courageous, and is none the less bold because it is true. We call it comforting, because, in the nature of the case, there are very few who can ever master a foreign language so perfectly that they can really read enjoyably its literature; and certainly one may get from such a translation as ELLEN FROTHINGHAM's version of GOETHE'S *Hermann and Dorothea* (Roberts Brothers) a far better idea of the real meaning of the original than he could possibly do by stumbling through it with a grammar and a dictionary. In the former case he stops at the words; in the latter he apprehends the poem in its entirety. It is true that of all literature poetry, and of all poetry German poetry, is the most difficult of translation. It is true that in translating this particular poem it is specially difficult to preserve the simplicity of the original without degenerating into a commonplace baldness. But despite these difficulties the translator has very happily accomplished her work, and has given a very charming and truthful, though not literal, version of what is not the greatest, but, next to "Faust," is perhaps the most popular, product of Goethe's pen. It is just a simple pen-and-ink picture of German life—peasant life we were going to say, burgher life we perhaps should say. To one who has never read it we might describe it as the "Evangeline" of German literature, though a critic would justly object to the comparison. We find no better way to characterize it in a sentence than by borrowing from the pages of De Quincey his estimate: "'Hermann and Dorothea,' a narrative poem, in hexameter verse, appears to have given more pleasure to readers not critical than any other work of its author" (we except from De Quincey's statement the master-piece of his genius, "Faust"); "and it is remarkable that it traverses humbler ground as respects both its subjects, its characters, and its scenery." It is, indeed, a portrait rather than a poem; describes the real, not the ideal; and depends for its charm less upon an appeal to the imagination, or even the sentiments, than upon an exhibition of that real romance which the poet's eye discerns, and all true hearts are glad to perceive, beneath the working-garb of everyday life. No one can read and note the contrast between the father's sorry but common idea of nobility and that which Hermann entertains, and the dowerless Dorothea exemplifies, without a new discernment of the truth that "all is not gold that glitters," and a new reverence for that kind of nobility whose "star and garter" is wrought in the heart, not worn on the breast.

CHARLES G. LELAND, in his new version of "Hans Breitmann"—*Hans Breitmann in Church* (T. B. Peterson and Brothers)—discloses a genuine poetic power which he has hitherto either never developed or never disclosed. We have expressed in decided terms our own opinion of that stale device of American wit which consists in hideous spelling and unendurable grammar, and slang yet more unendurable; and the opening verses of the new ballad only add intensity to our convictions. The original of such a profane, roystering, half-drunken "bummer" as sat for the portrait in this verse would not seem funny to us, and we fancy the portrait no better than the "sitter."

"Und first der Breitmann vldly smiled,
Und denn he madly shrove
Crate hi—! mit shpoons and shinsheerbread,
Can dis pe makin' war?
Verdammt pe all der discipline,
Verdammt der Sheneral;
Vere I vonce on de road, his will
Vere Wurst mir ind egal."

There is one German artist, whose name we have at this moment forgotten, who is prolific in pictures of wine-cellars, and drunken carousals, and red-nosed debauchees. His pictures are true to nature, but such nature! Pah! Who would not gladly shut his eyes upon it? There are scenes and characters it is not worth while to paint: the truer the painting, the worse the picture.

But in the closing verses of this new ballad Mr. Leland discloses a new power—a new phase of his own life. Hans Breitmann goes with his cavalry to church after some whisky, which a contraband reports as hid there. They find it, and are soon deep in a wild drinking bout. In the midst of it they are surprised by the "rebs," a battle ensues which results in leaving Hans master of the field; but his friend Stossenheim is mortally wounded. The verses that follow describe the dreams which "coom o'er de soldier" as he lies "dyin' all alone," dreams of his "mutter" and his "fran" and the "shild" that

"—learns to shpeak a fader's name
Dat she nefer will shpeak to him;"

they describe his death "like a Christian soldier," and the burial, when

"De tramp of horse and soldiers
Was all de funeral knell,
De ring of sporn und carpine
Was all de sacrin bell."

In these closing verses there is real pathos and genuine poetic merit—a pathos which not even the mongrel Dutch-English in which they are expressed is able to obscure. They are good enough to have been written in a pure language, and prove that Mr. Leland has no need to forego his better and higher nature to play the buffoon for the sake of amusing the crowd.

NOVELS.

MISS MULOCK'S *A Brave Lady* (Harper and Brothers) is a worthy companion to her "John Halifax, Gentleman;" and we know not how to award it higher praise. The one describes the ideal Christian gentleman, the other the ideal Christian lady; and among ideals Lady de Bongainville is the worthy peer of John Halifax. Amidst all this agitation for another and wider sphere, and for larger and better opportunities of work, and a riper development of character—amidst all this discontented turning away from the narrow home circle and its labors, its battles and its victories, as though they were somehow unworthy the capabilities of woman, one delights to find so healthful a recognition as this book affords of that true heroism, that true nobility, which is able to dignify the commonest sphere, the lowest and humblest station. It is not the post but the heart that makes the soldier. Heartily as we desire to see the range of woman's life widened—heartily as we believe that both she and society require her emancipation, yet we are even more certain that no opportunity is lacking in her present place for a

truly noble life. The wife of a poor English curate, an unconscionably selfish curate, a wretchedly dishonest curate, a wife who can not respect her husband and therefore can but illy love him at the best, has yet the opportunity afforded her to fight a great battle, to win a continuous victory, to be in her little cottage and her muslin dress not only a "brave lady," but truer lady than many a one who looks with ill-concealed contempt on Wren's Nest. An old moral, you will say. Well, it is not a new one; but the world has not as yet learned it so well that it has no need to review the lesson; and certainly it could ask no more charming or capable teacher than Miss Mulock. Sometimes, indeed, we get out of patience with Lady de Bougainville's patience, and wonder if it be not true that "endurance sometimes ceases to be a virtue;" and we get utterly and hopelessly out of patience with her husband, who is not a big rascal who rather awakens your interest by his rascalities, but only a mean and conscienceless Irishman, who always means to do right when it costs nothing, but who has no capacity for self-sacrifice, and binds heavy burdens on his wife's shoulders which he does nothing to lift, no, not so much as with his little finger. But these are the rascals of our common life, not the Quilps, nor the Uriah Heeps, nor the Iagos, nor the Dick Turpins whom we meet in literature; and endurance is so infrequently sufficiently immoderate to become a vice that we can submit to a little overplus in romance. And yet if we gave the impression that this is in any sense an anti-woman's-rights novel, we should give the falsest conception of it. It is, on the contrary, a most potent plea for woman's complete emancipation, portraying the real misery of the "subjection of women" in a picture that will touch many a heart which would be unmoved by Mr. Mill's unimaginative description of the same shameful fact, and a cry, such as will be heard, against the false political economy which sustains such legislation and the false exegesis which palms it off upon the Apostle Paul. Artistically there is great skill displayed in portraying the gradual change which life's sorrows produce in the character of Lady de Bougainville, and in the gradual separation which mutual development of character produces between the husband and wife. In essaying to write a novel that is not in any sense a "love-story" Miss Mulock has undertaken a difficult task, and she has accomplished it with success. In undertaking to keep up the interest of the reader in a serial story without plot, with very simple incidents, and with little other material for the drama than the brave lady and her cowardly husband, she essayed a dangerous experiment, accomplished with a success to which the many readers of this Magazine who have followed the story of her life from month to month can bear witness.

Of *Casimir Maremma* (Roberts Brothers) what need we say more than that it is a new novel by the author of "Friends in Council" and "Realmah," written, as every thing that ARTHUR HELPS writes, for a purpose—a novel part romance, part political economy, part criticism; with possibly a little too much of political philosophy for a romance, and a little too much romance for a work on political philosophy; but at all events, whatever else it be, not common-

place, and perhaps equally sure to attract the interest of thoughtful people and to awaken the interest of none others. —FREDERICK SPIELHAGEN'S *Hohensteins* (Leypoldt and Holt) is a much better novel than either of its predecessors. It is an intensely democratic novel of the revolutionary times of Europe, presenting a picture of German nobility which, if it were true, would justify the most rampant red-republicanism. There is here and there an outcropping of German infidelity, and of loose and socially destructive ideas of the marriage relation, which impair a story which is otherwise healthy as well as entertaining.—There will be many readers to welcome Appleton's republication of GRACE AGUILAR'S Works. That the most distinctively Christian of novelists lived and died a Jew, and was buried in a Jew's cemetery, must ever be considered one of the curiosities of literature. Certainly no reader would ever guess her religious faith from her works. How should he when they abound in such sentences as, "There is but one hope, our Saviour, for the sinner," and in such quotations from the New Testament as "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine who have not sinned?"—*Debenham's Vow* (Harper and Brothers), by Miss EDWARDS, is a dramatic story, verging on the melodramatic—an English story, with some sensational episodes from our civil war, the most characteristic feature of the book being the blockade-running of the hero, if hero he may be called. It comes at last to a very natural but unsatisfactory termination, and inculcates a moral which one does not need to go to a novel to learn, viz., that love is better than money, and a bad vow is better broken than kept.—It is yet too early to speak critically of CHARLES DICKENS'S new novel, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Dickens's forte is not in the construction of plots and the development of mysteries. His only successful plot is that of "Our Mutual Friend." We are not, at the time of this writing, conducted even to the threshold of the "mystery;" but we have read far enough to feel assured that the author has lost nothing of his power, has perhaps gained something by his long respite. The dialogue in the third chapter between Edwin Drood and Rosa is as capitally conceived and carried out as any thing Dickens ever wrote. The novel is to be published as a serial in a monthly supplement to *Harper's Weekly*.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

A NUMBER of years ago a few young men, of the humblest rank, in one of the manufacturing towns of England, meeting in the long winter evenings, in a sort of improvised school for mutual improvement, asked a gentleman of the neighborhood to come in and "talk to them a bit." He accepted the invitation; the result was a series of lectures, if any thing so informal can justly claim that name, on examples of what energy and perseverance had accomplished in the lives of the truly great men, the truly self-made men of the past. This quasi-lecturer was Mr. SAMUEL SMILES, and the informal lectures grew at length into an unpretending and anecdotal book with the significant title of *Self-Help*. This hook, starting so modestly, growing up the author himself scarcely knew how, chimed in with

the spirit and met a want of the age. It was reprinted in America, translated into the French, the Dutch, the German, and the Danish. Its popularity surprised no one probably more than its author. It is a popularity well deserved. The heroism of the world's greatest benefactors, the heroism of the loom, the foundry, the mine, the office, and the counter has had few delineators, none better, none more heartily appreciative, than Mr. Smiles. "Self-Help" is a thoroughly manly book; a book that no boy can carefully read without being made better and stronger by it; just the book for father or mother to read from to the group of children in the evenings, when the day's toil and the day's sport are over; a book which will prove a far better incentive to industry than either a scolding or the rod; a book to go into every Sabbath-school library, though it inculcates chiefly the homely and everyday virtues which Sabbath-schools are apt to be oblivious of; a book well worthy of the second and revised edition which has been called for by the public, and is provided by the press of Harper and Brothers. The additions are very considerable, including sketches of such men as Bernard Palissy, Count De Buffon, Cuvier, Claude Lorraine, Nicholas Poussin, Ary Scheffer, and Francis Xavier. We place it in the front rank of "Juveniles," though it is something more than a "Juvenile"—something certainly very different from most books that fall into that class.

Miss ALCOTT's *Old-Fashioned Girl* (Roberts Brothers) is to our thinking quite as good a story, quite as fresh, unconventional, and true as "Little Women," though it will hardly be as popular with the little folks. In fact, it is written for an older audience, and in a literary point of view belongs in a class by itself, being neither quite young enough for a children's story, nor quite old enough for a novel. "Tom" and "Polly" are genuine additions to American literature. We doubt whether failing is quite such a means of grace ordinarily as it proved in the case of the Shaw family, and the Toms and Fannys of real life do not develop such sterling qualities in manhood and womanhood out of material so meagre in early youth. But there is no more romance than is needed to give zest to the story, and he must be a very "proper" person indeed who can not give Polly the most cordial congratulations on her marriage to her erratic but reclaimed lover. Is it any sign of a popular uprising against the tyrannical reign of Mrs. Grundy that such a book as this is so popular? Or will the "girl of the period" read it only for the sake of a laugh at the old-fashioned girl, but with no thought of emulating her example or imitating her character?

There is many a performer who is no musician; many a young lady who, under the delusion that she is acquiring music, is only learning to hate the piano which she thrums so mercilessly. For this abhorrence of music, which is often the parents' greatest difficulty and the pupils' greatest obstacle too, there is no better remedy than a living sympathy with musicians; and when live ones are not at hand to inspire the yet susceptible mind with their own enthusiasm, the lives of the great musicians afford the best substitute. For this reason, not merely because it is a volume of useful and interesting biography,

we welcome the opening volume of the *Tone Masters*. (Lee and Shepard.) The author has thought it necessary, because she is writing for children, to employ a rather clumsy device to give her history the semblance of a romance. So we have a musical club which meets on certain evenings to perform the works of the great masters, allotting one evening in turn to each, and making the composer of the evening the theme of the evening's conversation. Despite this unnecessary machinery the story of the lives of Mozart and Mendelssohn is told in a way which makes us look forward with expectations of personal enjoyment to the succeeding volumes, which are to treat, it is said, of Handel and Haydn, Beethoven and Bach, and Schumann and Schubert. Nor is it the story of their lives alone which is told; some account of their principal works is given, and a very correct and appreciative idea of their musical characteristics is afforded in a very simple, succinct, but sprightly style.

Charles Scribner and Co. add to their admirable Illustrated Library of Wonders, translations of VIARDOT's *Italian Art*, SAUZAY's *Glass-Making*, and DE LANOYE's *Sublime in Nature*. The latter is simply a compilation, a selection of extracts from various writers, and is neither in the character of its literary contents nor of its pictures equal to the average of its predecessors. The selections are well made, but the book has no unity. The second is a very entertaining treatise, chiefly devoted to a description of the rarer operations in glass-making, such as the manufacture of mirrors, goblets, vases, cut, gilt, frosted, fligree glass, etc. The author traces each operation in turn to its origin in past history, and the reader will be surprised to find how true it is in this art, which to most persons seems modern, there is almost literally nothing new under the sun. The engravings are but little inferior to those of the English version. Viardot's work gives the reader a very good idea of the history of Italian art, and the characteristics of its different schools. It would be a capital book for any one to read who means to visit Italy, and an interesting one for him to read who has visited it. The pictures do not add much to the book. Even the best engravings give but a very imperfect idea of the works of the great masters, and these engravings are not of the best.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RUMOR attributes to RALPH WALDO EMERSON a peculiar method of composition. He keeps, it is said, a commonplace-book, into which go every striking thought, curious metaphor, keen epigram, which his own mind incubates or his various reading discovers. When he is called on for a lecture, he goes to his commonplace-book. He culls from its pages enough of its best material for an hour's instruction or entertainment. Connection is immaterial. He exhibits his collection of pearls and precious stones, and notes carefully what strikes most the popular feeling. These he treasures up, culls, casts into paragraphs. This makes his book. We do not altogether credit Madame Rumor. Mr. Emerson is not the man to ask the public to select for him. He writes, above all other American authors, as one who is supremely indifferent to praise or blame. There is, too, in his disjointed

sentences a method, which they who study him discover, as in the constellations which stud the sky there is a real order which is hidden from the child. It must be confessed, however, that his terse, epigrammatic, and seemingly disconnected style gives color of truth to Madame Rumor's story. His last book—*Society and Solitude* (Fields, Osgood, and Co.)—adds this further evidence, that in it Mr. Emerson refers to his commonplace-book, and quotes from it. That he often quotes without referring, no one who is familiar with his writings can doubt.

"*Society and Solitude*" is, we need hardly say, a collection of essays. Ralph Waldo Emerson never writes any thing else. Of these essays, we have found that on "Books" the most interesting. It is less characteristically Emersonian; it has continuity—beginning, middle, and end; it really tells us something about books; it is comprehensible, with the exception of a few paragraphs, by the common mind; it gives an admirable, though partial and incomplete, course of reading; it gives some admirable hints to readers, along with some which are sufficiently absurd to do full credit to their parentage. If, for example, all readers agreed to the rule, "Never read any but famed books," all reading would come to an untimely end. The rule, "Never read any but what you like," is admirable for mature minds, and its application would save a great deal of wasted time. He might add, "Never read except as you like—always according to the mood of the hour." Whoever has met Henry Ward Beecher traveling can hardly fail to have noticed his inseparable traveling companion—a black leather bag. It is full, not of clothes, but of books. There is a volume of poetry, one of history, one of philosophy, one of science, one of art. Be the journey long or short, he always has his library with him. "Why take so many?" we once heard him asked; "you surely don't expect to read them all!" "Because," was his reply, "when I start I never can tell what I want to read. Sometimes I take some honey from each flower—sometimes I only open a single volume; I read according to the appetite." This is sound philosophy. Read what you like. The appetite is the only true guide—mood the true scholar's only true system. It is because Mr. Emerson reads only what he likes that his essay on "Books" is more a revealer of himself than anything else we have met with from his pen. That a man is known by the company he keeps, has passed into a proverb. Books are Mr. Emerson's companions, and this introduction to them explains both his strength and his weakness—his strength in the higher and subtler forms of intellectual life, his weakness in the absolute poverty of his spiritual resources. The ethical element, the conscience, the keen sense of right and wrong, the delicate sense, too, in matters where moral judgment becomes a moral taste, and even the refined imagination, closely approximating the higher and spiritual life, are not wanting; but the spiritual faculties themselves are absolutely dormant, and one can hardly fail to notice that among books there is no mention of those whose virtue lies in their spiritual power—none but the merest paragraph about "the Bibles of the world," and about these only as expressions of "sentiment" and of "the universal conscience."

There is an "unseen world," which the quick insight of a Paul, a John, a Melancthon, a Thomas à Kempis, a Fénelon, perceives, but which this rare thinker, with all the subtlety of his genius, never sees. Let us thank him for this much, at least—that, knowing nothing of it, he makes no attempt to hide his ignorance behind a flimsy veil of conventional phrases, borrowed from men whose visions he never shares. Mr. Emerson is, at least, honest; and that is much—we might almost say, every thing.

Mr. MURRAY, by his *Music-Hall Sermons* (Fields, Osgood, and Co.), has redeemed his name from the doubtful honors which his "Adirondacks" brought him. For twelve Sabbath evenings Music Hall in Boston was crowded to its utmost capacity to hear the popular preacher of Park Street Church. Something was doubtless due to the novelty of the occasion; something to the musical service, led by a choir of a hundred singers under the direction of Monsieur Tourjee; something to the somewhat doubtful reputation which the preacher had already acquired in circles far outside his own parish. But those who came to hear a "sensational" preacher, or to laugh over quirks and oddities, must have gone disappointed away; and yet, to the last, the audiences did not diminish. The fact that sermons so simple, so unpretentious, so little ornate, so utterly undogmatic, possessing so slight tokens of any peculiar scholarship, or any subtle poetic intuitions, or any keen analysis, in a word, characterized so little by any marks of peculiar genius, should have been the religious sensation of the Athens of America, affords a new evidence that the Gospel has not lost its power; that when it is not made to serve the recruiting purposes of a church, when it is not overlaid and obscured by the tenets of the schools, nor by an excessive and florid ornamentation, when it is the simple utterance of a heart in earnest, there is that in it which takes strong hold on all hearts; as much so as when Jesus proclaimed it among the hills of Galilee, or Paul among the cities and in the synagogues of Greece. Dr. Hall has set two classes of preachers in contrast—the plain and the poetic. One, he says, admits the sunlight through transparent glass, making the soul to glow with the warm light of heaven; the other lets it in through stained-glass windows, filling the soul with a soft, variegated, "dim religious light;" beautiful, but far from bright or clear. Mr. Murray's sermons are transparent glass. It is the light of the sun itself which shines through them.

Whoever has attended long at Plymouth Church will bear witness that HENRY WARD BEECHER is better in his pulpit than on the platform, and better in the prayer-meeting than in the pulpit. His *Lecture-Room Talks*, reported by his shadow, Mr. ELLINWOOD, and published from week to week in the columns of the *Christian Union*, gathered now in a substantial volume, make a book of rare devotional reading, and carry the reader nearer the great heart of their author than any thing else short of a personal and familiar acquaintance. Thanks, Mr. Ellinwood, for a service which makes Mr. Beecher's parish as wide as the bounds of the nation.—PYLE's *Expository Thoughts on John* (Carters) are exceedingly pleasant and profitable reading; and a commentary which is really both pleasant and profit-

able is a rarity indeed.—RANDALL'S *History of New York* (J. B. Ford and Co.) is a compend for schools. Why must the school compends always be a collection of uninteresting details, and children be frightened from the most fascinating of studies by the method in which it is presented?—*The Autobiography of Edward Wortley Montagu* (Turner and Co.), the scape-grace son of a scape-grace mother, in turn a Protestant, a gipsy, a Roman Catholic, and a Mohammedan, and about equally Christian in all, is a cynical, morose, flippant, misanthropical book, written by one who had neither faith in God, man, nor virtue, and has no value whatever unless it be in the portraiture of certain phases of English life in the time of George I., and until its authenticity has some better evidence than is as yet afforded us, this value is small.—*The Memoirs of William C. Burns* and of *James Hamilton* (Carters) are on the whole inspiring books, despite the fault of all religious biographies—too much ill-digested and ill-assorted matter. The former was the first Protestant missionary to China, and inaugurated the missionary work there by traveling alone throughout the interior, dressing like a Chinaman, and eating like him too, becoming all things to all men in truly apostolic spirit. His warm personal friend, James Hamilton, was, besides pastor and preacher in the great English metropolis, the most industrious of literateurs, and did an amount of reading, writing, and studying which one would suppose to consort only with the idlest, while he was the busiest of men. His biography is, especially the latter half of it, a very healthful book to read

—a good book for you to give your pastor, reader, by way of inspiration and encouragement. An hour with it is like a whiff of oxygen among the mountains to a carbon-poisoned denizen of the city.—The proprietors of village and circulating libraries assure us that the bound volumes of *Harper's Magazine* are the most popular, the most in demand, of any books on their shelves. These forty volumes constitute indeed a library in themselves, of science, history, travels, and romance; the value of which will be greatly enhanced by the complete analytical *Index* now for the first time published, enabling the reader to find at a glance any subject treated of in the complete set. This index makes, in fact, the *Magazine* a cyclopædia. There is no way in which a man can get so large and so serviceable a library for so small a price as by purchasing this set complete with the index which accompanies it.—Whoever undertakes to build a house, we know, for we have tried, finds it necessary to get all the books of plans he can, and all the plans of his friends who have built before him, and spend from one to three months, according to the severity of the attack, in drawing all sorts of conceivable and inconceivable designs. This done, he is prepared to engage a builder or architect, tell him what he wants, leave the work of both building and designing in his hands, and go about his own work with a free mind. For those in the first stage of the building fever we know of no better book than BICKNELL'S *Village Builder* (A. and J. Bicknell, Troy). It is very pleasant to look through; and no architectural book is good for any thing else, except to the professional architect.

Editor's Scientific Record.

PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE TRANSLUCENCY OF METALS.

METALS have generally been considered as opaque bodies, not permitting the passage of light through their substance. It is, however, very easy to show, by the use of an extremely thin film, as of gold or silver deposited upon glass, that light passes quite freely through them; and this property has latterly been turned to very good advantage. One of the earliest applications was as a substitute for the ordinary soot-blackened or colored glass, used in observing the sun during an eclipse, or at other times; and the silvering of the objective glass of the great telescope of the Paris Observatory has permitted an investigation of the sun's disk such as could not otherwise be prosecuted. Viewed through a lens, or even a plain glass thus silvered, the sun appears of a soft bluish color, very sharply defined against a black back-ground formed of the sky. All the peculiarities of the solar image, the different spots and foci in their variations of intensity, and the less luminous marginal regions, are shown with the greatest clearness; and even the filmiest clouds and vapors which seem to sweep over the disk can be readily perceived. The examination can be kept up any length of time without strain to the eyes. The physiological action is very different from that of colored glasses, the use of which is sometimes very objectionable. All the different rays of light pass through

the metal (although greatly tempered), except the outermost red rays, which are excluded, together with the dark heat rays, and the silver must be deposited in the usual galvanoplastic or chemical manner, so as to form a very delicate film. Gold and platinum may also be used, but silver possesses several advantages.

This property, on the part of metals, of greatly subduing the rays of light without extinguishing them to any extent, and of excluding almost entirely the rays of heat, is now applied to other practical purposes. Weak eyes can use spectacles thus prepared to the greatest advantage, where colored glasses are not to be thought of. For persons whose business keeps them before a glowing fire such glasses are invaluable, since the sight is not strained by the light, nor the eyeball injured by the heat, which is measurably excluded. Screens of glass, to be placed before fires, have also been made on the same principle.

By inserting plates of glass thus treated in the panels of doors, or using them as window-panes, it will be easy to observe from within all that is going on outside, while it will be impossible to see into the room unless there be another window on the opposite side, so as to show through. The application of the metal to the glass converts it into a mirror, which reflects the light, and makes it to one outside as opaque as mirrors are generally. The use of such windows, where an observer within has occasion to notice persons

outside without being seen, will be readily understood in the case of prisons, work-shops, stores, etc., where, however, as already remarked, there should be but the one opening. The platinized glass has been found most convenient for this purpose.

These few illustrations of a general principle, capable of a great variety of practical applications, show at the same time how often the man of science, seeking for the solution of some problem in his theoretical investigations, reaches results capable of a thousand uses in everyday life, which are eagerly caught up and turned to profitable account.

CONVERSION OF TALLOW INTO BUTTER.

It is said that the legitimate demand for tallow in Great Britain is very seriously interfered with by the use of a large percentage of it in the manufacture of butter. The tallow is sent to Belgium, where it is kneaded up with a particular kind of meal, to which is added about thirty-five per cent. of water. It is then exported from Ostend as Flemish butter; and it is to be found under this name in the markets of London.

MAGNESIA LIGHT IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

M. Van Monckhoven has excited much interest in photographic circles by his invention of a peculiar form of illumination, by means of which he is enabled to take photographic pictures with great success. He uses for this purpose the carbonate of magnesia, heated to a white heat by an alcohol lamp or by the oxyhydrogen light. The magnesia, under these circumstances, gives a light equal in intensity to that of the metallic magnesium, and of the same color, but with the additional advantage that there is no smoke, and the light is very constant. The expense amounts to about fifty cents an hour. According to Dr. J. J. Woodward, the best, if not the cheapest, light for photographic illumination (sunlight not excepted) is that of electricity, the calcium light being the worst.

TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD.

A memoir recently published upon the transfusion of blood from one living subject to another mentions, as the principal points reached in the investigations of the author, first, that blood collected and kept in contact with the air at a medium temperature remains unchanged in its constituent histological condition, and preserves its chemical peculiarities for two or three hours; second, that the red globules, saturated with oxygen, are the actual revivifying principle, the fibrin not being an essential part. On this account, to insure safety, and to prevent the introduction of clots into the circulation, blood deprived of its fibrin is to be preferred to that in its normal condition. Third, the defibrinated blood of any species, transfused into an individual of the same species, can revivify that individual, compensating for loss of blood, fulfilling all the functions of the normal and primitive blood, and being subject to all its physiological laws. In the same way we can combat an alteration of the blood, by exchanging it for that which is healthy. Fourth, the blood of animals of one species can revivify, if even in a transitory manner, animals of another species. Such blood is readily decomposed, and if it has been injected

in small quantities it may be eliminated; if injected in large quantities it may produce death. Fifth, transfusion well executed is not a dangerous operation. The practical dangers signalized by the author lie in the introduction of foreign bodies with the blood, the formation of clots even in injecting the defibrinated blood, the introduction of air into the circulation, and the precipitation of the injection, and finally, phlebitis, or inflammation of the inner membrane of the punctured vein.

POKORNY'S ICE-MACHINE.

Another addition to the long list of ice-machines is that manufactured by Mr. Pokorny, of Vienna, based upon the ammonia apparatus of Carré. This machine, it is said, will furnish by continued use six or seven hundred-weight of ice per hour, with a consumption of about one-tenth of this weight in coal, being operated by a steam-engine of one half horse-power. Three workmen are sufficient to carry on the entire process, including the tending of the engine. It has been calculated that the actual expense, in Germany, of the material and labor, independent of the cost of the machine, is less than ten cents per hundred-weight of ice. The cost of the machine there, capable of furnishing one hundred pounds of ice an hour, is \$2500; one making five hundred pounds per hour, \$6000.

ARTIFICIAL CORAL.

The false coral of the jewelers is usually made of alabaster, colored by means of a bath consisting of half an ounce of cream of tartar, a quarter of an ounce of tin composition, and one quart of water. The tin composition is prepared from eight parts of nitric acid, one part of sal ammoniac, one part of tin, and twenty-five parts of water. To the bath thus prepared enough powdered cochineal is added to give it a proper degree of coloration; and the whole is then brought to the boiling-point, and, after boiling a short time, it is to be cooled and decanted. The alabaster is next introduced into this clear liquid and kept some hours, and then allowed to dry in the air. It is finally placed two or three hours in a bath consisting of equal quantities of stearic acid and wax. When the objects are removed from this mixture they are rubbed off with paper, and can be polished in the usual manner.

CURIOUS SHAPE OF BIRDS' BILLS.

We have in birds a great variety of form and adaptation of particular parts to special wants, under special circumstances, although it is in the bill that the greatest diversity, in this respect, is observed. This organ is sometimes very broad and shovel-shaped, sometimes very slender and elongated. It is frequently bent downward, sometimes in a gentle curve, as in the curlew; and in others at an abrupt angle, as in the flamingo; more rarely it is bent upward, as in the godwit and avoset. The most curious modification of its shape, however, has lately been announced in the case of a small species resembling the plover, and found on the coast of New Zealand. Here the bill is bent at a decided angle abruptly toward the right, and with the extreme point also slightly turned upward, so as almost to form a screw. This peculiarity is so singular as to have at first suggested the idea

that the first specimen was a monstrosity; but in more recent collections from New Zealand others were obtained, all agreeing in the shape above mentioned. An approach to this peculiar character of bill is seen in the case of the cross-bill, a small, sparrow-like bird of a red color, inhabiting the boreal regions of the northern hemisphere. In this the two jaws are natural in their position in the young birds; but with increasing age the points lengthen to such an extent that they cross, the one cutting against the other like the blades of scissors. They feed almost entirely upon the seeds of pines, which they are enabled to extract with great facility by means of this peculiar form of the bill.

ARCTIC VEGETATION.

Dr. Seemann, an excellent authority in all questions of botanical geography, thinks that if there be land present at the extreme north, at or near the pole, in all probability it will be found to be covered by some form of vegetation wherever it is not occupied by snow and ice. He states that the most northerly berry-bearing plant is a species of *Vaccinium*, a kind of whortleberry, found growing on the northwest shore of Greenland, at a latitude of seventy-six degrees north, and a longitude of sixty-six west. The other most northern berry-bearing genera are the cranberry (*Oxycoccus*), thimble-berry (*Rubus*), the cornel, or dog-berry (*Cornus*), and the *Empetrum*.

HIBERNATION OF DUCK-WEED.

A curious habit, analogous to that of hibernation among animals, has been observed in the duck-weed (*Lemna*), a well-known plant growing in and floating on the surface of fresh water. During the warm season the floating leaves are provided with small air-cells, by means of which they are buoyed up and kept at the surface; but in August or September new leaves make their appearance, differing from the old ones in many of their characteristics, being smaller, differently shaped, without air-cells, and with exceedingly minute roots, which are at first hidden within the leaf. Lacking the buoyancy of the summer leaves, as soon as they become detached from the parent plant, which takes place at the slightest agitation, they fall to the bottom and there remain, the original plant itself perishing with the first frost. At the proper season in the spring a small bubble of oxygen appears on the upper part of these leaves, which soon brings them to the surface of the water, from which they again descend when the temperature falls below a certain point, finally remaining at the top and developing into the mature plant.

ECONOMICAL MANUFACTURE OF OXYGEN.

We have already adverted to the employment of oxygen in ordinary illumination in the city of Paris, an application which, to be of economical value, requires an improved method of manufacturing the gas. This is done by placing 500 pounds of manganate of soda in a retort and superheating it, steam being passed over it with the result that all the oxygen is extracted in five minutes. Hot air is then passed over this residue for five minutes more, and the percentage of oxygen is again restored; and this alternation is continued to the number of six times in an hour,

at the end of which time two and a half cubic yards of oxygen have been furnished. The oxygen, as it first issues from the gasometer, contains about fifteen per cent. of nitrogen; but by allowing the first portions to escape, the quantity of this gas in the mixture can be reduced to two and a half per cent. According to the statement of the inventor of this process, one ton of manganate of soda will yield 100 cubic yards of oxygen daily, or more than 36,000 cubic yards per year, without the necessity of renewing the salt during the whole time.

NATIVE SULPHUR IN THE WEST INDIES.

A valuable deposit of native sulphur has lately been discovered in the island of Saba, of the Dutch West Indies. The deposit is found in a trachytic porphyry, and varies in thickness from fifteen to fifty feet, its elevation above the sea being from forty-five to two hundred feet.

DISCOVERY OF NATIVE LEAD.

It is stated as an interesting discovery in mineralogy that native lead has been found in Thuringia, embedded in amygdaloidal melaphyre, and running through the rock in globules and strings. This announcement has excited much skepticism among mineralogists; but the evidence of the fact is said to be quite incontestable.

GREAT HEAT FROM STEAM.

The apparent paradox of raising certain solutions, by means of steam at 212 degrees Fahrenheit, to an appreciably higher degree than this, has been presented by Mr. Spence. Thus he selects a solution of some salt (as nitrate of soda) having a high boiling-point, or one of about 250 degrees Fahrenheit, and this is placed in a vessel surrounded by a jacket. Steam is let into the intervening space until the temperature of 212 degrees is reached. The steam is then shut off and an open pipe immersed in the solution, and steam from the same source thrown directly into the liquor. In a few seconds the thermometer begins to rise slowly, but continues to do so until it finally reaches the point of 250 degrees. This method, applicable in a great variety of ways, promises to be of immense value in obtaining readily an unusually high degree of temperature, and one by means of which important chemical combinations and decompositions can be accomplished.

INFUSION OF COAL AND CHALK.

Some curious statements have lately been presented to the Microscopical Society of London, by Mr. Wake, in reference to the phenomena observed after macerating coal and other mineral substances in water. When a piece of coal is powdered as finely as possible and placed in water, it exhibits, after the lapse of a week, a curious growth, which finally assumes the form of masses of regular vegetation of a black color, bearing one or more fronds; but intermingled are fibres apparently flattened, and perfectly black, occasionally attaining great length. Other fibres are of a greenish hue, and seem to be interwoven with small black fronds. In addition to these there is a considerable quantity of a gelatinous substance which appears to exude from the coal matter; and there are small crystalloid bodies which float about freely in the wa-

ter, together with minute moving protuberances extending from various parts of the coal substance and the vegetation.

Similar experiments made with chalk revealed minute organisms of various forms; some round, others like straight or curved tubes; and occasionally small bodies resembling the so-called eoccolites of the mud from the Atlantic sea-bottom. With these were certain minute moving bodies, quite similar to those found in the experiment with coal. In a little while black protuberances were projected from the larger masses, having a movement like those from the coal infusion. After a time the particles appear to have a gelatinous coating, and in the course of some weeks become great conglomerated masses, having small projections at various points, the extremities of which are occasionally seen to move, and ultimately grow larger, and their movements more perceptible. In addition to these forms numerous small detached organisms are seen to move through the fluid, having small white spots in different parts. There is also an apparent vegetable growth, in the form of long, flat, semi-translucent fibres. Still more curious is the fact stated by Mr. Wake, that similar phenomena exist in the infusion of powdered limestone, differing in detail from those of the chalk, but not so much so in their general character. Experiments prosecuted with an infusion of emery exhibited results somewhat analogous, and presenting some striking peculiarities.

The author, in his memoir, does not attempt to draw any inferences or establish any generalizations from his experiments as just recorded, not even to suggest that they may be the mere development of animal or vegetable spores floating in the atmosphere; nor how far some of the phenomena may be referable to the molecular movement of minute inorganic particles well known to microscopists. His investigations are still in progress, and will be subjected to as searching an examination as possible, in order to detect any fallacies or sources of error, and to establish the whole on a proper basis. We may say, however, that the idea that chalk contains actual living organisms, precisely identical with those which are now giving rise to the chalk formation at the bottom of the ocean, has been maintained by many naturalists, who have endeavored to prove their positions by totally different lines of reasoning.

GLACIER ACTION ABOUT NEW HAVEN.

Professor Dana has recently published an elaborate account of the geology of the vicinity of New Haven, with special reference to the origin of its topographical features; and he endeavors to show that the region in question, in the glacial era, like that of New England to the north, was largely moulded at the surface by the action of a great glacier occupying the valley of the Connecticut, and by its under-flowing streams; and that it was covered, in consequence of the subsequent melting of the ice, with stratified and unstratified drift formations simultaneously. He also endeavors to prove that icebergs, which have been assigned so important a part by some in the moulding of the surface of the country, had no part whatever in the matter, and that the supposed iceberg sea over New England had no existence.

NEW TEST FOR ARSENIC.

A new test for arsenic is said to be so successful that it will detect one part of this substance in a million parts, in solution, while the presence of antimony does not affect it at all. In applying the test the arsenic liquid is mixed with hydrochloric acid until fumes are apparent. Stannous chloride is then to be introduced, which produces a basic precipitate containing the greater part of the arsenic, as a metal, mixed with stannic oxide.

OCEAN CURRENTS.

In a recent article on ocean currents, Mr. Croll discusses the question of the influence of the Atlantic Gulf Stream in affecting the temperature of Western Europe, and takes very decided issue with those who deny its agency in that respect. He estimates the total amount of water conveyed by the Gulf Stream at a current fifty miles wide and one thousand feet deep, moving at the rate of four miles an hour, and with a mean temperature of sixty-five degrees at the moment of leaving the Gulf. During its northern journey it is calculated that it will cool down to forty degrees, losing, therefore, twenty-five degrees of heat. The total amount of heat transferred every day by the Stream amounts then to one hundred and fifty-four sextillions (154,000,000,000,000,000,000) of foot-pounds—an estimate considerably less than that made by other authors. This quantity of heat he considers to be very much greater than that carried by all the atmospheric currents that blow from the equator; and he thinks that the entire amount of heat transferred from the equatorial regions by all the ocean currents must be enormous.

While, however, insisting that the amelioration of the temperature of Western Europe is due to the Gulf Stream, he does not think that this is effected by direct radiation, but by heating the winds which blow over it toward the shore; since it is well known that in the northern hemisphere the general tendency of movements of the atmosphere is from west to east.

Our author also finds that the low temperature of the southern hemisphere is owing to the comparative absence of ocean currents, and that without any such currents at all the globe would not be habitable; since, owing to the earth's spherical form, too much heat is received at the equator, and much too little at high latitudes, to make the earth a suitable dwelling-place for the human race. Under existing circumstances, however, the excess of heat is carried by the currents from the equator toward the poles, and the counter cold currents return toward the equator, thus equalizing the temperature, and an average is kept up that answers all our material wants. Our author finally comes to the conclusion that without the existence of the Gulf Stream the mean annual temperature of Great Britain might sink below the present midwinter temperature of Siberia, for all that can be shown to the contrary.

In this connection it may be proper to state that, according to Professor Henry, the heat of the Gulf Stream is carried to Europe by its being first taken up in the vaporization of water, which, borne in an easterly direction by the winds, condenses into rain in Western Europe, and thus in so doing the heat is again given out. Such an explanation accounts equally well for the heat of

the rainy winters, both of Western Europe and of Northwestern America.

Our author, in a second article, endeavors to prove that a chief cause of the secular change of climate at different epochs may be due to the deflection of ocean currents, and that, were the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic coast turned southward, and that of the North Pacific also, the whole northern hemisphere would in a short time assume a normal condition. The climate would then probably resemble that of the glacial epoch, while the opposite hemisphere, receiving so much heat from the equator, would have a climate similar to that which prevailed in the northern hemisphere during a part of the miocene period, when North Greenland was as warm as England at the present day. The causes which, according to Mr. Croll, deflect ocean currents, and which, in his opinion, have acted at various times upon them, so as materially to affect the terrestrial atmosphere, and the changes which may occur again, after the lapse of a sufficient length of time, our limits will not permit us to indicate here; and for their explanation we must refer to the original articles, published in the *London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Physical Magazine* of 1870. We may add, however, that our author finds in the absence of southward equatorial currents of any magnitude the explanation of that peculiar condition by which the climate of the southern hemisphere is so much more rigorous than that of the northern, and by which in regions of the latitude of England the thermometer seldom rises above 42 degrees, and never above 51, while snow may fall on any day in the year.

It is rather startling to reflect that the shifting a few degrees south of its present position of the equatorial current of the Atlantic, between South America and Africa, would turn its entire stream into another direction, or that of the Brazilian branch; so that, instead of flowing chiefly into the Gulf of Mexico, as at present, it would pass into the Southern Ocean, and the Gulf Stream be stopped. This stoppage of the Gulf Stream would place Europe under a glacial condition, while the temperature of the Southern Ocean would be very greatly elevated.

RHEEA, OR CHINA GRASS.

Much attention has been directed in India toward the cultivation of the China grass, of the variety called rhea; and a large quantity has been raised in that country without its having been taken hold of to any great extent by manufacturers. The principal difficulty is understood to be the want of suitable machinery for separating the fibre and the bark from the stem, and the fibre from the bark, the expense of doing this by hand being too great for ordinary use. In view of the fact that the climate of India is especially adapted to the cultivation of this plant, the Governor-General has just announced that he has been authorized to offer a prize of \$25,000 for a machine that shall be capable of producing a ton of fibre, of a quality that shall average in value not less than \$250 per ton in the English market, at a total cost of all the processes of manufacture, and allowance for wear and tear included, of not more than \$75 per ton. This is to include all the operations performed after the cutting and transportation of the plant to the place of manufacture, and the completion of the

manufacture of the fibre of the quality prescribed. The machinery must be simple, strong, durable, and cheap, and should be suited for erection at or near the plantation, as the refuse material is said to be valuable for use as a manure for continued cultivation.

The government of India will furnish, on application through its Secretary of State, a supply of carefully dried stems and specimens of the fibre separated from the bark, to all mechanical firms desirous of competing for the reward. One year from the date of the advertisement, January 11, 1870, is allowed for the preparation of the machinery and transportation to the locality where the trial is to be made.

Both the rhea grass of India and the ramie of China are derived from varieties of the *Boehmeria tenacissima*. As "ramie," the plant has been widely diffused in North America by the National Botanic Garden and the United States Agricultural Department, and much detail respecting its culture and character will be found in the valuable publications of the latter establishment. As soon as all the problems respecting its preparation are solved it will doubtless become of great economic importance in the United States; and the reward offered by the India government might not inappropriately be supplemented by another on the part of our own authorities.

COLORING MATTER IN COAL TAR.

The tar produced in the distillation of coal for the manufacture of ordinary burning gas, at one time looked upon as mere refuse, has more recently proved of much commercial value, on account of the great variety of chemical products, especially of coloring matter, which it contains. It has been estimated that 100 pounds of the tar will furnish, on an average, 3 pounds of commercial and $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of pure benzole, out of which 3 pounds of commercial nitro-benzole can be obtained. These 3 pounds of nitro-benzole furnish $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of rosaniline; and from this, again, are obtained 3.37 pounds of the raw aniline red, out of which 1.12 pounds of pure fuchsine can be made. Since 100 pounds of coal furnish, on an average, 3 pounds of tar, it requires, therefore, about 3000 pounds to furnish 1 pound of pure fuchsine. It is estimated that all the gas-works in Europe consume annually about 160,000,000 cwt. of coal; so that the gas tar which they furnish will yield about 53,000 cwt. of fuchsine.

RENDERING WOOD FIRE-PROOF.

Among the various methods recently suggested for rendering wood practically incombustible, those of most value appear to be common salt and soluble glass, or the so-called water-glass. By using the latter substance in filling the pores of the wood, and coating its surface with a thin layer of cement, the danger from fire can be reduced almost to the minimum. For this purpose the wood is first well dried, and then allowed to remain for twenty-four hours in a solution of one part of water-glass in three parts of water, after which it is to be removed, dried for some days in the air, and then again immersed in the above-mentioned solution for twenty-four hours. After a second drying it is to be coated with a mixture of one part of fresh cement and four parts

of water-glass solution, the bath previously used being available for this latter mixture. No more cement should be mixed at one time than is to be applied immediately, as it becomes hard and can not again be dissolved. After the first coat has dried thoroughly another layer is to be put on, and finally a coating of water-glass by itself, which results in giving the wood a smooth, glassy appearance.

Should the timber be too large for immersion in the bath, it should be moistened by successive applications of the solution from a hose, care being taken to save the excess which runs off, so as to use it again. The cement may be applied by means of a coarse whitewash brush. The timber should not be planed smooth, but should be left with the rough saw cuts upon it, so as to facilitate the absorption of the liquid. The final application of the cement will give a smooth appearance, and the natural roughness of the wood will aid in its adhesion. Any cracks in the timber should be filled up thoroughly with the cement.

Timber thus prepared acquires a very solid, compact character; the original material is of comparatively little consequence. Indeed, the more porous the wood, the more readily does it become permeated by the preservative solution. Experiments have been tried with timber of greater or less thickness, prepared in this way; and the result has gone to show that it was practically incombustible, a degree of heat which would otherwise have consumed it in a very short time having no effect whatever. The author of this process, therefore, confidently recommends his method as a complete safeguard against fire; and says the cost of the application is so trifling, in comparison with the results to be obtained, that he expects before long to see it in very general use. He suggests a similar treatment of sleepers for railways, guaranteeing a durability at least ten times as great as that of wood in its natural condition.

ALBERTYPE PRINTING.

We have already given an account of the general process by which the beautiful reproductions of photographic pictures are made by the method of Albert, the lithographic stone being replaced by a polished plate of glass, upon which the photographic picture is taken, and from which the prints are made. Certain details of this "Albertype" were for a time kept secret, so that it was difficult to imitate the results obtained by Albert; but recently a fuller account of the whole has been published.

The general advantages of the process, as summed up by the inventor, are, that as many as from five hundred to a thousand impressions can be taken from a single plate, so that the ordinary lithographic stones or metal plates can be dispensed with, and a much cheaper plate of mirror glass used in their stead, from which one picture can be removed and another readily substituted. The impressions obtained are of incomparable purity, without any grain, and of a softness in the middle tones, and with a freedom from spots and irregularities, leaving nothing to be desired.

POISONOUS COLORING OF FRUIT SIRUPS.

A note of alarm has been raised in regard to the employment of aniline dyes for coloring va-

rious liquids and fruit sirups, used extensively as beverages; and the dangerous effects likely to result from the use of such mixtures are carefully pointed out. The following are some of the methods of distinguishing between the true fruit juices and those that have been colored by any of the aniline dyes.

Genuine fruit sirups become completely deprived of their color by means of chlorine; and while aniline colors are also destroyed, a black deposit is left, which is readily recognized. Sulphuric acid, nitric acid, and hydrochloric acid render the red colors of genuine sirups brighter, and color the artificial of a yellowish orange. Caustic potash decolorizes fuchsine sirups, and changes the red fruit sirups into a dirty green. Carbonate of potash does not alter the color of artificial sirups, but changes the genuine to green. Acetate of lead produces a greenish deposit in a genuine fruit sirup, and a red one in fuchsine sirup. A similar change takes place in the gradual addition of alum and carbonate of potash. Aldehyde changes sirups colored with aniline to blue.

REMOVAL OF ORGANIC SUBSTANCES FROM WATER.

It is well known that the presence of any organic substances in water, used in the manufacture of ale or beer, is very detrimental to the quality and flavor of these beverages, and various methods have been suggested for removing them. Permanganate of potash has been employed in many instances; but a much better application is said to consist in the use of black oxide of iron. This is obtained most readily by heating powdered red hematite iron ore with saw-dust in a crucible. If impure water is allowed to percolate through a layer several inches thick of this black oxide of iron, the organic constituents will be completely neutralized. Such filters of black oxide of iron have been in use for several years without having lost their efficiency.

PROTECTION TO WALLS AND CHIMNEYS.

The decay of marble fronts and other constructions of stone into which lime or magnesia enters as a component, and of the mortar joints in brick chimneys and walls, which in many cities has become so serious a difficulty, is attributed to the continued evolution of sulphurous and sulphuric acid by the combustion of coal—each ton of the coal being capable of supplying about seventy pounds of oil of vitriol. In addition to the chemical corrosion, a mechanical disintegration is supposed to be produced by the alternating solution of the sulphates formed, and their recrystallization on the surface and in the pores of the stone. It is stated that this action can be almost entirely prevented by applying to the clean surfaces an aqueous solution of superphosphate of lime, which, acting on the carbonate of lime, produces the unalterable diphosphate of lime. For magnesian limestones baryta may be added. The cost of materials is but trifling, and one gallon of solution will give two coats to three hundred square feet of surface. The strength of the stone and its resistance to absorption of moisture are said to be greatly increased by the process, a matter of importance where the freezing of water in the pores of the stone is one cause of decay.

FLIES.

The naturalist recognizes many hundreds of kinds of flies in this country; but in our household economy we reduce them mainly to three sorts: house-flies, biting-flies, and bluebottle or blowflies. The latter is readily distinguished; the two former are frequently confounded, although easily known apart by the naturalist or an acute observer. They may, however, always be identified at a glance by the position they assume on a wall. A common house-fly almost invariably rests with its head downward, and, however it may alight, works its way round until this direction is assumed. The biting-flies, on the contrary, as universally rest with the head pointing upward, acting, in this respect, precisely like the equally blood-thirsty mosquito. The brother of an eminent Russian entomologist now residing in the United States observed a peasant in his own country killing some of the flies on a wall of his hut without disturbing others, and, on being questioned, he gave as a reason that those with the heads up were "biters," and the others were not. A careful examination of the facts by the entomologist himself proved the accuracy of the generalization thus made by an ignorant but observant man.

BISULPHITE OF LIME.

This substance is capable of some important practical applications. A fluid drachm added to a pound of spermaceti, bear's grease, old cream, lard, or other oily preparations of ointments, will cause them to remain perfectly sweet for a long time, sometimes for many months, preventing any taint or rancidity. Beef-tea and jellies, which turn sour so readily in sick-rooms or hospitals, can be kept unchanged by stirring in a few drops of the bisulphite solution to each pint. Clothing soaked in the solution, and hung up, becomes perfectly disinfected, without any disagreeable odor, as is the case when carbolic acid is employed. It can also be used in the preservation of specimens of natural history and anatomy.

NEW METHOD OF DESICCATION.

Mr. Reisehauer has devised an improved method of extracting the aqueous components of organic objects, so as to accomplish very interesting results. It consists in taking a plate of glass, ground smooth like the plate of an air-pump, and placing on it a vessel half filled with chloride of calcium, upon which ether is poured. A capsule containing the object to be desiccated is placed above the ether, and a bell glass with ground base is applied over the whole, resting on the glass plate. The ether gives up its water to the chloride of calcium, and takes it from the organic matter, until the latter becomes completely anhydrous. Certain animal substances retain their flexibility and perfection of structure in a remarkable degree, especially the skin, the intestines, the lungs, liver, etc.

NESTING-PLACE OF PENGUINS.

The large penguins of the Antarctic Ocean exhibit a curious peculiarity in the place of deposit of the single egg laid by them. This, instead of being placed in a nest, as with other birds, is held between the legs and feathers of the belly, and transported by the bird wherever it goes until hatched.

THATCHING MACHINE.

At a recent agricultural exhibition in England much interest was attracted by a multiple needle sewing-machine for making thatching. For this purpose the straw is placed upon an inclined feed board, whence it is drawn continuously through the machine, which converts it into a dense woof impervious to rain. The needles are supplied with strings, and may be adjusted for straight, curved, or zigzag lines of stitching; and as the stitches are perfectly secured, the thatch may be cut up into lengths without becoming loose. A web of five feet in width, with a thickness of three-quarters of an inch to two inches, and of any length, can be readily manufactured and applied as thatching, or for matting of rooms, walks, railroad cars, etc., having the advantage for the latter purpose, on account of the slight cost of production, of admitting renewal whenever soiled by use.

ARTIFICIAL RUBBER.

A kind of artificial India rubber is now made in Paris, which replaces true rubber in the manufacture of various articles, since it is a homogeneous and elastic substance, insoluble in oils, whether mineral or vegetable, and not attacked by hydrogen. It is used for the purpose of rendering tight, wooden vessels intended to contain petroleum, benzine, ether, etc., or in the construction of flexible tubes impervious to coal gas, in making printers' rollers, in insulating electrical wire, in galvanoplastic reproductions, in closing bottles hermetically, and many other applications. The cost is given at only about twenty-five cents per pound. The composition of this substance is not stated; but it is, in all probability, essentially a mixture of gelatine and glycerine, as these are known to have, when combined, all the properties claimed for the new artificial rubber.

REMOVAL OF HUSK FROM GRAIN.

The subject of removing the outer husk of grain by means of chemical applications continues to excite the interest of economists. A liquid well fitted for the purpose, according to Mr. Weiss, is prepared in the following manner: The general operation consists in moistening the grain with an alkaline solution, which is prepared by boiling, for one or two hours, two parts of common calcined soda in thirteen parts of water, and adding one part of quick-lime previously dissolved in three parts of water. This forms a cheap caustic soda, which is to be applied by means of a watering-pot, the mass of grain being stirred continually. Seven quarts of this solution are sufficient to remove the hull from two hundred pounds of grain, at a small cost, the liquid having the property of dilating the tissues of the exterior thin envelope of the grain which forms the pure bran, and which is then easily detached by the slightest friction. The operation does not require more than fifteen to twenty-five minutes of time, and leaves to the grain all its nutritive qualities, since the only portion removed is the dry woody hull, on the outside.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

Our readers are all familiar with the existence of spots on the surface of the sun, and their variation in number and size from one time to

another. The existence of these spots, and the question of their periodicity, have been investigated by astronomers for some years past, and several successive periods of appearance and disappearance have been established quite satisfactorily.

The principal of these are an eleven-year period, a fifty-six-year period, a two-hundred-and-twenty-three-day period, a twenty-seven-day period, and a five-hundred-and-eighty-four-day period. Among other causes for the occurrence of these spots, and their periodicity, that of planetary disturbance has been warmly urged, although the precise connection between the position of the planets and the solar spots is not yet established. Professor Kirkwood, an eminent American astronomer, has lately published an elaborate memoir, in which, as a summary of his in-

vestigations, he states that the fact of the connection between the changes of the solar spots and the position of certain planets is unquestionable, and that a particular region of the solar surface is more susceptible than others to planetary disturbances, these occurring, as they do, between definite parallels of latitude, the number being greater in the northern than the southern hemisphere of the sun. He also announces that of the cycles of variation above mentioned, that of eleven years has been traced to the influence of Mercury; and that the marked irregularity of this period, from 1822 to 1867, is equally due to the disturbing action of Venus also; and finally, that the fifty-six-year cycle is determined by the joint action of Mercury and the earth.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on April 29. The events of the month demanding attention in our summary are few. Scarcely any thing has been accomplished by Congress.—The Texas bill was finally passed March 30. The proviso was stricken out declaring that the act shall not in any manner affect the conditions and guarantees upon which the State was originally annexed and admitted. On March 31 Messrs. Hamilton and Flanigan, Senators elect from Texas, were qualified and took their seats. The delegates from that State to the House of Representatives were also duly qualified.—General Adelbert Ames, Senator elect from Mississippi, was admitted to his seat April 1.—In the House, on the 4th, a bill was passed, 114 to 40, fixing the first Monday in November as the day for electing Representatives and Delegates to Congress in all States and Territories.—On the 6th, in the House, charges were made against General O. O. Howard relative to his conduct of the Freedmen's Bureau. A resolution of investigation was ordered.—The bill declaratory of the law in regard to the income tax was passed in the Senate on the 7th. It continues for the present year the tax on salaries, dividends, and interest payable by corporations. The House, on the 23d, refused to concur in this provision, and asked for a Committee of Conference.—In the House a bill was passed on the 18th, by a vote of 86 to 83, for the apportionment of representation in the next Congress, fixing the number of members at 275, exclusive of Representatives from newly-admitted States.—The Northern Pacific Railway bill was passed in the Senate April 21.—The Georgia bill was passed in the Senate April 19 by a vote of 27 to 25. The bill, as amended, turns the State over to military rule again, and requires an election for a new Legislature in November next. It also virtually defeats the plans of the partisans of Governor Bullock to perpetuate their power. The bill was returned to the House of Representatives on the 20th, and on motion of Mr. Butler was referred to the Reconstruction Committee. A substitute by Mr. Logan, providing for an election in November, and declaring the State entitled to an immediate representation in Con-

gress, was also referred to the Reconstruction Committee.

The election of State officers in Connecticut, on the 4th, resulted in a majority of 700 votes for Mr. English, the Democratic candidate for Governor.

SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA.

President Lopez, of Paraguay, was killed March 1 in a conflict between his forces and those of the Brazilian general. Mrs. Lynch, four children, and Lopez's mother and brothers were captured.

The Cuban situation presents very discouraging aspects to the insurgents. Numerous instances of surrender on the part of the latter have been reported. The most significant fact bearing upon the situation is the return of General Jordan to the United States.

EUROPE.

In Ireland there has been increased discontent, accompanied by numerous outrages against landlords and property. The passage of the Irish Force bill by the British Parliament has greatly stimulated emigration from Ireland. This Force bill—passed March 31—provides for a surveillance of the press, arbitrary arrests without warrant, and the closing of inns at sunset.—The University boat-race on the Thames, April 6, resulted in a victory for the Cambridge crew—for the first time in nine years. The race was won by a length, in 20 minutes and 30 seconds—the fastest time on record.

In our last Record we stated that on March 28 M. Ollivier, the French Premier, read to the Senate a statement of the motives for a new *Senatus Consultum*. This document is essentially a new constitution for France, through which the Emperor desires to establish his dynasty, and through which, in return, he wishes to effect liberal reforms. The following is the text of the *Senatus Consultum*:

ART. 1. The Senate shares the legislative power with the Emperor and the Lower Chamber. It has the initiative of bills; nevertheless, every financial measure must first be voted by the other House.

ART. 2. The number of Senators may be raised to two-thirds of that of the Deputies, without including

those who are members by right of that high assembly. The Emperor can not name more than twenty in each year.

ART. 3. The constituent power attributed to the Senate by Articles 31 and 32 of the constitution of January 14, 1852, ceases to exist.

ART. 4. The dispositions annexed to the present *Senatus Consultum*, which are comprised in the *Plebiscites* of December 14 and 21, 1851, and December 21 and 22, 1852, and which sprang from it, form the constitution of the empire.

ART. 5. The constitution can only be modified by the people.

CHAPTER II.—OF THE IMPERIAL DIGNITY AND THE ROENOV.

II. The imperial dignity conferred on Napoleon III. by the *Plebiscite* of November 21, 1852, is hereditary in the direct and legitimate heirs of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, from male to male, in the order of primogeniture, and to the perpetual exclusion of women and their descendants.

III. Napoleon III., if he has no male heir, can adopt the children and legitimate descendants in the male line of the brothers of Napoleon I. The adoption is interdicted to the successors of Napoleon III. and their descendants. If, after the adoption, Napoleon III. should have any male heirs, the children so adopted can not be called to succeed him until after his legitimate successors. Such act of adoption is interdicted to the successors of Napoleon III. and their heirs.

IV. In default of a legitimate or adopted heir, are called to the throne Prince Napoleon Bonaparte and his direct heirs, natural and legitimate, from male to male by order of primogeniture, and to the perpetual exclusion of women and their descendants.

V. In default of a lawful or adopted heir of Napoleon III., and of the successors in the collateral line taking their rights from the preceding article, the people nominate the Emperor, and regulate in his family the hereditary order from male to male, to the perpetual exclusion of females and their descendants. The draft of the *Plebiscite* is successively discussed in the Senate and the Legislative Body on the proposition of the Ministers formed into council of government. Up to the moment when the election of the new Emperor is terminated, the affairs of the state are directed by the Ministers in office, forming a council of government, and deliberating by a majority of votes.

VI. The members of the family of Napoleon III., called eventually to the chance of inheriting, and their descendants of both sexes, form part of the imperial family. They can not marry without the Emperor's authorization; and their marriage without that permission entails the privation of all claim to the succession, both for the person contracting the said union and for his descendants. Nevertheless, if there should not be any issue from such marriage, in case of a dissolution caused by decease, the prince who has contracted it recovers his right of succession. The Emperor fixes the titles and conditions of the various other members of the family; he has full authority over them, and regulates their duties and rights by statutes.

VII. The regency of the empire is regulated by the *Senatus Consultum* of July 17, 1856. However, in cases provided for by paragraph three of article five, the Legislative Body is convoked at the same time as the Senate. In the case foreseen in the paragraph which follows the votes of the Legislative Body co-operate with those of the Senate in the election of Regent.

VIII. The members of the imperial family, called eventually to the succession, take the title of French princes. The eldest son of the Emperor takes the title of Prince Imperial.

IX. The French princes are members of the Senate and of the Council of State when they have attained the age of eighteen years completed; but they can not sit in them without the consent of the Emperor.

CHAPTER III.—FORM OF THE EMPEROR'S GOVERNMENT.

X. The Emperor governs with the aid of the Ministers, the Senate, the Legislative Body, and the Council of State.

XI. The legislative power is exercised collectively by the Emperor, the Senate, and the Legislative Body.

XII. The initiative of laws belongs to the Emperor, the Senate, and the Legislative Body. Nevertheless, every bill imposing a tax must first be voted by the Lower Chamber.

CHAPTER IV.—OF THE EMPEROR.

XIII. The Emperor is responsible to the French people, to whom he has always a right to make an appeal.

XIV. The Emperor is the Chief of the State. He commands the land and sea forces, declares war, contracts treaties of peace, alliance, and commerce, nominates to all posts, and fixes the regulations and decrees necessary for the execution of the laws.

XV. Justice is administered in his name.

XVI. He has the right to grant pardons and to accord amnesties.

XVII. He sanctions and promulgates the laws.

XVIII. The modifications to be hereafter made in the laws, customs' tariffs, or postal charges by international treaties, will only be obligatory after having been voted by the Chambers.

XIX. The Ministers depend only on the Emperor. (Reproduction of the *Plebiscite*.) They deliberate in council, with his Majesty presiding, and are responsible.

XX. The Ministers can be members either of the Senate or the Legislative Body. They can enter either assembly when they please, and have a right to be heard whenever they think proper to speak.

XXI. The Ministers, Senators, Deputies, persons composing the Council of State, officers of the army and navy, judges and public functionaries, are to take the following oath: I swear obedience to the constitution and fidelity to the Emperor.

XXII. The *Senatus Consulta* of the 12th of December, 1852, and 23d of April, 1856, relative to the civil list, remain in force. In future the allowance to the Crown shall be fixed for the whole duration of the reign by the Legislature which meets after the Emperor's accession.

CHAPTER VI.—OF THE LEGISLATIVE BODY.

XXVIII. The basis of election is the population.

XXIX. The Deputies are returned by universal suffrage, and are to be voted for individually.

XXX. They will be chosen for a period which can not be less than three years.

XXXI. The Lower Chamber discusses and votes laws and taxes.

XXXII. It chooses, at the commencement of each session, its President, Vice-Presidents, and Secretaries.

XXXIII. The Emperor convokes, adjourns, prorogues, and dissolves the Chamber. In the latter case his Majesty is bound to summon a new one within six months.

XXXIV. The sittings are public, but at the request of five members they can be held in secret.

CHAPTER VII.—OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE.

XXXV. The Council of State is charged, under the direction of the Emperor, to draw up the bills and regulations of the public administration, and to solve any difficulties that may arise in the conduct of affairs.

XXXVI. It sustains, in the name of the government, the discussion of bills in the Senate and Legislative Body.

XXXVII. The Ministers hold rank in the Council of State, and have a right to sit there and vote.

CHAPTER VIII.—GENERAL PROVISIONS.

XXXVIII. Petitions can be presented either to the Senate or the Legislative Body.

The reforms here proposed were to be submitted to the vote of the people on the 8th of May in the form of a *Plebiscite*. Opportunities were granted for free discussion of the new Constitution in public assemblies held between April 23 and May 3. The army was allowed to vote on this occasion. The Emperor's measures have excited much disaffection among the "irreconcilables." M. Buffet early in the month, and Count Daru about the middle of April, resigned their positions in the Cabinet. Still, in the Corps Législatif the government was supported by a vote of confidence, 227 to 43. On the 13th this Chamber adjourned until May 9. The debate on the *Plebiscite* was closed in the Senate on April 19. Both the Emperor in his proclamation to the people, and the Premier in his official declarations, pronounce the result of this election to be the decision of the French people between order and anarchy—between a stable government and revolution.

Editor's Drawer.

THE Drawer has had frequent occasion to quote the abundant wisdom contained in some of the quaint and mirth-provoking sayings of Henry Ward Beecher. Our last sermon, it may be remembered, was "on to the memory of a bad young man—one of the *wust* that in the onscrutable ways of the divine peppusses was ever permitted *toe* locate in New Hampshire." One of Mr. Beecher's last written sermonettes is on Sobriety, and his view of that virtue may be gathered from a few sentences.

"Every man," says he, "should be sober sometimes. I once knew one so unfortunate as to be sober all the time, *and yet an honest man!* We have known men that never smiled, or seldom, whose face was as rigid as an iron mask, and yet they were kind, simple, and *really reliable*. But such are exceptional cases. Uniform sobriety is presumptively very much against a man. He who gives no play to the gentler feelings has something the matter with him that should be looked into before one trusts him far.

"Mirth itself is not always honest. But it tends to openness, to sincerity, to sweetness. Mirth has better stuff in it to make a man of than sobriety has. It, too, is used sometimes as a mask for hypocrisy, but not half so often as sobriety is.

"Only consider how many men quite empty and worthless, inwardly neither rich nor forceful, are kept agoing by the mere trick of gravity. *When some men come to you it is like sunrise.* Every thing seems to take new life, and shines. Other men bring night with them. The chill shadow of their sobriety falls upon every innocent gayety, and your feelings, like birds at evening, stop singing and go to roost. Away with these fellows who go owling through life, all the while passing for birds of paradise! He that can not laugh and be gay should look well to himself. *He should fast and pray until his face breaks forth into light.*

"Here, too, are the immortal dullards who, it is to be feared, will never forsake the earth. Dull good men! They live with the uniform consistency of stagnation. They are said to be reliable. You always know where to find them. Safe men they are. They are none of your high-flyers, never extravagant, always where you found them last! Over their blessed faces hangs the twilight of sobriety. They are immense negatives. Nothing saves them from pity but their sobriety. Men worship that; and so dullness passes for consistent piety.

"Behind the mask of sobriety how many pretenders pass themselves off! Every one knows how wretchedly inconsistent with honor their outdoor life is, but they have such a power of gloom in meetings that men respect their religious experience! And so the young are taught that one can be eminently religious without being strictly honest or reliable.

"Public sentiment is purifying itself. Men are beginning at last to understand that nothing is so cheerful, so full of liberty, so genial and joyous, as true religion. Christ called this sort of men children of Light. He ridiculed and denounced the long-faced hypocrites who ostenta-

tiously prayed and prayed, and got further from grace and humanity the longer they prayed. After Him came the apostles, who cry out to *all good and true men*, 'Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say, *Rejoice.*'"

A LITTLE triangular piece of legal wit was perpetrated in the clerk's office of the Supreme Court of the United States, at Washington, on "All-fools' Day," between a distinguished Senator from Wisconsin, Mr. Middleton, the clerk, and the able and witty ex-Attorney-General of the United States, from New York.

"Mr. Middleton," said Senator Carpenter, "there is no statute of the United States that prohibits a man from making a fool of himself?"

"Nor any *decision* of this court," gravely rejoined the clerk.

"And certainly," quickly added Mr. Evarts, with a sly twinkle of the eye, "there is nothing in the *practice* of this court to warrant any other conclusion."

A LITTLE story is told of President Woods, of Bowdoin College, in connection with the large painting in the college chapel, representing the conflict between Michael and the Dragon, in which the angel is supposed to be getting the upper hand of his disagreeable adversary. As the artist was desirous of completing the picture before Commencement week, but could not accomplish it without working on the intervening Sunday, he applied to the President, and asked permission to paint on that day, stating the circumstances under which he was placed, and deeming them a justification. President Woods, in his wonted dignity of manner and in his imitable style, replied, "Well, Sir, I don't know as there is any objection; but" (looking over his spectacles, and hesitating a moment), "don't you think that it might look as though the Dragon was getting the better of Michael?" The picture does rather warrant the conjecture that Michael was not making a perfect job of it.

HERE is a neat epigram that sprang up in some drawing-room of sixty years ago. It is probably English, but it has a suspicious French ring about it:

"I've lost my mistress, horse, and wife;
And, when I think on human life,
It's well that it's no worse.
My mistress had grown lean and old;
My wife was ugly and a scold;
I'm sorry for my horse."

A FEW days before the adjournment of the last session of the Legislature of North Carolina, a wealthy conservative from a distant portion of the State, happening to be in Raleigh, paid a visit to the capitol. Taking a seat in the lobby of the Senate chamber, he meditated on the degeneracy of the times which permits colored men to hold seats in that body. He was roused from his reverie by a colored Senator, who arose, and in the course of his remarks used the familiar quotation from the 137th Psalm, "Let my right hand forget her cunning," etc. He could contain himself no longer, and, turning to a friend,

said: "Isn't it disgusting to hear such an ignoramus attempting to quote Shakspeare?"

Few men are better remembered in Michigan than the late Rufus Hosmer, for many years editor of the *Detroit Advertiser*. He left unpublished many anecdotes of the "Early Bar of Michigan," which are quite worthy of being preserved in book form. We are permitted by an editorial friend at Lansing to publish the following:

ORNAMENTED GROUNDS.—Parks, a good-natured member of the Oakland bar, and not lacking in ability, entered the profession late in life, and at first was not very successful. One Saturday, at the close of a term in which he had been particularly unsuccessful, he had taken up his file of papers, and in a pet had written on the back: "All gone to h—!"

Judge Whipple's attention was called thereto by Hanscom, who pleasantly remarked:

"It is always a handsome sight to see *Parks well laid out!*"

A FAMILY SUITOR.—A very pretty Oakland girl, not over eighteen years of age, brought a suit for breach of promise against a young merchant, who had changed his mind and taken a richer bride.

The trial came on, and the girl's mother, a fat, red-faced old dame, was present in the bar, to give moral effect to the recital of her daughter's wrongs.

The counsel for the plaintiff, in summing up, descanted at length and with moving pathos upon "the enormity of the defendant's guilt in creeping into the bosom of this family" (here the old lady pinned her shawl closer), "and deceiving and disappointing this fair girl!"

Here the venerable mother could contain herself no longer, but with gushing tears exclaimed:

"He deceived us all, gentlemen! Me and all the rest—me and all the rest!"

The effect was magical, but not just what the old lady expected.

THREESCORE YEARS AND TEN.—Old Sile Doty, of Hillsdale County—that most notorious evil-doer, thief, receiver of stolen goods, burglar, and every thing else bad—was arraigned before Judge Pratt (afterward of Honolulu) for horse-stealing. As usual, a clear case was proved against him, and he was brought up for sentence.

Pratt was abrupt in manner, rough in tone, and severe in expression. These traits were rather enhanced than mollified upon this occasion. He broke out with, "Stand up, prisoner at the bar. Prisoner, how old are you?"

"Fifty-three years, five months, and twenty days," was the reply.

The Judge took out his pencil and figured for a moment; then said:

"Prisoner, I sentence you to hard labor in the State prison for sixteen years, six months, and ten days. This brings you to seventy years, beyond which my jurisdiction don't extend. Sheriff, remove the prisoner!"

CRIME NECESSARY IN A NEW COUNTRY.—A mild and lenient man was old Judge —, one of the earliest magistrates of Oakland under the first county judge system enacted by the Gov-

ernor and judges. He had some peculiarities which might remind one of Dicky Riker, the famous Recorder of New York, save that Dicky grew more and more severe, and the Oakland judge more and more forgiving, as age came upon them. Yet had they points of analogy, in that each used a certain rigmarole as a sort of peroration preceding the sentence passed upon a culprit. But mark the difference:

Dickey used to say, when the prisoner was before him for sentence—no matter what the crime, even if it was eating his great-grandfather's head off—

"Prisoner, stand up. The crime of which you have been convicted is becoming very prevalent in this community, and must be put a stop to! I give you five years."

Not so the sword-and-scale bearer of Oakland. His formula of conscience and duty was different, though not less uniform—thus:

"Prisoner, hold up your hand. You have been found guilty of [larceny, assault and battery, trespass, as the case might be]. But the Court takes into consideration that this is a new country. Society is unsettled, nor are the laws understood. We must expect such things in settling a new country. So I give you thirty days."

On one occasion a man was arraigned for willful perjury. He had property and standing, but the case was so clear that the jury pronounced him "guilty" without leaving their seats.

The prosecuting attorney was in ecstasies over what all criminal lawyers consider no small exploit—the recovery of a verdict of guilty on an indictment for perjury.

The prisoner being brought up for sentence, the Judge commenced:

"You have been convicted of *parjury*, prisoner. This is a grave offense; but I consider that this is a new country, and we must have *some parjury* among the difficulties of settling a new country. So I shall only give you thirty days in the county jail."

The prosecuting attorney, to wind up a case of false swearing, went outside the court-house and gave vent to a large volume of the genuine article.

AN indignant gentleman of Bangor, Maine, sends the following rasping criticism, accompanied with an anecdote:

You have a habit there in New York, and elsewhere, of saying what is done "*down* in Maine." Please inform us where your authority is for that form of expression, when history, geography, geology, and every authority worthy of regard, puts Maine *up*. Didn't John Cabot discover Maine before New York was thought of? Isn't Maine head and shoulders above every other Atlantic State—on the map? Weren't her foundations laid before those of any other state in the world? And don't the sun greet her every morning before any other American State is awake? We do not admit metropolitan authority; that don't go down in this republic. We know that Maine leads the United States galaxy—that it is the East, the Orient, and lord! We don't care what you call us, so long as we know that we are any thing but *down*.

The above introduction was occasioned by your publication of an anecdote in the April

Drawer beginning "Down in Maine." Now, I have a story about a judge that begins differently:

In that part of our country which is greeted by the first rays of the morning sun, the intercourse between judges and criminals seems, now and then, to be of that pleasant, colloquial sort that might be emulated with advantage elsewhere. An offender who, in either Byzantium or Salt Lake City, would have been deemed virtuous, so far as his crime was concerned, was brought before a model judge for sentence. On being asked what he had to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he commenced a speech in indistinct tones, and was directed to come nearer to the Court. Leaving his dock, and placing himself directly under the droppings of the judicial sanctuary, he said:

"Oh, Judge, mercy! I am an old man—"

"How old?" abruptly inquired the judge, who is something more than a sexagenarian.

"Fifty-six."

"That's not old. Go on."

"Oh, Judge, be merciful! I am innocent. My wife left me. I wanted a home—wanted to be comfortable. My wife would not return. This woman came. I thought she would make me comfortable. I had no wife. I married her. Oh, righteous Judge, I meant no wrong! I did it innocently. A short time more in jail will be ample punishment. Oh, Judge, be merciful!" The judge is a humorist. With a sly twinkle of the eye he inquired:

"You have served one or two terms in State prison?"

"Yes, oh, Judge!"

"You would like a home, and to be comfortable. You have acquaintances in Thomaston. You can not be comfortable in this dark, dreary jail, with nothing to do. In Thomaston you will have business enough to occupy your attention. You do not want to be idle. Take my advice and go down to Thomaston, and see your old acquaintances and keep yourself employed for eighteen months, and you will be as comfortable as I can make you!"

The "pleasant" and "colloquial" manner in which this was said seemed to satisfy the prisoner that the judge knew what was best for him, and had done him a service. He went back to the dock apparently relieved, and is now making himself "comfortable" in the State prison.

So justice is administered in the American Orient. The public is protected, and bigamists are made "comfortable" without wives. Your New York robbers of the Bowdoinham Bank, however, are not so "comfortable" in that "home."

IN good old times, when the youthful mind received its impression of Maine from the representation, in "Parley's Geography for Children," of a Penobscot chief, adorned with feathers, war-paint, and tomahawk, monarch of all he surveyed, among the shingles of Bangor, a trial for murder occurred in that city, wherein one of the aborigines was the most important witness for the prosecution. On the preliminary examination whether he comprehended the nature and effect of an oath the wild child of the forest seemed a little confused. Able counsel in vain endeavored to extort a sense of his responsibility. The venerable Chief Justice interposed, and, with that so-

lemnity of manner which was always impressive, he inquired of the witness as follows: "*Peol Sabattis, do you believe that if a man dies he shall live again?*" "Not by d—d sight," was the profane reply. "Indian no die but once; once dead, always dead!" It is hardly necessary to add that Peol's testimony was not received.

BROTHER N—, a highly respectable member of the legal profession in an adjoining county, was always sound in matters of law, but never particularly brilliant in the presence of that great palladium of American liberty and umbrella of our rights sometimes called a jury. On one occasion his exordium in a criminal case rather detracted from his influence. "Coming from all parts of the county as you do, gentlemen, and acquainted with all kinds of rascality as all of you undoubtedly are" (here the foreman smiled), "and especially you, Mr. Foreman, I doubt if a case of equal atrocity to this ever was within your experience!"

"I do not ask you, gentlemen of the jury," said an unfledged member of the bar, "to go back with me through the immeasurable vista of by-gone centuries and examine the explorations and resources of science; I do not ask you to accompany the astronomer into the starry firmament, or to discover the secrets of creation! No, gentlemen, I want nothing of that! I only ask you to start with me from the county jail, and travel two miles and a half on the road toward Belmont Corner!"

SPECIAL pleading has been long abolished in the New England States, and replications, rejoinders, rebutters, and surrebutters have fallen into disuse. When they obtained, it was once alleged, in the pleadings of a case brought upon a marine policy of insurance, that the vessel was wrecked and totally lost *by the act of God*, and through no fault of the owners or persons on board. The opposite attorney "traversed" in rejoinder, "that whereas, in truth and in fact, the said loss was not the act of the said God, but occasioned solely by the barratrous and fraudulent course of the master!"

MR. A—, of F—, was a joker. He once represented his town in the Legislature, and on his way to the capital stopped to dine at an hotel. On putting on his coat to start he had much difficulty in working into it. Some one remarked that the tailor had given him a tight fit. "Oh," said he, "the tailor did well enough, but the last Representative from our town was a good deal smaller than I am!" It appears that they had a legislative coat in F—, which each Representative filled in turn. When A— was nominated they forgot his rotundity of person.

MENTION has already been made in the Drawer of the man who, like Esau, "sold his birth-right for a mess of *potash*;" but "it has not been for this honorable court," in the language of Sergeant Buzfuz, to place upon record the stump-speaker who hoped to see all his political enemies "hanged upon a gallows higher than *Harriman*!"

AT sea, time, instead of being reckoned by hours, is divided into watches of four hours each.

From four o'clock to six, and from six to eight, there are half divisions, nautically termed "dog-watches." In an insurance case, the counsel asked an old salt "at what time of day a certain collision occurred." His reply was, "About the middle of the first dog-watch." The learned barrister caught at the idea, and in summing up enlarged upon it somewhat as follows: "You can imagine, gentlemen of the jury, the care which existed on the occasion, when, as appears from the plaintiff's own witnesses, this valuable ship and her cargo, and the lives of passengers and crew, were intrusted to what, gentlemen?—why, to the mere watch of a dog!"

As illustrating the manner in which the true New England Yankee always evades being "cornered," Arthur Gilman tells a capital story of a Yankee schoolmaster who was always bragging about the United States. In conversation with an Englishman he said, "We can lick you right smart. We've allus done it, and we can do it again. At Lexington, Concord, Saratoga, Bunker Hill, and lots of them places, we give you fits."

"Yes," said the Englishman, "I do remember those places; but then there was the battle of White Plains [at which the Americans suffered a severe defeat, and were much disheartened]. We rather beat you there."

"Wa'al, you did. I forgot all about that. I shouldn't have thought of it if you hadn't a-spoke of it. But then, you see, at that battle the Americans somehow *didn't seem to take any interest in the fight!*"

"THE counsel for the plaintiff," said a gay and festive attorney of the Superior Court, "has been somewhat discursive in his remarks to you. He has alluded to almost every thing in the pages of history, ancient and modern. He has socked with old Socrates, roamed with old Romulus, ripped with old Euripides, and canted with old Cantharides. But, gentlemen of the jury, what has that got to do with this case? All his allegations are false, and the old alligator knows it himself. My client don't need any of this fine talk. Look at him, gentlemen, and say, if you can, that he hasn't done the honest thing by the plaintiff! From his youth up he has been as you now find him—A No. 1, extra inspected, scaled and screened, copper-fastened, free from scoots, silver-steel, buck-horn handle, nine yards to the dollar, thread thrown in!"

"BROTHER JONES," said a Western judge to a counselor who was employing his eloquence in behalf of a criminal, "you are misquoting the law to the jury." "I don't care any thing about the law, your Honor," was the reply; "but if you want to talk justice, *I'll go you blind!*"

THE eighth day of April was rendered noteworthy hereabout by three great occurrences: The funeral of General Thomas; the hanging of Jack Reynolds, the man who said "hanging for murder was played out in New York;" and the grand celebration of the colored population on account of the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment. Noticing the flags on the City Hall at Brooklyn draped in mourning and hanging at half-mast, a gentleman, who was not aware that the funeral of General Thomas was to take place

on that day, asked a friend whom he met what the display meant. The friend—one of the kind who says his best things on the spur of the moment—stopped, looked up, and with an air of bewilderment answered: "*I don't know; guess the flags must be in mourning for the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment, or else for the hanging of Jack Reynolds!*" Rather hard on the Common Council who control the Brooklyn City Hall.

SIN continues to pervade certain parts of Iowa, though vigorous efforts are made to extirpate it. A praiseworthy effort in that direction was made recently in one of the enterprising towns of that State. A prominent banker, noted for exacting more than legal "usance" on loans, was active at a revival, and, while wrestling in prayer, besought the Lord to humble the rebellious spirits of sinners, that they might take *more interest* in serious things. "Yes," remarked an unawakened citizen, "three per cent. a month, with real estate 'collats.'" Every body in meetin' seemed to know what was meant.

THE only good, so far, that has been evolved in the discussion of the proposition to remove the national capital from Washington to some juvenile city of the West has been to provoke a little fun. It seems, to the Drawer, that the only really correct and impregnable view of the matter is the view taken by the Hon. J. A. Johnson, of California, who exploits the idea that the true locality for a capital is in California. "A long time ago," he admits, "Washington city was a name that could not be pronounced without kindling emotions of patriotism, whereas now it suggests only a great ragged picture of negro processions, election riots, and a lobby of white speculators who could not be satisfied by a legislative donation of the whole world, unless it was tendered with a vote of thanks." He proposes, therefore, the Pacific, where pacification may be found in the soil, the air, the fruits and the juices, the ledges and the placers. "Let us go," he says, "and locate the capital at 'Red Dog,' among the breezy pines, whose long, slanting shadows fall with witchery to charm upon the surrounding hills; where the mountain streams babble music to the glass-slippered fairies, and invite the 'howling coyote' to lap of their waters. If this grand site, seated in a saddle in the mountains, pleases not your fancy, then 'You Bet' is a fitting place. No hostile fleet can ever there ascend. 'You Bet' is too high. 'You Bet,' our future capital, can never be shaken by mortal foe. 'You Bet,' our capital, is above tide-water. But if you like it not, 'Yuba Dam' is a favorable place. But, still further and last, if you will accept none of these for safety or for beauty, then 'Jackass Gulch' is an appropriate place; there every ass can bray 'with none to molest or make him afraid.'

"Moreover, 'Red Dog' is a name implying fervent domestic attachment, and should bring 'fond memories of the past' to the mind of every truly loyal gentleman present. 'You Bet' implies genial good-humor, affability of manners, and a carelessness in financial matters equal to that of the cabinet officers who footed up the estimates for our appropriations. 'You Bet,' as a place of safety from a warlike foe, has no equal on this continent. Had Troy been 'You Bet,'

'you bet' it would be standing to this day, and Hector would be driving the 'turn out' of Achilles through its streets.

"But why take time to present the advantages of 'Red Dog,' 'You Bet,' and 'Yuba Dam,' when 'Jackass Gulch' can hardly meet with opposition? Jack is a jolly fellow; ass is the superlative, stentorian, verbose orator; gulch means a nice shady place, with rippling waters, where gold may be found. Who could wish for more—jolly fellows, long thundering speeches, plenty of money, and lying in the shade? No leave to print there; every gentleman could speak his well-digested piece in peace. He of the true Bashan thunder could roar and make his tale ring about your ears to his heart's content. There we should have no infamous measures in an infamous Congress to bring us to disgrace. On the contrary, we should be as innocent children tickled with the funny prattle of the cooing daws. There 'Shoo, Fly' must forever remain a meaningless hymn to the Congo gods. There the thick hide of the rhinoceros need never ridge itself in puckers, flicker, or flinch in fear of the little stingers that play and dance and sing in the speaking rays of the setting sun."

THESE news-boys—what persistent little fellows they are! Coming down town on an Eighth Avenue car last week, one of them rushed in, with "Sun, Sir?—have a Sun?—ere's the Sun;" and coming up to fat, elderly woman, with large basket on lap, bound for Washington Market, "Have a Sun, ma'am?" "No, I should think not," replied the pinguid female; "I've got six now, and they're enough to bother the life out of a body!" Their occupation is to "shine ('em up) for all."

CHILDREN are born in Titusville, Pennsylvania, in the same general sort of way in which they are born elsewhere. Occasionally there is an exception. A little stranger recently slipped into the world in that oleaginous locality, quite to the surprise of a youthful brother, whose pertinacious interrogatories as to whence came he were answered, "from heaven." This quite staggered his comprehension; nevertheless, he accepted the statement as true, "For," said he, "the reason why he looks so red is 'cause he was almost froze when papa let him in last night." Upon the nurse going into the room for something, Rolla stopped her with, "Hush! don't go in there, 'cause baby's sound asleep, gettin' rested from his long journey from heaven." A few days later a neighbor, calling to see the "episode," remarked to Rolla that the baby was a girl. This he stoutly denied. Upon being told that it wore dresses like a girl, and would undoubtedly grow up to be a woman instead of a man, Rolla cut short further argument by saying, "Well, he's a boy now, and I don't b'lieve he'll ever change!"

To pretend that nothing can be successfully done in South Natick, Massachusetts, but to compose boots and shoes is an error. The true poetical afflatus breaks out there at times, as may be inferred from the following rhythmic tribute to two promising members of the South Natick Unitarian Sunday-school, who departed this life during the past year. They were read at the

Christmas Festival. We copy from the Natick Bulletin of January 15:

IN MEMORIAM.

Two bright, joyous spirits that were with us last year,
To-night in our ranks do not reappear;
A tribute of love o'er their graves we would pour,
With no feeling they're lost—but just gone before.

The day had been dark, and misty, and drear,
Without all was gloom—within, little cheer;
At midnight I turned toward heaven my gaze,
Two stars there appear'd with refulgent rays:
Then there came to my ear a murmuring surge,
A melody soft—with no plaint like a dirge,
But clear notes of joy were wafted along,
And in vain did I try to catch the sweet song;
'Twas only the echo, so seraphic and clear,
That just for that moment hurst then on my ear;
No forms did I see—still the music grew sweeter,
I thought in my vision—it was Carrie and Peter.

LONGFELLOW'S "Excelsior" seems destined to have as many "translators" as the Iliad. In the Drawer for October last we gave a Japanese rendering, illustrated. We have now the satisfaction of presenting one written from the Irish point of view, by Mr. Pat Rick, who deems himself to have been specially inspired for this effort:

PADDY'S VERSION OF "EXCELSIOR."

'Twas growing dark so terrible fasht,
Whin through a town up the mountain there pashed
A broth of a boy, to his neck in the shnow.
As he walked, his shillalah he swung to and fro,
Saying, it's up till the top I'm bound for to go,
Be jahers!

He looked mortal sad, and his eyes was as hright
As a fire of turf on a cowl'd winther night,
And devil a word that he said could ye tell
As he opened his mouth and let out a yell,
It's up till the top of the mountain I'll go,
Unless covered up wid this hotheresome shnow,
Be jabers!

Through the windows he saw, as he thraveled along,
The light of the candles and fires so warm;
But a big chunk of ice hung over his head.
Wid a shnível and groan, by St. Patrick! he said,
It's up till the very tip-top I will rush,
And then if it falls it's not meself it'll crush,
Be jabers!

Whist a bit! said an owld man, whose head was as white
As the shnow that fell down on that miserable night;
Shure ye'll fall in the wather, me hit of a lad,
For the night is so dark and the walkin' is bad.
Bedad! he'd not lish to a word that was said,
But he'd go till the top if he wint on his head,
Be jabers!

A bright, buxom young girl, such as like to be kissed,
Axed him wadn't he shtop, and how could he resist?
So, snapping his fingers and winking his eye,
While smiling upon her, he made this reply—
Faith I meant to kape on till I got to the top,
But as yer shwate self has axed me I may as well shtop,
Be jabers!

He shtopped all night and he shtopped all day,
And ye musn't be axing whin he did go away;
Fur wouldn't he be a bastely gossoon
To be lavin' his darlint in the shwate honey-moon?
Whin the owld man has paraties enough and to spare,
Shure he moight as well shtay if he's comfortable there,
Be jabers!

A LYNN (Massachusetts) correspondent, who occasionally figures in the Drawer, mentions a little incident of D. F.—and Bob G—. The latter had applied for admission to an orthodox church. His occupation was that of a cobbler, and an indifferent cobbler he was, at that. After church F— beckoned one of the deacons across the street, and said, "Well, Deacon, Bob G— wants to join our meetin'."

"Yes; do you know any thing against him?"

"Well, no; but, before you take a final vote on him, *I'd just like to show you a job of cobbling he did for me; that's all.*"

IN one of those fat little places in Ohio that they call a city, the pastor of the — church came to the conclusion that he had a call to another field of labor, and resigned his pastorate. Deacon R—— was very sorry to lose his good shepherd, but, with an eye to the spiritual interests of the church, began, with others, to cast about for a successor. An eligible man having been found, the deacon was anxious that he should at once have an opportunity of exhibiting his powers before the congregation. But there was this difficulty in the way: the old pastor's resignation had been set for several weeks in the future, and he was still occupying the pulpit. Deacon R—— having doubts as to the delicacy and propriety of thrusting a new candidate in before the old one had taken his departure, took the only proper course—went directly to the pastor and stated the case. "Well, I don't know about this," said the latter; "I don't altogether like it. It's too much like 'getting on with the new love before you're off with the old.' It's not usual for a man to commence courting a new wife before his old one is buried, is it?" "No," replied the deacon, "I don't know as it is; and it ain't *very usual for a corpse to be lying round in this way six weeks after death!*"

PREBENDARY JACKSON'S new book, "Curiosities of the Pulpit and Pulpit Literature," contains several neat anecdotes of old and new time clergymen. Of Father Maimbourg, a well-known Jesuit of the seventeenth century, who once preached during the whole of Lent in a town where he was not once invited to partake a morsel of dinner, he said, in his farewell sermon: "I have preached against every vice except that of too much attachment to the pleasures of the table. This vice is by no means prevalent in a single person whom I address, and therefore I need not denounce it."

THE preachers of the seventeenth century were noted for consuming much time by trifling historical statements, something like that of Urban Chevreau, who gravely informed the readers of his "History of the World" that it was created the 6th of September, on a Friday, a little after four o'clock in the afternoon.

Bishop Burnet, in the "History of his Own Times," mentions a Dr. Case, who wrote a book with this title: "The Angelical Guide; showing Men and Women their Lot and Chance in this Elementary Life." The work is very astrological and very profound. For instance, the author states that "Adam was created in that pleasant place called Paradise, about the year before Christ 4002—viz., on April 24, at twelve o'clock at midnight." Nothing like accuracy!

THE titles of some seventeenth and eighteenth century sermons were strange, and to modern apprehension comical and irreverent: "Baruch's Sore Gently Opened, and the Salve Skillfully Applied." "The Church's Bowel Complaint." "The Snuffers of Divine Love." "The Spiritual Mustard Pot, to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion." "A Paek of Cards to Win Christ."

"A Spiritual Spicerie; containing Sundrie sweet Tractates of Devotion and Piety," written by Richard Braithwaite in 1638. "The Divine Lanthorne," 1686. "Cuckoldom's Glory; or, the Horns of the Righteous Exalted," with an emblematical engraved frontispiece. "Crumbs of Comfort for Chickens of Grace." "A Funeral Handkerchief, to which are added," etc., 1691. "A Divine Balance to weigh Religious Fasts in," 1643. "Leap Year Lectures: a Collection of Discourses delivered on the 29th of February to a Select Society; committed to the Press, because improper for the Pulpit," 1777. And last, not least, this: "Some fine Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation."

JUDGE DALY, who sits as presiding Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in New York city, is a lawyer of rare culture, a gentleman of dignity and grace, and a handsome, stern-visaged man. He is withal a man of much humor, and is said to have told about himself this story, which will be better understood when it is premised that his court has always had the reputation of "taking things easy," and its judges of not being over-particular to be in court any too promptly at the hour of opening.

"One morning," says Judge Daly, "I was coming into court a little late, when I heard one man standing at a little distance say to another (he may have been a witness anxious to get away, or a juror zealously desirous to get to work, or perhaps a client weary of the law's delay, but whatever else he was, he was certainly an Irishman), '*Och, sure there comes his Honor at last! Be jabers, Judge De-lay, yer rightly named!*'"

THREE colored men, formerly "drivers" of two wealthy planters, now rent and cultivate the plantations on Hilton Head which used to belong to those gentlemen. They run their plows, have their contract laborers, keep nice boats, buggies, and horses, and are well dressed and hospitable. On a bright day in July Cuffee Stuart's old master dropped in on him and claimed his hospitality. "Well, Cuffee," said the old gentleman, "I've come to see how you get on." "All right, Sir!" exclaimed his quondam slave; "I'll give you the best the island affords." To use a trite saying, Cuffee's table groaned under the load of venison, fish, and oysters, besides vegetables, rice, and melons. Moreover, there was a bottle of "old Bourbon," which diffused a glow of satisfaction through the old planter's stomach. On rising to leave, Cuffee pressed half a dozen cigars on his guest, which were pocketed with this courteous remark: "I'll be —, Cuffee, old fellow, if I don't believe I've got to h— before my time; for here you're living on venison and 'old Bourbon,' and I have to eat my hominy dry, out of a borrowed pot, with an old iron spoon."

A CITIZEN of Massachusetts, learning, during a temporary absence from home, that a somewhat prominent but very unpopular fellow-townsmen had been struck with paralysis, did not seem very sad at the intelligence. "Why," said his informant, "he is half dead." "Well," was the reply, "*that is better than nothing!*"

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THE VAUDOIS.



VAUDOIS BURNED ALIVE IN PAIRS.

THREE valleys of singular interest open from the higher Alps into the rich plains of Piedmont below. Through each a rapid stream or mountain torrent, fed by perpetual snows and glaciers, rushes with a varying current, and mingles at length with the stately Po.¹ Two of the vales, Lucerna and Perouse, widen as they descend from the crags above, and melt into the general softness of the Italian scene. Lucerna, the most fertile, the most beautiful, possesses unrivaled charms. Its thick and almost perpetual foliage, its groves of mulberry-trees, its woods of chestnut, the waving fields of wheat, its vineyards climbing up the mountain-side, its temperate air, its countless hamlets, its innocent and happy people, seem to rest in per-

fect peace beneath the shelter of the encircling Alps. It would indeed be a paradise, exclaimed the historian Leger, if it were not so near the Jesuits at Turin.¹ San Martino, the third valley, is happily less beautiful.² It is a wild ravine pierced by a fierce mountain torrent—the Germanasca. On each side of the stream the huge Alps shoot upward, and ranges of inaccessible cliffs and crags frown over the narrow vale beneath. Its climate is severe, its people hardy. In the upper part of the valley winter is almost perpetual. The snow lies for eight or nine months on the ground. The crops are scanty, the herbage faint and rare. The shrill cry of the marmot, the shriek of the eagle, alone disturb the silence of the Vaudois Sabbath; and in the clear, bright air the graceful chamois is

¹ Leger, *L'Histoire Generale des Eglises Vaudois*, p. 2. Vaudois and Waldenses are words of the same meaning. They are defined, "The people of the valleys."

¹ Leger, p. 3. See Muston, *Histoire des Vaudois*; or *Israel of the Alps*, i. 7.

² Leger, p. 7. Muston, p. 19. *Israel of the Alps*.

seen leaping from peak to peak of his mountain pastures.

San Martino has formed for ages the citadel of the Vaudois, the last refuge of religious freedom. Often, when the papal troops had swept over its sister valleys, filling their fairer scenery with bloodshed and desolation, the brave people of the interior vale defied the invaders. The persecutors turned in alarm from the narrow pass where every crag concealed a marksman; where huge stones were rolled upon their heads from the heights above; where every cave and rock upon the mountain-side were tenanted by a fearless garrison. Here, within the borders of Italy itself, the popes have never been able, except for one unhappy interval, to enforce their authority. Here no mass has been said, no images adored, no papal rites administered by the native Vaudois. It was here that Henry Arnaud, the hero of the valleys, redeemed his country from the tyranny of the Jesuits and Rome; and here a Christian church, founded perhaps in the apostolic age, has survived the persecutions of a thousand years.¹

The territory of the Vaudois embraces scarcely sixteen square miles. The three valleys can never have contained a population of more than twenty thousand. In every age the manners of the people have been the same. They are tall, graceful, vigorous; a mountain race accustomed to labor or to hunt the chamois in his native crags. The women are fair and spotless; their rude but plaintive hymns are often heard resounding from the chestnut groves; their native refinement softens the apparent harshness of their frugal lives.² Over the whole population of the Vaudois valleys has ever rested the charm of a spotless purity. Their fair and tranquil countenances speak only frankness and simplicity; their lives are passed in deeds of charity, in honest labors, and in unvarying self-respect.³ The vices and the follies, the luxury and the crime that have swept over Europe never invaded the happy valleys, unless carried thither by the papal troops. No pride, no avarice, no fierce resentment disturbs the peaceful Vaudois; no profanity, no crime is heard of in this singular community. To wait upon the sick, to aid the stranger, are eagerly contended for as a privilege; compassion, even for their enemies, is the crowning excellence of the generous race. When their persecutor, Victor Amadeus II., was driven from Turin by the French, he took refuge in the valleys he had desolated, in the cottage of a Vaudois peasant. Here he lived in perfect security. The peasant might have filled his house with gold by betraying his guest; he refused; the duke escaped,

and rewarded his preserver with characteristic parsimony. In the French wars of the last century, when Suwarrow was victorious among the Alps, three hundred wounded Frenchmen took shelter in the village of Bobbio. The Vaudois cared for their former persecutors as long as their scanty means allowed, and then, taking the wounded soldiers on their shoulders, carried them over the steep Alpine passes and brought them safely to their native France.

We may accept, for we can not refute, the narrative of their early history given by the Vaudois themselves.¹ Soon after the dawn of Christianity, they assert, their ancestors embraced the faith of St. Paul, and practiced the simple rites and usages described by Justin or Tertullian. The Scriptures became their only guide; the same belief, the same sacraments they maintain to-day, they held in the age of Constantine and Sylvester. They relate that, as the Romish church grew in power and pride, their ancestors repelled its assumptions and refused to submit to its authority; that when, in the ninth century, the use of images was enforced by superstitious popes, they, at least, never consented to become idolaters; that they never worshiped the Virgin, nor bowed at an idolatrous mass. When in the eleventh century Rome asserted its supremacy over kings and princes, the Vaudois were its bitterest foes. The three valleys formed the theological school of Europe. The Vaudois missionaries traveled into Hungary and Bohemia, France, England, even Scotland, and aroused the people to a sense of the fearful corruption of the church.² They pointed to Rome as the antichrist, the centre of every abomination. They taught, in the place of the Romish innovations, the pure faith of the apostolic age. Lollard, who led the way to the reforms of Wycliffe, was a preacher from the valleys; the Albigenses of Provence, in the twelfth century, were the fruits of the Vaudois missions; Germany and Bohemia were reformed by the teachers of Piedmont; Huss and Jerome did little more than proclaim the Vaudois faith; and Luther and Calvin were only the necessary offspring of the apostolic churches of the Alps.

The early pastors of the Vaudois were called *barbes* (uncle); and in a deep recess among the mountains, hidden from the persecutor's eye, a cave is shown where in the Middle Ages a throng of scholars came from different parts of Europe to study the literature of the valleys.³ The *barbes* were well qualified to teach a purer faith than that of Rome: a Vaudois poem, written about 1100, called the "Noble Lesson," still exists, and inculcates a pure morality and an apostolic creed;⁴ a catechism of the twelfth

¹ Muston, i. p. 107. The Israel of the Alps is the most complete account of the Vaudois. A work of great learning, research, and enthusiasm.

² Muston, i. p. 7.

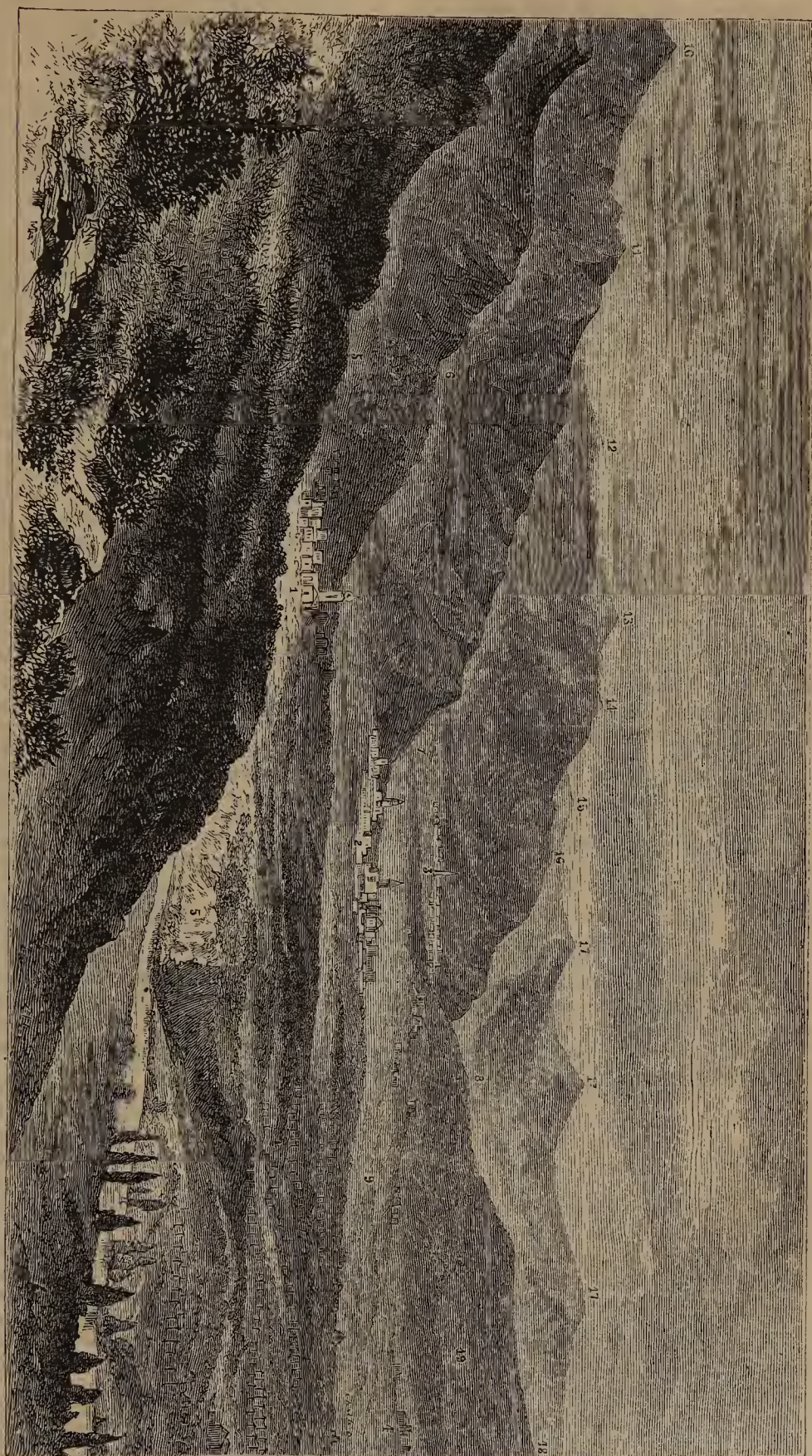
³ The moral vigor of the Vaudois is well attested for four or five centuries. See J. Bresse, *Hist. Vaudois*, p. 85, an unfinished history. So Authentic Details of the Waldenses, p. 48. Muston, *Hist. Vaud.*, i. And see *Israel of the Alps*.

¹ The Vaudois writers concur in placing their own origin at a period before Constantine. Leger, i. p. 25 *et seq.*

² Peyran, *Nouvelles Lettres sur les Vaudois*. Lett. ii. p. 26, *La religion des Vaudois s'est étendue presque dans tous les endroits de l'Europe; non seulement parmi les Italiens.*

³ Bresse, *Hist. Vaudois*.

⁴ Raynouard, *Mon. Langue Romane*, ii. p. 37.



THE VALLEYS OF THE VAUDOIS.

Towns.—1, Lucerne; 2, Lucerna; 3, La Tour; 4, Saint John.

Valleys.—5, Valley of Salabial or Lucerne; 6, Valley of Rora; 7, Valley of Lucerna or Pals; 8, Valley of Angorra (the lower part opening into the Valley of Lucerna); 9, Basin of Saint John. Mountains.—10, Mt. Frouland; 11, Mt. Brouard; 12, Mt. Palavas; 13, Le Cominot; 14, Mt. Vaudin; 15, Peak of Cella Vella; 16, Côte Roussie; 17, Mountains of La Vachere; 18, Les Sonnelles; 19, Costiere of Saint John.

century has also been preserved; its doctrines are those of modern Protestantism. The Vaudois church had no bishop;¹ its head was an elder, *majores*, who was only a presiding officer over the younger barbers. But in that idyllic church no ambition and no strife arose, and each pastor strove only to excel his fellows in humility and in charitable deeds.

From Constantine to Hildebrand, from the third to the eleventh century, the Vaudois, we may trust, cultivated their valleys in peace.² The Roman church, engaged in its strife with emperors and kings, overlooked or despised the teachers of the mountains. In the contest of giants the modest shepherds were forgotten. Yet they aimed with almost fatal effect the rustic sling of truth against the Roman Philistine. Nothing is more plain than that from the twelfth to the fifteenth century the people of Europe were nearly united in opposition to the Roman see. The popes had never yet been able to reduce to subjection the larger portion of the Christian church; it was only over kings and princes that their victories had been achieved. Every country in Europe swarmed with dissidents, who repelled as antichrist the bishop of Rome; who pointed with horror and disgust to the vices and the crimes of the Italian prelates and the encroaching monks. In Languedoc and Provence, the home of the troubadour and of medieval civilization, the Roman priests were pursued to the altars with shouts of derision.³ Bohemia, Hungary, and Germany were filled with various sects of primitive Christians, who had never learned to worship graven images, or to bow before glittering Madonnas. Spain, England, Scotland, are said by the Vaudois traditions to have retained an early Christianity. In the fourteenth century it is certain that nearly half England accepted the faith of Lollard and Wycliffe. The Romish writers of the thirteenth century abound in treatises against heretics;⁴ the fable of a united Christendom, obeying with devoted faith a pope at Rome, had no credence in the period to which it is commonly assigned; and from the reign of Innocent III. to the Council of Constance (1200-1414) the Roman church was engaged in a constant and often doubtful contest with the widely-diffused fragments of apostolic Christianity.⁵

The popes had succeeded in subjecting kings and emperors; they now employed them in crushing the people. Innocent III. excited Philip of France to a fierce crusade against the Albigenses of the south; amidst a general massacre of men, women, and children the gentle sect sank, never to appear again. Dominic in-

vented, or enlarged, the Inquisition; and soon in every land the spectacle of blazing heretics and tortured saints delighted the eyes of the Romish clergy.¹ Over the rebellious kings the popes had held the menace of interdict, excommunication, deposition; to the people they offered only submission or death. The Inquisition was their remedy for the apostolic heresies of Germany, England, Spain—a simple cure for dissent or reform. It seemed effectual.² The Albigenses were perfectly extirpated. In the cities of Italy the Waldenses ceased to be known. Lollardism concealed itself in England; the scriptural Christians of every land who refused to worship images or adore the Virgin disappeared from sight; the supremacy of Rome was assured over all Western Europe.

Yet one blot remained on the fair fame of the seemingly united Christendom. Within the limits of Italy itself a people existed to whom the mass was still a vain idolatry, the real presence a papal fable; who had resisted with vigor every innovation, and whose simple rites and ancient faith were older than the papacy itself. What waves of persecution may have surged over the Vaudois valleys in earlier ages we do not know; they seem soon to have become familiar with the cruelty of Rome; but in the fifteenth century the popes and the inquisitors turned their malignant eyes upon the simple Piedmontese, and prepared to exterminate with fire and sword the Alpine church.

And now began a war of four centuries, the most remarkable in the annals of Europe. On the one side stood the people of the valleys—poor, humble, few. Driven to resistance by their pitiless foes, they took up arms with reluctance; they fought only for safety; they wept over the fallen.³ Yet it soon appeared that every one of the simple mountaineers was a hero; that he could meet toil, famine, danger, death with a serene breast in defense of his loved ones and his faith; that his vigorous arm, his well-ordered frame, were more than a match for the mercenary Catholic, the dissolute Savoyard; that he joined to the courage of the soldier the Christian ardor of the martyr; that he was, in fact, invincible. For four centuries a crusade almost incessant went on against the secluded valleys. Often the papal legions, led by the inquisitors, swept over the gentle landscape of Lucerna, and drove the people from the blazing villages to hide in caves on the mountains, and almost browse with the chamois on the wild herbage of the wintry rocks. Often the dukes of Savoy sent well-trained armies of Spanish foot to blast and wither the last trace of Christian civilization in San Martin or Perouse. More than once the best soldiers and the best generals of Mazarin and Louis XIV.

¹ Authentic Details, etc. "Four of the best-informed pastors agreed that they never had any bishops at any time."

² The feeble condition of the papacy from 800 to 1000 left it with but little influence in the West. Spain and France were quite independent.

³ Milman, Latin Christianity, iv. 260.

⁴ Reinerius, Moneta, Mapes (1150), and others. So many papal bulls, sermons, etc.

⁵ Mosheim, ii., enumerates some of the various sects.

¹ Milman, Lat. Christ., iv. 266.

² Janus, Pope and Council, cap. xvi., has a brief and careful review of the rigor of the Inquisition from 1200 to 1500; the popes named all the inquisitors. See p. 194-196.

³ Gilly, Excursion, has various legends of the early wars. Perrin and Leger are the authorities.



MARTYRDOM OF A VAUDOIS.

hunted the Vaudois in their wildest retreats, massacred them in caves, starved them in the region of the glaciers, and desolated the valleys from San Jean to the slopes of Guinevert. Yet the unflinching people still refused to give up their faith. Still they repelled the idolatry of the mass; still they mocked at the antichrist of Rome. In the deepest hour of distress the venerable barbes¹ gathered around them their famine-stricken congregations in some cave or cranny of the Alps, administered their apostolic

rites, and preached anew the Sermon on the Mount. The psalms of David, chanted in the plaintive melodies of the Vaudois, echoed far above the scenes of rapine and carnage of the desolate valleys; the apostolic church lived indestructible, the coronal of some heaven-piercing Alp.

The popes, the leaders of the Inquisition, the dukes of Savoy, bigoted and cruel, often condescended to flatteries and caresses to win those they could not conquer; they offered large bribes to the poorest mountaineer who would consent to abandon the church of his fathers and betray the haunts of the heretic. Wealth,

¹ Barbe means uncle. Leger, p. 205. C'estoit l'appeller *oncle*. A name always honorable in the south of France.

honors, the favor of his king and of the Romish priests, awaited him who would recant; an easy path of preferment lay open to the young men of the valleys, accustomed only to toil and want; they were tempted as few other men have ever been. Yet the papal bribes were even less successful than the papal arms. A few imbeciles who had lost their moral purity alone yielded to the allurements of gain and pleasure; the great body of the Vaudois youth rejected the offers with disdain. The stately magnanimity of the Noble Lesson, the simple principles of their ancient catechism,¹ taught them in their plain churches by some learned yet gentle barbe, raised them above those inferior impulses by which the corrupt world beneath them was controlled. No hereditary vices tarnished their fair organizations; no coarse disease impaired their mental and moral vigor. With a wisdom above philosophy they saw that it was better to live with a calm conscience a frugal life than to revel in ill-gotten gold. They clung to their mountains, their moral purity, and their faith. Generation after generation, fiercely tried, hardly tempted, never wavered in their resolve. The war of four centuries for liberty of conscience, for freedom to worship God, was accepted by the youthful Vaudois as their noblest inheritance; the contest went on with varying success but equal vigor, and ceased only, in its final consequences, when the triumphant voice of Garibaldi proclaimed Italy forever free.

Pope Innocent VIII., a man of rare benevolence, according to the Romish writers, and a devoted lover of Christian union, resolved (1487) to adorn his reign by a complete extinction of the Vaudois heresy. He issued a bull summoning all faithful kings, princes, rulers, to a crusade against the children of the valleys.² No heretic was to be spared; his goods, his life, were declared forfeited unless he would consent to attend mass. The pope, or his inquisitor, enumerated in a pastoral letter the crimes of the Vaudois. He charged them with calling the Roman church a church of the evil one;³ of denouncing the worship of the Virgin, the invocation of saints; of asserting, with unblushing boldness, that they alone possessed the pure doctrine of the apostles. To Albertus Capitanus was committed the sacred trust of leading an army into the guilty region, and executing upon its people the sentence of Rome. The Catholics gathered together in great numbers at the appeal of the chief inquisitor; a tumultuous throng of soldiers, brigands, priests, entered the valleys and commenced a general pillage. But they were soon disturbed in their

labors by the swift attacks of the Vaudois. The resolute and fearless mountaineers sallied from their caves and ravines and drove the robbers before them. One Christian, armed only with the vigor of innocence, seemed equal to a hundred papists. The crusaders fled, beaten and affrighted, from the valleys; the malevolent design of Innocent was never fulfilled; and the Romanists asserted and believed that every Vaudois was a magician, and was guarded by an invisible spell.

Yet still the perpetual persecution went on. The papal agents made their way into the lower portions of the valleys, seized the eminent barbes and faithful teachers, and burned them with cruel joy. The Vaudois never knew any respite from real and imminent danger. Ever they must be ready to fly to their mountains and caves; ever their trembling wives and children were exposed to the cruelty and cunning of the envious priests.¹ The sixteenth century opened. The Reformation came, and the chief reformers of France and Germany entered into a friendly correspondence with the barbes and churches of Piedmont. They admitted the purity of their faith, the antiquity of their rites. But the rise of the Reformation served only to deepen the rage of the papists against the children of the valleys. The darkest days of the Vaudois drew near, when their enemies could for a moment boast that the last refuge of Italian heresy had fallen before their arms.

In 1540 the society of Loyola began its universal war against advancing civilization. The Inquisition was renewed with unparalleled severity; the cities of Italy were hushed into a dreadful repose; the protestants of Venice were thrown into the Adriatic; the reformers of Rome died before the church of Santa Maria.² Italy was reduced to a perfect obedience to the papal rule, and for the first time in the history of its career of innovations the Roman church was powerful and united at home. The iron energy of the Jesuits had crushed dissent. They next proceeded to declare and decide the doctrine of the usurping church. The Council of Trent assembled (1545), and Loyola and Lainez slowly enforced upon the hesitating fathers a rigid rule of priestly despotism.³ Liberty of conscience was denounced as the chief of heresies; the opinions and the manners of mankind were to be decided at Rome; the pope was to be obeyed before all earthly sovereigns, and his divine powers were every where to be established by a universal persecution. The Council of Trent at once threw all Europe into a fearful commotion. At the command of the pope, the Jesuits, and the fathers of Trent, Charles V. began the first great religious war in Germany, and carried desolation and death

¹ Faber, Hist., etc., of the Ancient Waldenses, London, 1838, may be consulted, with some caution. It gives a clear review of the authorities for their antiquity.

² See the bull issued by Innocent (Leger, part ii. p. 8). He calls upon dnces, principes, comites, et temporales dominos civitatum—ut clypeum defensionis orthodoxæ fidei—assumant.

³ The charges made by the inquisitors were, Q'ulls appelloient l'eglise Romaine l'eglise des malins, etc.

¹ Leger, p. 29. The monks crowded into the valleys. In 1536 there was a severe persecution. In 1537 a barbe of great eminence was burned. The valleys were frequently plundered.

² Rauke, Hist. Popes, Inquisition.

³ See Janus, Pope and Council. The Jesuits silenced even the Romanists, p. 290.

to its fairest borders. In France the French court drove the Huguenots to revolt by an insane tyranny. In Holland the rage of the inquisitors had been stimulated by the lessons of Loyola.

Of all its opponents Rome most hated the Vaudois. To bind one of the primitive Christians to the stake seemed to give strange satisfaction to their modern persecutors. In September, 1560, Pope Pius IV. and his holy college gathered at Rome to witness one of their favorite spectacles.¹ A pile had been raised in the square of St. Angelo, near the bridge over the Tiber. The people assembled in a great throng. The condemned, a pale and feeble young man, was led forth; when suddenly he began to speak with such rare eloquence and force that the people listened; the pope grew angry and troubled, and the inquisitors ordered the Vaudois to be strangled, lest his voice might be heard above the flames. Pius IV. then saw the martyrdom in peace, and directed the ashes of his foe to be thrown into the Tiber.

The martyr was John Louis Paschal, a young pastor of great eloquence, who had been called from Geneva to a congregation of Vaudois in Calabria. The post of danger had a singular charm for the brilliant preacher. He was betrothed to a young girl of Geneva. When he told her of his call to Calabria, "Alas," she cried, with tears, "so near to Rome, and so far from me!" Yet she did not oppose his generous resolve, and he went to his dangerous station. Here his eloquence soon drew a wide attention. He courted by his boldness the crown of martyrdom. He was shut up in a deep dungeon, was chained with a gang of galley-slaves, was brought to Rome where Paul had suffered, and was imprisoned in a long confinement.² His persecutors strove to induce him to recant; but no bribes nor terrors could move him. He wrote a last fond exhortation to Camilla Guarina, his betrothed; his eloquence was heard for the last time as he was strangled before the stake.³

Innumerable martyrdoms now filled the valleys with perpetual horror. It is impossible to describe, it is almost inhuman to remember, the atrocities of the papal persecutors. Neither sex nor age, innocence, beauty, youth, softened their impassive hearts. Mary Romaine was burned alive at Roche-Plate; Madeleine Fontane at St. John. Michel Gonet, a man nearly a hundred years old, was burned to death at Sarcena. One martyr was hacked to pieces with sabres, and his wounds filled with quicklime; another died covered with brimstone matches, that had been fastened to his lips, nostrils, and every part of his body. The mouth of one martyr was filled with gunpowder, the

explosion tearing his head to pieces. The story of a poor Bible-seller from Geneva is less revolting than most of these dreadful scenes.¹ Bartholomew Hector wandered among the peaks of the highest Alps selling the printed Scriptures to the poor shepherds, who in the brief summer, when the mountains break forth into a rich growth of leaves, grass, and flowers, lead their flocks to the higher cliffs. They bought the Bibles readily, and the *colporteur* climbed cheerfully from peak to peak. The police seized him and carried him to Pignerol. He was charged with having sold heretical books; he insisted that the Bible could not be called heretical; but the Holy Office condemned him, June 19, 1556, and he was sentenced to be burned alive; some alleviation of the penalty was afterward made, and the judges permitted the executioner to strangle him before the burning. He was offered his life and liberty if he would recant; he replied by preaching in his prison, with wonderful eloquence, the pure doctrines of the book he had loved to distribute. Amidst the brilliant palaces of Turin, in the public square, the happy martyr died, surrounded by a throng of people who wept over his fate. The priests were unable to suppress that proof of a lingering humanity.

Five Protestants from Geneva were traveling toward the Vaudois valleys. They were warned that the police were watching for them, yet they still pressed on, and were arrested in an unfrequented road where they had hoped to escape pursuit. Two of them, Vernoux and Laborie, were pastors of the valleys. They were all taken before the inquisitors at Chambery, and convicted as heretics. They were next brought before the civil court to be condemned. The judges, touched by their innocence, strove to prevail upon them to recant. "You need only give us a simple confession of your errors," said the court; "and this will not prevent you from resuming your faith in the future." They refused to consent to the deceit, and were sentenced to die. "Anne, my beloved sister and spouse,"² wrote Laborie to his young wife, "you know how well we have loved one another. I pray you, therefore, that you be always found such as you have been, and better, if possible, when I am no more." Calvin, hearing of their danger, wrote them an austere exhortation. In the stern spirit of that age of trial, he urged them to bear a testimony to the faith that should resound afar, where human voices had never reached. The five died full of hope. They were strangled, and their bodies burned.³ In this fatal period the public square of Turin was constantly made the scene of touching martyrdoms and holy trials; the Jesuits and the Franciscans every where urged on the zeal of the inquisitors; no village of the Vaudois valleys but had its martyrs, no rock nor crag but witnessed and was hallowed by some joyous death; the rage of persecution grew in strength until it

¹ The story of Pascal may be found at length in Muston, i. 85; Gillies, p. 178, etc.

² Muston, i. 82. He entered Rome by the Ostian gate, by the path of the ancient martyrs.

³ The Vaudois in Calabria were extirpated by a horrible persecution.

¹ Muston, i. 108.

² Id., i. 115.

³ Id., i. 117.



POPE PIUS IV. AND HIS CARDINALS WITNESSING THE DEATH OF PASCHAL.—FROM AN ANCIENT ENGRAVING.

could no longer be satisfied with less than a perfect extermination of the Vaudois.

Thus around the simple Christians of the valleys seemed to hang every where the omens of a dreadful doom. In the general tide of persecution they could scarcely hope to escape a final destruction. From the towers and cathedrals of Turin the Jesuits¹ looked with envious eyes upon the gentle race who neither plotted nor schemed; to whom cunning was unknown and deceit the ruin of the soul; who never planned a persecution, fomented religious wars, or guided

the assassin's hand; who read the Scriptures daily, despite the anathemas of Rome, and who found there no trace of the papal supremacy or the legend of St. Peter.¹ The Vaudois, indeed, had never concealed their opinions. For centuries they had said openly that the pope was antichrist;² they had condemned each one of the papal innovations as they arose; they denounced the Crusades as cruel and unchristian; they gave shelter in their valleys to the perse-

¹ Peyran, *Nouv. Lett.*, p. 61. The Waldenses always denied that Peter was ever at Rome.

² They said pape étoit l'antichrist, l'hostie une idole, et le purgatorie une fable, Leger, p. 6.

¹ Leger, 2.

cuted Albigenes; they smiled with gentle ridicule at the worship of saints and relics; they scoffed at the vicious monks and priests who strove to convert them to the faith of Rome. Yet now they consented to claim the clemency of their sovereign, the Duke of Savoy, and humbly begged for freedom of worship and belief.¹ They were so innocent that they could not understand why one Christian should wish to rob or murder another.

But their prayers, their humility, and their innocence brought them no relief. The Council of Trent was about to reassemble, and the Jesuits had resolved that its last sittings should be graced by a total destruction of the ancient churches of the valleys.² A new crusade was begun (1560) against the Vaudois. The pope, the Duke of Savoy, the kings of France and Spain, promoted the sacred expedition; a large army, led by the Count of Trinity, moved up the valleys; again the Jesuits offered to the people submission to the mass or death; again the brave mountaineers left their blazing homes, and fled to the caves and crannies of the upper Alps. The Count of Trinity was every where victorious. The barbes of St. Germain were burned in their own village, and the poor women of the parish were forced to bring fagots on their backs to build the funeral pile. The open country was desolated; the mass was celebrated with unusual fervor amidst the dreadful waste; and the Jesuits exulted with fierce joy over the ruin of the apostolic church. But once more, as the winter deepened, the cliffs grew icy, and huge avalanches of snow hung over the path of the invaders, the Vaudois fortified every ravine,³ barricaded the narrow passes, and from their fastnesses and caves made vigorous attacks upon the foe. The Count of Trinity found himself threatened on every side. In the valley of Angrogna a few peasants held a whole army in check. Fifty Vaudois, in one engagement, nearly destroyed a detachment of twelve hundred persecutors. The Vaudois leaped like chamois from crag to crag, and with swift sallies cut off the wandering brigands; they threw them over the cliffs, drowned them in the deep mountain torrents, or rolled huge stones upon their heads. The winter passed on full of disaster to the crusaders. Yet the condition of the Vaudois was even less tolerable. The snow and ice of the Alps blocked up the entrance to their hiding-places; men, women, and children shivered in rude huts of stone on the bleak mountain-side; food was scanty; their harvests had been gathered by the enemy; while far beneath them they saw their comfortable homes wasted by the Romish brigands, and their plain churches defiled by the pagan ceremonies of the mass.

In the spring, as the flowers bloomed once more in the declivities of the mountains, and the banks of the torrents glowed with a new

vegetation, the final trial of their faith and their valor drew near. At the upper extremity of the valley of Angrogna is a circle of level ground, called Pra del Tor, surrounded on all sides by tall hills and mountain peaks, and entered only by a narrow pass.¹ Behind it is altogether safe from attack; in front, in the ravines leading from below, the Vaudois had raised their simple barricades, and stationed their sentinels to watch the approach of the foe. Here, in this natural fortress, they had placed their wives and children, their old and infirm, had gathered their small store of food and arms, and celebrated their ancient worship in a temple not made with hands.² The Count of Trinity meantime had resolved upon their complete destruction. With a large and well-trained army he marched swiftly up the valley. His forces consisted of nearly ten thousand men, and among them was a large body of Spanish infantry, the best soldiers of the age. The crusaders were inspired by the prospect of an easy success, by the superiority of their numbers, by the blessing of the pope, and by his promise of a boundless indulgence. A fierce fanaticism, a wild excitement, stirred by the exhortations of the Jesuits and the priests, ruled in the ranks of the invaders; the Vaudois, behind their rocks, prayed with their gentle barbes, and with firm hearts prepared to die for their country and their faith.

The battle of the Pra del Tor is the Marathon of Italian Christianity: it was invested with all the romantic traits of patriotic warfare. The army of the Count of Trinity, clad in rich armor and glittering with military pomp, marched in well-trained squadrons up the beautiful valley; the clamor of the trumpets startled the chamois on his crags, and drove the eagle from her nest; the waving plumes, the burnished arms, the consecrated banners, shone in the sunlight as they drew near the defenses of the mountaineers.³ Behind the Italian troops came the Spaniards, the bravest, the most bigoted of the crusaders. They, too, wore heavy armor, and were irresistible in the open field. In the rear of the invaders followed a throng of plunderers, brigands, priests, prepared to profit by a victory that seemed perfectly assured. To this well-trained army were opposed only a few hundred Vaudois. They were stalwart and agile, but meagre with toil and famine. Their dress was ragged; their arms broken and imperfect. To their brilliant assailants they seemed only an undisciplined throng; a single charge must drive them routed up the valley. The Count of Trinity gave orders to attack, and the Savoyard infantry marched against the heretics. They were hurled back like waves from a sea-girt rock. The Vaudois filled the pass with a rampart of their bodies, and whenever the Rom-

¹ Muston, i. 255, describes Pra del Tor as a deep recess among the mountains.

² Leger, p. 35-37.

³ If I have drawn somewhat from fancy, yet the details may be inferred. See Leger, 39.

¹ Leger, 31. If the Turk and the Jew are tolerated, they said, why may not we have peace?

² Leger, p. 33.

³ Id., p. 34.

ish squadrons approached they were met by a rain of bullets, every one of which seemed directed with unerring aim. The ground was soon covered with the dead, and the chant of thanksgiving resounded within the amphitheatre of the Alps.

For four days the papal forces kept up their vain assault. The Vaudois still maintained their invincible array. Within the fastness the wives and daughters, the aged and infirm, were employed in bringing food to their heroes, in supplying them with ammunition, and cheering them with words of faith. The Count of Trinity, enraged at his misfortune, at length ordered the Spanish infantry to charge. They came on in swift step to the clamor of martial music. But their ranks were soon decimated by the bullets of the patriots; the officers fell on all sides; and the well-trained troops refused any longer to approach the fatal pass. Four hundred dead lay upon the field. A wild panic seized upon the papal army, and it fled disordered and routed through the valley.¹

Then the Vaudois came out from their hiding-places, and chased the crusaders along the open country far down to the borders of Angrogna. No mercy was shown to the ruthless papists. They were flung over the rocks into the fathomless abyss, shot down by skillful marksmen as they strove to hide in the forest, and followed with pitiless vigor in their desultory flight. No trace remained of that powerful army that a few days before had moved with military pomp to the capture of Pra del Tor; its fine battalions had been broken by the valor of a few mountaineers; a rich booty of arms and provisions supplied the wants of the heroes of the valley.

From this time (1561) for nearly a century no new crusade was preached against the Vaudois. Their native sovereigns were satisfied with lesser persecutions. The barbes, as usual, were often burned; the valleys were oppressed with a cruel taxation; the earnings of the honest people were torn from them to maintain dissolute princes and indolent priests. In 1596 Charles Emanuel ordered all the Vaudois, under pain of death or exile, to attend the preaching of the Jesuits,² and the valleys were filled with the disciples of Loyola, who strove to corrupt or terrify the youth of the early church. To every convert was offered an exemption from taxation, and various favors and emoluments were heaped upon him who would attend mass. Yet the restless Jesuits were altogether unsuccessful. Their preaching and their bribes were equally condemned by the happy mountaineers; the church still lived unspotted from the world.³ During this period of tolerable suffering the valleys once more glowed with the products of

a careful industry; they were the homes of purity and thrift. Singular among their race, the inheritors of a long succession of elevated thought, the Vaudois have ever practiced an ideal virtue loftier than that of Plato. When feudalism taught that labor was dishonorable, the people of the valleys held every family disgraced that did not maintain itself by its own useful toil. When the learned Jesuits had proved that deceit was often lawful, the Vaudois declared that falsehood was the corruption of the soul. In the happy valleys no one desired to be rich, no one strove to rise in rank above his fellows. While in the gifted circles of the European capitals the purity of woman was scoffed at by philosophers and courtiers, in Luzerna and Perouse every maiden was a Lucretia. Crime had seldom been known in the peaceful valleys; it was only in barbarous lands where the Jesuits ruled that the assassin aimed his dagger or the robber plied his trade.¹ To harm no one, to be at peace with all men, to forgive, to pity, were the natural impulses of every Vaudois; to heal the sick, to raise the low, to relieve the suffering stranger, formed the modest joys of the children of the valleys. In every age they remained the same; in every age they were Christians. The seventeenth century of their faith, perhaps of their existence, found them still an uncorrupted church, teaching to the world unlimited freedom of conscience. For this they were willing to peril their lives and fortunes; for this they had contended with popes and kings; and on every cliff and mountain peak of their native land was inscribed in immortal deeds the independence of the soul.²

Meantime, while no change had taken place in the Alpine church, its doctrines and rites had been accepted by all Northern Europe. In the seventeenth century the papacy had lost its most powerful and warlike adherents. England in 1650, ruled by Cromwell, instructed by Milton, stood in the front rank of the progressive nations. Holland and Northern Germany maintained their free schools and their liberal press in defiance of the Jesuits and the pope. France had been forced to tolerate the Huguenots. It was only over Italy and Spain that the Inquisition of Loyola, founded in 1541, held its terrible sway. There the papal power had been erected upon a relentless despotism, and the unhappy people were rapidly sinking to a low rank among civilized nations. The rule of the Jesuits was followed by a total decay of morals, a general decline of the intellect. Once Italy had been the centre of classic elegance, of the reviving arts, of the splendors of a new civilization. It was now the home of gross superstitions, a degraded priesthood, a hopeless people. Spain and Portugal, once the leaders in discovery, the rulers of the seas, had fallen into a new barbarism. The Jesuits, the Inquisition, alone flourished in their fallen capi-

¹ See narrative of Scipio Lentulus in Leger, part ii. p. 35.

² D'Andare alle prediche delli reverendi padri Jesuiti, etc., Leger, part ii. p. 61. The Jesuits united exhortation with severity.

³ Peyran, *Nouv. Lett.*, i. We may well accept the traditions of so truthful a race.

¹ Muston, i. livre viii. *Etat moral et religieux des vallées.*

² J. Bresse, *Hist. Vaud.*, p. 39.

tals and deserted ports; the manly vigor of the countrymen of the Cid had been corrupted by centuries of papal tyranny.

In the seventeenth century the Vaudois were the only progressive portion of the Italian race.¹ Every inhabitant of the valleys was educated; the barbes were excellent teachers, their people eager to learn; the laborers instructed each other as they toiled side by side on their mountains; their industry was the parent of active minds. If they produced no eminent poet to sing of dreadful war, no astute philosopher, no vigorous critic, they could at least point to several native historians of considerable merit; to their "Noble Lesson," the finest of medieval poems; to their stirring hymns and versions of the Psalms;² to a long succession of intelligent barbes; to their missionaries of the Middle Ages; to their colleges and schools in Alpine caves. They might claim that the ideas of the valleys had promoted the civilization of Europe, and that their perpetual protest in favor of liberty of thought had been of more value to the world than Tasso's epic or Raphael's Madonnas.

A pestilence swept over the valleys in 1630; nearly all the pastors died, and the Vaudois were forced to send to Geneva for a new band of teachers. The Calvinistic system of government, in a milder form, was now adopted; the name of barbe was no longer used; the ruling elder was called a moderator; the pastors were usually educated at Geneva; and the ancient catechism of the twelfth century was exchanged for a modern compilation.³ Yet the Vaudois have never consented to be called Calvinists, Protestants, or Reformers; they insist that they are primitive Christians, who have never changed their doctrine or their ritual since the days of St. Paul;⁴ who have beheld untainted all the corruption of the Eastern or the Western church; whose succession from the Apostles is proved by no vain tradition, no episcopal ordination, but by an uninterrupted descent of Christian virtues and an apostolic creed. They modestly assert that they have ever used the simple ritual employed by James, the brother of the Lord, at Jerusalem, or Paul at Antioch; and that they prefer to retain unchanged the name they bore before the popes wore the tiara of an-

tichrist, and before Christians were oppressed by the corruptions and the crimes of a visible church.

So much liberality of doctrine, such purity of life and faith, could not fail to deserve the constant hostility of the Jesuits. That famous company was now in the maturity of its early vigor. Its flourishing colleges filled the Catholic capitals of Europe; its countless members, bound by their terrible oath of obedience, moved like a united army upon the defenses of the reformed faith. They had subjected Italy, had desolated Spain; they once more turned the whole energy of the united order to the extirpation of the children of the valleys. In 1650 the Jesuits founded a propaganda at Turin in imitation of that at Rome.¹ Its design was to spread the Roman faith, to extirpate heresy by all the most powerful instruments of force or fraud. A council was formed, composed of the most eminent citizens, who were to act as general inquisitors. Among them were the Marquis of Pianessa, the Grand Chancellor, the President of the Senate; its chief officer was the Archbishop of Turin. Connected with the propaganda was a council of distinguished and wealthy women, who proved even more zealous than the men. The noblest ladies of Turin joined in the new crusade; large sums of money were collected to aid the movement; the emissaries of the two councils united in visiting families suspected of heretical practices, and in striving to win over converts by intimidation or bribes. The poor serving-woman from the valleys was often assailed by a noble tempter; the heretics of a higher rank were won by flatteries and attentions. The languid atmosphere of the capital of Savoy was stirred by the new effort to propagate the creed of Rome.

From the higher peaks of their native Alps the Vaudois look down upon the palaces and cathedrals of Turin. Before them lies that magnificent scene with which Hannibal stimulated the avarice of his toil-worn army as he pointed out the path to Rome. But in the seventeenth century the rude village of the Taurini had grown into a powerful and splendid city; the landscape was rich with the product of centuries of toil; the plains of Piedmont were the gardens of the age. The Vaudois, ever loyal and forgiving, had never failed in their duty to their sovereigns. The dukes of Savoy, always their worst persecutors, seem yet to have obtained their lasting regard. They appealed to their clemency in moments of danger. They had usually been sternly told to choose between the mass and ruin. Yet, in 1650, they had enjoyed a period of comparative rest; and little did they foresee, as they looked down upon the city of their sovereign and the rich plains around, that the great and the noble were plotting their destruction, that the last

¹ Muston, *Hist. Vaud.* i. 394. Nos temples ne sont décorés ni de croix ni d'images, etc.

² Raynouard, ii. p. 71 *et seq.*, gives extracts from the early Vaudois poems. The fine hymn *Lo Payre Eternal* contrasts boldly with the feeble Romish hymns to Mary or the saints.

³ Muston, *Israel of Alps*, i. 310.

⁴ The fine Middle Age Protestant hymn, *Lo Payre Eternal*, "The Eternal Father," expresses the noble feeling of the mountain church. I add a few lines. The poet calls on God to pity and forgive, and then asks to reign with Him in a celestial kingdom.

Rey glorios, regnant sobre tuit li regne,
Fay me regner cum tu al tio celestial regne
Que yo chante cum tuit li sant e sempre laudar te degne.

See Raynouard, ii. p. 117. With this contrast a feeble chant to the Virgin:

O Marie! de Dieu mère, Dieu t'est et fils et père!

¹ Leger, part ii. p. 73, describes the Jesuit propaganda at Turin, and imputes to it all the misfortunes of his country.



VAUDOIS WOMEN BURIED ALIVE.—FROM A CONTEMPORARY ENGRAVING.

crowning trial of their ancient church was near at hand.

The first omen of danger was a new influx of Jesuits. The valleys were thronged with haggard and fanatical missionaries. They pressed into remote districts, and celebrated mass in scenes where it had never been heard before. A ceaseless plotting went on against the faithful Vaudois; every art was employed to bribe the young; to arouse the pastors to a dangerous resistance; to disturb the harmony of families and fill the valleys with domestic strife. In Turin the Inquisition sat constantly, and before its hated tribunal were summoned the most noted of the Vaudois. If they failed to appear, their goods were forfeited, their lives in peril; if they came, they probably disappeared forever from human sight. The dungeon, the rack, and the *auto da fé* awaited those who denied the infallibility of the pope.

But the Jesuits refused to be satisfied with these isolated persecutions;¹ they pressed the Duke of Savoy to complete the ruin of the Alpine church. The world has witnessed no sadder spectacle than that long reign of terrors that was now spread over the peaceful valleys. In January, 1655, was issued the famous order of Gastaldo, the opening of the dreadful struggle. By this decree, sanctioned by the court of Turin, every Vandois in the towns at the lower extremity of the valleys was commanded either

to attend mass or to abandon his home and fly to the upper villages. The whole heretic population were to be shut up within a narrow region around Bobbio and Angrogna. It was a winter of singular severity; the snow lay deep in the upper valleys; the torrents rolled down clad in ice; the fields were covered with inundations; the ravines were almost impassable. Yet the sad and long procession of faithful Christians was forced to leave their comfortable homes in Lucerna or St. Jean and bear the horrors of the wintry march. The aged, the sick, the once-smiling children, the feeble and the young, the gentle matron, the accomplished maid, set out in a pitiful throng on their dreadful journey.¹ They waded hand in hand through the icy waters, broke the deep, untrodden snows, climbed the wintry hills, and sought refuge with their impoverished brethren of the Alpine villages. Yet no one recanted; no native Vaudois would consent to escape the pains of exile by attending an idolatrous mass. Whole cities and villages in the lower valleys were nearly depopulated; families were reduced from ease and comfort to extreme and painful want; a fruitful region was desolated; but the Jesuits were disappointed, for the indestructible church survived among the mountains.

Their next project was a war of extermination. A pretext was easily discovered: a priest had been found murdered in a Vandois village; a convent of Capuchins, planted in one of the

¹ All the authorities unite in fixing the chief guilt of the massacres upon the Jesuits. See Leger, part ii. p. 72 *et seq.*

¹ Leger, part ii. p. 94 *et seq.* Se trouvant dans le cœur du plus rude hyver qu'ils eussent jamais senti.

ruined towns, had been broken up by an impetuous pastor; the mass had been ridiculed; the exiled people sometimes stole back to their desecrated homes. Turin was filled with rage; the duke decreed the destruction of the Vaudois. Again a crusade began against the people of the valleys. The historian Leger, who was a Vaudois pastor, and saw the sufferings and the heroism of his countrymen, has described with startling minuteness the details of the persecution. The papal troops entered the valleys, roused by the priests and Jesuits to an unparalleled madness. Such cruelties, such crimes, have never before or since been perpetrated upon the earth; the French Revolution offers but a faint comparison; the tortures of Diocletian or Decius may approach their reality. The gentle, intelligent, and cultivated Vaudois fell into the power of a band of demons. Their chief rage was directed against women and children. The babe was torn from the mother's breast and cast into the blazing fire;¹ the mother was impaled, and left to die in unpitied agony. Often husband and wife were bound together and burned in the same pyre; often accomplished matrons, educated in refinement and ease, were hacked to pieces by papal soldiers, and their headless trunks left unburied in the snow. A general search was made for Vaudois. Every cave was entered, every crag visited, where there was no danger of resistance; every forest was carefully explored. When any were found, whether young or old, they were chased from their hiding-places over the snowy hills, and thrown from steep crags into the deep ravines below. No cliff but had its martyr; no hill on which had not blazed the persecutor's fire. In Leger's history, printed in 1669, are preserved rude but vigorous engravings of the malignant tortures inflicted by the papal soldiers upon his countrymen; there, in the Alpine solitudes, amidst the snow-clad summits of the wintry hills, are seen the dying matron; the tortured child; the persecutor chasing his victims over the icy fields; the virgin snows covered with the blood of fated innocence; the terrified people climbing higher and higher up the tallest Alps, glad to dwell with the eagle and the chamois above the rage of persecuting man.²

The pope applauded, the Duke of Savoy rejoiced in the massacres of the valleys. The Jesuits chanted their thanksgiving in the ruined villages. The Capuchins restored their convent. The church of Rome ruled over the blood-stained waste. But when the news of the unexampled atrocities of the Alps came to the great Protestant powers of the North, when it was told in London or the Hague that the harmless people

of the valleys, the successors of the Apostles, had been slain in their villages and cut to pieces on their native cliffs, horror and amazement filled all men. The reformers of every land had long looked with interest and affection upon the Alpine church; had admired its heroism, had imitated its simplicity; that it should perish amidst the savage cruelties of the Jesuits and the pope they could scarcely bear. A loud cry of disgust and indignation arose from all the Northern courts.¹ But one mind, the greatest and the purest that had descended upon the earth since the apostolic age, gave utterance to the common indignation. Milton was now Cromwell's secretary, and although blind, watched over the affairs of Europe. His quick perception, his liberal opinions, his ready learning, his easy Latin style, have given to the foreign correspondence of the Protector an excellence never to be equaled in the annals of diplomacy. To the learned, the liberal, the progressive Milton the Alpine church must ever have been singularly dear. It reflected all his own cherished opinions; his own simplicity, naturalness, and love of truth; it was clothed with a halo of historic association that, to his poetic thought, covered it with immortal lustre.

In one great sonnet Milton has condensed the indignation of the age.² He cried to Heaven to avenge its slaughtered saints; he paints with a mighty touch the cold Alps, the dying martyrs, the papal monsters, the persecuted church. No grander strain, no more powerful explication, has fallen from the pen of the lord of modern poetry. The stern enthusiast Cromwell shared Milton's indignation, and the poet and the soldier strove to preserve the Alpine church. Milton wrote, in the name of the Protector, a courtly but vigorous appeal to the murderous Duke of Savoy: Cromwell said that he was bound to the Vaudois by a common faith; that he had heard of their butchery, their exposure on the frozen Alps: he besought the duke to withdraw the edict of extermination. The letter was composed in Latin by Milton, and was copied, it is said, by one of his daughters. It is dated May 25, 1655, soon after the news arrived. All England mourned for the slaughtered saints, and Cromwell appointed a day of fasting and prayer for their deliverance. Large sums of money were collected in London for their support, and the Hollanders were equally liberal. Milton's pen now knew no rest; he wrote to the various Protestant powers to intercede for the Vaudois; he appealed to Louis XIV. of France to give shelter to the exiles and to aid in their preservation. "The groans of those wretched men, the Protestants of Lucerna, Angrogna, and the other Alpine valleys," Cromwell said, "have reached our ears." When the persecutions still continued he wrote in stronger terms;³ and the

¹ Leger, part ii. 110 *et seq.* Les petits enfans, impitoyablement arrachés des mamelles de leurs tendres mères, estoient empoignés par les pieds, etc. The narrative is that of eye-witnesses, and from depositions made soon after. Men of eighty and ninety years were burned.

² The narrative of the persecution is too dreadful to be repeated, too horrible to be remembered.

¹ See Gilly, Excur. ; Leger, ii. 240.

² Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, etc.

³ Gilly, Narrative, gives the letters of Cromwell or Milton, p. 217-229.



THROWN FROM PRECIPICES.—A PICTURE TAKEN AT THE TIME (1655-1665).

bold and stern Sir Samuel Morland¹ was sent as envoy to the court of Turin to remonstrate against its enormities. The ambassador did not spare the papists, at least in words. He told the duke that angels were horrified, that men were amazed, and the earth blushed at the fearful spectacle. The Swiss cantons and the German princes united in a strong remonstrance. Said the Landgrave of Hesse: "Persecutions and butcheries are not the means to suppress a religion, but rather to preserve it." But no sense of shame reached the hearts of the monster duke and his Jesuit advisers; they pretended, with keen subtlety, to listen to the appeals of the Protestant powers, yet they still permitted the work of extermination to go on.

Safe in the shelter of the Italian court and certain of the sympathy of that of France, the Jesuits and the pope heard with secret joy the grief and rage of the arch-heretic Cromwell and his allies of the North. They resolved to persist in their dreadful labors until no trace of heresy should be left upon Italian soil. It is probable that, had the Protector lived, the fleets of England might have avenged the Christians of the valleys; that the artillery of the Puritans might have startled the Italian potentates from their fancied security. But the great chieftain died; the greater poet sank into a happy obscurity, from whence was to shine forth the highest fruit of his genius; and all England was dissolved in fatal license under the dissolute reign of Charles. At his death the Jesuits

rejoiced in the rule of James II., and confidently hoped to bring once more under the papal sway the land of Milton and Cromwell. It was a disastrous period for Protestantism. England no longer stretched forth its powerful arm to shield its weaker brethren. Holland seemed about to sink before the Catholic zeal of Louis XIV. Geneva trembled among its mountains. And at length the Jesuits prevailed upon the King of France to revoke the edict of Nantes and commence a bitter persecution of the Huguenots. The best, the wisest, the most progressive of the French died in crowded prisons or by the arms of the papal butchers, or were glad to escape impoverished to foreign lands; a perfect religious despotism prevailed in France, from which it was only rescued by the convulsive horrors of its Revolution.

There was now no more hope for the Vaudois.¹ Friendless, except in the arm of Him who guided the avalanche and checked the raging torrent in its course, the poor and humble people, cheered by their gallant pastors, bore with patient joy the burden of a fearful existence. From 1655 to 1685 they suffered all the ignominies and all the cruelties that could be inflicted by the malevolent priests. The valleys were filled with monks and Jesuits, and bands of papal soldiers, who ravished the last loaf from the humble homes of the industrious Christians. Often the Vaudois, roused to

¹ Muston began his valuable labors, ed. 1834, by asserting: *La gloire des Vaudois est dans leur malheur.* He had not yet looked forward to their present triumph.

² Gilly, Narrative, p. 229.

resistance by some dreadful atrocity, would fly to arms and perform miracles of valor amidst their native crags; war would rage again along the valleys; and great armies of papists would march from Turin or Pignerol and chase the people to the mountains. Then the old, the sick, women and children, would be carried by the strong arms of their sons and their brothers to some secluded cavern, known only to themselves, and there hide for months until the danger seemed past; in fact, the Vaudois learned, like the marmot, to make their homes in the living rock.

One of these singular natural retreats of safety has perhaps been discovered by a modern traveler. He had searched for many days for the famous cavern of Castelluzzo. The memory of the place had been forgotten; it was only known that down some dizzy precipice, overhanging a dreadful abyss, a cave existed, opening into the solid rock, where three or four hundred Vaudois had once lived safe from the pope and the Jesuits. At length his guides assured the traveler that they had found the forgotten retreat. On a fair day of the Alpine autumn, when the golden fields were smiling with the gathered harvests, the stranger ventured to enter, with extreme hazard, the dangerous scene. He could scarcely conceive how old men, women, and children, amidst the snows of winter, could have descended into their only home. The entrance lay over a projecting crag. Far below opened a deep ravine, from which shot up a wall of rock. The cave was cut by Nature's hand in the side of the precipice. A rope-ladder was provided and swung over the projecting cliff. It was made to rest on a slight ledge about fifty feet below. The guides descended, the traveler followed, and with great risk reached the grotto. It proved to be an irregular sloping gallery, formed by the overhanging cliffs. On one side a projecting crag sheltered it from the weather; before it opened the unfathomed abyss. A spring of water seemed to exist in one corner, and a few shrubs and plants grew in the interstices of the rock.¹ The cave was shallow, light, and almost safe from attack. Only a single person could enter it at a time, and a single stalwart Vaudois might here defy an army. Yet there were no traces of its having been inhabited; no smoke of Vaudois fires, nor remnants of arms or furniture; and the traveler left the place still in doubt whether he had really found the famous cave described by Leger, where nature had provided embrasures, windows for sentinels, an oven, and a secure retreat for three hundred of his countrymen.²

At last, in 1685, came that fatal period so long anticipated with triumph by the Jesuits of Turin, when the voice of Christian prayer and praise was no longer heard in the valleys. The wonderful people had survived for six centuries

the enmity of the papacy; but now the Alpine church seemed forever blotted from existence. Louis XIV., the destroyer of the Huguenots and of France, pressed the Duke of Savoy to drive the heretics from his dominions. General Catinat, one of the best commanders of the time, led a well-appointed army into the valleys; the people took up arms, and, with their usual heroism, at first baffled and defeated the efforts of the French; then a lethargy seemed to pass over them, and they yielded to the foe. A dreadful punishment now fell upon them. The papal soldiers swept through the valleys, made prisoners of nearly the whole population, and carried them away to the dungeons of Turin. Fourteen thousand persons were shut up in a close confinement. The consequences were such as might have touched the hearts of Diocletian and Decius, but to the Jesuits and to Rome they were only a source of insane joy. The stalwart mountaineers, and their wives and children, shut out from their free Alpine air, starved and persecuted, pined in a horrible imprisonment. Diseases raged among them; a pestilence came; and of the fourteen thousand saints, the followers of Christ, only three thousand came, emaciated and pale, from their noisome dungeons. Eleven thousand had died to satisfy the malice of Rome.

There was now peace in the silent valleys; villages without inhabitants, homes without a family, churches no longer filled with the eloquence of supplication. A few Romanists alone occupied the silent scene. At length a colony of papists, gathered from the neighboring country, was sent in to take possession of the fields and dwellings of the Vaudois; the churches of the ancient faith were torn down or converted into Romish chapels; the Jesuits wandered freely from St. Jean to Pra del Tor. For the first time since the dawn of Christianity the Virgin was worshiped beneath the crags of San Martino, and the idolatry of the mass desecrated the scene so long consecrated by an apostolic faith. For three years the rule of the papists remained undisturbed. The sad remnant of the Vaudois meantime had wandered to foreign lands. Several thousand climbed the Alps, and came, emaciated and wayworn, to the Swiss. Here they were received with sincere kindness, and found a momentary rest. Several of the pastors found a home in Holland; at Leyden Leger composed his history of his country. A colony of exiled Vaudois came afterward to America, and settled near Philadelphia; others went to Germany or England. Some, perhaps, remained in the valleys, concealing their faith under a conformity with the Romish rule. And thus, in 1689, seemed forever dissipated that hallowed race, that assembly of the faithful, over whose career in history had ever hung a spotless halo of ideal purity.

In the fearful winter of 1686-87, when the Rhone was frozen to its bed and the Alps were encrusted with ice, the papists drove the surviving remnant of the prisoners over the pre-

¹ Waldensian Researches, Gilly, p. 513.

² Leger, i. p. 9.



CHILDREN TORN TO PIECES BY PAPISTS (1655).

cipitous passes of Mont Cenis. The aged, the sick, women, children, the wounded, and the faint, climbed with unsteady steps the chill waste of snows, and toiled onward toward Protestant Geneva. Many had scarcely clothes to cover them; all were feeble with starvation. The road was marked by the bodies of those that died by the way; the survivors staggered down the Swiss side of the mountains pallid with hunger and cold; some perished as they approached the borders of the friendly territory; others lingered a while, and expired in the homes of the Swiss. But the people of Geneva, as they beheld the melancholy procession approaching their city, rushed out in generous enthusiasm to receive the exiles to their arms. One-half the population went forth on the charitable journey. They contended with each other which should first give shelter to the poorest of the martyrs, and sometimes bore them in their arms from the frontiers to their comfortable dwellings. Geneva, the wonderful city of Calvin and Beza, revived in this period of woe the unbounded benevolence that had marked the early Christians in their conduct toward each other under the persecutions of Maximin and Galerius. As the exiles entered the town they sang the psalm of persecuted Israel, "O God, why hast thou cast us off?" in a grave, sad voice, and breathed out a melancholy wail over the ruin of their apostolic church.¹

An aged man appeared among the throng

who came out to meet them; it was Joshua Janavel, the exiled hero of the Vaudois. For many years Janavel had lived a fugitive at Geneva. Yet the fame of his wonderful exploits had once filled all Europe, and he still kept watch over the destiny of his native land. Had Janavel's advice been followed, the Vaudois believed that their country might yet have been free; had his strong arm not been palsied by age, there would yet remain a hope of its deliverance. In the wild wars that followed the massacre of 1655, when the Marquis of Pianessa was ravaging the valleys, Janavel became the leader of a band of heroes. Born on the mountains, he crept through their passes and sprang from cliff to cliff at the head of his pious company, and waged a holy but relentless warfare with the murderous assailants.¹ With only six soldiers he surprised in a narrow pass a squadron of five hundred, and drove them from the hills. The next day, with seventeen men, he hid among rocks; the enemy approached in force, and pressed into the ambuscade; the crags were rolled upon them; musket-balls rained from every cliff; and as they fled astonished to the valley, the mountaineers, leaping from rock to rock and hiding behind the woodlands, pursued them with fatal aim. The Marquis of Pianessa, the chief of the propaganda at Turin, sent a still larger army against Janavel; he was shut up against the front of a tall cliff, and the Vaudois, with their backs to the

¹ The music of the Vaudois is said to be sad, plaintive, and in a minor tone, as if the reflection of their life and persecution. Gilly, *Researches*, p. 221.

¹ For anecdotes of Janavel see Gilly, *Narrative*, p. 194 *et seq.*

rock, met the advancing foe. The popish army melted away like snow before them; the Christians charged upon them with a cry of faith; and again the enemy were broken with dreadful loss.

Ten thousand men were next marched against the patriots. Meantime their commander, the Marquis of Pianessa, an excellent example of chivalry and feudalism, a bright ornament of his church and court, wrote as follows to the Christian leader: "To Captain Janavel—Your wife and daughter are in my power. If you do not submit they shall be burned alive." Janavel replied: "You can destroy their bodies; you can not harm their beloved souls."¹ The wild war raged all along the mountains. Janavel, and his famous associate, Jahier, beat back the great army of Pianessa, and avenged its terrible atrocities. Among those of the invaders most guilty of indescribable enormities was a band of eight hundred Irish Catholics. They had rejoiced to crush the heads of Protestant infants against the rocks, to hack in pieces gentle matrons and aged men, to fill blazing ovens with unresisting saints. Janavel now came upon them with a dreadful retribution. He surprised them in their barracks, and put them all to death. But Janavel was at last shot through the body; he recovered, and went, in 1680, an exile to Geneva; and here he lived to aid in that remarkable expedition by which the Vaudois were once more restored to their valleys and their homes.

While all Protestant Europe was lamenting the ruin of its oldest church, suddenly there passed before the eyes of men a wonderful achievement—a spectacle of heroism and daring scarcely rivaled at Marathon or Leuctra.² It was named by the exulting Vaudois "The Glorious Return." The exiles at Geneva, tempted by various friendly invitations to emigrate to Protestant lands, still fondly lingered in the neighborhood of their native mountains. No promises of ease and opulence, no prospect of a foreign home, could allure them from the distant view of Mont Cenis and the snow-clad Alps. At length the enthusiastic people, inspired by the brave spirit of the aged Janavel, and their priest and warrior Henry Arnaud, began to entertain the design of invading once more their ancient valleys—of reviving their apostolic church. Yet never was a project apparently more hopeless. The Duke of Savoy, suspecting their design, had extended a chain of garrisons around all the mountain passes. The valleys were held by large armies of French and Savoyards, and a hostile population filled all the towns and hamlets in Perouse, Lucerna, and San Martino. If the exiles attempted to cross the Alps, they must cut their way through a succession of foes. When they reached the

Germanasca and the Pelice they would encounter the united forces of Italy and France.

But Janavel inspired them with his own boundless resolution. An expedition was prepared of nearly one thousand men; and on the night of the 16th of August, 1689, a fleet of boats bore the adventurers over the peaceful waters of Lake Lemman to the borders of Savoy. As they assembled in the forest of Nyon the aged warrior directed them all to kneel in fervent prayer. He could not go with them; he bade them choose, under the guidance of Heaven, a younger leader. It seems that a Captain Turrel was elected their commander.¹ The whole army was divided into nineteen companies; and the Vaudois began their swift march for the passes of the Alps. They evaded or dissipated the hostile garrisons, and swept rapidly up that memorable road by which Hannibal had crossed the unknown mountains. But the Vaudois were no strangers to the icy scene. They chose the most difficult paths to avoid the hostile soldiers, clambered from glacier to glacier, crept along the brink of the fearful precipice, dispersed the enemy by sudden attacks, and reached at length the pass of Mont Cenis. Here they captured the baggage of a Roman cardinal who was on his way to Rome.² Slowly and with unexampled endurance they climbed Mont Cenis, and, as they reached the top, sank, incapable of motion, on the frozen snow. Their path now lay among the wildest and most inaccessible portions of the Alps. With scanty food, but frequent prayers, they pressed over the snows toward their native valleys. Soon their clarions sounded clearly from the summit of Tourliers, as they prepared to descend into the well-known scene and encounter the first shock of battle.

Eight hundred now remained—vigorous, agile, fearless—many of them natives of Lucerna, San Martino, or Angrogna. They descended the snowy hills in a narrow line, wading through deep ravines. Their food was only a few chestnuts and half-frozen water; their dress was torn and comfortless. They slept on wintry crags, but they held fast to their arms and their scanty powder; and their pastor and chief, Henry Arnaud, led them in fervent prayer, every morning and evening, as they clambered down the Alps. At length they approached their beloved valleys; but between lay the ravine of the Dora, crossed by a single bridge. Around was stationed a force of two thousand French, guarding the pass of Salbertrans. The eight hundred saw that they must fight their way across.³ It was a dim and misty night, and as they pressed on the Catholic settlers mocked them with evil tidings. When they asked them for provisions, they replied: "Go on, you will soon have no need of food." They knelt for a few moments, and then began the

¹ Muston, part ii. c. viii. p. 363, vol. i.

² Glorious Recovery, trans. from Henry Arnaud's account of his expedition. Gilly, *Excurs.*, p. 174-183. Muston, ii. p. 33. The journals of the period also notice the return.

¹ Muston, ii. 38 *et seq.*

² Glorious Recovery. Muston, ii. 45.

³ Muston, i. 47, is fuller than Arnaud, and has used various unpublished letters, etc.



IMPALEMENT (1655).

attack. Some one cried out, "The bridge is won!" The Vaudois rushed upon their enemy; the French, terrified by their energy, abandoned their station in sudden panic; and the eight hundred pressed over the bridge and cut down the enemy as they fled. None were spared; and in the dark, bewildering night the French soldiers wandered among the Vaudois, and were shot or sabred without resistance. The moon now rose over the Alps, and disclosed seven hundred dead lying around the dark ravine; of the Vaudois only twenty-two had fallen. Once more they knelt, but it was now in thanksgiving; they heaped together the ammunition they could not use, with all the remains of the French camp, and applied a torch to the pile; the explosion shook the mountains with an unaccustomed tremor, and as the sound died away a wild shout of joy arose from the Vaudois—a cry of "Glory to the God of armies!"

Worn with battle and victory, the exiles still pressed on the same night, often falling down in sleep, and then rousing themselves to climb over rocks and mountains, until, as the sun rose on the Sabbath morning, and the white peaks of the Alps were tinted with a bright rose-color, and the wide, wavy landscape gleamed before them, they saw the fair pinnacles of their own hills and the well-known valley of Pragela. They chanted a poetic prayer of thanksgiving on the mountain-tops, and descended to their home. The priests fled hastily from the valley; the patriots tore the images and the shrines from their ancient churches, and celebrated their simple worship in its accustomed seats. For a

time all was victory. They drove the enemy from the Balsille and its impregnable rocks, expelled the new inhabitants of Bobi, burned hostile Le Perrier, and supplied themselves with arms at the cost of the foe. For food they found a resource in the plunder of French convoys, and in secret stores of corn and nuts which they had hidden in the earth before their expulsion. But the enemy was now chiefly engaged in an attempt to starve them on the mountains. The Duke of Savoy ordered the country to be desolated; the flocks and cattle were driven away from the open valleys, the fruit trees cut down, the harvests burned upon the fields, and the magnificent groves of chestnuts and walnuts despoiled of their autumnal product. The poor Vaudois, clinging to the cliffs and wandering upon the mountain-tops, still baffled the arms of the enemy; but often they had only a few roots to eat, and their manly vigor must slowly melt away in famine and fatigue. Prayer was still their chief support, and among their native crags they constantly lifted their voices to Heaven. For two months they had resisted the attack of twenty thousand men led by the skillful Catinat; but by October 16 it seemed that the enterprise must wholly fail. Their numbers were diminished by desertions and death; many French refugees left them; even Turrel, the commander, despairing of success, fled from them secretly. Clothed in rags, feeding upon roots and herbs, the feeble Vaudois saw before them the approaching winter and the swiftly increasing foe; their prayerful hearts were oppressed with an unaccustomed dread.

Liberty of conscience seemed about to depart forever from the valleys; the Alpine church was never again to rise from its desolation. But Henry Arnaud, pastor and chief, rose, in this moment of danger, to heroic greatness. He, at least, would never abandon his suffering country and the falling cause of freedom. He prayed, exhorted, celebrated the sacred feast in groves of chestnut, fought in the front of his followers, and was ready to die for their preservation.¹ In the midst of his calamities he remembered the counsels of the aged Janavel, who had advised the adventurers, in a moment of extreme need, to take refuge upon the rock of Balsille, and there prolong the contest until help should come from above.

In a wild portion of the valley of San Martino a pile of rock projects over an Alpine torrent, surrounded by huge mountains, accessible only from the bed of the stream below, and rising on three terraces against the sides of its lofty peak behind. It is called the Balsille. Swelled by the winter snows, a branch of the Germanasca sweeps around the singular promontory. A few shrubs cover its top; a little earth produces a scanty vegetation. The Balsille stands like an isolated column, yet on either hand it is commanded by the tall and almost inaccessible peaks of Le Pis and Guinevert. But in that wild and lofty region the climate is severe, the ravines and mountains almost perpetually covered with snow, the paths impassable except to the agile and daring Vaudois. Secluded amidst the wildest scenery of the valleys, the Balsille forms an almost impregnable fortress: the history of its siege and its defense is the crowning wonder of the Glorious Return.

The exiles were now, October 22, 1689, at Rodoret, surrounded by the enemy; to reach the Balsille they must pass through the midst of their foes, over a path that led along the brink of frightful precipices, but which they could only traverse by night. They prayed long and fervently, and then set out in utter darkness. No moon nor stars guided them as they crept on their hands and knees along the edge of the deep abyss. To distinguish their guides they marked them with strips of white cloth or pieces of phosphoric wood.² Yet they passed safely, and in the morning trembled with affright as they saw over what a fearful path they had come. When they reached the Balsille they found only a bare and comfortless rock; they were forced to build at once a fortress and a dwelling; feeble and faint, they labored with incredible toil. They cut down trees, gathered huge stones, and formed seventeen intrenchments, rising one above the other, on the precipitous rock. They dug deep ditches, covered ways, and casemates to secure their lives. On the top of the Balsille they built a

strong fort or castle, the centre of their defenses, surrounded by three high walls; and, to provide their homes in that wintry climate, they dug in the earth and rock of the terraces eighty caves or chambers, where they slept in innocence more calmly, perhaps, than pope or priest.

When they reached the rock they had no food for the next day, and lived upon a few vegetables they gathered in the neighborhood. At length they repaired a dismantled mill, and were enabled to bake bread. With joy and thankful hearts they discovered that the harvests of the last year lay buried beneath the snow in the valley of Pral, and reaped them through the winter by digging in the icy covering. But they were not suffered to remain undisturbed. On the 29th of October they saw the French troops approaching them on all sides; some climbed the precipitous peaks of Guinevert and Col du Pis; others approached the base of the fortified rock; a vigorous attack was made on the intrenchments; the sharp fire of the Vaudois marksmen scattered the enemy with great loss. The Alpine winter now came on; the French troops were driven from the mountains, with frozen limbs and fearful suffering, by the rigorous season; the deep snows of the valleys prevented all military operations, and the enemy withdrew, promising to return in the spring.¹

Winter passed on in peace with the garrison of Balsille. Alone in the midst of a thousand dangers, shielded only by the icy snows, the Alpine church lived on its lonely rock. In his singular castle and temple Henry Arnaud still maintained the ancient ritual of the valleys; twice on each Sabbath he preached to an attentive assembly; morning and evening the voice of prayer and praise ascended to the peaks of Guinevert. The garrison was reduced to about four hundred, all native Vaudois, and their chief solace in their painful life was to join in the hymns and prayers they had learned from their mothers in their childhood.² Yet they would not consent to remain unemployed. Frequent expeditions were sent out to levy contributions on the popish villagers, to climb from crag to crag along the secure mountains and descend in sudden forays into the well-known valleys. They penetrated far down the banks of the Germanasca, and disturbed the repose of Lucerna and Angrogna. Meantime no help came from abroad; the expeditions formed in Switzerland for their relief were intercepted by the enemy; and as the spring drew on, Arnaud and his pious company prepared to engage once more the united armies of France and Savoy.

In April the Marquis De Pareilles sent them offers of liberal terms if they would surrender. A council was held on the rocks, and a unanimous refusal was decided upon. Arnaud wrote to the marquis a defense of his countrymen; he said they had been seated from time im-

¹ Glorious Recovery, p. 133 *et seq.*, describes the Balsille.

² Glorious Recovery, p. 139. Muston has the narrative of a Vaudois officer—it adds something.

¹ Glorious Recovery, 143.

² *Id.*, 148.



HEADS BLOWN OFF WITH POWDER (1655).

memorial in their valleys; that they had paid every impost, performed all the duties of good subjects; that they had led lives of singular purity; that they fought only for self-preservation.¹ On the last day of the month, a Sabbath morning, as Arnaud was preaching to his garrison, the troops of Catinat were seen closing around the solitary fortress. With a rare endurance, scarcely surpassed by the native Vaudois, the French and Savoyards had cut their way through the deep snows of the ravines and climbed the frightful precipices. A whole regiment, amidst blinding sleet and icy winds, had fixed themselves on the pinnacle of Guinevert, overlooking the Balsille. Another appeared on the top of Le Pis, and opened a distant fire on the fort. In the valley in front Catinat ordered a chosen band of five hundred men to climb the steep ascent of the Balsille, and charge the rude intrenchments of the Vaudois.² The French attacked with singular gallantry; they strove to tear away the felled trees behind which their enemy was sheltered, and climbed the rude wall of stone; but a rain of balls came from the Vaudois, a shower of rocks rolled upon the assailants; their ranks were soon broken, and they fled down the hill. Great numbers were slain; the Vaudois leaped from their works, and destroyed nearly all the detachment. Its commander, Colonel De Parat, was wounded and taken prisoner; the next day the Vaudois cut off the heads of their fallen

foes and planted them along the line of their first palisade. It was a symbol of unchanging defiance.

Arnaud defends with vigor the severe policy he had adopted. He killed the prisoners, he says, because it was impossible to hold them; he spared every non-combatant, and never retaliated the cruelties endured by his countrymen. Once more, May 10, the French army, under De Feuquières, gathered around the Balsille. They numbered about thirteen thousand men. A battery of cannon had been placed, with great labor, on the side of Guinevert; the hills around were filled with troops, and the rock itself was surrounded on every side by the hostile forces. The French commander made a last effort to persuade the Vaudois to submit.¹ He offered each man five hundred louis and a free passage from the country; but his great bribes were rejected, and the garrison determined to persist in a vain resistance. With prayers and holy songs they prepared for the final contest. In a first attack the French were repulsed with signal loss. But at length the batteries began to play on the works of the Vaudois, and their feeble fortifications crumbled to the earth. The enemy slowly made their way up the height; the Vaudois were even driven from the castle, and fled to a higher part of the rock; night fell, and the French commander ceased his assault, resolved to capture the whole garrison in the morning.

¹ Glorious Recovery, 159, gives the number of the enemy as 22,000.

² Glorious Recovery, 167.

¹ Glorious Recovery, 175. The French reappear May 10.

Clustered like hunted chamois on the pinnacles of the rock, the Vaudois now sought eagerly for some method of escape.¹ But as yet there seemed no prospect of deliverance. The enemy lay encamped on every side of the Balsille; his watch-fires dispelled the darkness of the night, and sentinels, posted thickly around, closed up every avenue of flight. Arnaud and his brave companions were guarded by a circle of foes who had resolved that no Vaudois should be left alive upon the mountains. But as the night advanced a friendly mist, sent in answer to their prayers, slowly rose from the deep glens and covered the whole valley with a humid veil. The agile mountaineers, led by a skillful guide, crept down the slippery rocks, climbed in single file over the deep chasms of the Germanasca, and reached the base of Guinevert. Here they cut steps in the hardened snow, and, with terrible suffering, dragged themselves on their hands and knees up the steep declivities, until at length they stood on a wide glacier, far above the reach of the enemy. A clamor of thanksgiving arose from the little company as they felt once more that they were free. The morning broke; the French sprang up the hill to seize their certain prey; they found only the bare rock, the empty castle, and hastened, in their rage, to follow the Vaudois along their mountain-path.²

Here, however, they were easily eluded by their active foe. The Vaudois kept upon the loftiest of the mountains, feeding on the foliage of the fir-trees and drinking the half-melted snow. Sometimes they leaped down in fierce forays upon the fertile valleys; often they shot down the invaders from some lofty crag, or swept away the flocks of the Savoyard settlers. Still they hovered fondly over their native scenes, and lingered, with scarcely a hope in the future, above the torrents and the crags they had loved in youth. To their simple and tender hearts these last arduous days must have seemed the saddest and most cheerless of all. From their post on the mountains of Angrogna they might look down into the fairest of the Italian vales; they saw the softly-swelling hills encircle the fertile fields; the laughing torrent; the budding groves of mulberry and chestnut; the grateful gardens around their early homes; the silent churches; and the blossom-covered lawns. But all these they were to enjoy no more. An active foe pursued them from peak to peak, and they must soon fly to their most secret caves.³

But in a moment all was changed, and the Glorious Return was accomplished by a sudden revolution. On the 21st of May, 1690, as Arnaud and his heroes lingered around Angrogna, they learned that the Duke of Savoy had joined the alliance of England and Holland against France. The duke now needed the aid of all his subjects, and the heroic valor of the Vaudois

showed that he had none so worthy as they. He sent a messenger to Arnaud, inviting him to join his service, with his followers, and granting permission to the Vaudois to return to their native valleys.¹ Arnaud obeyed his sovereign; and his soldiers were as active and courageous in the war against the French as they had ever been in defense of their native vales. Soon the exiled Vaudois heard of the happy change, and came in glad troops over the Alps to occupy the homes of their fathers. No hope of gain or prospect of advantage could detain the gentle race in foreign lands. They left their thriving plantations in Brandenburg, their farms in Germany, or their factories in England, and with psalms of triumph hastened to revive their apostolic church in its ancient seat. Lucerna, San Martino, and Perouse were again filled with a rejoicing people; and the lovely landscapes of the sacred vales shone in new beauty, the temples of an untarnished faith.

Such was the Glorious Return. But for the valor of the eight hundred, the wisdom and piety of Henry Arnaud, and the counsels of the aged Janavel, the Vaudois might still have wandered in foreign lands, and their lovely vales have remained in the possession of strangers. But they were now firmly seated in their ancient home, never to be driven from it again. The Jesuits and the popes still plotted their ruin; and when the war was over Victor Amadeus, with his usual bad faith, revived the persecution in the valleys. In 1698 a Jesuit and a number of monks visited all the vales, and made their report to the pope.² In consequence the duke issued a decree expelling all the French Protestants from the country, and forbidding the Vaudois from having any intercourse, on matters of religion, with the subjects of Louis XIV. Three thousand persons were driven from the valleys by this cruel edict. The various disabilities now imposed upon the Vaudois served to render their lives painful, and expose them to the penalties of the hostile courts. They were forbidden to exercise certain professions, to purchase property beyond certain limits, to settle out of their valleys even for trade, to oppose the conversion of their children to Romanism, or to make proselytes themselves. They were held in a kind of bondage, and treated as an inferior race. It was a common practice with the priests of Turin to carry off the children of the Vaudois and educate them in the Romish faith. In 1730 severe instructions were issued against the people of the valleys; and throughout the eighteenth century the church of Rome labored by every art to extirpate its rival church upon the Alps. The Jesuits renewed their activity; the Vaudois were often imprisoned, and their pastors ill-treated. The jealous popes looked with superstitious dread upon the gentle moderators of the blooming valleys.

Nor was this without reason; for as the age

¹ Glorious Recovery, 179.

² Id., 180.

³ Muston abounds in details of the incidents of the expedition, but adds little to the account of Arnaud, ii. p. 14.

¹ Muston, ii. p. 76.

² Id., ii. 109.



BLAZING OVENS FILLED WITH VAUDOIS (1655-1685).

advanced in liberality the Alpine church became to Italy an example and a teacher. From Pradel Tor had descended, in the Middle Ages, a throng of Vaudois missionaries; in the eighteenth century it was still the centre of advancing thought. Within the circle of the Alps the church flourished with singular vigor. Persecution failed to check its growth; the churches multiplied; the schools increased; the people of the valleys were better educated than those of Turin or Rome. Poor, feeble, an isolated and hated race, shut out from the common privileges of their fellow-subjects, from colleges, schools, hospitals, and the liberal professions, the Vaudois were still a power whose influence was often felt where it was not seen. The people of Turin saw constantly before them the spectacle of a church that never persecuted nor reviled; of a race that steadily advanced in moral and intellectual vigor; of a nation of heroes who had ever defended liberty of conscience when all Italy beside had bowed in servitude to Rome. The Vaudois grew popular with the scholars of Sardinia, with the people, and even with the court. They were still oppressed by unjust laws; yet toward the close of the century a Vaudois church had sprung up at Turin, and the liberal ideas of the valleys were penetrating the north of Italy. The moderators of the Alps became the leaders of an intellectual movement that was destined to spread from Balsille to Tarento.

Yet the only period of real freedom the Vaudois had ever known since the papal usurpations sprang from the conquests of the first Na-

poleon.¹ The impulsive hero was touched by their history, listened to their complaints, and granted them all they required. For the first time, perhaps, since the days of Hildebrand, a perfect religious freedom prevailed in the valleys, and the iron tyranny of Rome and the Jesuits was crushed by the offspring of revolutionary France. A century before, Louis XIV. had nearly secured the destruction of the Alpine church; in 1800 it sprang up into new vigor under the shelter of the French arms. The pastors of the valleys returned Napoleon's favors with sincere gratitude, and lamented his final defeat as that of a friend. It is probable that the unsparing conqueror had no more truthful admirers than the pure and lofty spirits whom he had set free upon their mountains.

With the restoration of 1814-1815, Victor Emmanuel IV. came to the throne of Sardinia, and the Vaudois once more sank to the condition of a subjugated race, alien and oppressed. They were known to be advocates of freedom and advance; the pope and the Jesuits again ruled at Turin; the church and state again united to destroy the church of the mountains.² From 1814 to 1848 the Vaudois suffered indignities and deprivations scarcely surpassed in the earlier persecutions. All the ancient oppressive laws were revived. They were forbidden to hold any civil office, to pursue their labors on Catholic festivals, to hold land beyond a certain limit, to make proselytes, or build new churches except in the least favorable locations,

¹ Muston, ii. p. 303 *et seq.*

² *Id.*, ii. 349.

to marry into papist families, or to give, sell, or lend their Bibles to Catholics. Romish missions were established in their midst, and a convent and a church were built at La Tour to complete the conversion of the people. When Dr. Gilly visited the valleys in 1822 he was struck by the beauty of their landscape, the simplicity and purity of the people; he was touched and grieved to find that they still labored under a rule of persecution, and that liberty of conscience, for which they had ever sighed, was still denied them by unforgiving Rome.

But the church of the Alps was now to rise from its desolation, and to shine out with new lustre in the eyes of all Europe. The free principles it had always inculcated, the liberty of conscience it had ever defended, were become the ruling ideas of every cultivated Italian. Turin and Sardinia had learned to look with wonder, admiration, and remorse upon the lovely valleys they had so often desolated, and the innocent people they had so constantly tortured and oppressed. The Sardinian king, Charles Albert, stood at the head of the Italian reformers. He was resolved to give freedom to the Vaudois; to atone, if possible, for the crimes of his ancestors; to make some faint return to the people of the valleys for their long lesson of patience, resignation, and truth. Amidst the acclamations of his subjects, he prepared (1847) to extend freedom of conscience to the churches of the Alps. A patriotic excitement arose in their favor. A petition was drawn up at Turin urging the king to enfranchise the Vaudois and the Jews. Its first signer was the poet, artist, and statesman, the Marquis D'Azeglio; and his name was followed by a long list of professors, lawyers, physicians, and even liberal ecclesiastics and priests. Cheers were given for the Vaudois at public dinners in Pignerol and Turin, and all Piedmont wept over their history and rejoiced in their approaching triumph. On the 17th of February, 1848, the royal decree was issued giving freedom to the valleys.¹

It was received by the simple and generous Vaudois with a limitless gratitude. A thrill of joy ran over the beautiful vales, and Lucerna, San Martino, and Perouse resounded with hymns of thanksgiving upon the return of that stable freedom which had been ravished from them eight centuries ago. In every village there were processions of the young, with banners and patriotic songs; the blue colors of renewed Italy shone on every breast; the gentle race forgot all their injuries and their woes, to mingle freely with their Romish brethren, and to celebrate their victory in unbounded love. At night the wonderful scenery of the valleys was set off by a general illumination. Pignerol glittered with light; St. John and La Tour shone at the opening of the defiles; far up, ascending toward the Alps, every crag and cliff had its bonfire, and the gleam of a thousand lights startled the wild mountains, and flashed

in caves and ravines where Janavel and Henry Arnaud had once hid in perpetual gloom. The snow-clad peaks and the icy torrents glowed in the illumination of freedom. But a still more remarkable spectacle was witnessed at Turin. There for three centuries the Jesuits had labored and waited for the extermination of the Vaudois. In the public square, amidst its splendid palaces, had died a long succession of martyrs, the victims of its priests and kings. In its dreadful dungeons, noisome with disease, thousands of the people of the valleys had pined and wasted away. What unuttered woes had been borne in its prisons for freedom's sake no tongue could tell, no fancy picture. Its convents had been filled with the stolen children of the Vaudois; its stony walls had heard the vain complaints of parents and brothers without relenting. From its gates had issued forth those dreadful crusades, whose throngs of brigands, soldiers, priests, inquisitors were so often let loose upon the valleys to do the work of fiends; from Turin had come the impalers of women, the murderers of children, the Spaniards who flung old men over beetling crags; the Irish who surpassed even the enormities of the Italians; the Jesuits and Franciscans who urged forward the labor of destruction; the nobles and princes, the pillars of chivalry, who looked on and applauded crimes for which Dante could have found no fitting punishment amidst the deepest horrors of his pit.

And now all Turin, repentant and humble, resolved to do honor to the Alpine church. A day of rejoicing had been appointed for liberated Piedmont, and a deputation from the Vaudois was sent to the capital. As they issued from the valleys they were saluted every where with loud *vivas* for "our Vaudois Brothers," for "Liberty of Conscience."¹ The citizens of Turin received them with unbounded hospitality, and the gentle Vaudois took part in the grand procession; they were preceded by a group of young girls clothed in white, adorned with blue girdles, and each bearing a little banner. Six hundred persons composed the Vaudois deputation, the most noted in the stately pageant. To them, as a mark of honorable retribution, was assigned the first place at the head of the procession as it moved through the streets of Turin. The persecuted of a thousand years walked the leaders of Italian freemen. The city rang with cheers for the Vaudois; flowers were showered upon them from the balconies; men rushed from the throng to salute, to embrace the patient mountaineers; even liberal priests cheered them as they went by; the women of Turin smiled upon the daughters of the valleys. Yet, as the Vaudois moved through the squares hallowed by the torments of their early martyrs, beside the prisons where their ancestors had died by thousands, the palaces where Jesuits and princes had often planned their total extirpation, they were amazed at

¹ Muston, ii. p. 391 *et seq.*

¹ Muston, ii. 392.



PRA DEL TOR.

the startling contrast, and listened with grateful hearts to the glad congratulations of the people of Turin.¹ They breathed out a silent thanksgiving, and prayed that the blessing of Heaven might ever rest upon their pleasant native land.

Their modest prayers have been fulfilled. The festival of their liberation was followed by a wave of revolution that swept over all Europe. The Jesuits and the propaganda were banished from Turin; France became suddenly a republic; the pope was exiled from Rome, to be restored only by the French armies to his ancient tyranny; and Italy was for a moment free. If for a time the cloud of war rested over the valleys, yet the victories of Napoleon and the swift triumph of Garibaldi have given freedom to the peninsula, and safety to the Alpine church. To-day Lucerna, Perouse, and San Martino shine forth in perpetual beauty. The torrents gleam through the sweet vales of Angrogna,² and roar against the cliffs of Bal-

sille. In Pra del Tor the citadel of the Vaudois has become a cultivated field, and the chestnut groves where Henry Arnaud and his pious soldiers celebrated their holy rites are still rich with abundant fruit; the landscapes of Lucerna glow with the soft products of the Italian clime; in the wilder valleys the avalanche leaps from the snow-clad mountains, the chamois feeds on his icy pastures, the eagle screams around the peaks of Guinevert. To-day the primitive Christians assemble in peace in churches that were founded when Nero began his persecutions, or when Constantine gave rest to the tormented world. The Vaudois moderators gather around him his humble pastors in their sacred synods, as the elders of the Middle Ages assembled at Pra del Tor. The schools of the Vaudois, from which the Bible has never been excluded since the

dawn of Christianity, flourish with new vigor; their colleges no longer hide in the caverns of Angrogna. The long struggle of centuries has ended, and the gentle people of the valleys have found freedom to worship God.

Thus the moderator of the Alps has triumphed over the persecuting pope of Rome, and liberty of conscience reigns from the valleys to the Sicilian Straits. Yet one dark scene of tyranny still remains—one blot on the fair renown of Italy. In the city of Rome the Jesuits and the pope still rule. Still they point with menacing gestures to the people of the valleys; still they would snatch the Bible from their schools, and crush their consciences with medieval tyranny. In Rome alone persecution for religion's sake still continues; Rome alone, of all European cities, cherishes a shadow of the Inquisition,¹ and still asserts its right to govern the minds of men by brutal force; enthroned by foreign bayonets over a murmuring

¹ Muston, ii. 393. Who would have said, wrote a Vaudois, that we would have seen all this?

² Gilly, Narrative, p. 138, describes the scenery of Angrogna as unmatched in Italy or Switzerland.

¹ See a decree of the Inquisition (1841) directed against heresy in the Papal States with all its ancient severity. Italy in Transition, p. 460, Appendix, with other documents. The *Syllabus* and the *Canons* still defend the use of force in producing religious unity.

people, the vindictive pope proclaims his undying hostility against the wise and the good of every land. But should the Holy Father and the society of Loyola turn their eyes to the Vaudois Alps, they may read their doom graven on each heaven-piercing peak. There may be seen a spectral company of the hallowed dead writing with shadowy fingers a legend on the rocks; the tiny babe crushed beneath the soldier's heel; the fair mother hewn to pieces on the snow; the old man of ninety burned to

ashes on the fatal pyre. They write: "Whoever shall harm one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone had been hanged about his neck and he were drowned in the depths of the sea!"

[NOTE.—The readers of the above article will be interested to know that nine of the illustrations have been copied from the engravings in Leger's "History," printed in 1669, and are therefore nearly contemporary with the events they depict. The two views of scenery are from nature.]

THE OCEAN STEAMER.



THE EMBARKATION.

ONE of the most striking objects of interest to a stranger visiting New York is the ocean steamer. There are thirty or forty of these huge structures, embodying the highest results of naval science and skill yet realized by mankind, that pertain to the port of New York, and connect it directly or indirectly with every important commercial point on the globe. There are lines running to several different ports in England and Scotland—to Germany—to France—to the Isthmus of Darien, where they connect, through the Isthmus, with other lines from Panama to all points on the western coasts of North and South America—to the West Indies, and to Brazil. Sometimes eight or ten of these steamers leave the port on the same day. There are more than a hundred of such vessels, of the first-class, belonging to the different lines; and when we consider that

to bring the cost of a trip out and home—which cost consists only of the coal, the service, and some incidental charges—within twenty-five thousand dollars is considered a proof of good management and economy, we can see that the amount of capital employed, and the extent of the interests involved in this business, are almost incalculable.

The sources of profit for a line of European steamers are three—regular passengers, freights, and emigrants. Different lines depend, in different proportions, on these several elements. Perhaps the line in which the three are most equally and fully represented is that of Williams and Guion. Their line is composed of eight first-class iron steamers, of three thousand tons each, and are celebrated for their sea-going qualities. They carry the United States mails, and are commanded by gentlemen of large ex-

perience in ocean steam navigation. It was the *Minnesota*, one of the ships of this line, which, through the courtesy of Captain Price, her commander, furnished the subjects for the engravings with which this article is illustrated.

One might easily suppose that since the crossing of the Atlantic is the great lion in the way, in the imaginations of so many people, when contemplating a tour in Europe, that the arrangements for the conveyance of travelers and tourists would be made with a view of effecting the passage of the sea at the narrowest part. But this is not so. We go by water for six hundred miles very nearly along the shore—with railroad trains running parallel to our course, not very far distant, and far outstripping the steamer in speed—and do not finally leave the coast till about one-fifth of the distance has been traversed by sea, which might, were it not for certain peculiar considerations of a practical character, have been more rapidly passed over by land.

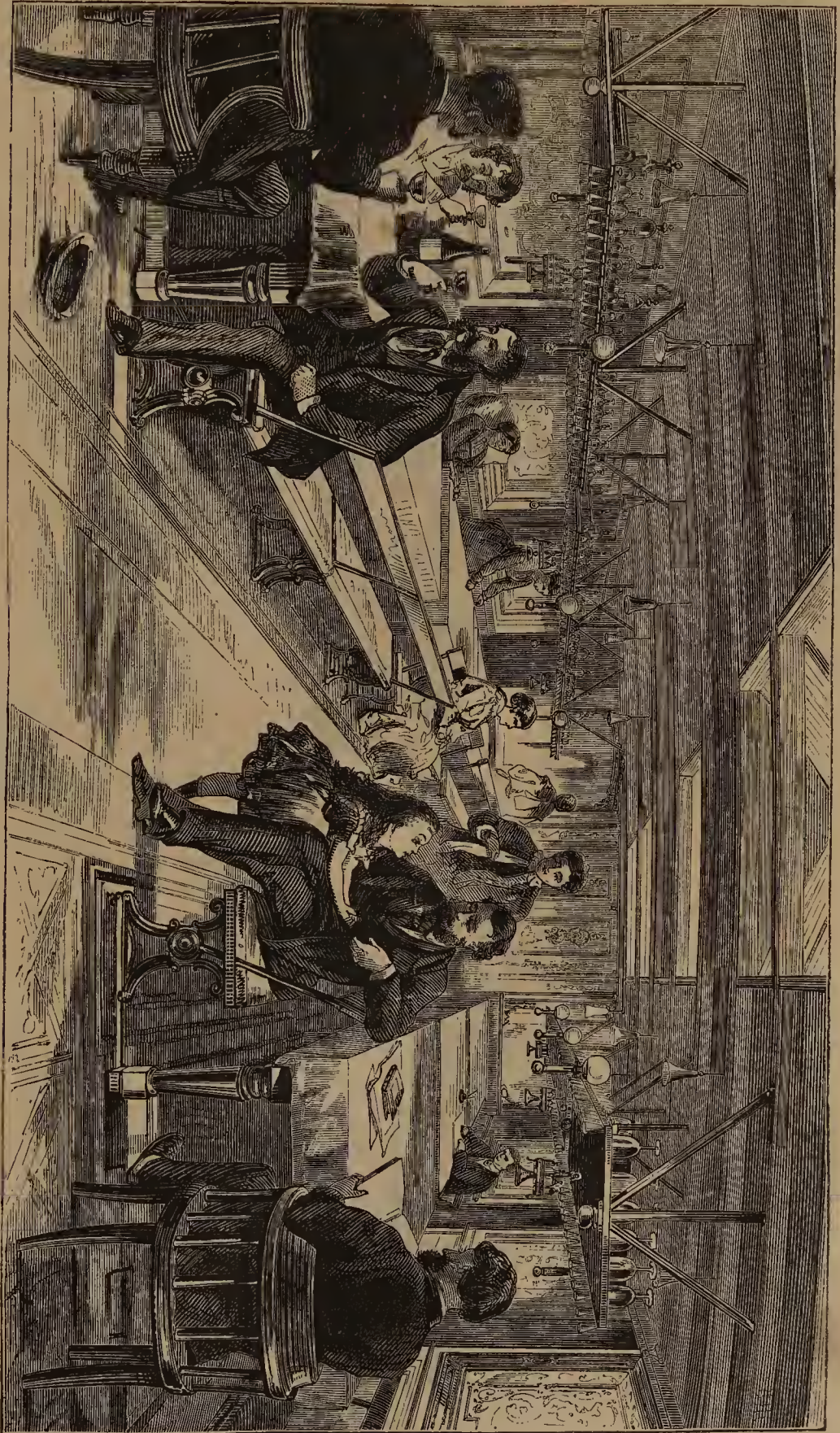
Many persons are surprised when they learn for the first time how closely a direct line from New York to Liverpool follows the coast until it reaches the point, beyond Newfoundland, where the coast trends to the westward. We are deceived by our maps, which, representing the eastern and western hemispheres on two separate projections, and on opposite pages in the atlas, make it seem as if a direct course to Liverpool would require us to strike out at once, on leaving New York, into the open sea, leaving Halifax and the coasts of Newfoundland far to the westward of us. But the truth is, as will be readily made apparent on connecting New York and Liverpool by means of a thread upon the globe, that a direct line from one of these ports to the other, instead of receding at once widely from the land, passes closely along the coast, cutting off several peninsulas and capes on its way, and at Newfoundland passing through the very heart of the country. So that if in planning a route to Europe for the people of the United States the only things to be taken into consideration were the relative proportions of land and water transportation to be provided for, and the desirableness of making the water passage as short as possible, the plan would have been to go by railroad to some point on the north-eastern coast of Newfoundland and there take the steamer for a voyage of something like two thousand miles, instead of one of three thousand miles from New York.

As it is, however, the people of Massachusetts, of Maine, and even of the British provinces, come hundreds of miles by land in a course directly the reverse of that leading to their intended destination, in order to go back again by sea; when all the time they like the cars infinitely better than the ship, as a means of transportation.

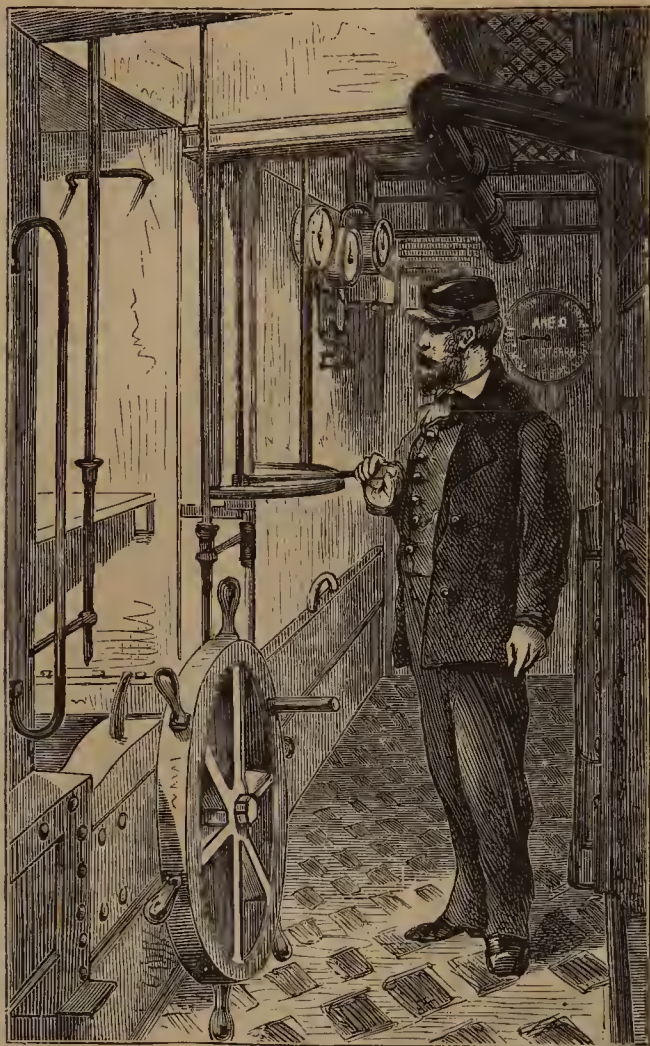
The case is a remarkable example of the overpowering influence of commerce to draw into its channels, we might almost say into its vortex, every thing that comes within its reach

or under its influence. At the mouth of the Hudson, and at the confluence of the East River flowing into it from the Sound, are formed vast basins of deep water, well sheltered, where ships of any magnitude, and in any number, may lie anchored in safety. The Hudson River itself forms naturally a straight, deep, and uninterrupted channel of navigation for a hundred and fifty miles into the interior. From the head of this navigation a series of comparatively level plains—composing the region traversed by the Erie Canal—open an easy way into the heart of the continent, to the territory of the lakes and the valley of the Mississippi, and form the only natural opening through the range of highlands which every where else separates the interior from the sea. New York is thus made, by the very configuration of the continent, the great way of entrance and exit for the channels and vehicles of commerce between the Old World and the New. These channels and vehicles have been formed, or, rather, they have opened and formed themselves, under the silent but irresistible influence of the natural conditions which control them. They thrive and prosper spontaneously—every thing being in their favor—while attempts and enterprises aiming at the establishment of similar instrumentalities from other points drag heavily or die. Thus the commerce of North America flows through New York; and since—as has always been the case in every country and in every age—the routes of travel must be mainly those of commerce, the result is that, as a general rule, the traveler who wishes to proceed from almost any point on the North American continent to any other part of the world, in order to go conveniently and comfortably, must go through the New York door.

The scene which presents itself on board a sea-going steamer, in the port of New York, an hour before its departure, is a very interesting one to those who behold it for the first time. Indeed it is invested with a certain romantic charm, which is heightened by there being combined with it in some degree an element of solemnity. One might at first suppose that the spectacle would be very much the same as that afforded by the departure of a river steamer on the Mississippi or the Hudson, or that of a coastwise side-wheel packet leaving Portland for Boston, or Charleston for Savannah. But though there is a certain degree of correspondence in the elements which enter into combination in the two cases, the character of them, and the consequent expression of the whole scene, are entirely changed. The massiveness and solidity of the structure of the ship; the height, thickness, and strength of the bulwarks; the guards placed around the hatchways and companion-ways, speaking ominously of heavy seas breaking over upon the decks; the ponderous forms and prodigious strength of such of the machinery as comes in sight; the capstan, with the heavy wheels and pinions connecting it with the steam-power by which it is worked;



THE MAIN SALOON.



THE ENGINEER AT HIS POST.

the immense blocks and tackles appended to the rigging; and even the vast efficiency and force with which the passengers' baggage—a dozen heavy trunks in one slip-noose—are run up by machinery into the air, and then lowered rapidly into the hold—all combine to impress the observer with the conviction that something is in contemplation very different from a moonlight run around Point Judith or the traversing the Tappan Sea. The rough dress and the foreign air of the seamen, and a certain expression of serious earnestness with which they go about their duties, attract strongly the attention of the novice; while the captain, as he comes at last on board, wearing his naval uniform, and his other emblems of authority, and accompanied by his friends and attendants, inspires something like a feeling of awe.

The great saloon, which serves the purpose of parlor, study, dining-room, drawing-room, and even to some extent of invalid-chamber, all in one, for the whole company of passengers during the voyage, suggests, even before the ship leaves the dock, an idea of the heterogeneousness of the purposes to which it is to be appropriated. Near the entrance a group of

young men, with the air of men of business, are taking leave of one of their friends, a passenger, over a bottle of Champagne. Farther in is sometimes to be seen a pale and emaciated lady, out of health, who has perhaps just been brought on board by her husband, and is resting on one of the cushioned settees, supported by pillows and attended by her maid; while she looks around upon the novel scene before her with an expression of countenance in which curiosity and languor, apprehension and hope, are strangely mingled. Other gentlemen and ladies are choosing places at the table, and pinning their cards upon them to mark them as "reserved seats." Here and there a young man making his first voyage is seated at a table, with a portable writing apparatus unfolded before him, and is busily engaged in writing his last farewell to the family circle, or perhaps to some nearer and dearer object of affection. In some still more retired part of the cabin may sometimes be seen an invalid gentleman, who is leaving family and friends on the usually forlorn hope of recovering his failing health by a European tour. His wife comes with him, perhaps, to take leave of him on board, being forbidden by domestic and maternal exigencies from accompanying him on his voyage. You see her struggling bravely to swallow her tears, and to let

her husband carry away the impression of a smile upon her face, as his last recollection of it—if it should unhappily prove to be the last.

As the hour for the departure draws near the crowd increases on the decks and in the cabins until, at length, it becomes difficult to make one's way through the throng. Then comes the sound of the great bell, with the call of the steward, "All ashore!" This brings on the leave-takings—some given in jokes and laughter, and some in silence and tears. When the visitors have withdrawn, and the ponderous bridge connecting the steamer with the pier has been hauled back upon the dock, the officer in command, from his elevated station on the deck, gives, by a touch of his little bell, a signal to the engineer at his station in the engine-room below. The engine awakes at once to life and action, the water at the stern begins to be thrown into a whirlpool of boiling surges, and the vast mass, with its hundreds of occupants, gathered from all parts of the country and brought suddenly into the most close juxtaposition and companionship, begins slowly to creep away from the pier. The parting gun is fired; the waving handkerchiefs from the long

line of passengers leaning over the railing of the promenade deck are answered by similar signals from rows and groups of friends on the pier. The ship glides on with a slow but gradually accelerated motion—the very slowness with which the ponderous mass obeys the impulse urging it forward impressing us the more forcibly with a sense of the prodigious momentum of its advance. When, at length, she attains her proper speed, and the spires of the city, the piers, and the vast numbers of ships and steamers that line the shore, or lie at anchor in the stream, show, by the swiftness with which they seem to glide by, that the ship is really under way, the passengers begin to turn their thoughts to themselves and to the ship, with a feeling of relief that the parting scene is over. The groups separate, and the several parties move away to different portions of the ship, wherever their several inclinations or duties call them. Some find comfortable seats on the promenade deck to view the scenery of the harbor, and indulge quietly in the sad and solemn feelings awakened by the first parting from one's native land. Others go to attend to the proper disposition of their trunks and parcels—selecting such as they wish to have conveyed to their state-rooms for use during the voyage; while others repair to their state-rooms, and begin systematically to arrange their affairs, with a view to preparing themselves to meet their coming encounter with the sea in a *horizontal position*, which is for most persons the best posture of defense against that particular enemy.

There is a certain sense of solemnity, heightened by an element of vague and undefined fear, that is perhaps inseparable from that emotion which is always awakened in the mind on first leaving one's native land for a voyage across the Atlantic. And yet, such a voyage is, on the whole, a means of protection and safety for life and health, and not a source of danger. Out of a hundred persons taken at random, if fifty were to remain at home and the other fifty cross the Atlantic occasionally, on voyages to Europe, the fifty travelers, all other things being equal, would, upon an average, live the longest. So true is this that insurers, who have a direct pecuniary interest in the prolongation of the lives of their clients, far from requiring an extra premium on account of any additional risk incurred in such voyages, would rather that the insured would cross the Atlantic for a tour abroad than not—on the ground that the slight danger of disaster by the way is far more than compensated for by the general benefit to the health which is almost sure to result. Let those, therefore, who are deterred from undertaking such a voyage by considerations relating to personal safety, dismiss their apprehensions as idle fears, and go forward bravely to reap the real benefits that lie concealed under the imaginary danger.

It is not surprising, however, that these apprehensions should be felt, and that minds of

a sensitive constitution should be sometimes strongly affected by them, for the hope of benefit to be derived is weakened by diffusion, being spread over months and years, perhaps, of future life; while the danger, such as it is, is concentrated within a period of a few days—even, perhaps, during certain portions of the voyage, within a few hours. Indeed, sometimes when at midnight the scream of the steam-whistle on deck is heard by the sleepless passenger in her berth, indicating that the fog and the darkness without are so dense that the only safeguard from collision with other ships, or with fishermen on the Banks, is in sounding that alarm, and then listening for the response to warn them away, and that against the still more imminent peril of an encounter with an iceberg there is no protection whatever, while yet all the time the steamer is driving on through fogs and mists and flying scuds of rain, and over foaming and surging seas, without the slightest abatement of its usual speed, the danger reaches the highest possible state of concentration; and it is not surprising that the sensitive and the timid are sometimes entirely overpowered by it.

The truth is that, notwithstanding the extraordinary degree of exemption from disaster and calamity which has been attained in the navigation of the northern Atlantic, through the vast advances which have been made in modern times in nautical science and skill, there is probably no other great thoroughfare of commerce or of human intercommunication on the globe so beset with danger and difficulties as the voyage from New York to Liverpool. The Gulf Stream brings a current of warm water fifty miles wide and a thousand feet deep—and flowing at the ordinary rate of the current of a river—from the tropical seas, and pours it out in a vast expanding mass over and beyond the Banks of Newfoundland, where it turns off to the eastward, and finally loses itself in the northern seas; while, to the westward of it, a counter-current coming down from Baffin's Bay—a current of nearly equal magnitude and force—pours into it a stream of icebergs, ice-floes, and ice-cold water. The effects of this confluence are, beneath the water, the accumulation of vast deposits of sand and rocky debris brought down by the ice, and in the atmosphere above an almost perpetual succession of fogs and mists and driving rains, accompanied by gales and squalls, and every other possible meteorological commotion.

The region most disturbed by the conflict between these opposing forces and temperatures is on the hither side the Atlantic, and affects chiefly the first half of the voyage; and the danger, moreover, is the greatest at that season of the year which would on other accounts be the most convenient and the most agreeable time for making the trip—namely, in the early months of summer. The ice-floes break up, and icebergs are detached from the great Greenland glaciers crowding out from the land, in the



TAKING THE PILOT.

early summer of one season; and as they require about a year for their twelve or fifteen hundred miles' voyage, they do not reach the track of the ocean steamers until the early summer of the next. They drift very slowly at last, and melt very gradually under the feeble radiation of even June and July suns in the latitude of Labrador. Some portions both of the floes and of the icebergs reach as far south as the Banks of Newfoundland, but few go much farther south than this. Their advance ceases here, partly because the force of the current by which they are brought down becomes well-nigh exhausted, and partly because the masses of ice become by this time so diminished and so weakened by the increasing heat, both of the latitude and the season, that they are easily beaten to pieces by the waves and dissolved. Sometimes, however, mountains of ice come down of such prodigious size that it is long before they entirely disappear. Captain Price informed us that on one of his voyages he passed two immense icebergs, and on his return voyage, after sailing nearly fifteen hundred miles to and fro, and making the usual stay in port, he passed them again. They had drifted during the interim about forty miles. They had diminished somewhat in size, but they were of such magnitude still, and their forms were so peculiar, that their identity could not be mistaken.

When we consider the dangers and difficulties resulting from all these causes which beset these seas, the iron-bound coasts, the shoals and

submerged rocks which encumber the shores, the fogs, the ice, the tremendous gales characteristic of these latitudes, and the enormous magnitude and force of the billows which are produced by them, we shall perhaps conclude that the work of producing a structure which will contain one or two thousand beings, and convey them safely—dancing on its way over and through all these terrific commotions—and arrive safely at its destined port, is a very great exploit for so comparatively frail and diminutive a creature as man to perform. And yet the Cunard Company have been sending a constant succession of such steamers between New York and Liverpool now for nearly thirty years, having intrusted them during that time with the conveyance of many hundreds of thousands of passengers, and without the loss thus far of a single life, through any fault or failure on their part, from the exposures and hazards which they have thus encountered. The accomplishment of this result is perhaps to be regarded as the greatest triumph of human science and skill over the forces of nature that the whole history of the dealings of man with the material world records.

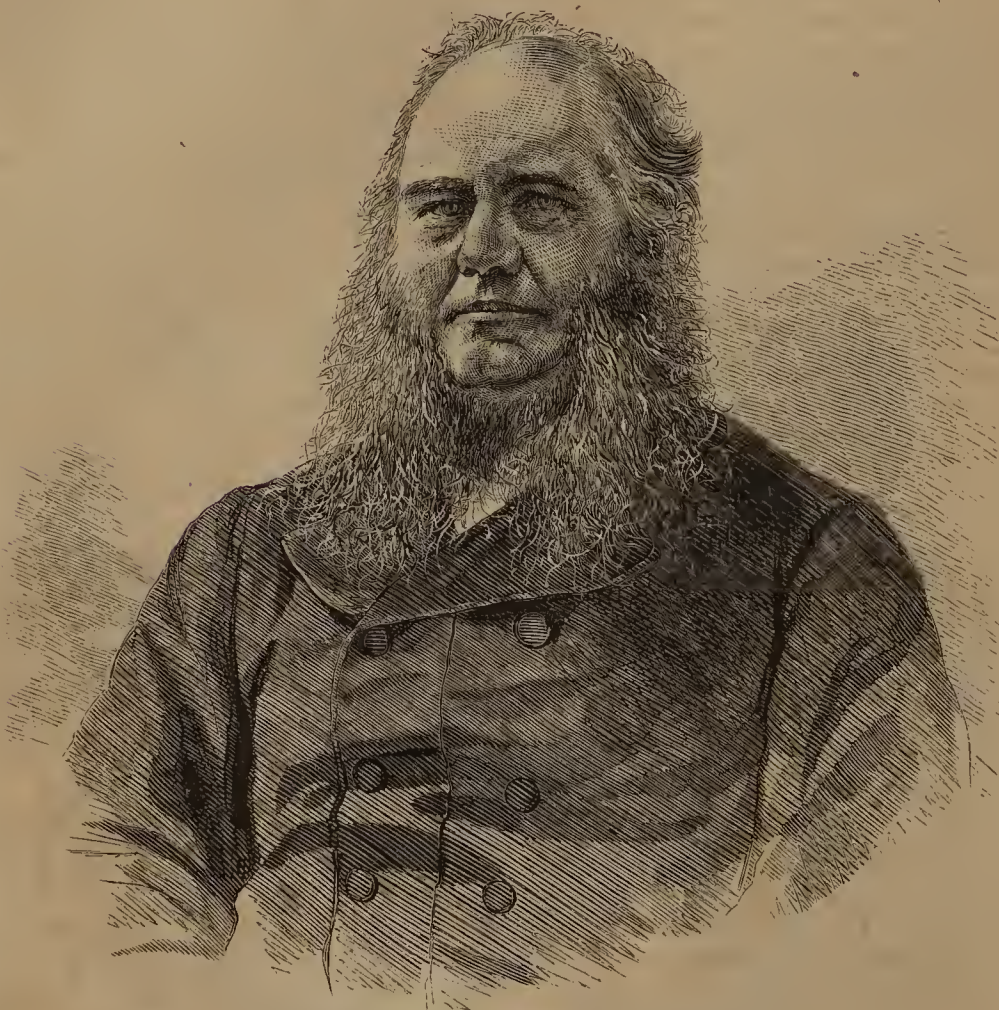
If we regard the ship as a living monster forcing its way by its own peculiar organs of locomotion through these billows and storms, we must consider the state-room of the captain as the seat of its *brain*. The duties of the commander of a sea-going steamer are not only extremely various, but they involve the possession of a combination of mental qualities and attain-

ments most diverse in their character, many of them being such as are seldom conferred by nature, and are very difficult of attainment, but which are all absolutely essential to the successful execution of his charge. He must be a good ruler. No monarch can be more absolute than he in the control of every thing on board his ship, from the time of his dismissing the pilot, at the commencement of his voyage, to his taking the pilot at the end of it. He has, however, three different communities to govern, entirely distinct from each other, and involving quite different methods and principles of treatment in the emergencies that occur. There are, first, the company of cabin passengers; secondly, the ship's company, consisting of seamen, engineers, firemen, cooks, and stewards, sometimes amounting to hundreds in number; and, thirdly, the emigrants—a body of men, women, and children, to the number often of more than a thousand. Thus the commander of one of these ships has intrusted to his charge a heterogeneous community of one or two thousand souls: enough to form the population of quite a town. These, all packed together in

the closest quarters, in the ship which he commands, he has the responsibility of conveying through mists and gales and driving storms of snow and rain, bracing the heaviest seas, and threading his tortuous way among tides and currents, and through fleets of fishermen, and among fields and mountains of floating ice, with only a plank between his little world of human hopes and fears and the world of waters, which, when in their angry moods, rage and roar around him, as if eager to make the ship and all its contents their prey. He has to find his way over this pathless deep by means of stars, which are constantly in motion, and by the sun, which on no two days pursues the same track through the skies. The needle of his compass is liable to be disturbed in its indications by many causes. A blow struck upon any portion of his iron ship may derange it; and upon the variation of his chronometer to the amount of the fraction of a second during the voyage the question may depend whether he shall strike upon a rock or enter the port in safety at the end of it. One would suppose that the solicitude and anxiety which would attend the sus-



THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN.



CAPTAIN JAMES PRICE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

taining of responsibilities like these would be overwhelming. But they are not so. No class of men enjoy better health, or perhaps lead lives of greater freedom from anxiety and care, than these commanders. The reason is, that they are as a class thoroughly qualified for their work; and men do easily what they do well. One of our engravings represents the captain's state-room in the *Minnesota*, with the instruments upon its walls which serve as the ship's organs of sense. There is the barometer, by which she perceives what is the condition of the atmosphere in respect to changes of density and pressure, and so presages coming storms; and the sextant, through which the sun sends in at noon every day a report which determines her exact position on the sphere; and the chronometer, which carries with it the New York or Liverpool time, and shows, by comparison with the time of the ship, the easting or west-

ing that has been made; and a graduated quadrant, with a pendulum attached to it, which indicates the position of the ship upon her keel; and the thermometer, by which the vicinity of ice is made known through the increasing coldness of the water; and many others. All these are, as it were, so many additional organs of sense for the captain—an extension of his perceptive faculties into the water, into the air, and even out to the sun and the stars. When we consider how intimate the acquaintance of this officer must be with the endlessly varied indications of all these instruments, in order to interpret them properly, and the vast amount of minute and special knowledge he must have of the currents and eddies, the rocks and shoals, the aspects of the weather, and even of the customs and usages governing the movements of other vessels that he is liable to meet on his track, we shall see how extended and how com-

plicated, and how different from those of other men, must be the elements of thought with which his mind is stored, and by which it is ordinarily occupied.

In fact, so far from being worn down by the anxieties and responsibilities of their position, the captains of these steamers are chiefly attracted to their work by the dangers and hazards which invest it with peculiar romance. The storms and shipwrecks which fill the mind of landsmen with terror, not only have no terrors for the true sailor, the sailor of the highest type, but have actually, strange as it may appear, a positive attraction for him. No exigency is ordinarily able to surprise or daunt him. In fact, he has generally passed through more than one experience of shipwreck as part of his apprenticeship. How ship-captains are educated receives a striking illustration in the career of Captain Price, the senior commander and commodore of the Williams and Guion line.

He was born in Tenby, Pembrokeshire, a famous watering-place of England, in 1820. His parents did not intend him for the sea; but the sea stories of his father, who was a ship-captain, filled him with an enthusiasm for "life on the ocean wave," and despite opposition, he took to the water from a boy. The dangers of this career did not daunt him. "In fact," said he to the writer, "my imagination had been worked up to such a pitch that I thought the greater the danger and the more hazardous the position the greater the glory of a sailor's life." He rapidly worked his way up until he received the command of the ship on which he first embarked. A member of the Methodist Church from early youth, his religious principles and his good wife combined to keep him from those vices to which sailors are supposed to be peculiarly liable. When the Australian trade opened he took charge of a packet, and carried out some of the first gold-diggers. In an-

swer to our question, he told us that he could not tell us how often he had been around the world; but the Cape of Good Hope, New Zealand, and Cape Horn were among the most familiar headlands of his acquaintance. He has been twice shipwrecked, once burned out at sea, once six days and nights upon the ocean in boats, once caught in floating ice, from which he extricated himself with difficulty. Such is the life and such the experiences which fit a man for a captaincy of an ocean steamer between New York and Liverpool, a route at once the most hazardous and the most responsible of any in the world. In a word, the chief officers of these steamers are selected from the very best which the commercial marine of the world can offer; and after such a schooling it is not strange that they witness with perfect composure the rising winds and rolling waves which fill the inexperienced landsman with great but usually causeless alarm.

All is usually peace, contentment, and repose on the decks and in the cabins of the ship while she is gliding over the smooth water of the harbor; but when, at length, she passes the outer forts, and emerging from the Narrows,



THE STATE-ROOM.



THE LADIES' CABIN.

enters upon the swell of the sea, a very large portion of the passengers are compelled to retire to their berths, and for several days the deck and saloons seem well-nigh deserted. The sickness is not occasioned, as is often supposed, by the mechanical effect of the motion of the ship on the digestive organs, as these organs can endure far more violent movements than any produced by the oscillations of the waves without any inconvenience—as, for example, in running, jumping, riding on horseback, and going through the exercises of the gymnasium. The derangement of the system by the motion of the sea is primarily an affection of the brain, the effects upon the other organs being secondary and symptomatic; and the function of the brain through the disturbance of which the morbid action begins is what is called the “instinct of equilibrium.”—that is, the instinct by which the mind, through some hidden action of the brain, takes cognizance of the relation of the body to the perpendicular. That this is an instinct, and not a faculty acquired by observation and habit, is shown by the fact that an infant will stretch its arms to save itself from falling, before it has ever had any experience of the pain produced by a fall.

Now when, as in almost all exercises and motions on land, we are surrounded by objects that are near us and stable, no matter how gentle or how violent our movements may be, while the eye is upon these objects the brain can retain cognizance of its position in respect to the perpendicular in all its motions. But when

there are no fixed objects in view on which the sense of equilibrium can lay hold to steady itself by, as it were—as, for instance, when a person is shut up in a coach, or in a closely-curtained sleigh, or when, on deck at sea, there is nothing but rolling and dancing waves about him—the brain is continually losing its equilibrium, and then recovering it by an effort, and by these efforts it becomes bewildered and fatigued. The first effect is a sense of giddiness in the head, which gradually becomes pain. The digestive organs, and especially the liver, begin soon to be affected, as they almost always are, through sympathy, in case of any injury or morbid action in the brain. But as the nausea and other such affections are only symptomatic of disturbance in certain functions of the brain, any remedies applied to the digestive organs must necessarily fail, as in fact they always do, of producing any thing more than a palliative effect.

The only modes of reaching the origin of the difficulty, *in the brain*, are two—first, by keeping surrounding objects that are fixed and stable in sight, so as to aid the proper organ of the brain in not losing the position of the perpendicular, and secondly, by assuming a horizontal position, so as to diminish the sense, and consequently the effect, of its loss. It is only the latter of these preventives that is available at sea.

On land, however, the former is almost always efficacious. If a lady is “stage sick,” the best remedy is to open the window that she may look out. She often attributes the effect

to the air; but it is probably due, in a great measure, to the aid which the open window affords her for keeping the position of the perpendicular in mind, by means of the fixed objects of the landscape, which are thus brought distinctly into view.

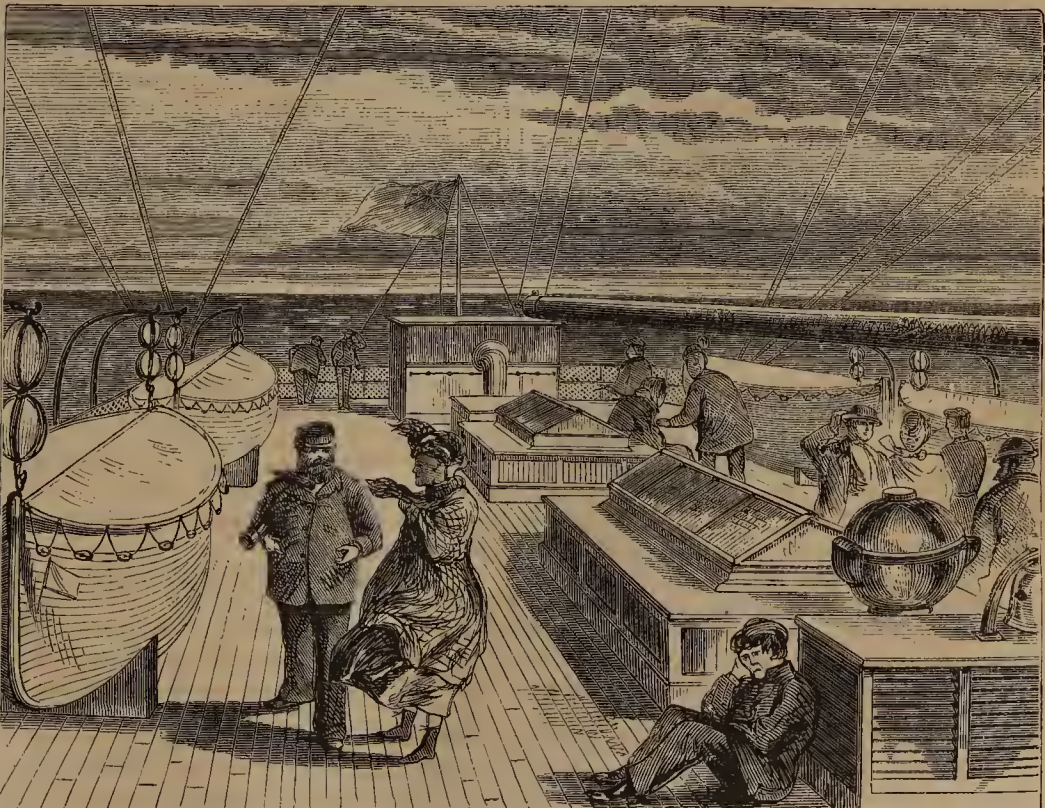
It is on this principle that people are usually more affected by riding in a closed sleigh than in a closed carriage, although the motion is less—for the sleigh is more closely shut up than the carriage, and the surrounding objects are more entirely concealed; whereas, in an *open* sleigh, people are seldom or never made sick. And so in the case of a swing, although the motion is so similar to that of a ship at sea, and a great deal more violent in respect to the rapidity and sometimes to the extent of the oscillations, few people become giddy, since the surrounding objects afford them such facilities for keeping the perpendicular in mind.

At sea, there are no objects to aid in doing this; the rolling and surging billows around the ship, instead of rendering any aid, tend rather to increase the cerebral bewilderment and mental confusion. Where, however, there are objects within the range of vision, by means of which the eye can enable the brain to keep its reckoning, the effect is the same as in the case of a vehicle on land. In crossing the channel from Folkestone to Boulogne, or from Dover to Calais, where the land by day and the lights by night are in sight on one side or on the other during the whole passage, people sometimes keep themselves well by standing on deck, and

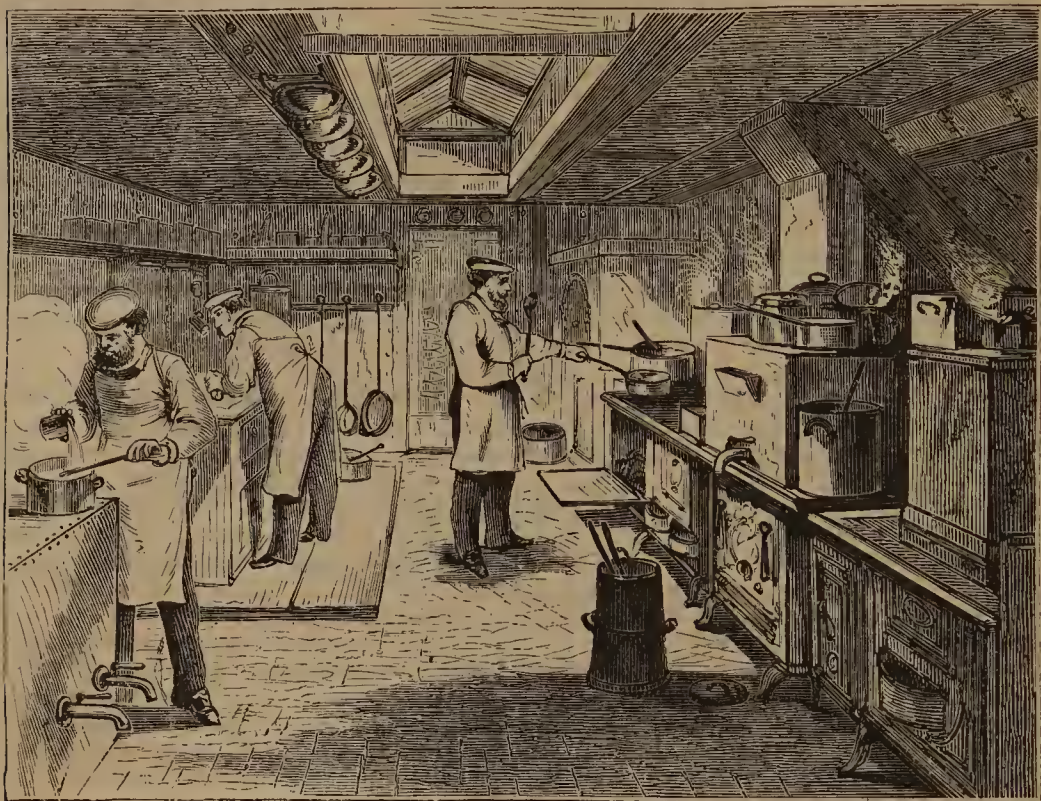
steadily watching one shore or the other till the agitated portion of the water is passed. The brain is thus kept duly cognizant of its position, and performs its functions in a regular and healthy manner.

In the open sea, however, no facilities of this kind are at command. Here there is nothing stable but the horizon. It is probable that the view of the horizon, or rather the general impression always present to the mind when on the deck of a ship, of the relative positions and extent of the regions of sky and of sea, may be the real source of much of the relief which is usually ascribed to the freshness of the air. This is the more probable, as in all ocean steamers the most effectual measures are taken for the thorough ventilation of the cabins and state-rooms, and, indeed, for every inhabited portion of the ship.

Whether it is better for a passenger in danger of sea-sickness to remain quietly in his berth and yield his brain without resistance to the disturbing influences acting upon it, until it recovers its self-control by becoming accustomed to the motion, or to force himself upon the deck and there "fight it out" with the enemy in the open air, is a mooted question which will probably never be settled. Indeed, it is possible that there may be different classes of constitutions, rendering one course better in some cases and the other in others. The lines are often drawn very decidedly between the parties advocating these two principles at sea. For a lady who has a brother or a husband to



QUARTER-DECK.



THE GALLEY.

attend upon her, who is not himself sick, or is so self-sacrificing as to give up his own comfort for the sake of promoting hers, and who can consequently have a reclining chair or a mattress placed upon a settee, all nicely arranged for her, and her attendant ready to go and come for her, and provide for every want, it is probably better to be on deck; for here, under these exceptional circumstances, she can have the benefit of the horizontal position, the open air, and effect of the sky and the horizon upon her sensorium combined. But very few of the whole number of passengers can enjoy these advantages, and of gentlemen, except those who are very seriously sick, none. The question, therefore, whether it is better to remain quietly in one's berth or to go on deck and "take the air," depends much on the precise situation in which the party will find himself in the latter case. The condition of a lady lying upon a mattress, or even reclining upon an extending chair, with a pillow under her head and her body and limbs covered with blankets and shawls, is very different from that of her husband who sits by her side upon a camp-stool, with the bleak Atlantic winds whistling about his feet, and no support except some rigid wooden edge or bar against which he is crowded hard by the lurching of the ship at every plunge. Sometimes under such circumstances the gentleman seems to feel inclined to think it more comfortable in the state-room below, while his wife wonders why he wishes to remain shut up in such narrow quarters when it is so much

pleasanter and so much better to be on deck in the open air. If there is any selfishness hidden away, however secretly, in the breast of man or woman, it is pretty sure to find its way out to the surface at sea.

Indeed traveling, in all its forms, is a wonderful means of bringing into action and so exposing to view the hidden traits of character—the bad as well as the good. A young man will get a deeper insight into the temper and disposition, and the real mental constitution and character, of the lady whom he is inclined to choose as his partner for life, by making one voyage to Europe in company with her party, than by half a dozen seasons of association with her in the balls and concerts of a great city. The disabilities resulting from the motion of the sea are, in general, mainly overcome in a few days, and the ship, moreover, by that time is beginning to pass beyond the special domain of fogs, icebergs, and squalls, and to enter upon the broad and deep Atlantic, where there is at least some possibility of serene skies and gentle if not favoring gales.

The passengers then begin to emerge, one by one, from the cabins and state-rooms where they have been concealed. All the available nooks and corners on the decks, where a little shelter can be found from the raw winds, are occupied by convalescent invalids. The seats at the long tables in the great cabin begin to be better filled at least at four of the five daily meals which constitute the system at sea; namely, breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, and sup-

per. At the rather brief intervals between these, when the stewards leave the tables free, groups are seen seated at them, some reading, some commencing their journals, some engaged in conversation, with a feeling of leisure and contentment which can nowhere else be so fully enjoyed. The ladies even sometimes bring out their work and establish themselves in cozy corners, where they form charming, though sometimes rather delusive, pictures of domestic industry and thrift.

Those who have not yet quite strength or courage to present themselves in public, make the ladies' cabin their resort—a small apartment, where they feel perfectly free from all the restraints and exactions of ceremony and dress, and can sit, or recline, or lie, as their inclination prompts them, and take their food when and how they please. Their gentlemen friends, such as are both agreeable and good-natured, are admitted to visit them there, to entertain the convalescents with reports of the weather, or the prospects of the voyage, and sometimes to read aloud some narrative or tale from the ship's library.

There are always a few, more slow to recover from the sickness, or more indolent or timid, that still keep to their state-rooms, where they receive the calls of their friends, and even sometimes invite company to dinner.

The cabins and state-rooms of an Atlantic steamer during the latter half of the voyage, when the weather is tolerable, are the scenes generally of a very active and incessant gossip—innocent because it is usually good-natured, and entertaining because it has the field entirely to itself. There is, in fact, nothing else to be done, and nothing to occupy the thoughts, for the mass of the company of passengers, but to inquire about, and talk about, their neighbors. A very large portion, consequently, of the conversation that would be heard by an invisible listener in the various nooks and corners occupied by the different groups, would be found to consist of speculations and surmises, and the communication of intelligence, more or less indirectly obtained, in respect to other groups and parties, and of introductions and other preliminaries to the formation of acquaintanceship between one party and another.

In such a remarkably constituted society, consisting of a body of utter strangers to each other, but thrown by circumstances into the closest domestic intimacy, and exposed, moreover, as they all imagine, to common hardships and a common danger, it is very natural and very excusable that every body should wish to know who every body else is, and why and how they are crossing the Atlantic. The gossip which is developed by this state of things is, we repeat, innocent, for it is good-natured—the sense of a common danger predisposing each one to feel kindly toward the rest. You can not read much at sea, partly because fixing the eyes upon the book tends to bring back the giddy and bewildering sensation in the head,

from which you are just recovering, and also because there is so much going on all around you to distract your attention from the book. You can not without great difficulty *write* at all. There is nothing to be done but to observe your neighbors, and to speculate about them. Is that young lady a bride, or is the gentleman who is with her her brother? Are that elderly gentleman and the pleasing young woman by his side husband and wife, or father and daughter? Is this pompous individual, who enters the dining-saloon with such an air, some mighty general, or a clerk of great personal pretensions, and proud of his first commission to Manchester to make purchases for his house? These speculations, and the inquiries which result from them, which under other circumstances would indicate only an idle curiosity, are very laudable here, since the more the passengers become acquainted with each other, the more agreeably they can make pass the otherwise tedious days.

Thus every body is interested in learning all he can about his neighbors—quietly and unobtrusively, of course, and with all proper caution and reserve. The ladies are aided very much by the stewardesses, who communicate to one party in one state-room what they have learned of another in another. Some of these stewardesses become quite expert in forming their estimates of the relationships and characters and positions of the various parties that come under their observation. One of them on board a Cunard ship gave a lady passenger a rule by which she could always discover, she said, the true state of the case in respect to any couple which she saw together in the saloon. "If the gentleman is very attentive to the lady," she said; "then they are *going* to be married. If the lady is very attentive to the gentleman, then they have *just been* married. If they do not seem to care any thing about each other at all, then they have been married some time!"

The good woman who gave this sage test was a middle-aged widow, so that besides the facilities for observation which she had enjoyed at sea, she had had opportunity, it seems, by her own experience, to know all about it.

Sometimes very warm friendships result from the acquaintances formed at sea, through the friendly intercourse which takes place among the passengers during the latter part of the voyage—friendships which are often cultivated and cherished through future life. More frequently, however, though the intimacy may become quite close and the attachment quite strong, while the company of passengers remain together, the acquaintance comes abruptly to an end amidst the confusion of the landing at Liverpool, and exists thereafter only as a pleasant recollection, and as one of the elements of the charm with which a prosperous sea voyage is invested in the memory and imagination of all sensible people, when it is once over.

We say all sensible people, for there are people who obstinately persist in occupying their minds exclusively while the voyage is in prog-



FIRE-ROOM.

ress, and their recollections of it when it is past, with the irksome, disagreeable, and disquieting incidents and elements of it, to the exclusion of every thing else. Although the tables are loaded with every luxury that money can procure, and notwithstanding what would be supposed to be the insuperable difficulty of providing a great variety of food for such a number of guests, with the extremely limited and restricted conveniences that can be enjoyed on shipboard, there are always discontented and dissatisfied people to complain of the supplies. A fashionable lady, who considers herself a model of refinement and politeness, will be thrown into a fretful and querulous humor, because the captain's report at noon makes the distance run during the preceding twenty-four hours ten or twenty miles less than she had hoped, and make herself and her party miserable by groaning over the length and tediousness of the voyage. "Madam," said a venerable gentleman—whose age and position entitled him to the privilege of speaking plainly—to such a complainer, "here we are a thousand of us shut up in this wooden box in the

middle of the Atlantic; immense furnaces under our feet, burning with furious fires; a boiler with force pent up in it sufficient to blow us all in an instant in the air; and gales and storms howling about the various regions of the sea, violent enough if they assail us to drive us off our course or send us to the bottom. So long, then, as we are all safe, and are headed toward our port, and are moving on—so long as all the fire is shut up in the furnaces, and all the force held in the machinery, and the winds and seas are not too violent for us to move on steadily through them, we won't utter a word of complaint because we are only going on prosperously at the rate of twelve and a half miles an hour instead of thirteen."

The necessity imposed upon Americans of crossing the Atlantic in order to visit their mother

country and the Old World is, in certain aspects of it at least, a vast additional element of enjoyment for those making this grand tour, for that which would be otherwise a simple and commonplace pleasure is invested by it with a certain character of romance and grandeur which nothing else could impart to it. Crossing the Atlantic is an experience which strikes very deep into the soul, and produces changes in the habits of thought and of association which remain through all future life. Nor does the advantage consist merely in the elements of sublimity involved in the voyage itself. The passage of the Atlantic invests with a portion of its own greatness and dignity the whole subsequent tour. Wherever the American goes in his rambles over Europe—among the Highlands of Scotland, in Paris, on the Rhine, or among the Alps—he carries with him the sense of his vast distance from home, and of the grand old ocean, with all its sublime accessories, that separates him from it; and this adds a mysterious and half hidden but very real charm to all his adventures and to all the wonders that he sees.

THROUGH THE WHEAT.

ONCE, when my heart and I were young,
We wandered, restless, by sea and strand,
And lingered a little space among
The grassy valleys of Switzerland;

Where watchful summits forever frown,
Through blue air slanting, clear and keen,
Wearing proudly their icy crown,
While happy hamlets smile between;

Where rapid torrents rejoicing run,
Leaping the cliffs in strength and pride,
Like snow-white ribbons, in wind and sun,
Fluttering down the mountain-side;

Where smoke-like cloudings of tender blue
Dapple the slopes in sunny spots,
And sweetly change, on a nearer view,
To drifts of fairest forget-me-nots.

Often at eve, when the sun was low,
And the mountain shadows grew dark and vast,
I watched the cottagers, wending slow
Home to rest when their toil was past.

Two walked lovingly, side by side,
Speaking softly, as lovers speak—
He with an air of manly pride,
She with a blush on her sun-browned cheek.

Hand in hand, through the evening red
They went—through the shadows damp and sweet—
Choosing a narrow path that led
On and on through the growing wheat.

Sunset touched him with rosy light,
Sunset brightened her loosened hair—
Poor and plain, they were fair to sight,
For youth and love are forever fair.

And often as sunset charms the air—
For the time and scene are vanished now—
I think of that simple, loving pair,
And wonder whether they kept their vow—

Whether under some mossy roof,
Their wedded spirits serenely blent,
They weave the even warp and woof
Of their quiet lives in calm content;

Or whether they parted in scorn and wrath,
As myriad lovers have done before,
And choosing each a separate path,
Were thence divided for evermore;

Or whether, still, as across the land
The dewy shadows grow damp and sweet,
Perennial lovers, with hand in hand,
They walk, knee-deep, in the growing wheat.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.



FREDERICK'S INTERVIEW WITH VALORI.

VIII.—THE CONQUEST OF SILESIA
ACHIEVED.

AFTER the battle of Mollwitz general Neipperg withdrew the defeated Austrian army to the vicinity of Neisse, where he strongly intrenched himself. Frederick encamped his troops around Brieg, and made vigorous preparations to carry the place by storm. With great energy he pushed forward his works, and in less than three weeks was ready for the assault. On the night of April 26 there was a tempest of extraordinary violence, which was followed, the next night, by a dead calm, a cloudless sky, and a brilliant moon. On both sides of the river Oder, upon which Brieg was situated, there was an open champaign country. Several bridges crossed the river. At a fixed moment two thousand diggers were collected, at appointed stations, divided into twelve equal parties. With the utmost exactness they were equipped with all the necessary implements. These diggers, with spade and pickaxe, and yet

thoroughly armed, were preceded a few yards by covering battalions, who, having stealthily and silently obtained the position assigned to them, were to lie flat upon the ground. Not a gun was to be fired; not a word was to be spoken save in a whisper; not even a pipe was to be lighted. Some engineers were to mark out with a straw rope, just in the rear of the covering party, the line of the first parallel. Every imaginable contingency was provided for, and each man was to attend to his individual duty with the precision of clock-work.

Precisely at midnight all were in silent, rapid motion. The march of half an hour brought them to their appointed stations. The soft and sandy soil was easily shoveled. Every man plied pick and spade with intensest energy. As the town clock of Brieg struck one they had so far dug themselves in as to be quite sheltered from the fire of the hostile batteries, should the guns open upon them. Before the dawn of day they had two batteries, of twenty-five

guns each, in position, and several mortars ready for action.

Thus far the enemy had no suspicion of the movement. But now the sun was rising; and, almost simultaneously, on both sides, the roar of battle commenced. The positions had been so adroitly taken as to bring three Prussian guns to bear upon each gun of the Austrians. The Prussian gunners, drilled to the utmost possible accuracy and precision of fire, poured into the city a terrific tempest of shot and shells. Every thing had been so carefully arranged that, for six days and nights, with scarcely a moment's intermission, the doomed city was assailed with such a tornado of cannonading and bombardment as earth had seldom, if ever, witnessed before.

The city took fire in many places; magazines were consumed; the ducal palace was wrapped in flames. Nearly fifteen thousand cannonballs, and over two thousand bombs, were hurled crashing through the thronged dwellings. Many of the Austrian guns were silenced. General Piccolomini, who was intrusted with the defense of the place, could stand it no longer. On the 4th of May he raised above the walls the white flag of surrender. The gallant general was treated magnanimously. He was invited to dine with Frederick, and, with the garrison, was permitted to retire to Neisse, pledged not to serve against the Prussians for two years. The town had been nearly demolished by the war-tempest which had beat so fiercely upon it. Frederick immediately commenced repairing the ruins and strengthening the fortifications.

All Europe was thrown into commotion by this bold and successful invasion of Silesia. France was delighted, for Prussia was weakening Austria. England was alarmed. The weakening of Austria was strengthening France, England's dreaded rival. And Hanover was menaced by the Prussian army at Götten, under the old Dessauer. The British parliament voted an additional subsidy of £300,000 to Maria Theresa. Two hundred thousand had already been granted her. This, in all, amounted to the sum of two million five hundred thousand dollars. Envoys from all the nations of Europe were sent to Frederick's encampment at Strehlen, in the vicinity of Brieg. Some were sent seeking his alliance, some with terms of compromise, and all to watch his proceedings. The young king was not only acquiring the territory which he sought, but seemed to be gaining that renown which he had so eagerly coveted. He did not feel strong enough to make an immediate attack upon the Austrian army, which general Neipperg held, in an almost impregnable position, behind the ramparts of Neisse. For two months he remained at Strehlen, making vigorous preparations for future movements, and his mind much engrossed with diplomatic intrigues. Strehlen is a pretty little town, nestled among the hills, about twenty-five miles west of Brieg, and thirty north-west of Neisse. The troops were mainly en-

camped in tents on the fields around. The ambassadors from the great monarchies of Europe were generally sumptuously lodged in Strehlen, or in Breslau, which was a beautiful city about thirty miles north of Strehlen. Baron Bielfeld, in the following terms, describes the luxury in which the Spanish minister indulged:

"Each of these ministers makes a most brilliant figure, and never have I seen one travel with more ease and convenience, more elegance and grandeur, than does the marquis of Montijo. Wherever he stops to dine or sup he finds a room hung with the richest tapestry, and the floor covered with Turkey carpets, with velvet chairs, and every other kind of convenience; a table sumptuously served, the choicest wines, and a dessert of fruit and confectionery that Paris itself could not excel. This kind of enchantment, this real miracle in Germany, is performed by means of three baggage-wagons, of which two always go before the ambassador, and carry with them every thing necessary for his reception. When they arrive in some poor village, the domestics that accompany each wagon immediately clear and clean some chamber, fix the tapestry by rings to the walls, cover the floor with carpets, and furnish the kitchen and cellar with every kind of necessary."¹

Speaking of Frederick at this time, Bielfeld says: "Notwithstanding all the fatigues of war, the king is in perfect health, and more gay and pleasant than ever. All who approach his majesty meet with a most gracious reception. In the midst of his camp, and at the head of sixty thousand Prussians, our monarch appears to me with a new and superior air of greatness."

Circumstances had already rendered Frederick one of the most important personages in Europe. He could ally himself with France, and humble Austria; or he could ally himself with England and Austria, and crush France. All the lesser lights in the continental firmament circulated around these central luminaries. Consequently Frederick was enabled to take a conspicuous part in all the diplomatic intrigues which were then agitating the courts of Europe.

On the 7th of May, three days after the capture of Brieg, lord Hyndford, the English ambassador, arrived at the camp of Frederick, and obtained an audience with his majesty. It was eleven o'clock in the forenoon. He gave his government a very minute narrative of the interview. The following particulars, gleaned from that narrative, will interest the reader. It will be remembered that Frederick cherished a strong antipathy against his uncle, George II. of England.

Lord Hyndford commenced his communication by assuring his majesty of the friendly feelings and good wishes of the English government. Frederick listened with much impatience, and soon interrupted him, exclaiming, passionately:

¹ Monsieur le baron Bielfeld, *Lettres Familiales et Autres*, tome i. p. 3.



FREDERICK AND THE BRITISH MINISTERS.

"How is it possible, my lord, to believe things so contradictory? It is mighty fine, all this that you now tell me, on the part of the king of England. But how does it correspond to his last speech in parliament, and with the doings of his ministers at Petersburg and at the Hague, to stir up allies against me? I have reason to doubt the sincerity of the king of England. Perhaps he means to amuse me. But" (with an oath)¹ "he is mistaken. I will risk every thing rather than abate the least of my pretensions."

¹ "Some men," says a quaint writer, "have a God to swear by, though they have none to pray to."

Lord Hyndford, evidently embarrassed, for the facts were strongly against him, endeavored, in some additional remarks, to assume ignorance of any unfriendly action on the part of the British government. The king again, in a loud and angry tone, replied:

"My lord, there seems to be a contradiction in all this. The king of England, in his letter, tells me you are instructed as to every thing. And yet you pretend ignorance. But I am perfectly informed of all. And I should not be surprised if, after all these fine words, you should receive some strong letter or resolution for me." Then, turning to his secretary, he

added, sarcastically, "Write down that my lord would be surprised to receive such instruction."

Lord Hyndford, who says that by this rude assailment he was put extremely upon his guard, rejoined :

"Europe is under the necessity of taking some speedy resolution, things are in such a state of crisis. Like a fever in a human body, got to such a height that quinquina becomes necessary. Shall we apply to Vienna, your majesty?"

A transient smile flitted across the king's countenance. Then, looking cold again, he added, "Follow your own will in that."

"Would your majesty," lord Hyndford replied, "engage to stand by his excellency Gotter's original offer at Vienna on your part? That is, would you agree, in consideration of the surrender to you of Lower Silesia and Breslau, to assist the queen of Austria, with all your troops, for the maintenance of the Pragmatic Sanction, and to vote for the grand duke Francis as emperor?"

"Yes," was the monosyllabic reply.

"What was the sum of money your majesty then offered the queen of Austria?" lord Hyndford inquired.

The king hesitated, as though he had forgotten. But his secretary answered, "Three million florins (\$1,500,000)."

"I should not value the money," the king added. "If money would content her I would give more."

After a long pause lord Hyndford inquired, "Would your majesty consent to an armistice?"

"Yes," Frederick replied; "but for not less than six months" (counting on his fingers from May to December), "till December 1. The season then would be so far gone that they could do nothing."

As the secretary, Podewils, had been taking notes, lord Hyndford requested permission to look at them, that he might see that no mistake had been made. The king assented; and then lord Hyndford bowed himself out. Thus ended the audience.

A few days after this interview, the Dutch ambassador, general Ginckel, arrived with the Resolution from the English and Dutch courts, demanding that the king should evacuate Silesia. Lord Hyndford was much embarrassed, apprehending that the presentation of the summons at that time would work only mischief. He persuaded general Ginckel to delay the presentation until he could send a courier to England for instructions. In a fortnight the courier returned with the order that the Resolution was immediately to be presented to his Prussian majesty.

In the mean time Frederick, who kept himself thoroughly informed of all these events, signed secretly on the 5th of June a treaty of intimate alliance with France. Though he had not yet received the Joint Resolution of the English and Dutch courts, he was well aware of its existence, and the next day sent

to his envoy, M. Räsfeld, at the Hague, the following dispatch :

"You will beforehand inform the high mightinesses in regard to that Advice of April 24, which they determined on giving me, through his excellency general Ginckel, along with his excellency lord Hyndford, that such advice can be considered by me only as a blind complaisance to the court of Vienna's improper urgencies. That for certain I will not quit Silesia till my claims be satisfied. And the longer I am forced to continue warning for them here, the higher they will rise."

The plan of France, as conceived and pushed resolutely forward by the count of Belleisle, the renowned minister of Louis XV., was to divide Germany into four small kingdoms, of about equal power, Bavaria, Saxony, Prussia, and Austria. The king of Bavaria, as one of the protégés of France, was to be chosen emperor of Germany. To accomplish this Austria was to be reduced to a second-rate power by despoiling the young queen Maria Theresa of large portions of her territory, and annexing the provinces wrested from her to the petty states of Prussia, Bavaria, and Saxony, thus sinking Austria to an equality with them. France, the grand nation, would then be indisputably the leading power in Europe. By bribery, intimidation, and inciting one kingdom against another, the court of Versailles could control the policy of the whole continent. Magnificent as was this plan, many circumstances seemed now combining to render it feasible. The king of Prussia, inspired simply by the desire of enlarging his kingdom, by making war against Austria, and striving to wrest Silesia from the realms of Maria Theresa, was co-operating, in the most effectual way possible, to further the designs of France. And it had now also become a matter of great moment to Frederick that he should secure the alliance of the court of Versailles.

All the courts of Europe were involved in these intrigues, which led to minor complications which it would be in vain now to attempt to unravel. In the secret treaty into which Frederick entered with France on the 5th of June, 1741, the count of Belleisle engaged, in behalf of his master Louis XV., to incite Sweden to declare war against Russia, that the semi-barbaric power of the north, just beginning to emerge into greatness, might be so occupied as not to be able to render any assistance to Austria. France also agreed to guarantee Lower Silesia, with Breslau, to Frederick, and to send two armies, of forty thousand men each, one across the Upper and the other across the Lower Rhine, to co-operate with his Prussian majesty. The forty thousand men on the Upper Rhine were to take position in the vicinity of the electorate of Hanover, which belonged to George II. of England, prepared to act immediately in concert with the Prussian army at Götten under the "Old Dessauer," in seizing Hanover resistlessly, should England make the slightest move to-

ward sending troops to the aid of Maria Theresa.

The prospects of Maria Theresa seemed now quite desperate. We know not that history records a more inglorious act than that Europe should have thus combined to take advantage of the youth and inexperience of this young queen, weeping over the grave of her father, and trembling in view of her own approaching hour of anguish, by wresting from her the inheritance which had descended to her from her ancestors. France and Germany, inspired by the most intense motives of selfish ambition, were to fall upon her, while the most effectual precautions were adopted to prevent Russia and England from coming to her aid.

In carrying forward these intrigues at the camp of Frederick, the count of Belleisle had an associate minister in the embassy, M. De Valori. A slight incident occurred in connection with this minister which would indicate, in the view of most persons, that Frederick did not cherish a very high sense of honor. M. Valori was admitted to an audience with his Prussian majesty. During the interview, as the French minister drew his hand from his pocket, he accidentally dropped a note upon the floor. Frederick perceiving it slyly placed his foot upon it. As soon as the minister had bowed himself out, Frederick eagerly seized the note and read it. It contained some secret instructions to M. Valori from the French court, directing him not to give Glatz to his Prussian majesty if it could possibly be avoided. Frederick did not perceive any thing ignoble in this act of his, for he records it himself;¹ neither does Mr. Carlyle condemn him.² Most readers will probably regard it as highly dishonorable.

On the 8th of June the English and Dutch ministers, not yet aware of the alliance into which Frederick had entered with France, presented the joint resolution of their two courts, exhorting Frederick to withdraw his army from Silesia. Lord Hyndford, who was somewhat annoyed by the apparent impolicy of the measure, just at that time, solicited and obtained a private audience with the king, hoping by apologies and explanations to make the summons a little less unpalatable to his majesty. In the brief interview which ensued lord Hyndford appealed to the magnanimity of the king, declaring that it would be generous and noble for him to accept moderate terms from Austria. The king angrily interrupted him, saying:

"My lord, do not talk to me of magnanimity. A prince ought in the first place to consult his interest. I am not opposed to peace. But I expect to have four duchies given me."

Maria Theresa was much encouraged by the

subsidy she had received from England. She was not yet informed of the formidable alliance into which France, with a portion of Germany, had entered for her destruction. About the 20th of June she left Vienna for Presburg, in Hungary, a drive of about fifty miles. Here, on the 25th of June, 1741, she was crowned queen of Hungary. She was a very beautiful woman in person, devout in spirit, and those who admire manly developments in the female character must regard her as presenting the highest type of womanhood. She merits the following beautiful tribute to her worth from the pen of Carlyle:

"As to the brave young queen of Hungary, my admiration goes with that of all the world. Not in the language of flattery, but of evident fact, the royal qualities abound in that high young lady. Had they left the world, and grown to mere costume elsewhere, you might find certain of them again here. Most brave, high and pious minded; beautiful too, and radiant with good-nature, though of temper that will easily catch fire; there is, perhaps, no nobler woman then living. And she fronts the roaring elements in a truly grand, feminine manner, as if Heaven itself and the voice of Duty called her. 'The inheritances which my fathers left me, we will not part with these. Death if it so must be, but not dishonor.'

"This, for the present, is her method of looking at the matter; this magnanimous, heroic, and occasionally somewhat female one. Her husband, the grand duke, an inert but good-tempered, well-conditioned duke, after his sort, goes with her. Now, as always, he follows loyally his wife's lead, never she his. Wife being intrinsically as well as extrinsically the better man, what other can he do?"

The ceremony of coronation was attended, near Presburg on the 25th of June, with much semi-barbaric splendor, as the Iron Crown¹ of St. Stephen was placed upon the pale, beautiful brow of the young wife and mother. All the renowned chivalry of Hungary were assembled upon that field. They came in gorgeous costume, with embroidered banners, and accompanied by imposing retinues. At the close of the ceremonies the queen, who was distinguished as a bold rider, mounted a swift charger, and, followed by a long retinue of Magyar warriors, galloped to the top of a small eminence artificially constructed for the occasion, called the Königsburg, or King's Hill, where she drew her sword, and flourishing it toward the four quarters of the heavens, bade defiance to any adversary who should venture to question her claims. The knightly warriors who crowded the plain flashed their swords in the sunlight, as with one accord, with chivalric devotion, they vowed fidelity to their queen.

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, t. xi. p. 90.

² "Valori was one night with him, and, on rising to take leave, the fat hand, sticking probably in the big waistcoat pocket, twitched out a little diplomatic-looking Note, which Frederick, with gentle adroitness (permissible in such circumstances), set his foot upon, till Valori had bowed himself out."—CARLYLE, vol. iii. p. 330.

¹ *The Iron Crown*. It was so called because there was entwined amidst its priceless gems and exquisitely wrought frosted gold some iron wire, said to be drawn from one of the spikes which had been driven through one of the hands of our Saviour.



THE QUEEN'S APPEAL TO THE HUNGARIAN NOBLES.

Gradually the secret treaty which allied France, Bavaria, and Prussia, and it was not known how many other minor powers, against Austria, came to light. Two French armies of fifty thousand men each were on the march to act in co-operation with Frederick. England, trembling from fear of the loss of Hanover, dared not move. The Aulic Council at Vienna, in a panic, "fell back into their chairs like dead men." The ruin of Maria Theresa and the fatal dismemberment of Austria seemed inevitable.

Under these circumstances the young queen, urged by her council and by the English court, very reluctantly consented to propose terms of compromise to Frederick. Sir Thomas Robin-

son, subsequently earl of Grantham, was sent from Vienna to Breslau to confer with the British minister there, lord Hyndford, and with him to visit Frederick, at his camp at Strehlen, in the attempt to adjust the difficulties. The curious interview which ensued has been minutely described by sir Thomas Robinson. It took place under the royal canvas-tent of his Prussian majesty, at 11 o'clock A.M. of the 7th of August, 1741.

The two English gentlemen, stout, burly, florid men, were dressed in the gorgeous court costume of those days. Each wore a large, frizzled, powdered wig. Their shirts were heavily ruffled in the bosoms and at the wrists. Their

coats of antique cut were covered with embroidery of gold-lace. Their waistcoats hung down in deep flaps, and large buckles adorned their shoes.

Frederick was a trig, slender young man of twenty-nine years. He was dressed in a closely-fitting blue coat, with buff breeches and high cavalry boots. He wore a plumed hat, which he courteously raised as the ambassadors entered his tent. The scene which ensued was substantially as follows, omitting those passages which were of no permanent interest. After sundry preliminary remarks, sir Thomas Robinson said:

"I am authorized to offer your majesty two million guilders [\$1,000,000], if your majesty will consent to relinquish this enterprise and retire from Silesia."

"Retire from Silesia!" exclaimed the king, vehemently. "And for money? Do you take me for a beggar? Retire from Silesia, in the conquest of which I have expended so much blood and treasure! No, Sir, no. That is not to be thought of. If you have no better proposals to suggest, it is not worth while talking."

Sir Thomas, somewhat discomposed, apologetically intimated that that was not all that he had to offer.

"Very well," said the king, impatiently; "let us see then what there is more."

"I am permitted," the ambassador said, "to offer your majesty the whole of Austrian Guelderland. It lies contiguous to your majesty's possessions in the Rhine country. It will be a very important addition to those possessions. I am permitted to say the whole of Austrian Guelderland."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the king, with an air of real or affected surprise. Then turning to his secretary, M. Podewils, he inquired, "How much of Guelderland is theirs, and not ours already?"

"Almost none," M. Podewils replied.

Here the king quite lost his temper. In a loud tone and with angry gesticulation he exclaimed, "Do you offer me such rags and rubbish, such paltry scrapings, for all my just claims in Silesia?" And so he ran on for quite a length of time, with ever-increasing violence, fanning himself into a flame of indignation.

"His contempt," writes sir Thomas in his narrative, "was so great, and was expressed in such violent terms, that now, if ever, was the time to make the last effort. A moment longer was not to be lost, to hinder the king from dismissing us."

"I am also permitted, Sire," said sir Thomas, "to add the duchy of Limburg. It is a duchy of great wealth and resources, so valuable that the elector palatine was willing to give in exchange for it the whole duchy of Berg."

"It is inconceivable to me," Frederick replied, "how Austria should dare to think of such a proposal. Limburg! Are there not solemn engagements upon Austria which render

every inch of ground in the Netherlands inalienable?"

"These engagements," said sir Thomas, "are good as against the French, your majesty. But the Barrier treaty, confirmed at Utrecht, was for our benefit and that of Holland."

"That is your interpretation," said Frederick. "But the French assert that it was an arrangement made in their favor."

"Your majesty," sir Thomas rejoined, "by a little engineering art, could render Limburg impregnable to the French or any others."

"I have not the least desire," the king replied, "to aggrandize myself in those parts, or to spend money in fortifying there. It would be useless to me. Am I not fortifying Brieg and Glogau? These are enough for one who wishes to live well with his neighbors. Neither the Dutch nor the French have offended me; nor will I offend them by acquisitions in the Netherlands. Besides, who would guarantee them?"

"The proposal," sir Thomas replied, "is to give guarantees at once."

"Guarantees!" exclaimed the king, scornfully. "Who minds or keeps guarantees in this age? Has not France guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction? Has not England? Why do you not all fly to the queen's succor?"

Sir Thomas, who was not aware of the engagement into which the allies had entered to keep Russia busy by a war with Sweden, intimated that there were powers which might yet come to the rescue of the queen, and mentioned Russia as one.

The king, with a very complaisant smile, said, "Russia; my good Sir. It is not proper for me to explain myself, but I have means to keep the Russians employed."

"Russia," added sir Thomas, with some stateliness of utterance, "is not the only power which has engagements with Austria, and which must keep them too; so that however averse to a breach—"

Here the king interrupted him, and with scornful gesture, "laying his finger on his nose," and in loud tones, exclaimed:

"No threats, Sir, if you please, no threats."

Lord Hyndford here came to the rescue of his colleague, and said, meekly, "I am sure his excellency had no such meaning, Sire. His excellency will advance nothing so very contrary to his instructions."

Sir Thomas Robinson added, "Sire, I am not talking of what this power or that means to do, but of what will come of itself. To prophesy is not to threaten, Sire. It is my zeal for the public good which brought me here, and—"

Again the king interrupted him, saying, "The public will be much obliged to you, Sir! But hear me. With respect to Russia, you know how matters stand. From the king of Poland I have nothing to fear. As for the king of England, he is my relation. If he do not attack me, I shall not him. If he do attack me, the prince of Anhalt, with my army at Götten, will take care of him."



THE KING APPROACHING SCHNELLENDORF.

"It is the common rumor now," sir Thomas replied, "that your majesty, after the 12th of August, will join the French. Sire, I venture to hope not. Austria prefers your friendship; but if your majesty disdain Austria's advances, what is it to do? Austria must throw itself entirely into the hands of France, and endeavor to outbid your majesty."

This was a very serious suggestion. None of these sovereigns professed to be influenced by any other considerations than their own interests. And it was manifest that Austria could easily outbid Prussia, if determined to purchase the French alliance. For a moment the king was silent, apparently somewhat perplexed. He then said:

"I am at the head of an army which has already vanquished the enemy, and which is ready to meet the enemy again. The country which alone I desire is already conquered and securely held. This is all I want. I now have it. I will and must keep it. Shall I be bought out of this country? Never! I will sooner perish in it with all my troops. With what face shall I meet my ancestors if I abandon my right which they have transmitted to me? My first enterprise, and to be given up lightly?"

"Have I need of peace? Let those who need it give me what I want, or let them fight me again and be beaten again. Have they not given whole kingdoms to Spain? And to me they can not spare a few trifling principalities. If the queen do not now grant me all I require, I shall, in four weeks, demand four principalities

more. I now demand the whole of Lower Silesia, Breslau included. With that answer you can return to Vienna."

"With that answer!" sir Thomas replied, in tones of surprise. "Is your majesty serious? Is that your majesty's deliberate answer?"

"Yes, I say," the king rejoined. "That is my answer, and I will never give any other."

Both of the English ministers, in much agitation, spoke together. The king, impatiently interrupting them, said:

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, it is of no use to think about it."

Taking off his hat, he slightly saluted them, and retired behind the curtain into the interior tent.

A brief account of this interview has been given by Frederick,¹ and also a very minute narrative by sir Thomas Robinson, in his official report to his government. There is no essential discrepancy between the two statements. Frederick alludes rather contemptuously to the pompous airs of sir Thomas, saying that "he negotiated in a wordy, high, droning way, as if he were speaking in parliament." Mr. Carlyle seems to be entirely in sympathy with Frederick in his invasion of Silesia. The reader will peruse with interest his graphic, characteristic comments upon this interview:

"The unsuccessfullest negotiation well imaginable by a public man. Strehlen, Monday, 7th

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. p. 84.

August, 1741—Frederick has vanished into the interior of his tent, and the two Diplomatic gentlemen, the wind struck out of them in this manner, remain gazing at one another. Here, truly, is a young, royal gentleman that knows his own mind, while so many do not. Unspeakable imbroglio of negotiations, mostly insane, welters over all the earth; the Belleisles, the Aulic Councils, the British Georges, heaping coil upon coil; and here, notably in that now so extremely sordid murk of wiggeries, inane diplomacies, and solemn deliriums, dark now and obsolete to all creatures, steps forth one little Human Figure, with something of sanity in it, like a star, like a gleam of steel, sheering asunder your big balloons, and letting out their diplomatic hydrogen. Salutes with his hat, 'Gentlemen, gentlemen, it is of no use!' and vanishes into the interior of his tent."

The next day the two British ministers dined with Frederick. The king was in reality, or assumed to be, in exultant spirits. He joked and bantered his guests even upon those great issues which were threatening to deluge Europe in blood. As they took leave, intending to return to Vienna, through Neisse, which was held by the Austrian army, the king said to sir Thomas Robinson, derisively:

"As you pass through Neisse, please present my compliments to marshal Neipperg; and you can say, your excellency, that I hope to have the pleasure of calling upon him one of these days."

It seemed to be the policy of Frederick to assume a very trifling, care-for-nothing air, as though he were engaged in very harmless child's play. He threw out jokes, and wrote ludicrous letters to M. Jordan and M. Algarotti. But behind this exterior disguise it is manifest that all the energies of his soul were aroused, and that, with sleepless vigilance, he was watching every event, and providing for every possible emergence.

It will be remembered that Breslau, whose inhabitants were mainly Protestant, and which was one of the so-called free cities of Germany, was surrendered to Frederick under peculiar conditions. It was to remain, in its internal government, in all respects exactly as it had been, with the simple exception that it was to recognize the sovereignty of Prussia instead of that of Austria. Its strict neutrality was to be respected. It was to be protected by its own garrison. No Prussian soldier could enter with any weapons but side-arms. The king himself, in entering the city, could be accompanied only by thirty guards.

When under the sovereignty of Austria, though the Protestants were not persecuted, very decided favor was shown to the Catholics. But the influence of Protestant Prussia was to place both parties on a perfect equality. This greatly annoyed the Catholics. Certain Catholic ladies of rank, with a few leading citizens, entered into a secret society, and kept the court of Vienna informed of every thing which trans-

pired in Breslau. They also entered into intimate communication with general Neipperg, entreating him to come to their rescue. They assured him that if he would suddenly appear before their gates with his army, or with a strong detachment, the conspiring Catholics would open the gates, and he could rush in and take possession of the city.

But the ever-vigilant Frederick had smuggled a "false sister" into the society of the Catholic ladies, who kept him informed of every measure that was proposed. At the very hour when Frederick was dining with the two English ministers, and making himself so merry with jests and banter, he was aware that general Neipperg, with the whole Austrian army, was crossing the river Neisse, on the march, by a route thirty miles west of his encampment, to take Breslau by surprise. But he had already adopted effectual measures to thwart their plans.

On the 10th of August there was a magnificent review of the Prussian army on the plain of Strehlin, to which all the foreign ambassadors were invited. During the night of the 9th general Schwerin and prince Leopold, with eight thousand Prussian troops, horse and foot, arrived in the southwestern suburbs of Breslau, and, at six o'clock in the morning, demanded simply a passage through the city for their regiments and baggage, on the march to attack a marauding band of the Austrians on the other side of the Oder.

The rule, in such cases, was that a certain number of companies were to be admitted at a time. The gate was then to be closed until they had marched through the city and out at the opposite gate. After this another detachment was admitted, and so on, until all had passed through. But general Schwerin so contrived it, by stratagem, as to crowd in a whole regiment at once. Instead of marching through the city, to the surprise of the inhabitants, he directed his steps to the market-place, where he encamped and took possession of the city, admitting the remainder of his regiments. In an hour and a half the whole thing was done; and the city was strongly garrisoned by Prussian troops. The majority of the inhabitants, being Protestant, were well pleased, and received the achievement with laughter. Many cheers resounded through the streets, with shouts of "Frederick and Silesia forever." All the foreign ministers in Breslau, and the magistrates of the city, had been lured to Strehlin to witness the grand review.

Frederick had caused signal cannon to be placed at suitable points between Breslau and Strehlin, which, by transmitting reports, should give him as early intelligence as possible of the success of the enterprise. About noon, in the midst of the grand manœuvres on the parade-ground, one distant cannon-shot was heard, to the great satisfaction of Frederick, who alone understood its significance.

General Neipperg had advanced as far as Baumgarten when he heard of this entire cir-

cumvention of his plans. Exasperated by the discomfiture, he pushed boldly forward to seize Schweidnitz, where Frederick had a large magazine, which was supposed not to be very strongly protected. But the vigilant Frederick here again thwarted the Austrian general. Either anticipating the movement, or receiving immediate information of it, he had thrown out some strong columns to Reichenbach, where they so effectually intrenched themselves as to bar, beyond all hope of passage, the road to Schweidnitz. General Neipperg had advanced but half a day's march from Baumgarten when he heard of this. He ordered a halt, and retraced his steps as far as Frankenstein, where he had a very strongly intrenched camp.

Frederick soon followed the Austrians with his whole army, hoping to bring them to a decisive battle. But general Neipperg was conscious that he was unable to cope with the Prussian army in the open field. For a week there was manœuvring and counter-manœuvring with great skill on both sides, general Neipperg baffling all the endeavors of Frederick to bring him to a general action.

At length Frederick, weary of these unavailing efforts, dashed off in rapid march toward the river Neisse, and with his van-guard, on the 11th of September, crossed the river at the little town of Woitz, a few miles above the city. The river was speedily spanned with his pontoon bridges. As the whole army hurried forward to effect the passage, Frederick, to his surprise, found the Austrian army directly before him, occupying a position from which it could not be forced, and where it could not be turned. For two days Frederick very earnestly surveyed the region, and then, recrossing the river and gathering in his pontoons, passed rapidly down the stream on the left or northern bank, and, after a brief encampment of a few days, crossed the river fifteen miles below the city. He then threw his army into the rear of Neipperg's, so as to cut off his communications and his daily convoys of food. He thus got possession again of Oppeln, of the strong castle of Friedland, and of the country generally between the Oder and the Neisse rivers.

General Neipperg cautiously advanced toward him, and encamped in the vicinity of Steinau—the same Steinau which but a few weeks before had been laid in ashes as the Prussian troops passed through it. The two armies were now separated from each other but by an interval of about five miles. The country was flat, and it was not probable that the contest which Frederick so eagerly sought could long be avoided.

Affairs were now assuming throughout Europe a very threatening aspect. The two French armies, of forty thousand each, had already crossed the Rhine to join their German allies in the war against Austria. One of these armies, to be commanded by Belleisle, had crossed the river about thirty miles below Stras-

bourg to unite with the elector of Bavaria's troops and march upon Vienna. The other army, under Maillebois, had crossed the Lower Rhine a few miles below Düsseldorf. Its mission was, as we have mentioned, to encamp upon the frontiers of Hanover, prepared to invade that province in co-operation with the Prussian troops in the camp at Götting, should the king of England venture to raise a hand in behalf of Austria. It was also in position to attack and overwhelm Holland, England's only ally, should that power manifest the slightest opposition to the designs of Prussia and Franco. At the same time Sweden, on the 4th of August, had declared war against Russia, so that no help could come to Austria from that quarter. Great diplomatic ability had been displayed in guarding every point in these complicated measures. The French minister, Belleisle, was probably the prominent agent in these wide-spread combinations.²

The queen, Maria Theresa, still remained at Presburg, in her Hungarian kingdom. The Aulic Council was with her. On the 15th of August sir Thomas Robinson had returned to Presburg with the intelligence of his unsuccessful mission, and of the unrelenting determination of Frederick to prosecute the war with the utmost vigor unless Silesia were surrendered to him.

These tidings struck the Austrian council with consternation. The French armies were declared to be the finest that had ever taken the field. The Prussian army, in stolid bravery and perfection of discipline, had never been surpassed. Germany was to be cut into four equal parts, and France was to be the sovereign power on the continent.

In this terrible emergence the queen, resolute as she was, was almost compelled, by the importunity of her counselors, to permit sir Thomas Robinson, who was acting for England far more than for Austria, to go back to Frederick with the offer so humiliating to her, that she would surrender to him one half of Silesia if he would withdraw his armies and enter into an alliance with her against the French. The high-spirited queen wrung her hands in anguish as she assented to this decision, exclaiming, passionately:

"If these terms are not accepted within a fortnight, I will not be bound by them."

Sir Thomas hastened back to Breslau, and anxiously entered in communication with lord

¹ "Sure enough, the Sea Powers are checkmated now. Let them make the least attempt in favor of the Queen if they dare. Holland can be overrun from Osnabrück quarter at a day's warning. Little George has his Hanoverians, his subsidized Hessians, Danes, in Hanover; his English on Lexden Heath. Let him come one step over the marches, Maillebois and the Old Dessauer swallow him. It is a surprising stroke of theatrical-practical Art, brought about, to old Fleury's sorrow, by the genius of Belleisle, and they say of Madame Châteauroux; enough to strike certain Governing Persons breathless for some time, and denotes that the Universal Hurricane, or World Tornado, has broken out."—CARLYLE, vol. iii. p. 357.

Hyndford. The British minister entreated the king to admit sir Thomas to another interview, assuring him that he came with new and more liberal propositions for a compromise. The king replied, in substance, with his customary brusqueness:

"I will not see him. I wish to listen to no more of his offers. The sooner he takes himself away the better."

Sir Thomas, deeply chagrined, hastened back to Presburg. Acting in behalf of the English cabinet, he trembled in view of the preponderance of the French court, and of the loss of Hanover. With the most impassioned earnestness he entreated the queen to yield to the demands of Frederick, and thus secure his alliance.

"High madam," he said, fervently, "at this crisis, alliance with Frederick is salvation to Austria. His continued hostility is utter ruin. England can not help your majesty. The slightest endeavor would cause the loss of Hanover."

Thus pressed by England, and with equal earnestness by her own Aulic Council, the queen again yielded, though almost frantic with grief, and consented to surrender the whole of lower Silesia to Frederick if he would become her ally. As Frederick had offered these terms, it was supposed of course that he would accept them. Sir Thomas was again dispatched, at the top of his speed, to convey them to the camp of Frederick. But the repulse of the king was peremptory and decisive. To lord Hyndford, soliciting an audience for the envoy, he replied:

"I will not see him. There was a time when I would have listened to a compromise. That time has passed. I have now entered into arrangements with France. Talk to me no more."

Sir Thomas hastened back to Presburg in despair. Feeling the "game was up," and that there was no more hope, he asked permission to return home. The British cabinet was in a state of consternation. France, the dreaded rival of England, was attaining almost sovereign power over the continent of Europe. Frederick himself was uneasy. He had sufficient penetration to be fully aware that he was aiding to create a resistless power, which might, by-and-by, crush him. Sir Thomas, in a state of great agitation, which was manifest in his disordered style, wrote from Presburg to lord Hyndford at Breslau, as follows. The letter was dated September 8, 1741.

"My lord, I could desire your lordship to summon up, if it were necessary, the spirit of all your lordship's instructions, and the sense of the king, of the parliament, and of the whole British nation. It is upon this great moment that depends the fate, not of the house of Austria, not of the empire, but of the house of Brunswick, of Great Britain, of all Europe. I verily believe the king of Prussia himself does not know the extent of the present danger. With whatever motive he may act, there is not one, not that of the wildest resentment, that

can blind him to this degree—of himself perishing in the ruin he is bringing upon others. With his concurrence the French will, in less than six weeks, be masters of the German empire. The weak elector of Bavaria is but their instrument. Prague and Vienna may, and probably will, be taken in that short time. Will even the king of Prussia himself be reserved to the last?"

These considerations probably weighed heavily upon the mind of Frederick. For, after having so peremptorily repulsed the queen's messenger, he sent, on the 9th of September, colonel Goltz with a proposition to lord Hyndford, which was substantially the same which the queen in her anguish had consented to make. The strictest secrecy was enjoined upon colonel Goltz. The proposition was read from a paper without signature, and was probably in the king's handwriting, for lord Hyndford was not permitted to see the paper. He took a copy from dictation, which was as follows:

"The whole of Lower Silesia; the river Neisse for the boundary; the city of Neisse for us, as also Glutz; on the other side of the Oder the ancient boundary, between the duchies of Brieg and Oppeln. Namslau for us. The affairs of religion in *statu quo*. No dependence upon Bohemia. Cession eternal. In exchange we will go no farther. We will besiege Neisse for form. The commandant shall surrender and depart. We will quietly go into winter-quarters; and they (the Austrians) can take their army where they will. Let all be finished in twelve days."

But Frederick did not seem to think himself at all bound, by his treaty obligations with France, to refrain from entering into secret arrangements with the foe which would promote his interests, however antagonistic those arrangements might be to his assumed obligations. He was the ally of France in the attempt to wrest territory from the young queen of Austria, and to weaken her power. His armies and those of France were acting in co-operation. Frederick now proposed to the common enemy that, if Silesia were surrendered to him, he would no longer act in co-operation with his ally. But that France might not discover his perfidy, he would still pretend to make war. The Austrians were to amuse themselves in defending Neisse from a sham siege until the pleasant weeks of autumn were gone, and then they were to march, with all their guns and ammunition, south to Vienna, there to fight the French. Frederick, still assuming that he was the ally of France, was to avail himself of the excuse that the season of ice and snow was at hand, and withdraw into winter-quarters. Such, in general, were the terms which Frederick authorized his minister, Goltz, to propose to lord Hyndford, as the agent of England and Austria.

Most of our readers will pronounce this to be as unwarrantable an act of perfidy as history has recorded. But in justice to Frederick we ought to state that there are those who, while

admitting all these facts, do not condemn him for his course. It is surprising to see how different are the opinions which intelligent men can form upon the same actions. Mr. Carlyle writes, in reference to these events:

"Magnanimous I can by no means call Frederick to his allies and neighbors, nor even superstitiously veracious in this business. But he thoroughly understands, he alone, what just thing he wants out of it, and what an enormous wigged mendacity it is he has got to deal with. For the rest, he is at the gaming-table with these sharpers, their dice all cogged, and he knows it, and ought to profit by his knowledge of it, and in short to win his stake out of that foul, weltering melley, and go home safe with it if he can."

While these scenes of war and intrigue were transpiring, no one knowing what alarming developments any day might present, Vienna was thrown into a state of terror, in apprehension of the immediate approach of a French army to open upon it all the horrors of a bombardment. The citizens were called out *en masse* to work upon the fortifications. The court fled to Presburg, in Hungary. The national archives were hurried off to Grätz. The royal family was dispersed. There were but six thousand troops in the city. General Neipperg, with nearly the whole Austrian army, was a hundred and fifty miles distant to the north, on the banks of the Neisse. The queen, on the 10th of September, assembled at Presburg the Hungarian parliament, consisting almost exclusively of chivalric nobles renowned in war. The queen appeared before them with her husband, the grand duke Francis, by her side, and with a nurse attending, holding her infant son and heir. Addressing them in Latin, in a brief, pathetic speech, she said:

"I am abandoned by all. Hostile invasion threatens the kingdom of Hungary, our person, our children, our crown. I have no resource but in your fidelity and valor. I invoke the ancient Hungarian virtue to rise swiftly and save me."

The queen was radiantly beautiful in form and features. Her eyes were filled with tears. The scene and the words roused the zeal of these wild Magyar warriors to the highest pitch. They drew their sabres, flourished them over their heads, and with united voice shouted, *Moriamur pro nostro rege, Maria Theresa*—"Let us die for our king, Maria Theresa." "They always," writes Voltaire, "give the title of king to their queen. In fact, no princess ever better deserved that title."

Between the two camps of the Austrians and Prussians, south of the river Neisse, there was a castle called Little Schnellendorf, belonging to count Von Steinberg. It was a very retired retreat, far from observation. Arrangements were made for a secret meeting there between Frederick and general Neipperg, to adjust the details of their plot. It was of the utmost importance that the perfidious measure should be concealed from France. The French minister,



MAP OF THE SECOND SILESIA CAMPAIGN.

Valori, was in the Prussian camp, watching every movement with an eagle eye. "Frederick," writes Carlyle, "knows that the French are false to him. He by no means intends to be romantically true to them, and that they also know."

On Monday morning, the 9th of October, the British minister, lord Hyndford, accompanied by general Neipperg and general Lentulus from the Austrian camp, repaired to this castle, ostensibly to fix some cartel for the exchange of prisoners. Frederick rode out that morning with general Goltz, assuming that he was going to visit some of his outposts. In leaving, he said to the French minister Valori, "I am afraid that I shall not be home to dinner." At the same time, to occupy the attention of M. Valori, he was invited to dine with prince Leopold. By circuitous and unfrequented paths the king and his companion hied to the castle.

Frederick cautiously refused to sign his name to any paper. Verbally, he agreed that in one week from that time, on the 16th, general Neipperg should have liberty to retire to the south through the mountains, unmolested save by sham attacks in his rear. A small garrison was to be left in Neisse. After maintaining a sham siege for a fortnight, they were to surrender the city. Sham hostilities, to deceive the French, were to be continued until the year was out, and then a treaty was to be signed and ratified.

His majesty pledged his *word of honor* that he would fulfill these obligations; but declared that should the slightest intimation of the agreement leak out, so that the French should discover it, he would deny the whole thing, and

refuse in any way to be bound by it. This was assented to.

At the close of the business the king, who had been exceedingly courteous during the whole interview, took general Neipperg aside, and beckoning lord Hyndford to join them, said, addressing lord Hyndford:

"I wish you too, my lord, to hear every word I speak to general Neipperg. His Britannic majesty knows, or should know, my intentions never were to do him hurt; but only to take care of myself. And pray inform him that I have ordered my army in Brandenburg to go into winter-quarters, and break up that camp at Götting."

The reader will bear in mind that the camp at Götting, menacing Hanover, was acting in co-operation with Frederick's ally, France, and that forty thousand men had been sent from France to the aid of those Prussian troops. Frederick now, entering into secret treaty with the enemy, while still feigning to be true to his ally, was perfidiously withdrawing his troops so as to leave the French unsupported. His treachery went even farther than this. In the presence of lord Hyndford, the representative of England, he informed the Austrian general minutely how he could, to the greatest advantage, attack the French.

"Join," said he, "the Austrian force under prince Lobkowitz in Bohemia. Fall immediately and impetuously upon the French, before they can combine their forces to resist you. If you succeed in this, perhaps I will by-and-by join you; if you fail—well, you know every one must look out for himself."

The audacious duplicity of this ambitious young king was still more conspicuously developed by his entering into a secret correspondence with the court of Austria, through certain generals in the Austrian army. And that he might the more effectually disguise his treachery from his allies, the French, he requested lord Hyndford to write dispatches to various courts—to Presburg, to England, to Dresden—complaining that Frederick was *deaf to all proposals; that nothing could influence him to enter into terms of reconciliation with Austria*. It was to be so arranged that the couriers carrying these dispatches of falsehood should be captured by the French, so that these documents should be carried to the French court.

And in addition to all this, the more effectually to hoodwink the eagle eyes of the French minister in the Prussian camp, M. Valori, the following stratagem was arranged. The king was to invite M. Valori to dine with him. While at the table, merry over their wine, a courier was to arrive, and with trumpet blast announce dispatches for the king. They were to be delivered to the king at the table. He was to open them before Valori, to find that they consisted of a bitter complaint and remonstrance, on the part of the British minister, that the king was inflexible in repelling all advances toward an amicable adjustment of their

difficulties, that unrelentingly he persisted in co-operating with France in her warfare against Austria. All this farce took place according to the programme. M. Valori was effectually deceived.

Some of our readers may think that the above narrative is quite incredible: that a young sovereign, who had just written the *Anti-Machiavel*, and who knew that the eyes of the world were upon him, could not be guilty of such perfidy. But, unhappily, there is no possible room for doubt. The documentary evidence is ample. There is no contradictory testimony.

General Neipperg, in his account of the interview, writes, in reference to Frederick: "He is a very spirited young king. He will not stand contradiction; but a great deal may be made of him if you seem to adopt his ideas, and humor him in a delicate, dextrous way. He did not in the least hide his engagements with France, Bavaria, Saxony. But he would really, so far as I could judge, prefer friendship with Austria on the given terms. He seems to have a kind of pique at Saxony, and manifests no favor for the French and their plans."

Mr. Carlyle, who, with wonderful accuracy, and with impartiality which no one will call in question, has recorded the facts in Frederick's career, gives the story as it is here told. In the following terms Mr. Carlyle comments upon these events:

"Of the political morality of this game of fast-and-loose what have we to say, except that the dice on both sides seem to be loaded; that logic might be chopped upon it forever; that a candid mind will settle what degree of wisdom (which is always essentially veracity) and what of folly (which is always falsity) there was in Frederick and the others; whether, or to what degree, there was a better course open to Frederick in the circumstances; and, in fine, it will have to be granted that you can not work in pitch and keep hands evidently clean. Frederick has got into the enchanted wilderness populous with devils and their work, alas! It will be long before he get out of it again; his life waning toward night before he get victoriously out, and bequeath his conquest to luckier successors!"

On the 16th of November general Neipperg broke up his camp at Neisse, according to the arrangement, and leaving a small garrison in the city, to encounter the sham siege, defiled through the mountains on the south into Moravia. The Prussians, pretending to pursue, hung upon his rear for a short distance, making as much noise and inflicting as little harm as possible. General Neipperg pressed rapidly on to Vienna, where he was exultingly welcomed to aid in defending the city menaced by the French.

Frederick on the 17th, the day after the departure of the Austrian army, invested Neisse. He had an embarrassing part to play. He was to conduct a sham siege in the presence of M. Valori, who was not only a man of ability, but who possessed much military intelligence.

Feigning the utmost zeal, Frederick opened his trenches, and ostentatiously manœuvred his troops. He sent the young prince Leopold, with fifteen thousand horse and foot, into the Glatz country, many leagues to the east, to guard against surprise from an enemy, where no enemy was to be found. He marked out his parallels, sent imperious summonses for surrender, and dispatched reconnoitring parties abroad. M. Valori began to be surprised—amazed. "What does all this mean?" he said to himself. "They have great need of some good engineers here."

With that vigilant eye upon him, Frederick was compelled to some vigor of action. On the night of October 17 he commenced the bombardment. The noise was terrific. It could not be prevented but that the shot and shell should do some harm. Some buildings were burned; several lives were lost. M. Valori, who knew that the result could not be doubtful, was induced to go to Breslau and await the surrender. After the garrison had made apparently a gallant resistance, and Frederick had achieved apparent prodigies of valor, the city was surrendered on the 31st of October. Most of the garrison immediately enlisted in the Prussian service.

Thus the last fortress in Silesia fell into the hands of Frederick. There was no longer any foe left in the province to dispute his acquisition. He took possession of Neisse on the 1st of November, celebrating his victory with illuminations and all the approved demonstrations of public rejoicing.

On the 4th of November he returned to Breslau, entering the city with great military display. Seated in a splendid carriage, he was drawn through the streets by eight cream-colored horses. Taking his seat upon the ancient ducal throne, he was crowned, with great ceremonial pomp, sovereign duke of Lower Silesia. Four hundred of the notables of the dukedom, in gala dresses, and taking oaths of homage, contributed to the imposing effect of the spectacle. Illuminations, balls, and popular festivities in great variety, closed the triumph.

On the morning of the 9th of November Frederick set out for Berlin, visiting Glogau by the way. On the 11th he entered Berlin, where he was received by the whole population with enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. For a short time he probably thought that through guile he had triumphed, and that his troubles were now at an end. But such victories, under the providence of God, are always of short duration. Frederick soon found that his troubles had but just begun. He had entered upon a career of toil, care, and peril, from which he was to have no escape until he was ready to sink into his grave.

But a few days after his return, lord Hyndford, who had followed the king to Berlin, met his majesty in one of the apartments of the palace. Frederick, struggling to conceal the emotions with which he was agitated, said to him,

"My lord, the court of Vienna has entirely divulged our secret. The dowager empress has acquainted the court of Bavaria with it. Wasner, the Austrian minister at Paris, has communicated it to the French minister, Fleury. The Austrian minister at St. Petersburg, M. Linzendorf, has told the court of Russia of it. Sir Thomas Robinson has divulged it to the court of Dresden. Several members of the British government have talked about it publicly."

Frederick immediately and publicly denied that he had ever entered into any such arrangement with Austria, and declared the whole story to be a mere fabrication. Having by the stratagem obtained Neisse, and delivered Silesia from the presence of the Austrian army, he assured the French of his unchanging fidelity to their interests, and with renewed vigor commenced co-operating with them in the furtherance of some new ambitious plans.

"ME AND MY SON."

MRS. CALTON mused beside the fire. "Mechanical piety might be of value to me, or that which this novel illustrates—a chaotic piety; if one *could* have the patience to feel or speak stuff with the cheerful heroine, who is driven from all material happiness with a sharp stick. *She* says, 'It is enough to be close to things—you haven't time to live 'em all. To know all about it is to have it. I think it's easy for the angels to be happy, so; they know. It's easiest of all for God.' Either way to get from myself!"

Mrs. Calton tossed the book from her, being restless as well as reflective, and looked out of the window. It was a gusty November day, more dismal without than within, and she turned away to throw herself upon the sofa—to sleep, perchance to dream, or any thing else which chance might turn up. She was alone in the house, mistress of it, for Mr. Calton had gone the way of the earth more than a year ago. If grief is to be measured by one's toilet, Mrs. Calton's was modified; bits of violet peeped among her sables, rosettes on her little shoes, knots of ribbon in her black hair, and an amethyst ornament here and there. She was handsome, though her eyes were gray to greenishness, her hair so dense that it rose in waves round her forehead, and her mouth so large that "prunes, prisms, and Peru" could not draw it up; so full too of dazzling teeth that an enemy might remember what Elia says—"The fine lady or fine gentleman who show me their teeth, show me bones."

She laughed little now, for she had fallen upon weary days. Not for the first time, poor girl!

"Yes," continuing her reflections, "beads to count, a formula to repeat day after day, would absorb the hours. As it is, 'nothing gives an echo to the throne where hope is seated.' The arches of the cathedral, the pipes of the organ, the joints of the knees are mechan-

ical; but in space, sound, and attitude they suggest and invoke the unknown and desired."

Mrs. Calton was interrupted. Her quest for the light never seen on land or sea was delayed. The interruption appeared nothing more than a morning call; but an earthquake could not have been more effective, so far as the changing of her mood went. This opportunity gives her biographer a chance at narrative.

Laura Calton, at this date, between the vague twenties and thirties, was born of "gentle" parents, owners of a nail factory, members of a Congregational church, and the centre of a circle as like themselves as one pea is like another. If Laura's mother had a tea-party in August, the neighbors, one after the other, gave the same early in September. If Laura's father, from his money a little in advance of the community, had his barn painted a new shade, or his carriage lining changed, Mr. Allen or Mr. Perkins followed suit, in a cheaper fashion. It was a very respectable town; an excellent one to be born in, and perhaps a still better one to be buried in. The infants and the dead alone were safe in the bare individuality of human nature. Nobody disputed nor governed *their* way; they would come into the world and go out of it upon a mysterious principle which no opinion could disturb. Laura being a girl of some force and originality, kicked in the orthodox walking-stool provided for her by her guardians and friends; even her good mother thought her queer, and no example to follow; and her indulgent father was often obliged, using his own expression, "to wink" at her. Ostracized people, whatever their acts or aims, are never quite happy, and Laura's girlhood was not satisfactory. The curious comprehension of children which some parents show, Laura was a victim to. If she said "yes," they said "no," from a sense of duty; if she asked for twenty-five cents for a doll's tea-set, they gave her twenty cents to buy a watering-pot to water the cucumbers in the garden with. The fine moral instinct, said to be innate, was much twisted in Laura's mind. She was never allowed to be a law to herself, and nobody explained why she should follow laws that were originated by somebody else. Consequently, she was a child of "ups and downs," possessed by Satan, or on the point of being blest, to use her mother's vernacular. When she grew up she was still variable, "as the shade by the light quivering aspen made;" her leaves were either turned inside out to wind and sun, or glittered darkly through mists and showers. She was not loved, but sought for more than any young lady in the county. Neither lilies nor roses sprang up in her footsteps, but the ribbon snakes of envy and detraction; and this fact closed her heart to the manifold springs of mercy, charity, and tenderness. No inner life was developed, and her outward life was cold and empty. At an early age she discovered that her dolls were stuffed with bran;

later, that the worm was in every bud, and rose-bugs eating into every flower. At twenty what ennui possessed her! Full of latent abilities, not a single one had been called into play. Mr. John Calton appeared upon the stage in the nick of time—for himself; in midsummer, her dullest period, when Nature promises all to the senses, but gives nothing. The world's tired denizen, or a child of nature, Thoreau or Emerson, would have delighted in the season and the scene; but Laura had no soul for nature, no sentiment which every "common sight appparels in celestial light," no dream of that relation between the seen and the unseen, which brings us glimpses of "that immortal sea which brought us thither." The brilliant July sky was a tiresome spectacle to her; she watched it from vacancy. The sovereign summer clouds, solid in base and apex a moment, boiling like yeasty waves and vanishing up the burning ether, or spreading snowy tufts and plumes across the zenith, or rising like walled cities of towers and palaces, were not as much in her mind as the baseless fabric of a dream. She knew also that the sea rolled before the town; but its plaintive monotone, its fitful roar, the tides, the changing atmosphere and motion, the eternal waste and distance of old ocean "poured round" the world, so congenial to the melancholy and profound in feeling, stirred no mental echo in Laura's spirit. The woods, the meadows, never drew her to themselves; the sprites and elves of the secret landscape, hid in moss, fern, and shrub, never showed their faces to her. Life was dull then without human contact and contest, which belongs to the crowd. What made ordinary people contented, she wondered—those who read no novels, had few new dresses, and never came across attractive men? Must she see those white clouds eternally rise in the north, and the white horses in the bay forever chase each other? Was it her doom to walk up and down Maine Street for the rest of her life, to see that Cummings had a peck of clams outside his door, or a basket of cocoa-nuts, or, on the bench at Beggs's Emporium, Tom Frost and Jem Cole smoking, and disputing whether the wind was hauling round, and what the minister "went on" to say the Sabbath before? Must she look out of the window to see Daddy Cox gee and haw his oxen, Mrs. Mortmain skurrying to Mothers' Prayer-meeting, and Mrs. Bond toddling along with eggs and blue yarn to sell, and various other tinkers?

"Oh, mother," she cried, "what is to become of me these weary days? It is everlasting between sunrise and sunset. Oh, mother, how can you be so satisfied? I hate this whole place, and every identical thing in it."

Laura "harried" her mother with these questions one afternoon, when there was not even an old novel nor magazine in the house; when the mail had arrived, bringing her no letter; when she found no article to fix over in her wardrobe; when she had looked in the glass as long as she possibly could, and had finished a

neat toilet—all for nothing and nobody! The mother was in her own bedroom down stairs, engaged in darning stockings. The house was so still from garret to cellar—it being the interval between dinner and supper—that the buzz of every individual fly was quite trumpet-like. The fat weed on Lethe's wharf was in a lively situation in comparison. Now and then a curtain flapped on the south side of the house, for the sea-breeze was stirring.

"Laura," answered her mother, in a phlegmatic way, "it would be better for you if you were the daughter of a poorer man."

"Why don't father fail then," answered Miss, pertly. "You often say that you and father live for my advantage."

Laura tipped herself back in her rocking-chair, and her mother instantly discovered that she had an old pair of stockings on her pretty feet.

"Laura," she said, sharply, "why don't you wear those open-work stockings I bought you in Ledford the other day? What is the use of buying expensive things if you won't wear them, I should like to know?"

Laura laughed.

"How about the poor man's daughter, mother?"

Then the mother laughed too. She was a kindly woman, embedded in her beliefs, and rather overlaid with ideas of duty, but, in the main, spirited enough to excuse many of Laura's extravagant notions. She owned two selves—one was hers; the other belonged to her church, her circle, and to that mystical relation which she called her obligations. Alas! Laura did not discover the nature nearest her own till it was too late.

The door of the sitting-room opened with a bang, and Laura saw her father, Mr. Lewis, coming in with a strange gentleman.

"Mother, where are you?" called Mr. Lewis, pulling up the shades.

Mrs. Lewis hurried in, followed by Laura.

"Wife," said Mr. Lewis, with dignity, "I introduce you to Mr. Calton, from New York. He has come to buy nails of us. I expect he has hit the nail on the head. Ha! He likes the looks of our place so much that he calculates he'll stop a day or two in our midst. This is my daughter Laura, Sir; my only child, Sir. Don't apologize, mother, but I hope you can scare up something for supper. Mr. Calton has consented to take pot-luck with us."

"If you will put up with the want of ceremony, Mr. Calton, we shall be pleased to have you stay," said Mrs. Lewis.

Mr. Calton bowed, and said he didn't like ceremony, and was excessively fond of country diet. Laura darted a glance from her gray eyes, which he observed, and which caused him to say to himself, "By Jove!"

"Yes, Sir," said Mr. Lewis, "that is just what we have, and nothing else—plain, wholesome, country food; nothing new-fangled or Frenchified in our dishes."

"Curds and cream," added Laura, "golden honey, new-laid eggs, and the crispiest of fresh rolls."

Mr. Calton looked at her again, and this time said, internally, "Thunder and Mars."

Mrs. Lewis frowned at Laura. If there was any thing celebrated in the region it was her table, which always groaned with the first quality of the flesh-pots of Egypt. People rarely refused an invitation to dine or sup with the Lewises. And what should possess Laura to talk so—contrary creature!

"I am sorry it is between whiles with our fruit, Mr. Calton," said Mr. Lewis, also fearing that Laura was on the verge of "capers," and anxious to divert attention from her. "Our Hoveys are off, and our Lawtons haven't come on. Wouldn't you like to take a turn in the garden, Sir? Our pears promise well."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Calton; "I can not have too much of out-of-doors life in this delightful country. Miss Lewis, why have I never heard of your scenery? It is by no means common to find so fresh a landscape in the neighborhood of the sea."

"Coming for nails," Laura answered, "perhaps you thought to see ore and slag only. To my accustomed eyes this is but a dull spot."

"You like city life best, possibly?"

"Innately, yes. I have never spent any time in the city."

His look of surprise flattered her; and as he followed her father into the garden, she felt a new impulse. The atmosphere changed—how pleasant the afternoon had become! She felt grateful for living in a handsome house.

"He seems to be a genteel man," commented Mrs. Lewis; "but he is no chicken."

"Chicken," murmured Laura, absently; "are you going to have chicken for supper?"

"Now, Laura, be spry. Open the parlor, and take Mr. Calton in. The table must be set now. I'll bet that Mary Brown is abed and asleep, lazy trollop! but they are all alike. Help is help. The supper will be all right, daughter, though we don't have chickens in July."

Laura rushed into the parlor, threw up the windows, and examined the premises anxiously. She opened the piano and surged up and down the keys. The voice of the summer sea mingled with the music; it had a glad sound, and she wondered that it came so near. It was provoking that there were no fresh flowers in the vases; but to-morrow it should be different; the room should be decorated, and set in order early! It was a delightful task, when any body was there. The whole house woke up—the kitchen was a scene of bustling preparation.

"The palace bang'd and buzzed and clackt,
And all the long-pent stream of life
Dash'd downward in a cataract."

Mrs. Lewis and her help ran to and fro so constantly that the effect of a stage procession was

produced, now in the keeping-room where supper was laid, now in the kitchen and buttery.

When Mr. Lewis returned with Mr. Calton quiet and order reigned. Mrs. Lewis was already in her high chair before the tea and coffee. Laura stood at her place with an air of indifference, but inwardly tormented with the fear that Mr. Calton might consider the whole affair "green" and countrified. Her fear was needless. Mr. Calton felt himself well entertained. Things might be verdant, but only in the sense of freshness. He thought Laura attractive, piquant, new. He was pretty well aware of the station and property of Mr. Lewis. Mrs. Lewis was by no means a tiresome woman, neither ugly nor vulgar. Nail buying had brought his lines into pleasant places. All this he pondered, while eating his excellent supper with a relish which Laura hardly approved of, but which delighted the housewife heart of Mrs. Lewis.

His first visit was a type of the second, and of all. Mr. Calton remained a week with the Lewis family; that is, he slept at the hotel, and passed his days in Laura's society. Mrs. Lewis served him with her best viands three times a day, and Mr. Lewis smoked a cigar and held short conversations with him at the same time and immediately afterward, but it was tacitly understood that the old people were not to interfere at any other time. The young pair walked on the shore in the moonlight evenings, and Laura tried to respond to Mr. Calton's apostrophic condition. He was truly moved by this novel contact with Nature; she blended with his sudden passion for Laura, and the illusion was perfect. Laura's thoughts were more wandering. She could not avoid seeing the opportunity that approached her. The monotonous life which surrounded her might be changed for a city life, for the theatre, the opera, and those inevitable engagements she supposed one must have in entering society as a married woman. Still she was maidently chaotic—in a flutter, and a little proud. Mr. Calton was a superior man—easy, jovial, and self-sufficient, different from the country beau, so anxious, and so tenderly beseeching when seeking her favor; and alas! different from the young coast surveyor, the lieutenant, who swooped down on the bay last year like a fish-hawk, and vanished like the same, with the help of a revenue cutter, and who was as delightful a hero as Conrad ever was—the corsair of hearts! The thought of him was put aside with firmness and a sigh.

The end of the shortest week either had known arrived. It was Sunday morning, and Mr. Calton accompanied the family to church, arrayed in snow-white costume, which came by express the night before in cool haste from his tailor. The black suits of the congregation "sang small" beside this fellow in full sail in Laura Lewis's tow! The impression he made was an irritable one. Common people are apt to feel scorn for that which is new to them; and scorn here was expressed by delicate sniffs,

snuffs, and smiles. Laura discerned it, and looked at him, even during the sermon, to exchange kind glances. As soon as service was over he offered her his arm in the very aisle, and she took it, blushing celestial rosy red. Papa and Mamma Lewis also exchanged meaning glances when this act took place, proud and important and parental, like a pair of old ducks.

"I must go home to-morrow," said Mr. Calton, as he and Laura turned into a side street.

"You must be tired of us by this time, I suppose."

"Of course I am."

"We shall never see you again."

"If you say so."

There was a dead silence between Mr. Allen's orchard and Captain Jones's sail-loft; then Mr. Calton skipped a pebble with his boot, and said:

"Do you say so?"

"I am sure we should be very happy to see you."

"Could you lower that parasol a trifle? I can not see your face at all."

Laura muttered something about the sun's dazzling her eyes, but nevertheless shut the parasol.

"We are near home," continued Mr. Calton, "but there is time enough for you to answer me one question. My dear, what do you think of me?"

Again Laura muttered something—that she esteemed him highly as a friend—had enjoyed his visit—hoped they might continue friends, and—mum, mum, mum.

"Hereafter the best of friends, Laura; but I mean differently now, or mean more. I am unwilling to return to New York without the hope of making you my wife. I know I am a dozen years older—what do you say? I can give you a pleasant home, and my whole heart."

"Not just now, please," urged Laura. "I should like to get home."

"Five steps more, and we are at your door. Yes or no, my dear Laura. My proposal can not appear so strange."

"No—yes."

He understood her, and shook hands heartily, whereat she laughed, and then he laughed. When they reached the room, where Mrs. Lewis was untying her bonnet, and Mr. Lewis dusting his hat, Mr. Calton, with timid formality, kissed Laura, "asked consent," and it was as if the programme of a hundred years was settled. Within two months the wedding came off, and Laura left home for the new one, in which this November day finds her, alone and unoccupied.

Mr. and Mrs. Calton were a model couple. The prayer of Agur was answered in their love—neither poverty nor riches were in it, but that medium which keeps domestic life in its true orbit. After buying a good deal of jewelry, and going to many places of amusement, Mr.

Calton went back to his business with fresh zest, and Laura took up life on a new external plan, which did not admit a bothersome analysis. In the third year of marriage they lost their first-born and only child. For a season Laura dropped, soul and body, into a dark abyss; the sun in heaven was put out, the moon did not shine, men were as trees walking, and she was alone in the world. That period passed, the accustomed life was resumed—a veil between it and the past, a shade upon Laura's beauty, an older look in Mr. Calton's face, and a different, deeper affection between them; but *that*, according to the wont of our undeveloped life, was not brought out and commented upon. By what theory is our wonderful world created? Men and women live together, fulfilling the apparent conditions of existence, and so many facets of their nature are never cut! One man dies at thirty, whose character is only revealed in its tender simplicity by the shadow of death. Another in the hour of danger brilliantly flashes forth his soul, as from a dark lantern, and then turns the closed sides to the world forever. And there are those who, in some unimportant moment, behold each other's souls in the prison of their eyes, feel them in the link between hand and hand, in the kiss, or word of flame from the lips. Sparkles all, darting and vanishing over the wide, misty plain of the commonplace!

At the end of five years Mr. Calton died suddenly—a prosperous man in the prime of life, full of schemes gratifying to Laura's worldly ambition. The "top of the ladder" he promised she should be—the leader of her set. The rings on her fingers and bells on her toes might be conspicuous wherever she went if she chose. Laura agreed with him, and with him drifted more and more into that outer world where the fruit grows which must, sooner or later, become ashes to the taste. All this was at an end now. At first Laura was stunned, then surprised that *her* life could be so changed. At last she fell into a dreary melancholy, which she believed was to last till some fatal disease should seize her and carry her off. Mr. Calton's will was a trifle humdrum in her estimation; the house was settled upon her, and an income enough to keep it up in the old fashion, no more. A relative or two was mentioned in the will; a cousin Martha was one—a widow, whom Laura had never heard of. This Martha was to have fifteen hundred a year paid to her at her home in the West, or at his own house in Darcy Street, provided she would consent to live with his wife, share her solitude, and be her faithful companion. Laura ordered the money to be sent to Ohio, where the cousin lived, refused to hear her letters read which she wrote to Mr. Calton's executors, and would not answer the several letters which Cousin Martha wrote to herself. So a full year passed. Nothing in the present moved her, nothing in the future interested. She told her acquaintances that the world seemed to have been made for the wind

to blow in, and who could tell where the wind came from? And she was not going to be left out in the cold. Seriously, she was wretched, as any woman aged twenty-eight may well be with the ordinary experiences of life. Her liberty was restricted because she was a woman, because of Mr. Calton's wishes, and because her fortune was small. The great panacea of change was denied her. It was the groove business with her as with most, but without heart to roll along in it. She felt no impulsion toward literature and art, was not "called" to be strong-minded, and had no especial faith to sustain her in this world, and take her to the next.

"When all that I *have* loved, that which has kept me vital, has passed into a blind and obdurate silence, how can I learn your faith?" she said to the Rev. Mr. Crucible. And Mr. Crucible wisely answered, "We must wait."

Still Laura's soul must have been groping for light; there must have been a latent sentiment for the spiritual, a yearning for that invisible but universal hope, or she would not have been knocking at the door of Catholicism, or at that still more obscure portal, Mysticism, or whatever name it goes by.

Her servant, Ann, opened the parlor door and her mouth at the same time, but said nothing, having no opportunity, she was followed so closely by a tall woman who sat down in the chair nearest the door, and began, in a clear voice:

"Me and my son agreed to look you up. Your silence, Cousin Calton, amused him and troubled me. Curiosity on his side, gratitude on mine. I am Martha Knox; John Calton's mother and my mother were sisters. I am just in from Ohio, and have been traveling three days steady. Now, am I to have your good word or not?"

Mrs. Knox set down her carpet-bag with energy, and folded her hands; but, notwithstanding her volubility, she was confused, Laura stared so at her with mute amazement.

"Me and my son," she repeated, as if to stay herself with a watch-word.

Laura was seized with a sudden acute perception that she had been very comfortable till now, and suffered a pang of remorse for not properly estimating the goods the gods had bestowed upon her. And here was Nemesis in the shape of "Me and my son."

She started up and rang the bell for luncheon.

"You must be fatigued, Mrs. Knox. Please come to the fire."

"I *am* fatigued; but am I to be Cousin Martha to you, or must me and my son give it up?" Mrs. Knox grasped her carpet-bag again.

"Is your son in that?" asked Laura, smiling in spite of herself, and Mrs. Knox smiled with her.

"I *verily* believe I shall have to like you," she said; "and me and my son's sense of duty will wear away."

The old lady came toward Laura with out-

stretched hand, which was taken kindly; and then Laura carried her into the dining-room, and fed her.

"How did you know that I lived alone, Mrs.—Cousin Martha?" asked Laura.

"Mr. Eben Bangs wrote us in the beginning so. Afterward he suggested that we should invite you to Ohio. Later, he sent us word that he thought it unwise for you to remain in the scene of your troubles. Me and my son thought differently, and here I am. But, my dear, I have to learn thereby that a remnant of pride still hangs round my old self."

Cousin Martha did not tell all that the executor had written. *He* called Mrs. Calton "weak, obstinate, and mistaken." As it was, Laura's eyes flashed.

"Mr. Bangs is a goose," she cried; "he exceeds his limits. And what has your son to do with any opinion concerning me? If you feel any necessity of expressing to *me* the obligation you feel toward Mr. Calton, pray do so; but we need not drag your son into the obligation."

"My dear, I *must*. I always yield to him. He is a genius, an artist, is my son Lester Knox."

"Old Woman of the Sea," murmured Laura. "I don't wonder he sent you off, this genius." Curiosity prevailing at last, she asked Cousin Martha what her son had done.

"Oh dear, what a thing fame is! Lester is the young artist who did the statue of Whinny Ha-ha, which stands behind the Speaker's chair in the hall of Congress. Lester is twenty-seven, you are twenty-eight."

Laura colored, and said that she had been in Washington.

"The statue looks like you."

"Mercy! Indeed?"

"You see, Mr. Bangs sent us your photograph. Lester thought your brow was regal."

Laura colored again, and felt rather lively; but was still angry.

"How very curious and fussy in Mr. Bangs to send my picture!"

"Not very, considering that Lester asked him for it, from mere curiosity, for he said—"

Cousin Martha broke her speech abruptly. It was evident to Laura that Lester had something against her. Cousin Martha began presently again:

"My dear, did you think I could receive John's bequest without learning all about him and his? A whole year has passed, and more. Knox nature could not stand it any longer. Me and my son are different. I had to come. He won't come himself; he will never see you; but we agreed about my coming."

Provoking Cousin Martha! Laura was thankful when bedtime came. Bedroom solitude loomed up as a desirable thing, though she had forgotten her annoyance more than once in preparing for Cousin Martha's comfort. She was also ashamed of certain little twinges and pulsations of affection for this downright visitor. She was alone, that was a fact; and womanly

sympathy was not so bad, even in Cousin Martha. She fell asleep and dreamed of "my son," as a disagreeable, yellow-haired Hoosier, in slipshod shoes.

"Dear me!" thought Cousin Martha, feeling very sleepless. "I have put my foot in it. I am paying a price for poor John's legacy. There is something I like in the girl too. I believe that John spoiled her. Aunt Liza, his mother, was a weak sister, if she was my aunt. Linen sheets in winter! She don't take the least notice of what her Ann does; there was twice too much bread cut. I hate the Irish. Laura is as handsome and peculiar as Lester said she was. There's a clock striking midnight, and there's tramping in the street yet. Oh dear! I have not taken my Bible out of my trunk. I forgot it. I hope I am excused."

Cousin Martha had reason to forget her old ways, for she was out of place. Laura frustrated all her attempts at usefulness. In vain she begged for work. It was better, she declared, to watch Lester make clay noses and clay drapery than to sit looking at nothing, or into the street, where every body dressed and walked alike. At last Laura took pity, and taught her some simple embroidery, which proved an advantage to both. Cousin Martha was docile, Laura was patient. "Though they pricked their fingers every stitch," they left in every bud a better appreciation of each other. Still one was homesick, the other bored. Cousin Martha grew reticent. She saw that Laura was not heart-broken, and needed no sympathy, and she felt that there was some lack in Laura's nature which her ignorance could not define. It might be profound, it might be repressed, undeveloped, or shallow. She thought it of no avail to remain with the independent, self-sufficient young widow, and decided to go home as soon as the claims of what she considered propriety were settled. It was a long and expensive journey; respect was due to John's memory; her friends and neighbors were aware of her visit to John's widow; pride would not permit a sudden return to them. Besides, she must wait for Lester's orders. She ceased to mention him, and Laura was no longer annoyed by reference to "my son." One day, when a letter came, Laura pleasantly asked her what was the news.

"He is making designs for a monument for General Marley, to be erected by his brigade. He mentions some French pictures on exhibition here—geener pictures he calls them—and tells me to observe the story-telling power painters have. Lester loves to teach his mother. Goodness knows I am ignorant enough."

"Well," said Laura, "shall we go to the picture-gallery?"

"If you please. I shall go back to him soon; he leaves the time to me."

Her face brightened so at the prospect that Laura felt a pang.

"You have had a melancholy visit, I am afraid. We must first go sight-seeing, and then

I will allow you to go home. Why will not Mr. Knox come for you?"

"Oh," replied Cousin Martha, with haste, "he says it is quite enough for me to have bored you; besides, he never thought of coming. He surmised that possibly you would like me well enough to make me a visit; we live in a pretty place; but you'll never think of doing so."

The eyes filled with tears, and her lips trembled in spite of her great self-control; and Laura felt so sorry and so ashamed that she kissed her vehemently.

"Dear Cousin Martha, you are worth two of me, and your son would find me a nuisance. What do I know of the artist life! I always thought artists were queer, and utterly irresponsible, vapid and fantastic outside of their art, slipshod in morals as well as in their shoes—not the sort of men to be related to, but exactly the sort to be invited to dinners and suppers, for the roaring element. I have myself met a painting lion or two with a good deal of mane."

"You *should* visit me and my son," replied Cousin Martha, with dignity.

That very day they went to the picture-gallery. On the way Laura asked if statues brought much money to artists in ordinary; of course she had heard the prices which the sculptors received who lived abroad.

"Lester will have eight thousand dollars for the monument; that includes the base with bass-relief designs."

"You are quite rich, then."

"All generals do not have monuments. Orders are few and far apart. We have been extremely poor. Lester has cut cameos, headstones, signs in wood even, Turks and Indians. Poor, grand boy! His father died when he was only five. I have made shirts, dresses, baby-clothes, every thing to keep the wolf from the door; and we did. Nobody starves in the West. Corn-dodgers and pork are free to every body that's honest and industrious."

"Hush," said Laura, for Cousin Martha's voice grew loud over her bitter recollections. "Here we are at Goupil's; we must go up stairs."

There must have been some latent artistic power in Cousin Martha, she so suddenly forgot every thing in her delight; first at the harmonious aspect of the salon, and then over the pictures. It must be confessed that here she rose superior to Laura, and Laura humbly felt it. She followed silently in her wake.

"See!" said Cousin Martha, pointing to a Bougereau—a mother and child—"the ineffable glory of maternity in this beautiful, simple woman's face, as she watches her sleeping babe, as yet only a degree beyond a new-born kitten."

"Yes," answered Laura, softly.

"And here"—stopping before the "Autumn" of Hamon—"do you perceive the silent buoyancy of the floating figure extinguishing the last flowers in the pale, dusky atmosphere?"

Dear me, Lester ought not to be living in Lanerk, when such pictures come over the water."

"It is beautiful; but what an impossible idea!"

"Lester says nothing is impossible to the spirit of Art. But here is a different picture; what do you think of it?"

"A Spanish coqatee—what handsome muleteers! One must go to Spain for such men."

"Or to Lanerk, Ohio," said Cousin Martha to herself.

Laura was pupil throughout the visit, and she came home with a sense of relief at the non-appearance of "my son." If the mother gained so much in the atmosphere of art, what would he prove to be? and herself so lamentably ignorant, so behind the times, as she perceived she was. What a musty old street Darcy Street looked! what a dingy old house hers! what an empty, foolish, frivolous circle she moved in!

Cousin Martha did not appear the next morning at the breakfast-table. Laura waited, and then went up to her bedroom to find her in bed, feverish, and with headache. By noon, she said, she should be well; Lester's letter, or the pictures, or a cold, had made her a little poorly; a cup of tea would set her right! It was not so. At night she was so ill that Laura sent for a doctor, who declared the illness to be a rheumatic fever, which was always painful, sometimes tedious, occasionally dangerous. Cousin Martha contradicted him with asperity; *she* knew her constitution, he didn't. Besides, she must go home; Lester was expecting her, and she would not disappoint her dear boy for all the rheumatic fevers in creation. The dear boy was not talisman enough to protect her from the fever; it increased, and in her sufferings she became dovelike in patience and gentleness. Laura watched her night and day; the long-stifed traits of compassion, benevolence, and self-abandonment came into full play. Tenderness gave birth to tenderness, and, except in the case of her child, Laura was never so absorbed. She received a shock, however, when the doctor said that Mrs. Knox's family must be told of her illness, and perhaps sent for. A struggle took place in her mind, and then she went to Cousin Martha's bedside.

"Dear cousin, it would be a comfort for you to see your son; shall I send for him?"

Such an appealing expression came over the worn face, that Laura had difficulty to hide her tears.

"It would be good of you to ask him to come; but it would make so much trouble to have a strange man in the house. I am not so very sick, am I?"

"I want him to come, to cure you."

Cousin Martha folded her hands over the coverlet with such content that Laura hurried down, either to telegraph or write a letter to her son. She took her little, unused desk in her lap, and began to write:

"Sir." That was stiff.

"My dear Mr. Knox." That was conventional.

"Cousin Lester." He was not her cousin.

The doctor came in.

"Better telegraph," he said. "Time flies; it is a long distance between here and Ohio. Puss, you have done pretty well lately; I'll give you a diploma."

"Common decency," said Laura.

"Fiddle-stick! The old woman comes of a stock, and you like her; she has done you a good deal of good. I know your appetite is better since she came."

"It isn't a mite better," Laura replied, indignantly. The doctor laughed and went up stairs, and Laura dispatched the message. When Lester Knox received it, such was his consternation that he snatched up his hat and coat, hurried to the station, and jumped into the train just starting. He tried to shut out all thought. It was not possible to admit that his mother, the only woman friend and relative he had, was in danger. What a fool he had been to let her travel so far from him! He confounded Calton's bequest. Why should they cotton to his widow for that? To be sure, it had opened a vista to Italy; and that more confounded photograph of hers, which that old dunce Bangs had sent, had opened a foolish dream vista; he wished them all further—at the North Pole!

In this condition he arrived at Darcy Street early in the evening. He rung the door-bell furiously. Ann, who was in the hall lighting the gas, opened the door, and he rushed in. Laura at that instant was coming down stairs with a glass in her hand. He sprang toward her.

"How is she, Laura?" and he seized her hands. The glass fell and shivered as he drew her close to him and looked anxiously into her face.

"She is no worse, Lester, to-night," she soothingly replied. "I am so glad you have come. This way, please."

She led him into the parlor to a seat, and took off his hat. He was on the point of breaking down; that, with a man, means crying like a woman. She stood before him in silence. Raising his head presently, he looked at her searchingly and said:

"I know that you have been most faithful in caring for her; thanks, Mrs. Calton."

"I have done my best; you are welcome, Mr. Knox."

He suddenly felt conscious of being shabby, and gave an embarrassed laugh.

"Where shall I go, Madam? I am tired, dirty, and hungry. Where's the tailor, the butcher, and the candlestick maker?"

"Stay with your mother, of course. I must first tell her that you are here. She is feeble and nervous. It will not do for you to rush at her as you did at me, Sir. Your room is ready."

His eyes blazed like diamonds. The dust of

travel was not over them at all events. He was relieved, but still feared to ask questions concerning his mother.

"Cousin Martha has been better for twelve hours," added Laura. "Ann will take you to your room." Laura paused a moment to think of him. First, he was undeniably dirty; but then he was as undeniably handsome. He had no sentimental nor long-haired aspect; on the contrary, an uncommonly fierce and cropped one. His hair was short, his beard long, both reddish in hue; his nose was large, so was he; tall and broad-shouldered; and his eyes were awfully keen. She felt like having a fight with him, and made up her mind to avail herself of the first opportunity. Very softly she crept back to Cousin Martha's bedside, to break the exciting news of his arrival, and—found him there. Cousin Martha had both arms round his neck, and he was kneeling beside her.

"Of course I asked Ann to bring me here. Ann is a good girl; has she waited much upon you, mother? I'll make her bust," he said, in a low voice.

"Only Laura has taken care of me, Lester dear. I have been a world of trouble to her. Oh, I have ached so!"

"It is nearly over now, old lady. Let me go. I'd like a little water to cleanse me of this business."

She whispered that there were some new-fashioned shirts and gay cravats for him in her trunk. Would he have them now?

"Indeed I will; for it is alone my inky cloak, good mother. I came off without a rag of luggage."

He tossed over the contents of the trunk till Cousin Martha begged Laura to assist him; he never could find any thing. It was a picture to the old lady to see the two heads close together over the trunk, and both their hands in it. At a suppressed giggle from Laura, she closed her eyes in pure thankfulness and remained silent. They left the room on tip-toe.

In the course of a few days Cousin Martha discovered that Ann was her nurse instead of Laura; but she was mending, and could easily keep the discovery to herself. Ann was also significantly silent.

No visitors came to the house now, it being generally understood that Laura's visitor was severely ill, and the opportunity for acquaintance was excellent. Laura and Lester were firm in their resolution not to like each other, or allow any influence between them; but each gave way to the singular curiosity of probing the nature of the other. They told lies constantly, and were as constantly detected. It was a sort of guerrilla warfare—unexpected attacks were made on both sides, although they were as watchful as cats in combat. Then they were terribly moody. If one was melancholy, the other was gay; if Laura was conventional, Lester professed reckless Bohemianism; if she talked what he called cant and caste, he mounted his Ideal horse, and talked her out of

sight. Every moment they loved more and more, and grew afraid and timid about winning each other. At last he determined to subdue her or die, and his ferocious determination led him to act as follows:

The dinner was served as usual one day. Ann was with Cousin Martha, and there was no regular waiting. The cook came up when the bell was struck. Lester sat opposite Laura. Placing his elbows on the table, he said:

"You know that I am madly in love with you. By my soul I must come over and sit beside you! Will you kiss me if I come? Then I'll eat my dinner; otherwise I will not. I can not, dare not, stay in your presence another day."

Laura made a cool feint of pressing the bell. "Ring the bell, if you dare," he said. Their eyes met; a steady light glowed in his, a flickering, willful one in hers.

"Mercy!" she said. "Where am I?"

"In your own house; which I wish to take you out of. Come into my house, Laura; be my wife, and live a new life with me—an artist. Let me teach you happiness. Have you ever known any, my poor girl?"

Laura thought of her dead boy.

"Lester," she cried, passionately, "do you remember that I *have* been a wife and mother?"

"A mother—yes. But you are an ignorant creature still. Laura, decide."

He rose to his feet, and her glance followed his uprising. Should she give way? How he trembled at heart! Was he to lose this woman, who had so knit herself in her beauty and sweetness to his every fibre? But he stood in a quiet attitude, and there was no agitation in his face. Her whole life rolled before her like a panorama. Most of it was a crude waste. All the ordinary experiences of womanhood bringing her to this result! Was the right way before her at last?

"Laura!"

She held out her arms, and he came to her.

"Tell me something," he begged, kissing her passionately.

"Take care of me—save me. I have seen nothing. I am so unhappy!"

"More than this, my love, you must give me. I have been harsh with you."

"I love you, Lester, just as you have loved me, from the instant you dashed the glass from my hand."

A moment of that wonderful, virgin silence passed, and then Lester cried that the soup was cold.

"Go to your place," Laura ordered. There was little dinner eaten that day. Lester left his place continually; and at last they went up stairs to Cousin Martha. Before they could utter a word she said:

"Laura, did I not tell you that me and my son were agreed? Oh, I am so happy! I am so glad I had the fever. Dear children, you belong to each other. But you are queer, and you must make allowanees."

ABOUT WALKING-STICKS AND FANS.

THE staff for old age is immemorial. "What animal," asked the Sphinx, "walks upon four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening?" *Œdipus* solved the enigma: "Man creeps in the morning of life, walks erect at noon, and supports his infirmities upon a staff in the evening of his days."

Homer sings of the sceptre-staff of *Achilles*. "I will swear," says the hero, "by this staff, which shall never again bear shoots, since the axe has stripped it of leaves and bark." *Judah* pledged his staff to *Tamar* that he would send her a kid from the flock. The Assyrian general *Rabshakeh* taunted the adherents of *Hezekiah* with leaning upon the staff of Egypt, "upon which, if one rest, it will pierce his hand." And even the patriarch *Jacob* pleads God's mercies as following him from the time he passed across Jordan, staff in hand. In Egyptian hieroglyphics the king is known by his walking-stick; in Assyrian sculptures, used indifferently as cane or sceptre, now the plaything of the royal children, and then the token of sovereignty to the rightful heir, the flower-headed staff indicates exalted rank; and in the cave paintings of the upper Nile the successful warrior, leading the procession of prisoners, is supported by the reed, carved with the lotus flower and adorned with jewels.

English portraits of the sixteenth century have gained the name of "Cane-staff pictures." *Henry VII.* gave forty shillings for a walking-stick guilte with silver, with astronomie upon it; and his successor, for "a cane garnished with golde, perfume in the top, a foot-rule, a knife, and a file of golde concealed therein," gave, according to "*Fairholt's Costumes*," forty-eight shillings. In the middle of the seventeenth century walking-sticks began to increase in luxury. They indicated rank. The learned professions adopted them. Ladies of quality used them in out-of-door promenades. Beadles received them from clergymen at church entrances. The lord chancellor stood his cane behind the wool-sack. They became insignia from which leading surgeons and physicians did not part for more than a hundred years. Made of marble and agate, slender in proportions, richly mounted with precious stones, tinted with a rare semi-opaque, bent at top, tipped with ivory, and when not in use kept in shagreen, they were, even as seen now among curious relics in the Tower of London, far surpassing in luxury and taste, ingenious contrivance and expensive ornament, any thing of the kind in modern days. Readers of *Pope's "Rape of the Lock"* will recognize

"Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane."

In No. 103 of the *Tatler*, published December 6, 1709, and in the *London Chronicle* of September 7, 1762, the lover of English clas-

sies will find curious accounts of walking-sticks in the eighteenth century.

The *alpenstock* has a history of its own. It is now, as used by Alpine travelers, a stout pole, six feet long, with an iron spike at one end, and a chamois horn at the other. It comes from the pilgrim-staff of the Middle Ages. The *bourdon*, as the Knights Templars call it in their chronicles, was a strong stick, five feet in length, armed at the lower end with an iron spike, and intended to supply support and balance to the user when climbing steep acclivities. Ten inches from the top was a protuberance on which to rest the hand. The upper part unscrewed. In its hollow relics were concealed. From the crooked knob a bag or bottle could be suspended, the *bourdon* being on the shoulder. A hole pierced the head for the palm branch to be inserted, as proof of authentic pilgrimage.

There is no doubt, however, that the pilgrims' staffs frequently contained secular as well as sacred articles. It was the hollow of a *bourdon* which brought from Greece the first bead of saffron, when the penalty was death for taking the living plant out of the country. It was a pilgrim's staff that contained the first tulip bulb introduced into Holland, the after-propagation of which became a source of large national income. The asparagus traces its origin in England to the contents of a Templar's hollow cane; the silk-worm found its way across the seas in the same concealed receptacle; and the seeds of the melon and apricot, tomato and onion, cauliflower and quince, indigenous to Oriental tropics, were transported as exotics to the less kindly soil of Western Europe in the cavities of pilgrims' staffs. Cervantes tells of certain Spanish palmers who concealed gold in their hollow wands, bringing it from Saracen infidels to enrich abbeyes and monasteries; and Richard Cœur de Lion was enabled to provide for the wants of his train during his imprisonment in Germany from coin kept secret in the same way.

The ancient contrivance is not obsolete. Turning from the dead past to the living present, it is found that walking-sticks are still made with hollow centres to answer as repositories. Mustapha Ibrahim, the principal medical man of the Sultan's harem, descends from his carriage, and, accompanied by eunuchs, enters the guarded inclosure, supported by a long gold-mounted cane, which contains medicines and surgical instruments. The English Geographical Society provides its Central African explorers with supplies of spring-spear canes and sword-sticks. Alpine travelers now measure altitudes with sextants carried within their *alpenstocks*; and theodolites in walking-sticks are one of the present necessary accompaniments of the scientific traveler in Northern Asia.

Since 1851 commerce in ordinary walking-sticks has more than quadrupled. In Hamburg, Berlin, and Vienna—the present central dépôts for export—the manufacture employs

many thousands of work-people. Its control is in the hands of the Jews. The Meyers, members of one family of German-Hebrews, are at its head in Austria and Germany proper, and by management peculiar to their race have absorbed all competition. First gaining ascendancy at home by the style and cheapness of their wares, they next assailed foreign markets. In Bombay they undersold the Chinese dealers. Scattering thin light bamboo rods along the overland route to India, the native productions in Egypt and Arabia gave place to the more convenient Viennese manufacture. The French occupation of Algiers introduced their graceful walking-sticks to the Moorish gentry of Northern Africa. Paris began to adopt them. Madrid, Naples, and even London followed. They drove the English canes out of the Brazils, and on the western coast of South America, where Belgian manufactures had enjoyed immemorial monopoly, they found a demand which it taxed all their resources to supply. Curiously enough, California, in the use of the Viennese walking-cane, preceded the Eastern States. Mine-explorers and gold-diggers of the Sierra Nevada country gave *ton* to fashion in New York and Chicago. The importation of the Meyers' canes at the present time into the United States has swallowed up, like Aaron's serpent, all other. They are found every where. No Jew clothes-man fails to keep them among his stock of goods. Light French ratans, heavy English crab-sticks, curiously carved Brussels thorns, and even the choice Alcasian orange-sticks, have disappeared. The Jew specialty always succeeds, and the walking-stick, manufactured now for thirty years by the Meyers millionaires, furnishes no exception.

In the present manufacture of canes great quantities and varieties of materials are consumed. There is scarcely grass or shrub, reed or tree, that has not been employed at one time or another. The black-thorn and crab, cherry-tree and furze-bush, sapling oak and Spanish reed (*Arundo donax*), are the favorites. Then come supple-jacks and pimentoes from the West Indies, ratans and palms from Java, white and black bamboos from Singapore, and stems of the bambusa—the gigantic grass of the tropics—from Borneo. All these must be cut at certain seasons, freed from various appendages, searched to discover defects, assorted into sizes, and thoroughly rid of moisture. A year's seasoning is required for some woods, two for others. Then comes the curious process of manufacture. Twenty different handlings hardly finish the cheapest cane. The bark is to be removed after boiling the stick in water, or to be polished after roasting it in ashes; excrescences are to be manipulated into points of beauty; handles straightened and shanks shaped; forms twisted and heads rasped; tops carved or mounted, surfaces charred and scraped, shanks smoothed and varnished, and bottoms shaped and feruled. Woods, too, have to be studied, lest chemical applications that beautify one might

ruin another kind. Some are improved under subjection to intense heat, others destroyed. Malacca canes have frequently to be colored in parts so that stained and natural surfaces are not distinguishable; heads and hoofs for handles are baked to retain their forms; tortoise-shell raspings are conglomerated by pressure into ornamental shapes, and lithographic transfers, done by hand, are extensively used upon walking-sticks for the Parisian market.

Staffs with grotesque heads hold their own in every age. Why, it is difficult to say. Old cynics of Greek memories used them. They were the badge of the tribunes in Rome, whom the better classes despised. Fools and jesters of the Middle Ages carried them as baubles distinctive of their class. The *Universal Spectator* points them out, in 1730, as "the large oak sticks, with great heads and ugly faces carved thereon, carried at the court end of town by polite young gentlemen instead of swords." That daft Highland laird, Robertson of Kincraigie, made himself famous by carving effigies of friends and caricatures of enemies on the upper end of walking-sticks, until the accost, "Wha hae ye up the day, laird?" became a cant phrase for lunacy all over Scotland. The brigands of Italy adopt them. They are favorites with Magyar chiefs in Hungary; and those used by members of Kossuth's train, during his visit to the United States in 1851-52, were objects of particular notice. It would seem that they have been the accompaniments of eccentricity in every age of the world, but for what reason it is difficult to say. Facts, like *bon-mots*, are not always explicable. Talleyrand, standing in an ante-room through which the Duchesse De Grammont was passing to dinner, looked up and said, "Ah!" In the course of the feast the lady asked him, across the table, why he had uttered the exclamation "Oh!" upon her entrance. The witty statesman replied, "*Madame, je n'ai pas dit oh! j'ai dit ah!*"

Animal substances have given almost entire place to vegetable in materials used for walking-sticks. Whalebone is exhausted by the umbrella manufacturers; and tortoise-shell, ram's horn, rhinoceros hide, shark's spine, narwhal bone, and ivory—once used largely by cane-makers—have become too costly a raw material. The horns of animals, which, treated by heat and mechanical appliances, used once to be drawn out into rods, are no longer employed. The hide of the rhinoceros, elastic and tough, submitting readily to chemical agents, and forming a semi-transparent, horn-like substance, is abandoned on account of enhanced cost. Ivory and bone, also, have become too valuable for other manufactures to compete with vegetable products as materials for walking-sticks.

When Goodyear, five-and-twenty years ago, introduced his hard, vulcanized India rubber to the arts, for cutlery handles, harness trimmings, furniture, and boudoir ornaments, it was expected to supersede all other materials in the manufacture of walking-sticks. It vies with

ebony in color. No known substance is capable of higher polish. Neither heat nor frost affects it. Closeness of texture, freedom from brittleness, lightness of weight, and imperviousness to abrasion, give it extraordinary advantages. For several years it became the *haut ton* of London, Paris, and Berlin. Even now, to elderly gentlemen of *mode*, who affect gold heads surmounting stout and serviceable staffs, it is *distingué* above all others. But its cost killed it. For general use it was never much introduced. Besides, it lacks elasticity—an essential element in walking-sticks—and hence is never likely to compete with the various woods.

The highly ornamented and decorated sticks used by the rajahs of the East, exhibited at the Paris Exposition, can hardly be considered as articles of commerce. Bamboo canes richly mounted in gold and silver, sandal-woods enriched with painted ornaments, ivory *chourees* elaborately carved, *chourees* made of the tail of the yak (*Bos grunniens*), beetle-nut wands with silver handles, supple-jacks from St. Vincent, and whale's-tooth sticks from Trinidad, are merely objects of curiosity. The same may be said of the sticks used for staffs carried before African chiefs, of the stained quina walking-sticks made at Groenkloof, of the too-roo-palm-rind canes, and of the staff of solid gold, set with carbuncles and diamonds, exhibited by the Rajah of Kishnaghur. None of these, however, can be considered as representing the art of stick-making in a commercial sense.

All that remains can be said in a word. Walking-sticks are in perpetual demand. While England supplies her home demand for the finished article, she exports raw material, both of native production and foreign growth, for more than a moiety of all the manufactures of the Continent. France to a great degree takes care of herself. Germany imports the raw materials only. The rest of the world, from Alexandria to Canton, and from New York around the Cape to Pacific ports of entry, depends for its walking-sticks upon those hives of industry, Hamburg, Berlin, and Vienna.

Turning to fans, we find that more than three thousand years ago artists in Egypt painted fans on the walls of the tombs at Thebes. The fan-bearer ranked other officials. His investiture was a grave ceremonial. Pharaohs of various dynasties sit surrounded by fan-bearers. The insignia of the office are unmistakable. Slender, vividly-colored fans, on twisted handles, cool the voluptuous monarch at his meals, and guard sacred offerings from noxious vermin. Its use in Greece was similar in purpose, but more graceful in appliance. Its form became more beautiful. The wings of a bird, joined laterally, formed the graceful fan of the priest of Isis when she became a Grecian deity. In Rome the fan was sacred to Bacchus. The *mystica vannus Iacchi* was borne in procession at Eleusinian mysteries. Female slaves waved the *flabellum* over priestesses. Tinted plumes of

the ostrich, semicircular at top and confined at base—the type of the state fan of China to-day—hung from the ceilings of gilded boudoirs; and at the games of the amphitheatre matrons hid their faces and courtesans coquetted behind gorgeous feathers of the *muscarium*, held up by striplings and damsels.

The folding-fan was brought to France by Catherine de Medicis. Formed of perfumed leather, shaped by sculptors, and painted by artists, it reached its ascendant in the luxurious reign of Louis XV. From the reigning favorite it received the name of “Pompadour.” Gilding and gems increased its favor. Watteau and Boucher lavished upon it their genius. Without it the toilet of a lady of rank was incomplete. Prices paid for the more choice and elaborate kinds were fabulous. Choiseul, to gain the favor of Madame Du Barri, presented her a fan the value of which was estimated at 30,000 francs; and the *blasé* king supposed he was winning the affection of the same woman—already purchased by a clique at court for the end she attained—by a similar gift, one diamond in the setting of which had been procured at Vienna at the cost of £1400.

England imported fans to a large amount from Italy in the last century. At the period of Addison and Steele a lady would have felt as awkward without her fan as a gentleman without his sword. Sir Roger de Coverley, in describing “the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter of a fan,” says: “I have seen a fan so very angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked the passion to have come within the wind its motion produced.”

In the fan-manufacture of to-day China and France are the great rivals. They monopolize the supply of the world. In lacquered fans the former country has no equal—its most common productions being remarkable for originality, boldness, brilliancy of coloring, sharpness of drawing, and correctness of workmanship. The great centres of production are Canton and Soutchou, Hang-tchou and Nankin. Fans for each different market constitute independent manufactories. Richly-painted *punkahs* for Ceylon; peacock-feathers for Assam; fans affixed to central handles, gorgeously enriched with embroidery and jewels, for Indian rajahs; fans suspended from silver rods, and made to wave to and fro, for wealthy Brahmins; and fans manufactured of khus-khus grass (*Andropogon muricatus*), which emit fragrant perfumes, of sandal-wood, of bamboo, of the palmyra leaf, and of the divided leaf of the *Borassus flabelliformis*, for European and American markets.

Egypt, Spain, Turkey, and Tunis produce fans for home supply. Würtemberg manufactures fans for Eastern Germany. British Guiana exports ita-palm fans to its tropical neigh-

bors. The East Indian fan, that does not close—the Assam peacock-feather fan, with its staff fitted for the foot of the servant who waves it back and forth—the Delhi *punkah*, made of beads and pearls—and the hand-fans of Bengal, are made at home for home consumption only.

France, next to China, is the producing country of the world for this species of manufacture. Its labor is subdivided. Each fan, that sells at wholesale for a cent, passes in making through twenty hands. Fans for different countries are made in different work-shops. The length of ribs for Algeria will not answer for Madagascar. Fans for Mohammedan nations must be without representations of living objects; for Buenos Ayres, without either blue or green colors; for Bulgaria and the East, feathers alone are used; for the South American states, paper.

From the *pied*, or frame, which is composed of inner and outer ribs, and made from wood or mother-of-pearl, tortoise-shell or ivory, to the painted *feuille*, or leaf, composed of parchment or vellum, satin or gauze, the process of fan-manufacture has reached, in France, a high degree of perfection. The exclusive industry of Audeville, Boisière, and St. Geneviève is devoted to the *pieds*; of Méru, Beauvais, Oise, and Corbeil-Cerf to the *panaches* (or ribs); and of Deluge to the *feuilles*. More than 60,000 work-people live by the trade. Artists in Paris, known as *feuellistes*—decorators, who ornament the frames—overlookers, who attach the tassels—lithographers, who illustrate by chromos—polishers, piercers, sculptors, gilders, and spanglers, who each make specialties of their parts—find in the vast production of fans their means of livelihood.

The printing, coloring, mounting, and final embellishment of French fans are under the direction of the *eventailliste*—fan-maker, in fact, though he has little to do with any portion of its manufacture. He collects the work of the various fan-artisans, arranges their productions, and employing a small number of skilled workmen in shops usually adjoining his warehouse, mounts the *feuille*, ornaments the fan with feathers or lace, gewgaws or tinsel, and places upon it the last decorations. He also furnishes drawings to the operatives in the departments, invents new fashions, instructs the *feuelliste* as to constantly-differing styles of ornament, groups together the belongings, and assort qualities and kinds for market.

The annual value of fans made in France exceeds 10,000,000 francs. Machinery is now largely employed. During the last twenty years, while the product has trebled, the employés have diminished. The fly-press has taken the place of hand labor, and chromo-lithography of the artist's brush. At the present rate of increase, especially of cheap fans, France threatens to drive China out of the markets of the world.

JANE AUSTEN.



JANE AUSTEN.

A FEW years ago, a gentleman visiting the beautiful cathedral of Winchester, England, desired to be shown the grave of Jane Austen. The verger, as he pointed it out, asked, "Pray, Sir, can you tell me whether there was any thing particular about that lady; so many people want to know where she was buried?" We fancy the ignorance of the honest verger is shared by most American readers of the present day, respecting the life and character of a lady whose novels commanded the admiration of Scott, of Mackintosh, of Macaulay, of Coleridge, of Southey, and others of equal eminence in the world of letters. Even during her lifetime she was known only through her novels. Unlike her gifted contemporary, Miss Mitford, she lived in entire seclusion from the literary world; neither by correspondence nor by personal intercourse was she known to any contemporary authors. It is probable that she never was in company with any person whose talents or whose celebrity equaled her

own; so that her powers never could have been sharpened by collision with superior intellects, nor her imagination aided by their casual suggestions. Even during the last two or three years of her life, when her works were rising in the estimation of the public, they did not enlarge the circle of her acquaintance. Few of her readers knew even her name, and none knew more of her than her name. It would scarcely be possible to mention any other author of note, whose personal obscurity was so complete. Fanny Burney, afterward Madame D'Arblay, was at an early age petted by Dr. Johnson, and introduced to the wits and scholars of the day at the tables of Mrs. Thrale and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Anna Seward, in her self-constituted shrine at Litchfield, would have been miserable, had she not trusted that the eyes of all lovers of poetry were devoutly fixed on her. Joanna Baillie and Maria Edgeworth were far from courting publicity; they loved the privacy of their own families, one with her

brother and sister in their Hampstead villa, the other in her more distant retreat in Ireland; but fame pursued them, and they were the favorite correspondents of Sir Walter Scott. The chief part of Charlotte Brontë's life was spent in a wild solitude compared with which Steventon and Chawton might be considered to be in the gay world; and yet she attained to personal distinction which never fell to Miss Austen's lot. When she visited her kind publisher in London, literary men and women were invited purposely to meet her: Thackeray bestowed upon her the honor of his notice; and once in Willis's Rooms, she had to walk shy and trembling through an avenue of lords and ladies, drawn up for the purpose of gazing at the author of "Jane Eyre." Miss Mitford, too, lived quietly in "Our Village," devoting her time and talents to the benefit of a father scarcely worthy of her; but she did not live there unknown. Her tragedies gave her a name in London. She numbered Milman and Talfourd among her correspondents; and her works were a passport to the society of many who would not otherwise have sought her. Hundreds admired Miss Mitford on account of her writings for one who ever connected the idea of Miss Austen with the press.

It was not till toward the close of her life, when the last of the works that she saw published was in the press, that she received the only mark of distinction that was ever bestowed upon her; and that was remarkable for the high quarter whence it emanated rather than for any actual increase of fame that it conferred. It happened thus. In the autumn of 1815 she nursed her brother Henry through a dangerous fever and slow convalescence at his house in Hans Place. He was attended by one of the Prince Regent's physicians. All attempts to keep her name secret had at this time ceased, and though it had never appeared on a title-page, yet it was pretty well known; and the friendly physician was aware that his patient's nurse was the author of "Pride and Prejudice." Accordingly he informed her one day that the Prince was a great admirer of her novels; that he read them often, and kept a set in every one of his residences; that he himself therefore had thought it right to inform his Royal Highness that Miss Austen was staying in London, and that the Prince had desired Mr. Clarke, the librarian of Carlton House, to wait upon her. The next day Mr. Clarke made his appearance, and invited her to Carlton House, saying that he had the Prince's instructions to show her the library and other apartments, and to pay her every possible attention. The invitation was of course accepted, and during the visit to Carlton House Mr. Clarke declared himself commissioned to say that if Miss Austen had any other novel forthcoming she was at liberty to dedicate it to the Prince. Accordingly such a dedication was immediately prefixed to "Emma," which was at that time in the press.

Though singularly barren of events—so

smooth was the current of its course—the life of this gifted woman was well worthy of the affectionate biographer it has found in the person of her nephew, the Rev. J. E. Austen-Leigh, from whose interesting volume we borrow the material and much of the language of this article. After a long period of undeserved neglect her novels are again coming into vogue with readers of quiet and refined tastes; and many may take an interest in a delineation of her mind and character. Many may care to know whether the moral rectitude, the correct taste, and the warm affections with which she invested her ideal characters were really existing in the native source whence those ideas flowed, and were actually exhibited by her in the various relations of life. "I can indeed bear witness," writes her nephew, "that there was scarcely a charm in her most delightful characters that was not a true reflection of her own sweet temper and loving heart. I was young when we lost her; but the impressions made on the young are deep, and though in the course of fifty years I have forgotten much, I have not forgotten that 'Aunt Jane' was the delight of all her nephews and nieces. We did not think of her as being clever, still less as being famous; but we valued her as one always kind, sympathizing, and amusing."

Jane Austen was born on December 16, 1775, at the parsonage house of Steventon, in Hampshire, England. Her father, the Rev. George Austen, was of an old family. At the time of his daughter's birth he held the two adjoining rectories of Deane and Steventon. The two villages were little more than a mile apart, and their united populations scarcely amounted to three hundred, so that this was not considered a very gross case of plurality. At this time the grandfather of Mary Russell Mitford, Dr. Russell, was rector of the adjoining parish of Ashe; so that the parents of two popular female authors must have been intimately acquainted with each other.

Many changes have passed upon these parishes since Jane Austen was born, nearly a century ago. At the present time the pretty, shaded lane between Deane and Steventon is as hard and smooth as the best turnpike road; but it was then a mere cart track, so cut up by deep ruts as to be impassable for a light carriage. In those days it was not unusual to set men to work with shovel and pickaxe to fill up ruts and holes in roads seldom used by carriages, on such special occasions as a funeral or a wedding. Ignorance and coarseness of language also were still lingering, even upon higher levels of society than might have been expected to retain such mists. About this time a neighboring squire, a man of many acres, referred the following difficulty to Mr. Austen's decision: "You know all about these sort of things. Do tell us. Is Paris in France, or France in Paris? for my wife has been disputing with me about it." The same gentleman, narrating some conversation which he

had heard between the rector and his wife, represented the latter as beginning her reply to her husband with a round oath; and when his daughter called him to task, reminding him that Mrs. Austen never swore, he replied: "Now, Betty, why do you pull me up for nothing? you know very well that's only *my way of telling the story.*"

Mr. Austen was a remarkably good-looking man, both in his youth and his old age; and at seventy years he attracted observation by his fine features and abundance of snow-white hair. In Mrs. Austen also was to be found the germ of much of the ability which was concentrated in her daughter Jane, but of which others of her children had a share. She united strong common-sense with a lively imagination, and often expressed herself, both in writing and in conversation, with epigrammatic force and point. She lived, like many of her family, to an advanced age. During the last years of her life she endured continual pain, not only patiently, but with characteristic cheerfulness. She has been heard to say, "I almost think sometimes that God Almighty has forgotten me; but I dare say He will come for me in His own good time." She died and was buried at Chawton, January, 1827, aged eighty-eight.

Jane Austen had one sister—Cassandra—about three years her senior, to whom she was most tenderly attached. "If Cassandra were going to have her head cut off," said their mother, on one occasion, "Jane would insist on sharing her fate." This attachment was never interrupted or weakened. They lived in the same home, and shared the same bedroom, till separated by death. They were not exactly alike. Cassandra's was the colder and calmer disposition; she was always prudent and well judging, but with less outward demonstration of feeling and less sunniness of temper than Jane possessed. It was remarked in her family that "Cassandra had the *merit* of having her temper always under command, but that Jane had the *happiness* of a temper that never required to be commanded."

Of her five brothers, the two youngest, Charles and Francis, were sailors during the most active and glorious period of the British navy. Both were often engaged in important service, and both rose to the rank of Admiral. Francis lived to attain the very summit of his profession, having died in his ninety-third year, G.C.B. and Senior Admiral of the Fleet, in 1865. He possessed great firmness of character, with a strong sense of duty, whether due from himself to others, or from others to himself. He was consequently a strict disciplinarian; but, as he was a very religious man, it was remarked of him that he maintained this discipline without ever uttering an oath, or permitting one in his presence. On one occasion, when ashore in a sea-side town, he was spoken of as "the officer who knelt at church."

Charles was generally serving in frigates or

sloops. At one time he was absent from England for seven years together. In 1850 he went out in the *Hastings* in command of the East India and China station; but on the breaking out of the Burmese war, he transferred his flag to a steam sloop, for the purpose of getting up the shallow waters of the Irrawaddy, on board of which he died of cholera in 1852, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. His sweet temper and affectionate disposition, in which he resembled his sister Jane, had secured to him an unusual portion of attachment, not only from his own family, but from all the officers and common sailors who served under him. One who was with him at his death has left this record of him:

"Our good Admiral won the hearts of all by his gentleness and kindness, while he was struggling with disease, and endeavoring to do his duty as Commander-in-chief of the British naval forces in these waters. His death was a great grief to the whole fleet. I know that I cried bitterly when I found he was dead."

These two brothers have been dwelt on because their honorable career accounts for Jane Austen's partiality for the navy, as well as for the readiness and accuracy with which she wrote about it. She was always very careful not to meddle with matters which she did not thoroughly understand. She never touched upon politics, law, or medicine; but with ships and sailors she felt herself at home, or at least could always trust to a brotherly critic to keep her right. It is said that no flaw has ever been found in her seamanship either in "*Mansfield Park*" or in "*Persuasion.*"

The first twenty-five years—more than half of the brief life of Jane Austen—were spent in the parsonage of Steventon, a small rural village upon the chalk hills of North Hants, situated in a winding valley about seven miles from Basingstoke. It is not a picturesque country. The surface continually sinks and swells, but the hills are not bold, nor the valleys deep; and though it is sufficiently well clothed with woods and hedgerows, yet the poverty of the soil in most places prevents the timber from attaining a large size. Still, it has its beauties. The lanes wind along in a natural curve, continually fringed with irregular borders of native turf, and lead to pleasant nooks and corners.

Of this somewhat tame country, Steventon, from the fall of the ground and the abundance of its timber, was one of the prettiest spots. The house where the Austens lived stood in a shallow valley, surrounded by sloping meadows, well sprinkled with elm-trees, at the end of a small village of cottages, each provided with a garden, straggling along on either side of the road. The chief beauty of Steventon consisted in its hedgerows. In that country a hedgerow does not mean a thin formal line of quickset, but an irregular border of copse-wood and timber, often wide enough to contain within it a winding foot-path or rough cart track. Two such hedgerows radiated from the parsonage garden; one westward, called "the wood walk,"



STEVENTON PARSONAGE.

furnished here and there with rustic seats ; the other leading over the hill, and named "the church walk," because it led to the parish church, as well as to a fine old manor-house of the time of Henry VIII. The church itself, at that time

A little spireless fane,
Just seen above the woody lane,

might have appeared mean and uninteresting to an ordinary observer ; but the adept in church architecture would have known that it must have stood there some seven centuries, and would have found beauty in the narrow English windows, as well as in the general proportions of its little chancel ; while its solitary position, far from the hum of the village, and within sight of no habitation, except a glimpse of the gray manor-house through its circling screen of sycamores, has in it something solemn and appropriate to the last resting-place of the silent dead. Sweet violets, both purple and white, grow in abundance beneath its south wall. One may imagine for how many centuries the ancestors of those little flowers have occupied that undisturbed, sunny nook, and may think how few living families can boast as ancient a tenure of their land. Large elms protrude their rough branches ; old hawthorns shed their annual blossoms over the graves ;

and the hollow yew-tree must be at least coeval with the church.

This was the residence of Jane Austen for twenty-five years. This was the cradle of her genius. These were the first objects which inspired her young heart with a sense of the beauties of nature. In strolls along those wood walks, thick-coming fancies rose in her mind, and gradually assumed the forms in which they came forth to the world. In that simple church she brought them all into subjection to the piety which ruled her in life, and supported her in death.

The home at Steventon must have been, for many years, a pleasant and prosperous one. The family was unbroken by death, and seldom visited by sorrow. Their situation had some peculiar advantages beyond those of ordinary rectories. Steventon was a family living. Mr. Knight, the patron, was also proprietor of nearly the whole parish. He never resided there, and consequently the rector and his children came to be regarded in the neighborhood as in some sort representatives of the family. They shared with the principal tenant the command of an excellent manor, and enjoyed, in this reflected way, some of the consideration usually awarded to landed proprietors. They were not rich, but, aided by Mr. Austen's powers of

teaching, they had enough to afford a good education to their sons and daughters, to mix in the best society of the neighborhood, and to exercise a liberal hospitality to their own relations and friends. A carriage and a pair of horses were kept. This might imply a higher style of living in our days than it did in theirs. There were then no assessed taxes. The carriage, once bought, entailed little further expense; and the horses, probably, were often employed in farm work. Moreover, it should be remembered that a pair of horses in those days was almost necessary, if ladies were to move about at all; for neither the condition of the roads nor the style of carriage-building admitted of any comfortable vehicle being drawn by a single horse. When one looks at the few specimens still remaining of coach-building in the last century, it strikes one that the chief object of the builders must have been to combine the greatest possible weight with the least possible amount of accommodation.

The style of living in England when Jane Austen was a child was very different from what it is in our day. The dinner-table in country houses presented a more plain and substantial appearance. There was little glitter of plate, and even silver forks had not come into general use. The dinners themselves were more homely, though not less plentiful and savory; and the bill of fare in one house would not be so like that in another as it is now, for family recipes were held in high estimation. A grandmother of culinary talent could bequeath to her descendant fame for some particular dish, and might influence the family dinner for many generations. One house would pride itself on its ham, another on its game-pie, and a third on its superior pudding. Beer and home-made wines, especially mead, were more largely consumed. Vegetables were less plentiful and less various. Potatoes were used, but not so abundantly as now; and there was an idea that they were to be eaten only with roast meat. They were novelties to a tenant's wife who was entertained at Steventon parsonage, certainly less than a hundred years ago; and when Mrs. Austen advised her to plant them in her own garden she replied, "No, no; they are very well for you gentry, but they must be terribly *costly to raise*."

But a still greater difference would be found in the furniture of the rooms, which would appear to us lamentably scanty. There was a general deficiency of carpeting in sitting-rooms, bedrooms, and passages. A piano-forte, or rather a spinnet or harpsichord, was by no means a necessary appendage. It was to be found only where there was a decided taste for music, not so common then as now, or in such great houses as would probably contain a billiard-table. There would often be but one sofa in the house, and that a stiff, angular, uncomfortable article. There were no deep easy-chairs, nor other appliances for lounging; for to lie down, or even to lie back, was a luxury

permitted only to old persons or invalids. It was said of a nobleman, a personal friend of George III., and a model gentleman of his day, that he would have made the tour of Europe without ever touching the back of his travelling-carriage. But perhaps we should be most struck with the total absence of those elegant little articles which now embellish and encumber our drawing-room tables. We should miss the sliding book-cases and picture-stands, the letter-weighing machines and envelope-cases, the periodicals and illustrated newspapers—above all, the countless swarm of photograph books which now threaten to swallow up all space. A small writing-desk, with a smaller work-box or netting-case, was all that each young lady contributed to occupy the table; for the large family work-basket, though often produced in the parlor, lived in the closet.

How far the family life of Jane Austen conformed to this general picture her biographer leaves the reader somewhat in the dark. He mentions two little matters, however, which certainly differ from modern customs. One is, that when the young men went out before the family breakfast-hour, for shooting or hunting, they generally took their morning meal in the kitchen—a practice to which, in these days, servants would object quite as much as masters. The other is, that when the roads were dirty the sisters took long walks in pattens. This defense against wet and dirt is now seldom seen. The few that remain are banished from good society, and are employed only in menial work; but a hundred and fifty years ago they were celebrated in poetry, and considered so clever a contrivance that Gay, in his "Trivia," ascribes the invention to a god stimulated by his passion for a mortal damsel, and derives the name "patten" from "Patty."

"The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-eyed Patty takes the name."

But mortal damsels have long ago discarded the clumsy contrivance. First it dropped its iron ring and became a clog; afterward it was refined down into the pliant India rubber—lighter to wear and more effectual to protect.

The general coloring of Jane Austen's life was bright. She lived with indulgent parents, in a cheerful home which afforded an agreeable variety of social intercourse. To these sources of enjoyment must be added, in her case, the first stirrings of genius in her mind, and the absorbing interest of original composition. She began to write at a very early age. There is extant an old copy-book of hers, containing several tales, some of which seem to have been composed while she was quite a little girl. These stories are of a slight and flimsy texture, and are generally intended to be nonsensical; but the nonsense has much spirit in it. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about them is the pure and idiomatic English in which they are composed, quite different from the over-ornamented style which might be expected from



STEVENTON MANOR-HOUSE.

a very young writer. She herself was afterward of opinion that she had devoted too much time to composition at this period of her life; for she advised a niece, who had shown an early aptitude for such pursuits, to write no more till she should be turned sixteen, adding that it would have been better for herself if she had read more, and written less, before that age. But between these childish effusions and the composition of her living works, there intervened another stage of her progress, during which she produced several tales, not without merit, but which she considered unworthy of publication. During this preparatory period her mind seems to have been working in a very different direction from that into which it ultimately settled. Instead of presenting faithful copies of nature, these tales were generally burlesques, ridiculing the improbable events and exaggerated sentiments which she had met with in sundry silly romances. The family have declined to let these early works be published. Mr. Shortreed observed very pithily of Walter Scott's early rambles on the borders, "He was makin' himsel' a' the time; but he didna ken, maybe, what he was about till years had passed. At first he thought of little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun." And so, in a humbler way, Jane Austen was "makin' hersel'," little thinking of future fame, but earing only for "the queerness and the fun;" and it would be as unfair to expose this preliminary process to the world, as it would be to display all that goes on behind the curtain of the theatre before it is drawn up.

It was, however, at Steventon that the real foundations of her fame were laid. There some of her most successful writing was com-

posed, at such an early age as to make it surprising that so young a woman could have acquired the insight into character and the nice observation of manners which they display. "Pride and Prejudice," which some consider the most brilliant of her novels, was the first finished, if not the first begun. She began it in October, 1796, before she was twenty-one years old, and completed it in about ten months, in August, 1797. The title then intended for it was "First Impressions." "Sense and Sensibility" was begun, in its present form, immediately after the completion of the former, in November, 1797; but something similar in story and character had been written earlier under the title of "Elinor and Marianne;" and if, as is probable, a good deal of this earlier production was retained, it must form the earliest specimen of her writing that has been given to the world. "Northanger Abbey," though not prepared for the press till 1803, was certainly first composed in 1798.

In 1801, Mr. Austen, then seventy years of age, determined to resign his duties to his eldest son, who was to be his successor in the rectory of Steventon, and to remove with his wife and daughters to Bath. Jane was absent from home when this resolution was taken; and, as her father was always rapid both in forming his resolutions and in acting on them, she had little time to reconcile herself to the loss of her first home. Their life at Bath was very quiet. In February, 1805, Mr. Austen died, and a few months afterward the mother and daughters removed to Southampton. The only record of the four years passed in Bath are two letters from Jane to her sister, which are mainly interesting as showing that she went a good deal into so-

ciety, in a quiet way, chiefly with ladies; and that her eyes were always open to minute traits of character in those with whom she associated.

In 1809, Mrs. Austen's second son, who had been adopted by a wealthy cousin, Mr. Knight, of Godmersham Park in Kent and Chawton House in Hampshire, whose name he had assumed on coming into possession of the property, was able to offer her the choice of two houses on his estates. She chose one near Chawton House, and removed there with her daughters. Chawton Cottage may be called the second, as it was the last, home of Jane Austen; for at Bath and Southampton she was only a sojourner in a strange land, but here she found a real home among her own people. It was also the place most closely connected with her career as a writer; for here, in the maturity of her mind, she either wrote or rearranged and prepared for publication the books by which she has become known to the world. Here, also, a few years later, while still in the prime of life, she began to droop, and went away only at the earnest persuasion of her friends in the last stage of her fatal illness.

At the time of her removal to Chawton Cottage, Jane Austen was very attractive in person: her figure was rather tall and slender, her step light and firm, and her whole appearance expressive of health and animation. In complexion she was a clear brunette with a rich color; she had full round cheeks, with mouth and nose small and well formed, bright hazel eyes, and brown hair forming natural curls close round her face. If not so regularly handsome as her sister, yet her countenance had a peculiar charm of its own to the eyes of most beholders. At this time she never was seen, either morning or evening, without a cap. She and her sister were generally thought to have taken to the garb of middle age earlier than their years or their looks required; and that, though remarkably neat in their dress as in all their ways, they were scarcely sufficiently regardful of the fashionable or the becoming.

She was not highly accomplished according to the present standard. Her sister drew well, and it is from a drawing of hers that the likeness prefixed to this article has been taken. Jane herself was fond of music, and had a sweet voice, both in singing and in conversation; in her youth she had received some instruction on the piano-forte; and at Chawton she practiced daily, chiefly before breakfast. In the evening she would sometimes sing, to her own accompaniment, some simple old songs, the words and airs of which, now rarely heard, still linger in the memory of old people. She read French with facility, and knew something of Italian. In those days German was no more thought of than Hindostanee, as part of a lady's education. In history she followed the old guides—Goldsmith, Hume, and Robertson. When a girl she had strong political opinions, especially about the affairs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. She was

a vehement defender of Charles I. and his grandmother Mary; but this was rather from an impulse of feeling than from any inquiry into the evidences by which they must be condemned or acquitted. As she grew up, the politics of the day occupied very little of her attention, but she probably shared the feeling of moderate Toryism which prevailed in her family. She was well acquainted with the old periodicals, from the *Spectator* downward. Her knowledge of Richardson's works was such as no one is likely again to acquire, now that the multitude and the merits of our light literature have called off the attention of readers from that great master. Every circumstance narrated in Sir Charles Grandison, all that was ever said or done in the cedar parlor, was familiar to her; and the wedding-days of Lady L. and Lady G. were as well remembered as if they had been living friends. Among her favorite writers, Johnson in prose, Crabbe in verse, and Cowper in both, stood high. Scott's poetry gave her great pleasure; she did not live to make much acquaintance with his novels. Only three of them were published before her death.

It was not, however, what she knew, but what she was, that distinguished her from others. The fascination which she exercised over children can not be better described than by quoting the words of one of her nieces. She says:

"As a very little girl I was always creeping up to Aunt Jane and following her whenever I could, in the house and out of it. I might not have remembered this but for the recollection of my mother's telling me privately that I must not be troublesome to my aunt. Her first charm to children was great sweetness of manner. She seemed to love you, and you loved her in return. This, as well as I can now recollect, was what I felt in my early days before I was old enough to be amused by her cleverness. But soon came the delight of her playful talk. She could make every thing amusing to a child. Then, as I got older, when cousins came to share the entertainment, she would tell us the most delightful stories, chiefly of Fairyland, and her fairies had all characters of their own. The tale was invented, I am sure, at the moment, and was continued for two or three days if occasion served."

Her unusually quick sense of the ridiculous led her to play with all the commonplaces of everyday life whether as regarded people or things; but she never played with its serious duties or responsibilities, nor did she ever turn individuals into ridicule. With all her neighbors in the village she was on friendly, though not intimate terms. She took a kindly interest in their proceedings, and liked to hear about them. They often served for her amusement; but it was her own nonsense that gave zest to the gossip. She was as far as possible from being either censorious or satirical. The laugh which she occasionally raised was by imagining for her neighbors, as she was equally ready to imagine for her friends or herself, impossible contingencies, by relating in prose or verse some trifling anecdote colored to her own fancy, or in writing a fictitious history of what they were supposed to have said or done, which could deceive nobody.



THE CHURCH AT CHAWTON.

Jane Austen was successful in every thing that she attempted with her fingers. No one could throw spilikins in so perfect a circle, or take them off with so steady a hand. Her performances with cup and ball were marvelous. The one used at Chawton was an easy one, and she has been known to catch it on the point above a hundred times in succession till her hand was weary. She sometimes found a resource in that simple game, when unable, from weakness in her eyes, to read or write long together. Her handwriting was clear and strong. Happy would the compositors for the press be if they had always so legible a manuscript to work from. But the writing was not the only part of her letters which showed superior handiwork. In those days there was an art in folding and sealing. No adhesive envelopes made all easy. Some people's letters always looked loose and untidy; but her paper was sure to take the right folds, and her sealing-wax to drop into the right place. Her needle-work, both plain and ornamental, was excellent, and might almost have put a sewing-machine to shame. She was considered especially great in satin stitch. She spent much time in these occupations, and some of her merriest talk was over clothes which she and her companions were making, sometimes for themselves and sometimes for the poor.

The first year of Jane Austen's residence at Chawton seems to have been devoted to revising and preparing for the press "Sense and

Sensibility" and "Pride and Prejudice;" but between February, 1811, and August, 1816, she began and completed "Mansfield Park," "Emma," and "Persuasion," so that the last five years of her life produced the same number of novels with those which had been written in her early youth. How she was able to effect all this is surprising; for she had no separate study to retire to, and most of the work must have been done in the general sitting-room, subject to all kinds of casual interruptions. So much having been prepared beforehand, when once she began to publish, her works came out in quick succession. "Sense and Sensibility" was published in 1811, "Pride and Prejudice" at the beginning of 1813, "Mansfield Park" in 1814, "Emma" early in 1816; "Northanger Abbey" and "Persuasion" did not appear till after her death, in 1818. The profits of those which had been printed before her death had not at that time amounted to seven hundred pounds. Her first attempts at publication were discouraging. The manuscript of "Pride and Prejudice" was declined without a reading; and that of "Northanger Abbey," after being sold for ten pounds, lay for many years in the publisher's drawer, until it was gladly relinquished for the original purchase-money.

Her literary fame was of slow but certain growth. At first received with but little favor by the public or the reviewers, her novels have won an honorable and permanent position in

English literature. Southey writes of them, in a letter to Sir Egerton Brydges: "You mention Miss Austen. Her novels are more true to nature, and have, for my sympathies, passages of finer feeling, than any others of this age." Coleridge praised them as "being, in their way, perfectly genuine and individual productions." The admiration felt by Lord Macaulay for the character and literary talents of Miss Austen would probably have taken a practical form if his life had been prolonged. It is stated, on the authority of his sister, Lady Trevelyan, that he had intended to write a memoir of Miss Austen, with criticisms on her works, to prefix it to a new edition of her novels, and from the proceeds of the sale to erect a monument to her memory in Winchester Cathedral. Sir Henry Holland, in his printed but unpublished recollections of his past life, says:

"I have the picture still before me of Lord Holland lying on his bed, when attacked with gout, his admirable sister, Miss Fox, beside him, reading aloud, as she always did on these occasions, some one of Miss Austen's novels, of which he was never wearied. I well recollect the time when these charming novels, almost unique in their style of humor, burst suddenly on the world. It was sad that their writer did not live to witness the growth of her fame."

The most interesting as well as the most hearty testimony to the merits of Miss Austen's novels came from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, who wrote as follows, in his diary for March 14, 1826:

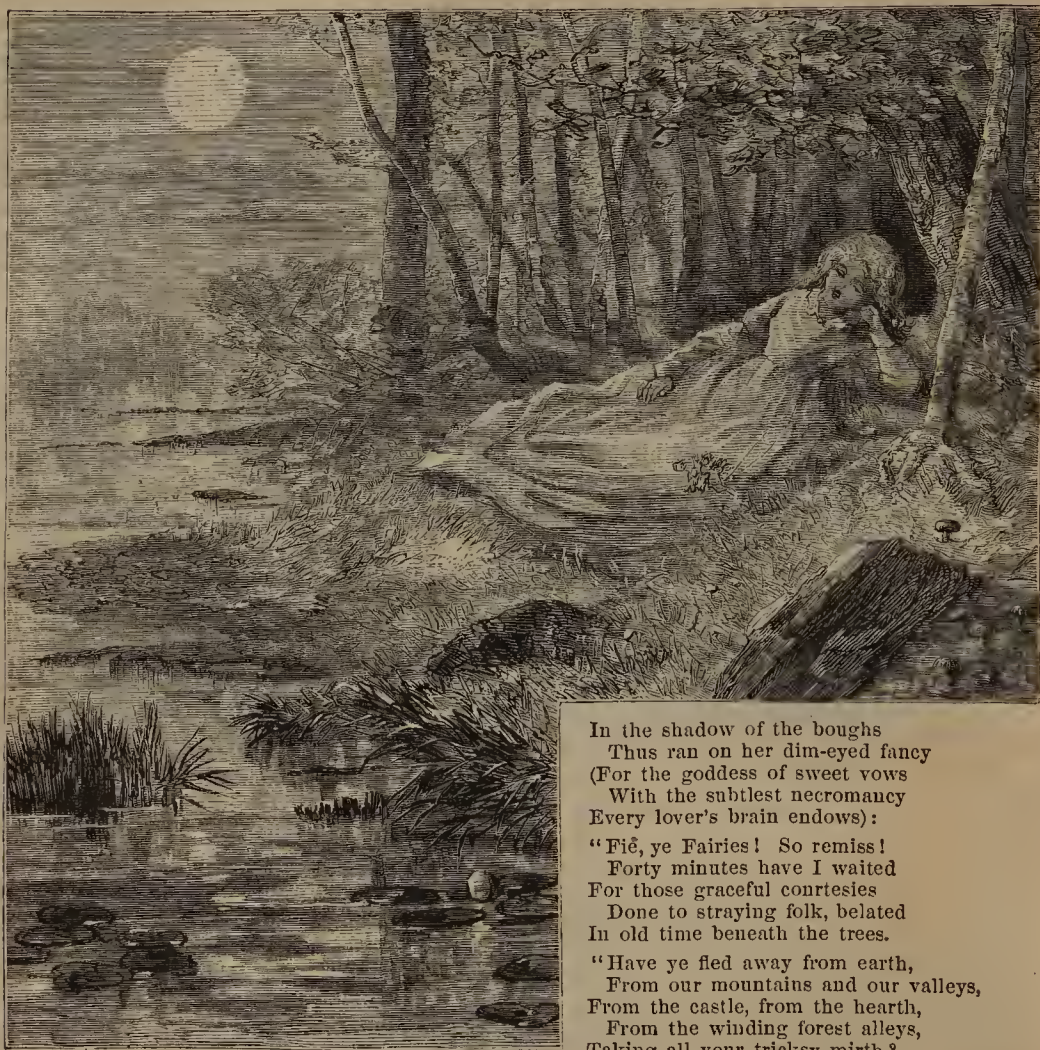
"Read again, for the third time at least, Miss Austen's finely written novel of 'Pride and Prejudice.' That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!"

Jane Austen's health began to fail in the early part of 1816, and before summer came her strength had declined so low as to confine her to the house. Gradually, too, her habits of activity within doors ceased, and she was obliged to lie down much. The sitting-room contained only one sofa, which was frequently occupied by her mother, who was more than seventy years old. Jane would never use it, even in her mother's absence; but she contrived a sort of couch for herself with two or three chairs, and was pleased to say that this arrangement was more comfortable to her than a real sofa. Her reasons for this might have been left to be guessed but for the importunities of a little niece, which obliged her to explain that if she herself had shown any inclination to use the sofa, her mother might have scrupled being on it so much as was good for

her. Her mind, however, did not share in the general decline of her bodily strength. While unable to sit up, she rewrote several chapters of her last novel, "Persuasion," with a vigor of imagination and force of style unsurpassed in any of her former works. In the spring of 1817 she was persuaded to remove to Winchester, to obtain superior medical advice; but all that was gained by the removal from home was the satisfaction of having done the best that could be done, together with such alleviations of suffering as the highest medical skill could afford. She was fully aware of her danger, though not appalled by it. It is true, there was much to attach her to life. She was happy in her family; she was just beginning to feel confidence in her own success; and, no doubt, the exercise of her great talents was an enjoyment in itself. We may well believe that she would gladly have lived longer; but she was enabled, without dismay or complaint, to prepare for death. She was a humble, believing Christian. Her life had been passed in the performance of home duties and the cultivation of domestic affections, without any self-seeking or craving after applause. She had always sought, as it were by instinct, to promote the happiness of all who came within her influence, and doubtless she had her reward in the peace of mind which was granted her in her last days. Her sweetness of temper never failed. She was ever considerate and grateful to those who attended on her. At times, when she felt rather better, her playfulness of spirit revived, and she amused them even in their sadness. When the end at last came she sank rapidly, and on being asked by her attendants whether there was any thing that she wanted, her reply was, "Nothing but death." These were the last words spoken by Jane Austen. In quietness and peace she breathed her last on the morning of July 18, 1817.

On the 24th of that month she was buried in Winchester Cathedral, near the centre of the north aisle, almost opposite to the beautiful chantry tomb of William of Wykeham. A large slab of black marble in the pavement marks the place. Her own family only attended the funeral. Her sister returned to her desolated home, there to devote herself, for ten years, to the care of her aged mother, and to live much on the memory of her lost sister, till called many years later to rejoin her. Her brothers went back sorrowing to their several homes. They were very fond and very proud of her. They were attached to her by her talents, her virtues, and her engaging manners; and each loved afterward to fancy a resemblance in some niece or daughter of his own to the dear sister Jane, whose perfect equal they yet never expected to see.

A DREAM OF FAIRIES.



It was Summer, it was June;
 Slept the sun in western bowers;
 Up had risen the round moon:
 Fainting with the breath of flowers
 Hushed the air its leafy tune.
 Faint gray clouds upon the sky,
 Where the failing zephyrs blew them,
 Here and there hung, far and high;
 And the stars were winking through them
 With a dim and sleepy eye.
 Every where, on every side,
 Quiet breathing, rest of Summer,
 And luxurious peace, denied
 Unto Spring, the riotous comer,
 Rashly wooing his coy bride.
 Helen, sitting on the grass,
 Just within a grove of beeches
 (Like a Fairy kingdom 'twas)
 Gazed adown the sylvan reaches,
 Where the Fairy Queen may pass;
 Mystic hollows, shadows gray,
 And a play of silvery shimmer;
 Rock and tree-trunk, leaf and spray,
 Seemed, in that uncertain glimmer,
 Ghosts of what they were by day.
 By the great trees over-boughed,
 Flecked with shadows and moon-glances,
 Sat she, still and thoughtful-browed,
 Dreaming a whole world of fancies;
 Not a word of them aloud!

In the shadow of the boughs
 Thus ran on her dim-eyed fancy
 (For the goddess of sweet vows
 With the subtlest necromancy
 Every lover's brain endows):

"Fiê, ye Fairies! So remiss!
 Forty minutes have I waited
 For those graceful courtesies
 Done to straying folk, belated
 In old time beneath the trees.

"Have ye fled away from earth,
 From our mountains and our valleys,
 From the castle, from the hearth,
 From the winding forest alleys,
 Taking all your tricksy mirth?

"Where is all the frolic crowd
 Footed meadows in times olden,
 When the air breathed not aloud,
 And the moon, full-faced and golden,
 Walked through heaven without a cloud?

"Whereto have ye fled and gone,
 Since King Arthur's time, I wonder?
 To the top of mountains flown?
 To the dismal regions under,
 Where the sunlight never shone?

"Whereto have ye disappeared?
 Round the planets hiding, seeking?
 Plucking comets by the beard?
 Down yon pathway dancing, freaking,
 Where no human step is feared?

"Wherefore have ye left our brooks,
 Glens and groves and meadows, friendless?
 Sigh ye not for those old nooks?
 Have ye found, in regions endless,
 Haunts with half so lovely looks?

"Answer none!— Ah, nevermore
 In the woodlands shall we view them,
 Nor on grassy meadow-floor;
 Nor by falling waters woo them
 To us, as in days of yore.

"Nevermore, in lonely wood,
 Maids shall hear dim strains alluring,
 Strains that can not be withstood;
 Something that's divine assuring
 Nothing shall be met but good.

"Could we turn earth back again,
And those olden days recover!
Some high lady were I then,
And a glorious knight my lover,
Noblest, famousest of men;

"Through the wide world nobly famed
For his gentleness and valor;
By the poor down-trodden claimed;
Wrong's dark cheek would turn to pallor
But to hear his scutcheon named!

"But his noble heart would be
Mine, though we were realms asunder;
And, when victory left him free,
He would come back, to sit under
The old oak-tree boughs with me.

"For a castle should be ours,
Many-towered, high-walled, deep-moated,
Ringed with groves, and lawns, and flowers;
Founts from marble basins spouted,
Falling back in silvery showers.

"Underneath the old oak-trees
With green chaplets I would crown him;
Do him dearer courtesies
Than a queen could smile upon him
For his famous victories;

"While my noble knight would tell
Hard adventures, wild and daring:
How the wizard-robber fell,
And the flames, the midnight scaring,
Shot up from his citadel;

"How the potent Fairy King
Was his Genius and his leaguer;
Of the wondrous Horn and Ring;
And the Goblet, to lips eager
With wine gushing, like a spring;

"How he passed through forests old,
Haunts of drear, mysterious dangers,
Where the Giants have their hold,
And the scaly Dragon-rangers
Guard enchanted heaps of gold;

"How the— Hush! what strains are those?
Some enchantment o'er me creeping?"—
Soft and slow her eyelids close—
She droops sideways—she is sleeping,
While the music ebbs and flows;

Sleeping, cheek upon her arm,
Her unknotted hair loose straying;
Naught can fall to her of harm
With the plaied moonlight playing
On her eyelids like a charm.

Lo, a thousand merry sprites,
Their lithe bodies sparkling, flashing,
Shower of animated lights,
Like the crystal rain a dashing
Wind from frosty branches smites;

Round about her, on the ground,
In the silvered air above her,
To the small, sweet, tinkling sound
Merrily skip, dance, and hover,
Singing this fantastic round:

"Happy and free,
Merrily we
Flit through the dells,
Sleep in the cells
Of flower cups and bells.
Zephyr and Moonlight
Know where we bide,
Hidden from moonlight,
Sungly we hide!
Zephyr, Moonlight, never tell
Where the Fairy people dwell!"

Tu whit tu whoo! tu whit tu whoo!
Sleep and Fairies fly together.
From the grove glides Helen, too,
Slowly, slowly, wondering whether
It was all a dream, or true.



THE OLD LOVE AGAIN.

By ANNIE THOMAS.



THE ARRIVAL.

CHAPTER I.

ARDLEIGH VICARAGE.

EVERY body declared that it was a model vicarage, in tones that implied that the requirements of vicars and vicaresses are essentially different to those of other people on the same level in life. It stood at the end of a compact, smiling little village, that was invariably blushing pink in spring with a wealth of apple blossom, and in autumn and winter was even of a richer hue from an ample drapery of Virginian creepers.

Flourishing, or at least bright and cheerful, as the general aspect of Ardleigh was, it was the favorite haunt of faded respectability. Innumerable maiden ladies dwelt about in its pretty detached cottages—maiden ladies who carried about with them an air of gloomy conviction that they had seen better days. Yet in the majority of cases they were indigenous to the Ardleigh soil, and the days were, when

thoroughly investigated, only “better” than the present ones in that they were past.

There was a good deal of what may be termed lantern and patten society going on in Ardleigh. Decayed respectability was apparently insatiable in the matter of giving and receiving tea and toast at each other’s houses. But as Mrs. Eldon, the wife of the recently appointed vicar, said, “For those who were insensible to the pleasures of tea and toast, there was no more piquant diet to be had in Ardleigh.”

Just at the time of this small history of its inhabitants opening, Ardleigh was rather in an excited state about these Eldons. They were young newly-married people, and the manner of their advent had been startling, not to say scandalizing, to the Ardleigh mind. Their furniture had preceded them by three or four days, and had been arranged according to the pure and perfect taste of the packers who had accompanied it. And Mr. and Mrs. Eldon had

arrived on horseback in company with two magnificent dogs—a mastiff and a blood-hound—just as the shades were coming on one lovely July evening. It was not at all the sort of first appearance that the Ardleigh people could approve of. The wives of one or two clergymen, and the daughters of two or three more in the neighborhood, did ride certainly without any sacrifice of either virtue or respectability. But there was this saving clause about the fact, that they did not ride well; whereas Mrs. Eldon rode like a bird, or rather like a woman to whom riding has come both by nature and by art. It was proposed and carried without hesitation at every Ardleigh supper-table that night, that no woman who could swerve so lithely with every movement of a prancing horse could be quite fit for a parson's wife. The pudgy appearance of the wife of their late lamented vicar, and the names of his awkward squad of daughters; were recalled with affectionate regret; and more than one village Cassandra foreboded dark things of a lady who rode as well as Lord Ennington's daughters, without, to their knowledge, having as good blood in her veins or as much gold in her purse. Undoubtedly it was a model vicarage, but she was not a corresponding vicareess.

It is time to describe the favored spot. It stood at one end of the village, well away from all the other houses, in the midst of a fair, undulating, moderately well wooded, park-like piece of meadow-land. A lawn, divided from this meadow-land by an invisible fence, stretched in front of the creeper-covered house. The drawing-room end was Elizabethan; pretty buttressed bay-windows reached from within a foot of the floor to the ceiling. There was a touch of the Tudor about the architecture of the centre of the house. And the long, plain, red wall, enlivened by white-sashed narrow windows of the exterior of the dining-room and library, was unmistakably seventeenth century. Altogether these incongruities were very charming, smoothed down and enriched as they were by a gorgeous drapery of wisteria, roses of all kinds (especially one moss-rose of a deep crimson, whose blooms stretched away to the chimneys), Virginian creepers, clematis, jasmine, and myrtle.

Inside, under the Eldon régime, the house was equally pretty, picturesque, and comfortable. The drawing-room with the Elizabethan windows had a groined ceiling, and paneled walls of dark oak. The cornice was well carved, and the mantle-piece matched it. Satyrs, gnomes, tiny boys with wings, creatures half human, half floral, and other quaint conceits that are only to be found in carved oak, wreathed themselves round the room and the fire-place. The Eldons sustained the one-color idea well in this room, for they had it furnished with a certain tawny velvet of precisely the same shade as the carved oak where the high lights fell on chubby cheeks and other protuberances. Then there was a dining-room, and a study, and a parish-room, and in them all were evi-

dences of refined taste and cultivation. But the brightest, most refined, and cultivated thing in the whole house was the fair-haired mistress of it, who had been going from bad to worse in the estimation of some of the Ardleigh people ever since that first iniquitous entrance of hers on a chestnut horse, in the dying light of a July day.

It had been surmised timidly first, and asserted authoritatively afterward, that Mr. Eldon would be sure to neglect his parish for the sake of riding with his wife—"who's a perfect Amazon," the Ardleighites would say to each other, without having very clear ideas as to what the habits and customs of the genus referred to had been. But it speedily transpired that Mr. Eldon did not neglect his parish, nor did Mrs. Eldon go out and do deeds of arms, or in any way merit the appellation that had been bestowed upon her. On the contrary, they both went on their way very quietly, if very joyfully, and the sins of omission of the one were as difficult to detect as those of commission of the other.

The greatest people in Ardleigh were the Barringtons. In fact, they were the only great people in Ardleigh; but they made up for the deficiencies of others by being very great indeed. They had been resident in the place about four years when the Eldons came, and during that time they had always laid down the social law, and "carried on" with a profound air of conviction in themselves, and all that appertained unto them, being of the most unimpeachable order. Mr. Barrington was about thirty at this epoch, and his wife was three or four years younger. He had come into the place with capital credentials—plenty of money, good inclination to spend it, and letters of introduction to Lord Ennington and other county magnates. A light-hearted, good-looking, agreeable-mannered man of the world, a hearty host, a splendid shot, and a crack rider, he soon made his way in the neighborhood, and was universally accepted by men as one of the best fellows going, and by women as "that charming Mr. Barrington." But his wife did not gain ground either so fast or so firmly. She was marked a failure from the very first by the society that so readily admitted her husband, and she did not care for the old village ladies, who would have adored her and asked her to tea every night of their lives, if only she would have gone.

How this pair came to be joined together in the bonds of holy matrimony was an incomprehensible mystery. What spell had been over the handsome, traveled, accomplished young gentleman, when he linked himself for life with the boisterous, uncultivated, unprepossessing woman who bore his name and did the honors of his house? Large, tall, with brilliant dark eyes, a bright color, a nose that was sufficiently straight, but that was coarse, with that most repulsive coarseness of thickness and shortness; with shoulders that sloped in a way that was

the admiration of the dress-makers who clothed them; with a loud voice, a great habit of laughter, and an elastic gait, Mrs. Barrington was the very type of that order of women from whom it would have been natural to suppose her husband would have shrunk with horror.

A more curious fact concerning him, a stranger one, even, than his marriage with her, was this: careful as he was in his conduct to others, fully and completely as he discharged all the claims society had on him, sensitive as he was about many things, refined as he was about most things, he still never resented the invariable inattention and the occasional barely-concealed contempt with which his wife was treated by other women. It was in vain that, in their hours of seclusion, she would beg him to be cool to families, the ladies of which would not fall into confidential friendships with her. "I have given you to understand from the first that I can't help you there, Harriet," was his unvarying reply. "In the battle of woman against woman no man can take a part."

"But there is no reason why those stuck-up daughters of Lord Ennington should be against me. I am always willing to be jolly to them, and to ask them to my house to meet young men. We might have rare fun if only you'd teach them that I am as good as they are," Mrs. Barrington would say, with a sort of pouting vivacity that was the next most unendurable thing to her affable boisterousness.

"I should teach them that lesson very imperfectly," he would say, coldly; and to himself he would add, "for it is one I can not teach myself."

Still, for all this soreness of spirit on Mrs. Barrington's part, and for all the dire snubbings she was wont to receive, the Barringtons held their ground in Ardleigh as great people. Ardleigh End, the house they had bought, was a good house, emphatically, and its inhabitants had always been well visited and well reputed. In a country neighborhood traditions of respectability and honor cling about a house as much as about a family; so, by means of her husband and her habitation, the present mistress of Ardleigh End got accepted, though not exactly on terms that were agreeable to herself.

The Eldons had supplied all that there was of conversation, and had been subjects for all that there was of thought, in Ardleigh about three weeks, when the mistress of Ardleigh End went down to the vicarage in all that she could command of state to call on Mrs. Eldon. Mrs. Barrington told herself that her hour of triumph was come. These Eldons were said to be very well connected, but not too well off; therefore she (Mrs. Barrington) would be able to patronize and befriend them. It was a very sweet thought, and the woman bridled, and glowed, and giggled to herself as she indulged in it; and ceased to indulge in it the minute she was ushered into Mrs. Eldon's presence.

The mistress of the house rose from a low chair placed in the embrasure of one of the

Elizabethan windows, as Mrs. Barrington came into the room. Mrs. Eldon was not the sole occupant of the room, but she claims the first mention. A fair, beautiful, yellow-haired lady, singularly graceful in her gestures, singularly self-possessed in her manner, singularly quiet (so Mrs. Barrington thought) in her demeanor. A perfect type of a young British matron, looking full of life and happiness—and looking it withal so quietly that a sudden fear that, "after all, they shouldn't be so jolly together," smote Mrs. Barrington.

The other occupant of the room looked up quickly and glanced away carelessly, as Mrs. Barrington's name was announced.

This other occupant was a lady also. A young lady of about three or four and twenty. For a moment, as Mrs. Eldon said, "My friend, Miss Delany," Miss Delany desisted from her occupation, and inclined her head in almost lazy acknowledgment of the introduction. The next instant she resumed her pastime of playing with the great tawny ears of the bloodhound, and seemed to forget Mrs. Barrington's existence.

She was recalled to a sense of it, presently, by hearing Mrs. Barrington say, "Yes, indeed, Ardleigh is a dull place for those who haven't plenty of money and plenty of society. Gerald and I have lived here for four years, and we find it delightful." As she finished her speech she saw that Miss Delany's eyes were fixed upon her, and fancying her statement had been a striking and envy-creating one, she felt glad that she had made it.

Miss Delany's eyes were very peculiar. They were of such a deep gray that when her back was to the light they looked almost black. They were set in straight under a white forehead, which in its turn was surmounted by rippling masses of golden-chestnut hair. Her complexion was creamy, colorless; yet she did not look in the least degree delicate. There was an undulating line in her nose, and a degree of nervous flexibility about her lips that betokened the possession of an imaginative temperament. Her figure was full, ripe, rich, and flexible as her lips; and the languor in which she seemed to be steeped, the air of lassitude with which she was fraught, rendered her striking, remarkable, attractive.

"How long did you say you had lived at Ardleigh End?" she asked, in tones about which there was the odor, as it were, of the Irish accent, they were so faint and sweet.

"Four years," Mrs. Barrington replied, with vivacious readiness to give all the information about herself and her manner of life that she could persuade Miss Delany to listen to. "We had not been married very long—not many months—it was a very sudden affair, our marriage. Gerald made up his mind he'd have me the very first time he saw me—"

"Did he, really?" Miss Delany said, coolly.

"Yes—really; it was one of the funniest things you ever heard of in your life. I was

staying with a friend of mine, Mrs. Hern, at a watering-place, and we were being as gay as we could be, and we used to meet Mr. Barrington, who was quite a recluse, through ill health."

"And so you really like Ardleigh," Mrs. Eldon interrupted, in mercy to her wearied-looking young friend.

"Oh, I think it delightful," the effusive guest went on; "but then, Gerald would make any place agreeable to me; as I was telling you, he was called the recluse when we met him first; but I soon got him to come out of his shell, and then he wouldn't hear of any thing but our being married directly." And again the lady bounded about on her chair, in what she believed to be a juvenile and joyful manner, and Miss Delany rose up and walked out of the room.

"Your friend is really very pretty," Mrs. Barrington then said, affecting to sober down and speak seriously; "I am sure my husband will admire—I shall be quite jealous." This she said with an air of its being equally absurd and impossible that she should be rendered jealous by any mortal woman. "Is she related to you, Mrs. Eldon?"

"She is not. Can you recommend me to a florist?" Mrs. Eldon said, putting up her hand and breaking off a twig of double flowering myrtle, with an evident determination not to canvass Miss Delany that would have been apparent to a woman of even one shade better breeding than Mrs. Barrington could boast of. But Mrs. Barrington was quite impervious to the well-directed shot. Hastily mentioning the name of a florist in an adjoining town, she resumed the subject that was more interesting to herself at the moment by saying:

"I shall be quite pleased to introduce Miss Delany about, as you don't know many people yet. I am a capital chaperon," she continued, with a loud laugh that made Mrs. Eldon start. "I always let girls go rushing about just as they please; indeed, some people have told me I'm much too young to be a chaperon; but, as I always say, it's only the name of the thing, you know." This last sentence she spoke as if she meant it for Mrs. Eldon's instruction, with an air that said plainly that she took it for granted Mrs. Eldon did not know much about society yet; but that she (Mrs. Barrington) would be ready to be "guide, philosopher, and friend" to the vicar's wife.

"And where have you lived before you came here?" Mrs. Barrington continued, patronizingly.

"In many places," Mrs. Eldon said, curtly.

"Oh, indeed; traveled about, I suppose?"

Mrs. Eldon inclined her head slightly in the affirmative. Her guest was going beyond all the bounds of her patience.

"As companion, or with your own family?" Mrs. Barrington asked, with a hesitation that was due to her dread that her curiosity would not be gratified.

"As companion," Mrs. Eldon replied, with her eyes sparkling. She would have said "as cook," if she had felt sure that the statement would have relieved her of Mrs. Barrington's presence.

After one more attempt at finding out the antecedents of the new-comer Mrs. Barrington departed, and as soon as she was gone Mrs. Eldon ran up to Miss Delany's room. She knocked at the door hurriedly, then opened and found the girl standing at the window watching the Barringtons' carriage winding along the drive through the park-like meadow.

"Nina, you were wise to come away. She is the most overpoweringly awful woman it has ever been my lot to meet," Mrs. Eldon said, sinking down with an air of feigned exhaustion on the sofa.

"Doubly awful to me, Gertrude," Miss Delany said, turning round suddenly, and showing a tear-stained, agitated face. "I was engaged to Gerald Barrington once—and he has married her!"

"Will it hurt you to tell me of it, Nina?" Mrs. Eldon said, softly. And for answer Nina told the story of Gerald and herself.

CHAPTER II.

"—and pity us all

Who vainly the dreams of youth recall."

"I HAVE been calling on the new people at the Vicarage," Mrs. Barrington said to her husband when he joined her in their gorgeous drawing-room just before dinner that evening. They were alone, a misfortune that Mr. Barrington rarely suffered to befall him.

"Have you?" he answered, carelessly; and then dinner was announced, and they walked in and sat down to it with the quiet propriety that was so dull for her, and that was the sole thing that rendered his home-life endurable to him.

"You don't ask me what I think of them," she said presently, professing to pout a little.

"Oh, well, what do you think of them?"

"Not much of Mrs. Eldon," Mrs. Barrington said, decidedly. "I'm quite disappointed in her. How any body can call her lovely I can't think; besides, there is a certain sort of satirical manner about her that I don't like. I never could bear satirical people; besides, it's not at all becoming in a clergyman's wife, especially in one who wasn't very much before she married."

"Why should she have been 'very much' a clergyman's wife before she married?"

"I never said a word about that," Mrs. Barrington said, angrily. "You must be stupid not to know what I mean."

"Certainly your grammar is so strikingly original that I might have mastered the rudiments of it in all these years."

"Oh, never mind the old grammar!" Mrs. Barrington said, with the bouncing contempt which ladies of her order are apt to assume for



"LET ME TELL YOU....HOW I CAME TO MARRY AS I DID."—[SEE PAGE 243.]

all that they do not understand. "Never mind the old grammar. I want to tell you about a pretty girl who is staying with Mrs. Eldon. I have rather taken a fancy to her. I shall take her up. Mrs. Eldon seemed quite pleased when I told her I would introduce her friend about."

"And what did her friend seem?"

"Miss Delany had gone out of the room before I said it. I have found out, too, that Mrs. Eldon was nothing but a companion before she married. That's what I meant by saying she hadn't been very much—"

"Who had gone out of the room before you said it?" Mr. Barrington asked, quietly checking his wife's volubility.

"Miss Delany had. What is the name—French or Irish, should you think?"

"I'll tell you when I have thought about it," he said, slowly; and then he changed the subject by telling her that he thought he should be obliged to go up to town on business for a week or two; "and I will take you with me, if you like," he added.

"At any other time I should like it, but just now we ought to give a dinner to these Eldons;

and if we put it off too long Miss Delany may be gone; and it would be a pity to miss her, wouldn't it?"

"A pity to miss her—yes," he said, absently.

"I want you to see her. I told Mrs. Eldon you would be sure to admire her so that I should be quite jealous."

"You did not say that?" he said; and if the length of the table had not intervened she would have heard his teeth grinding together.

"I did say it. Of course they knew it was a joke," she said; and Gerald Barrington's brow burned as he thought how poor a joke Nina Delany would think it.

All that night he sat by himself; "busy writing," he sent word to his wife when the summons to go in to the drawing-room for tea was sent to him; but in reality thinking about the sweet time when Nina Delany had loved him, and the sad time it would be for him if this Miss Delany at the Vicarage should prove to be the same who had left him, and let him go to the matrimonial bad, to which he had gone incontinently.

It was a horrible question for a young hus-

band of four years to be asking himself. But he did ask it of himself repeatedly. What glamour had been over him that he should have thought to revenge himself upon Nina by marrying a woman so palpably, so painfully Nina's inferior? He had never loved his wife; he had never been attracted by one quality of hers, either of body or mind, for one instant. Yet, in his reckless infatuation, he had suffered the "low lot," as he dubbed her whole race, to persuade him that he was bound in honor to marry her. He hated her this night, as he thought of how boldly, and yet withal how craftily, she had woven her vulgar meshes about him. How she had pursued him and been ferociously friendly to him in a way that would not be rebuffed. He loathed her afresh as he remembered the coarse art with which she had simulated ingenuousness, wounded feeling, and the like, until, because he was weak and kind, and entirely off his guard, they fell upon him like a pack of ravening wolves, and avowed that by his attentions he had compromised her honor unless he made her his wife. "A curse on all such marriages," he had then said in his wrath. But he had married her, and the curse had come home to him—would come home to him more hardly still if he should be compelled to see his old love in the presence of his wife. His wife! the woman who caused his life to be one long blush. The woman whom he thanked God daily was not the mother of children of his. His wife! was he not paying an awfully heavy penalty of mortification and revulsion in being compelled to own her as such?

Gradually, as calmer feeling succeeded the blind annoyance which had overpowered him at first, it came to him to feel that it was just possible that the Miss Delany who was staying at the Eldons was not the same Nina Delany who rather more than four years ago had made every thing wrong in his life by her vacillation. If he went away to town without seeing this lady he might be a coward fleeing from nothing! On the other hand, if he went away to town after seeing her she might think him a coward for fleeing from her. So—as he really longed to see her—he told himself that it would be what was becoming in a man to stay and brave it out. "Nina can never despise me for having married *her* half as much as I despise myself," he thought, drearily, and his heart ached heavily, and his anger against his wife gave him no comfort.

Meanwhile Nina Delany had told the whole of the old, old story to her friend, Mrs. Eldon. "My father is much too attractive a man to care to be hampered with a grown-up daughter; you know that as well as I do, Gertrude?" Mrs. Eldon assented to this proposition rather mildly.

"Sir Arthur is very agreeable. But you must acknowledge he's as agreeable to you as to any body else, Nina."

"Quite—in society," Nina said, carelessly; "he would never spoil my chance by neglecting

me himself; all the same, he will be very glad to see me take leave of the home circle in a respectable way; I'm only impressing this upon you in order that you may understand that he favored Gerald Barrington quite as much as I did."

"How did you know Mr. Barrington first?"

"I met him about in my first year. He came down on the Guards' drag to a grand affair we had at Richmond one day, and he always was seen in the right places, and with the right men. I don't mind confessing it now, Gertrude—now that I am old and past that sort of thing, and he is married—but I was frantic about him—dreadfully in love with him. If he had turned out to be a coster-monger's son, I believe I should have stood to him."

"And what made you give him up?" Mrs. Eldon asked.

"He gave me a rival," the girl said, proudly, "and I couldn't stand that; I couldn't stand even hearing him laughingly accused of it, though in my innermost heart I didn't believe it true; but he was kind and polite in his devotional way to a pretty friend of mine, and she assumed little airs of believing that she had but to hold up her hand to win him entirely. She told me little lies, that were half truths, in fact, and I could not bear them at last; so, hard as it was to stay in a home where I was not wanted, I gave my lover up."

"And he married that woman who was here to-day! Since he could do that, don't, grieve for him, Nina," Mrs. Eldon said, rising up. "Frank has never told me a word of all this—doesn't he know it?"

"Oh yes; he knows some of it," Nina said; and Mrs. Eldon, sweet and clever and bright as she was, felt sorry that her husband had kept a secret concerning their fair young guest—his former friend—from her.

For the friendship between Mrs. Eldon and Miss Delany only dated from the marriage of the first-named with Sir Arthur Delany's former ward, the present vicar of Ardleigh. And there were moments when it occurred to the beautiful, petted young wife that Nina might have been Mrs. Eldon "an she had willed it" so. Not that she had ever experienced a qualm proper of jealousy. The fixed idea of her own fascinations was too firmly rooted in her mind for that. But she did feel that there was a great touch of generosity in her conduct toward Miss Delany. Sir Arthur Delany had lately married a pretty girl, some two or three years younger than his daughter, which circumstance rendered Nina's home life a very unpleasant one. She had no relations whom she liked well enough to reside in their houses, except occasionally as a favor to them. She had engaged in a verbal warfare with her step-mother, and had been unfortunate enough to come off conqueror from the contest, which success rendered her residence in her father's house for some time an impossibility. Her own resolve had been heroic but unpractical. "I shall go out

as a governess or a companion for a few months," she had said to Frank Eldon during the last private interview they had before his marriage. And then, on behalf of his future wife, Frank Eldon had given Nina a very warm invitation to the Ardleigh Vicarage. On the whole, there was some excuse for the lovely bride feeling rather aggrieved that she had not had a fuller confidence reposed in her.

The morning after that disclosure had been made to Mr. Barrington by his wife concerning the vicinity of a Miss Delany, who might be the Miss Delany, the master of Ardleigh End was in a very disturbed state of mind. In the naughtiness of his heart he was now longing to see this old love of his quite as heartily as he had dreaded doing so on the first blush of the possibility. If only he could see her, unhampered by the presence of his wife, unfettered by the fear that at any moment Mrs. Barrington might commit some solecism which would strike Nina's sense of the absurd, and cause that old well-remembered smile, in which lurked the suspicion of a sneer, to flit over her face. But difficulties arose in opposition to his wishes which he had not foreseen. Mrs. Barrington, after a night's reflection on the subject, was as urgent for him to go to London at once, and to take her, as the day before she had been unwilling that he should do either.

"I find, after all, that my business can be deferred," he said, when she mooted the plan at breakfast.

"You have had no letters from London this morning, Gerald, for I opened the bag myself," she replied, with the quickly-roused suspicion that she was being imposed upon, which is the private curse of some women.

"I didn't require a letter from London to convince me that I needn't go just yet," he said. "At any rate, I am not going."

And then Mrs. Barrington set her wits to work to discover why he had changed his mind.

The mistress of Ardleigh End was not impeded in this goodly work of finding out something her husband desired to conceal from her by any occupations or duties. She had literally neither of these things. The greatest domestic efforts were those she made when ordering dinner and buying furniture. Such mind as nature had originally given her at her birth was within her still, it is to be supposed; but it was never made apparent, not having further cultivation than that bestowed upon it by a garrison-town boarding-school, which was immortalized in the annals of the neighborhood as the arena in which the loves of divers ensigns had played havoc. She never thought, she never read, she never wrote any thing besides notes of invitation and acceptance. A brainless, soulless, mindless woman, of whom it was not demanded that she should either toil or spin, she was perhaps no greater pest to others than she was to herself—a dispensation of Providence which is not unfrequent in such cases.

Perhaps the truth that she was all these things had never been borne in with more cruel weight upon her husband's heart than it was on this morning. He was out of heart, thrown out of gear by the abrupt tiding up of old memories, and by the contemplation of painful realities in the present. He was disgusted with himself and all his belongings; anxious to verify Miss Delany, and yet dreading to do so; glad as a man that she had not buried the old love and married another, and yet sorry as a man too that she should still be a waif and stray at the mercy of her very cool-hearted papa, Sir Arthur Delany. Thinking of all these things, he idled away his whole morning in excitedly and feverishly rambling about in a wood that was on a hill-side which commanded a view of the model Vicarage and its garden—a spot which he ceased from his rambling every now and then to watch, with a keen interest, that seemed almost criminal to himself.

After a time he saw two ladies moving about in the garden—two ladies in bright-colored summer dresses. Of course they were the figures of Mrs. Eldon and her guest; but at that distance he found it impossible to identify Nina for a little time. They appeared to be of equal height. "The violet dress has her figure, but the straw-colored one walks more like her," he said to himself; and then he made up his mind that the straw-colored was Nina, and so watched all its evolutions with profoundest interest.

At length he saw her take off her hat as if she were weary of its weight, press her hands to her forehead, and go away into the house. Then the violet-robed lady turned away through an open path that would lead out into the meadow at the bottom of the hill-side wood; and Mr. Barrington resolved to go down and have a casual meeting and a passing glance at the lovely Mrs. Eldon.

He came out from the wood into the meadow when the lady was half across the latter, evidently on her way to the wood. He had advanced too far to turn back when he discovered that the evolutions he had been watching with absorbed interest were not the evolutions of Miss Delany. He was face to face with Nina before he could make up his mind as to what it behooved him to do.

All in a moment he saw that the four years which had passed over her head since they had parted had ripened her beauty, enriched and mellowed her charms. In the same moment he saw that she had herself perfectly under control, that she was not going to be constrained, agitated, or embarrassed, and above all he saw that she meant to speak to him.

Her hand was stretched out, and as he took it it felt so strong, so capable, and yet so tender and so gentle, that he cursed his fate afresh in having lost it.

"What a lovely part of the world we meet in, Mr. Barrington!" she said, with that old, dear, soft stress on the "a" that had made him

adore the Irish accent. "I was prepared to meet you," she added, "for I heard you were living here from your—from Mrs. Barrington yesterday."

"And I heard of you. Still, I was hardly prepared to meet you," he said, with a shade of hesitation. He loved her so dearly at that moment, though she had turned him off to ruin without sufficient cause, that his voice was not under proper control. It had been for such a little thing! She had been such a darling to his heart! Every thing had promised so fairly for the wealthy lover and the well-born love, that it was no wonder there was a sob in his voice as in the sadness of his heart he compared the present with the past.

"And how are you spending your time!" she asked, disregarding womanfully the sound she heard. "Are you devoting yourself to experimental agriculture, or to sport, or to the cultivation of cabbages, or to horticultural pursuits, that you are settled down so quietly here?" she asked.

"I am not devoted to any thing or to any body," he said, in a low voice; and then for the first time a shade of color came up on Miss Delany's face.

"I had never heard of your marriage," the young lady said, remembering, and quickly recovering herself.

"Do you wonder that I never published the fact?" he said, bitterly. And Miss Delany looked him gravely in the face, and said,

"Yes."

"Nina, you have seen my wife."

Again she said, "Yes."

"Yet you say you can wonder at my silence on the subject?"

"You chose her, you know," Miss Delany said, simply. "I think if I were a man I should always and under all circumstances stand out bravely and openly for my choice, whatever it might happen to be."

Almost insensibly during this conversation they had turned and sauntered on toward the wood. They entered it as she uttered the last words, and walked along one of its leafy glades, and bars of gold from the mid-day sun fell down and irradiated their path. It was so sweet, so very sweet in the wood that day. The wood was one that abounded in ferny depths, and there was a full choir of birds upon every bough. Nature smiled, and her smile "filled the silence like a speech" as they sauntered slowly on. Poor things! They were both so very unhappy.

"I must go back," Miss Delany said, arresting her steps suddenly. "I was going to say I must go home. But I have no home now."

"Oh, Nina," he began, "let me tell you before you leave me, and cut off my only chance of telling you, how I came to marry as I did. There will be some comfort to me in that."

"Will there, really?" Mrs. Barrington said, in a shrill voice, standing before them in a sort of full blaze as they turned round.

CHAPTER III.

A DOUBLE DIFFICULTY.

Mrs. BARRINGTON was not a pleasant object to confront. She was enraged, and her rage was natural—was only what might be considered justifiable from such a woman under such circumstances. The words which had fallen from her husband's lips and upon her ears were in reality sinless and harmless, provided they were interpreted aright. But they were also capable of being interpreted awrong. Miss Delany felt in an instant that all her pride, and self-possession, and consciousness of rectitude would be called into requisition during the next few minutes.

"I suppose you will allow me to join you in your walk?" she began, panting a little, and smiling, so as to convey the idea of suppressed ferocity in a way no scowling could have done. "I suppose you will allow me to join you in your walk? You will not object to that, though you had arranged it so cleverly and quietly."

"Object to your joining us—planned it quietly! Do you know what you are talking about?" Nina said, quickly, losing her self-possession, and suffering herself to speak with a degree of haughty amazement that only tended to further exasperate Mrs. Barrington. Then all in an instant, before the breathless, angry woman could speak, and render strife unavoidable, Miss Delany recovered herself under the recollection that for a certain distance companionship with these people was inevitable, and that it was impossible for her to brawl.

"If I had known yesterday," she said, in her sweetest, frankest tones, "that the Mr. Barrington you mentioned was a former friend of mine, I would have given him no cause to complain of seeming neglect from me; but I only knew him to be the same when I met him accidentally to-day."

"Oh!" Mrs. Barrington said, rather confusedly, "I thought you knew that. It seemed odd that neither you nor Gerald should have said any thing to me about it; but of course—lor', what a pity you didn't know it yesterday!"

"The woman is abject as well as insolent," Miss Delany thought, scornfully. "How he must hate her!" But, outwardly, she smiled acquiescence in Mrs. Barrington's view of the case as it had stood yesterday; and perhaps, for all her frank integrity, did hope that Mrs. Barrington did not see through her as clearly as she saw through Mrs. Barrington.

It was altogether very ignominious. The man who had delivered himself up to the inferior of these two women felt it to be so as he made a humiliating progress through the open meadow in their company, and lunged for that point to be gained where the Vicarage garden ran down and joined the meadow, and where, it was only natural to suppose, Miss Delany would leave them. But Miss Delany disappointed him cruelly. "I may as well walk on to the road with you, and go home through the

gates," she said, carelessly, to Mrs. Barrington, when they reached this longed-for point. And even Mrs. Barrington was struck with the delicacy and the bravery which struggled so hard to avert any further embarrassment.

But the great gates were reached at last, and then (with what inward joyfulness on Nina's part can never be portrayed) they parted. While there was a possibility of her being seen, Miss Delany preserved her unconcerned demeanor; but as soon as that possibility was over—as soon, in fact, as she was well inside the house, that air of unconcern broke down, and she became excited in bearing as she had been in mind during the last hour. She shouted for Gertrude, but no Gertrude answered to her call; and then she rushed into the study, where she found Frank Eldon writing.

"Frank, I have had such a time of it," she commenced, going up to the table and resting her hand upon his arm—"such a time of it; quite by an accident I met with Gerald Barrington just now, and his wife came up in the middle of the interview and seemed to think it was prearranged, and I had to diplomatize in order to avoid a vulgar row; fancy *me* stemming the tide of a virago's wrath!"

"Poor Nina! I am sorry the necessity for doing so should have been forced upon you." And then he colored a little, and added, "I am very glad, though, that you have been compelled to meet Barrington and his wife; the perfect cure you have pretended to despair of must be effected at last."

"Indeed no," she said, with a sort of sad simplicity that was infinitely touching. "I can look on him now as a married man, but I can never look upon him as I ought to look upon a married man. She's a horrible woman," the girl went on, energetically; "a volatile, vulgar, horrible woman; and he will have her close to him all his life, debasing him."

She burst out crying as she finished her sentence, and Mr. Eldon was at a loss how it would be well to treat her.

"Where is Gertrude?" he said, anxiously. "I wish you would compose yourself and talk to Gertrude."

"Talking to Gertrude wouldn't compose me," Nina said, impatiently. "Gertrude would tell me truths. Of course she would. Why shouldn't she? They are the right things to tell one. She would tell me he had been unworthy once, and was probably unworthy now. Besides, Gertrude is a wife, and would bid me respect his wife's claims on him."

"You don't mean to say you're regretting him still?" Mr. Eldon said, in a tone of annoyance.

"Regretting him! bitterly—if you are shocked at hearing truths, you must be shocked. Still, bitterly as I regret the having lost him, I regret still more that he should have lost his own self-respect, as he must have done in this marriage. Oh, she's coarse-minded, Frank! Can you wonder that regret should have all its own way with me now?"

"You poor, impetuous girl!" he said, kindly; "you rash foe to yourself!" And as he spoke he took the hand that was lying on the table and pressed it in his own, and while he was thus mutely comforting her Gertrude came sauntering in.

She paused with a heightened color when she saw the attitude of her husband and her guest; but the natural hue and the usual expression came back to her face as Nina said:

"Gertrude, you will despise me very much; I have been with Gerald Barrington and his wife, and I am broken-hearted." And then she told the story of her encounter with them in the wood.

"Frank," Mrs. Eldon said to her husband, when Miss Delany left them after a time, "she's an awful charge; she is capable of eloping with that man, or of doing any thing dreadful. How one is deceived! Up to yesterday I thought her a light-hearted, whole-hearted girl, and now I find that she has been brooding over a love disappointment for years. She must not stay here."

"Where can she go?" he asked.

"She must humble herself a little, and go home," Mrs. Eldon said, decidedly.

"She will never do that—I am sure she will never do that."

"I will not consent to any plan that may endanger the domestic happiness of another woman," Mrs. Eldon said, with her pretty little air of lofty matronhood, "even though that woman is odious and underbred."

"That's exactly the line Nina feared you would take," Frank Eldon said, testily. "Why in the world women will give vent to exalted sentiments, when they are not called for, I can't imagine."

"Nina is very kind to come and express her fears privately to my husband as to the line I may take," Mrs. Eldon said, coldly.

"My dear girl! don't misunderstand me: Nina and I were brought up together as brother and sister. I knew her when she took this fever of love for Gerald Barrington. I saw her in all the stages of her passion and her jealousy and her misery; she has nothing to conceal from me. You can't wonder at her not baring every act of her folly to you, can you?"

"But you might have done so, Frank," the pretty young wife said, caressingly, "at least. No, I *don't* wish you to be mean, and to tell me any thing that she couldn't help your knowing, but that she doesn't wish me to know; for all that, I have a little sympathy for Mrs. Barrington, and so I should not like Nina to stay down here, and cause him to find his wife more odious than ever from the contrast."

"They probably will not meet again."

"You don't believe that yourself; they will meet again surely if she stays here, and then—"

Mrs. Eldon did not say what then; but she nodded her head, and walked out of the room,

leaving her husband with the fervent prayer on his lips and in his heart that women would sometimes dive into motives, and not be swayed about in their judgment so wholly and entirely by manner.

In the mean time Nina was up stairs, feeling bewildered, tired, miserable, and unconscious of whether she was going to do right or wrong. In her hand she held a short note which she had just received from Gerald Barrington.

THE RUNNING TURF IN AMERICA.

[Second Paper.]

THE oldest race-course in the West is that located at Lexington, Kentucky. The present association was chartered in 1828, but racing was carried on there long anterior to this. The great strip of country in Kentucky, where the rich blue grass grows so luxuriantly, for many years has been known as the "race-horse region of America." Racing is one of the pastimes of the people; and the love of racing led to the breeding of the thorough-bred. The colts mature rapidly in the genial climate and on the nutritious grass; and, for nearly half a century, they have asserted their claims to pre-eminence. Kentucky stock is justly famous, and breeding there is attended with less expense than in many other sections, for the reason that the colts thrive so well in grazing over the rich pasture lands.

The Lexington Association has been singularly prosperous. Since 1828, up to the present time, it has held two, and sometimes three, meetings every year, excepting in 1862, when only a spring meeting was held, Kirby Smith's army being camped on the course in the fall. This is something that can be said of no other association in America, and speaks to us of the intensity of the racing spirit in that section of Kentucky; for it must be borne in mind that Lexington, like many other cities south of the old Mason and Dixon line, suffered much by the late civil war. Its streets sometimes were patrolled by the Grays, and at other times guarded by the Blues. Still the association maintained its organization; and racing was kept up, no matter what flag floated from the staff. Many of the most celebrated horses that have graced the American turf made their *début* on the Lexington course; and the brilliant leading men of the State, such as Clay and Crittenden and Marshall, have watched the trials of speed from the grand stand, and mingled with their fellow-citizens on the quarter stretch.

For a number of years Kentucky and Tennessee kept up a generous rivalry, a horse owned or bred in one State being selected to run against one owned or bred in the other. But the most memorable races ever witnessed in the commonwealth were those between Wagner and Gray Eagle, decided at Louisville in the autumn of 1839. Wagner, a son of Sir Charles, was a handsome chestnut, with a blaze in his face, standing fifteen and a half hands. As a

four-year-old, in the summer of 1838, he had defeated many competitors, and won proud distinction. Gray Eagle, perhaps, was one of the finest-looking horses that ever charmed the eye. He was sixteen hands high, a beautiful gray, with flowing silver main and tail. He was sired by Woodpecker, and he by Bertrand. He was a game and fleet horse, and the idol of Kentuckians.

On the first of January, 1839, a stake for all ages, four-mile heats, closed with ten subscribers at \$2000 each, half forfeit; and among the entries were the Louisiana horse Wagner, five years old, and the Kentucky horse Gray Eagle, four years old. The race came off Monday, September 30, four only of the nominations starting. During the spring and summer the chances of Wagner and Gray Eagle in this stake had been widely canvassed, and the feeling between the partisans of each horse was most intense. For months, all over the South, the coming struggle was the topic of earnest discussion. And, on the day of the race, a more brilliant assembly was never seen on any course than was gathered on the course at Louisville. The crowd was immense, and the excitement at fever point. In that nodding sea of human forms were the blue-eyed belles from the North, and the brown-eyed queens of beauty from the South; were men distinguished at the bar, on the bench, the press, in the senate, and in the army and navy. Senators Clay and Crittenden and Porter were there, and so were Governor Poindexter, General Atkinson, Judges Rowan and Woolley, and Letcher and Menifee, and Slidell and Kenner. The day was delightful, and the occasion one long to be remembered. As an indication of the strength of the rivalry, it is stated that not a Kentuckian on the ground laid out a dollar on Wagner. Gray Eagle was the champion of the State, and they would not bet against him, even after he had lost the first heat. Wagner was better managed than Gray Eagle, and he won, after a terrible contest, the first and second heats, and the race. The finish is thus eloquently described by the late William T. Porter: "From the Oakland House home it was a terrible race. By the most extraordinary exertions, Wagner got up neck and neck with the gallant gray, as they swung round the turn into the quarter stretch. The feelings of the assembled thousands were wrought up to a pitch absolutely painful. Silence the most profound reigned over that vast assembly as these noble animals sped on as if life and death called forth their utmost energies. Both jockeys had their whip-hands at work, and at every stroke each spur, with a desperate stab, was buried to the rowel-head. Gray Eagle, for the first hundred yards, was clearly gaining; but, in another instant, Wagner was even with him. Both were out and doing their best. It was any body's race yet; now Wagner, now Gray Eagle, has the advantage. It will be a dead-heat! 'See, Gray Eagle's got him!' 'No—Wagner's ahead!'

A moment ensues—the people shout—hearts throb—ladies faint—a thrill of emotion, and the race is over! Wagner wins by a neck in 7.44, the best race ever run south of the Potomac; while Kentucky's gallant champion demonstrates his claim to that proud title by a performance which throws into the shade the most brilliant ever made in his native State."

The friends of Gray Eagle were not satisfied with the result. They were anxious to have the race run over; and, five days after the first battle, the two horses again met in a race of four-mile heats. The crowd again was immense, and the excitement great. Gray Eagle, amidst the wildest applause, won the first heat, Wagner the second, and in the third heat the beautiful gray broke down, thus surrendering the victory to the game chestnut. These contests are remembered with pride by Kentuckians. Ask the silver-haired man to-day of the turf, and, with flashing eyes, he will tell you the story of Wagner and Gray Eagle.

In 1833, at the farm of John Wickham, Esq., near Richmond, Virginia, a colt was foaled who, as the years matured his form, won imperishable fame. He was the son of Timoleon, and the sister to Tuckahoe. His lineage was pure, the richest of blood flowing in his veins. He grew up into a magnificent-looking horse, a beautiful chestnut, with a white strip in his face, and two white stockings behind. He was compact in form, made up of bone and substance, and combining speed with immense power. He was called Boston, named after the popular game of cards, and not for the city of Boston, as many have supposed. The 20th of April, 1836, he made his *début* on the turf at Broad Rock, Virginia—a *début* which was mortifying to his friends, as he bolted and lost the race. But he was not long in wiping out this disgrace. During a long and memorable career on the turf he ran forty-five races, thirty at four miles; and when he retired to the stud, at ten years of age, he was sound as a young horse, his legs absolutely being free from blemish. This is a remarkable fact, for it is upon the legs that severe work most generally tells.

Boston's most famous race was with that wonderful little mare, Fashion, at the Union Course, Long Island, the 10th of May, 1842. It was a race of four-mile heats, for \$20,000 a side. The match was made in the autumn of 1841, and during the winter and early spring it was canvassed on all sides. Fashion, sired by imported Trustec, dam, the celebrated Bonnets o' Blue, was foaled 26th of April, 1837, being bred at Madison, New Jersey, by William Gibbons, Esq. She was a satin-coated chestnut, with a star, and a ring of white above the coronet of the left hind foot. She was 15½ hands high, withers prominent, head and neck light, suggesting lines of grace, faultless legs, and capacious chest. She was built and muscled much like the greyhound, and her speed was marvelous. Her turf career, though brief, had been brilliant, and she was regarded as the

nonpareil of her day. She had defeated Boston in 1841, and the partisans of the stallion were anxious to fight the battle over again. There was a great rush to the Union Course on that bright 10th day of May. It is estimated that there were seventy thousand people on the ground, drawn there by the fame of the two racers. The proudest and most influential in the land occupied positions on the grand stand, and freely mingled in the throng. For more than a quarter of a mile the spectators ranged on the side of the course and of the field, thus forming a gauntlet through which the horses ran. Senator Barrow, of Louisiana, Hon. John M. Botts, of Virginia, and J. Hamilton Wilkes, Esq., were in the judges' stand. Fashion represented the North, and Boston the South. It was a great race, a contest full of excitement, a battle courageously, fiercely fought, ending in the defeat of Boston. Fashion won the first heat in 7 minutes 32½ seconds, and the second heat in 7 minutes 45 seconds—wonderful time. Though defeated, Boston was not dishonored, since he ran a game race, and carried fifteen pounds more weight than the mare; and it is weight that tells in a four-mile contest. "Though beaten," writes the turf historian of that day, "it is conceded on all hands that Boston has acquired a more vast renown by this wonderful race than by his thirty-five previous victories combined. He is worth more since than he was before the match." And every where in the sporting world this aphorism was quoted: "All that can be said is, that Boston has beaten himself, and Fashion has beaten Boston!"

Boston was no less successful in the stud than on the turf. He made his first season at Spring Grove, Hanover County, Virginia, in 1843; and in the winter of 1846 he was taken to Kentucky and placed under the care of Colonel E. M. Blackburn, in Woodford County. The horse contracted a severe cold on the trip, from which he never fully recovered. He continued to revel in the delights of the harem until the fall of 1849, when he grew feeble and died. A struggle, and the spirit was free, the cords of the limbs unstrung. When Boston died the breeding world suffered an irreparable loss. He won great fame himself; but since the winds have been wailing over his humble grave, his descendants have kept green this fame. He sired a galaxy of racers, the two bright stars of which were Lexington and Leconte. The turfman judges a horse by his *blood*, his *form*, his *deeds*, and his *produce*; and judging by such, Boston is pronounced the greatest race-horse that America ever produced.

Lexington enjoys world-wide fame. He was bred by Dr. E. Warfield, near Lexington, Kentucky, and was foaled March 17, 1850. He was got by Boston, and his dam was Alice Carneal, by imported Sarpedon. He commenced his turf career at Lexington, under the name of Darley, May 23, 1853, being then three years old. He met the most promising

colts of Kentucky, and distinguished himself by winning the race in two straight heats. May 28 he was purchased by Mr. Ten Broeck for \$2500, who changed his name from Darley to Lexington. At New Orleans, April 1, 1854, twenty thousand people assembled on the Metairie Course to witness the great struggle for superiority in the Post stake, four-mile heats, for all ages. The subscription to the stake was \$5000, Louisiana, Alabama, Kentucky, and Mississippi becoming the subscribers. Each State had the privilege of naming a horse to contend for her honor in the race. Kentucky named Lexington, Mississippi Lecomte, Alabama Highlander, and Louisiana Arrow. Among the distinguished gentlemen in the judges' stand was ex-President Fillmore. The course was heavy from previous rains, and the strong wind which prevailed had so hardened the mud as to make it stiff and unyielding.

The chief contest was between Lexington and his half-brother Lecomte, the former winning the race in two straight heats. The victory was a brilliant one, especially when we remember that accident alone led to the training of the white-legged son of Boston. He was not regarded as a promising colt, and his dam was unknown to fame. In fact, the purity of her blood was questioned. His success in the great Post-stake race placed his star in the ascendant. The swift-footed Lecomte had been beaten; but the friends of that horse were not satisfied with the result. They were eager to fight the battle over again. On the 8th of April the two horses came together for the second time. Lexington was out of condition, was badly ridden, and was defeated, Lecomte in this race making the then fastest time at four miles on record in the United States. He finished the first heat in 7 minutes 26 seconds, and the second in 7 minutes 38½ seconds.

The rivalry between the half-brothers was now greater than ever. Each had his partisans, and each was claimed the superior of the other. Mr. Ten Broeck, whose subsequent career in Europe attracted so much attention, determined to settle the question by a bold adventure. He issued a plucky challenge, proposing to run Lexington over the Metairie Course, a single four miles, against the fastest time, at that distance, on record, for the sum of \$20,000; or to run him against any named horse a race of four-mile heats. The publication of this challenge led to a long, and somewhat bitter, newspaper controversy between Colonel Wells and Mr. Ten Broeck; but the wordy letters failed to bring about a decisive race between Lexington and Lecomte. The proposition, however, to run Lexington against time was accepted by Colonel Calvin Green and Captain John Belcher, of Virginia, their acceptance being published June 17, 1854. The race was run over the Metairie Course, New Orleans, on Monday, April 2, 1855. The track had previously been carefully measured and found to be a full mile; therefore there could be no quibble in regard to

distance. The day was the loveliest of the season, the track in superb order, and the course of people immense. Lexington was ridden by the able jockey, Gilbert W. Patrick, whose name has been abridged to Gilpatrick. The excitement attending the progress of the race was very great. Briefly yet clearly is the running described: "Gilpatrick, upon Lexington, now prepared for action; and as he started up the stretch, on his proud courser, to do that which no other horse had ever attempted, the man and horse formed a beautiful and perfect picture. He turned him round just below the draw-gates, and as he reached the judges' stand, where the drum tapped, he was at a pace it was intended he should run. To our mind he was run too fast the first mile, which was accomplished in 1.47½; the first half in 0.53. Upon reaching the stand it was intimated to him to go slower, which he did. Joe Blackburn was started behind him at the beginning of the first mile, but the respectful distance he kept in his rear must certainly have done him an injury rather than a benefit, for at no time was he near enough for Lexington to hear the sound of his hoofs. The pace in the second mile visibly decreased; Arrow, who was started before its commencement, waiting about thirty yards behind Lexington. In the third mile Arrow closed the gap, and Lexington, fearing him, was a little more anxious, and slightly increased his pace. Upon entering the fourth mile Arrow was stopped, and Joe Blackburn went at him again, but, as in the first instance, he was 'like chips in porridge'—of no benefit. Lexington darted off in earnest, running the last mile in 1.48½. He reached the head of the front stretch in 6.55, running its entire length in 24½ seconds; the whole time of the four miles in 7.19½, carrying 103 pounds, Gilpatrick being three pounds overweight." This was a wonderful performance—a something that no horse had ever done before, and a feat that no horse has been able to equal since. The world now rang with applause for Lexington. And yet, great as his triumph was, it is elaimed by observing turfmen who witnessed the race that, had it been necessary, the four miles could have been finished on that day in at least 7 minutes and 10 seconds.

Though the accredited hero of the fastest four-mile time on record, Lexington was called upon, April 14, to meet once more his old rival, Lecomte. The race attracted much attention, and it ended in the defeat of Lecomte. This concluded Lexington's career on the turf. It was short, but unsurpassed in brillianee. He started seven times in all, and won six races, his total winnings amounting to \$56,000. His triumphs in the stud, in addition to his triumphs on the turf, stamp him as the greatest of living horses. In 1856, the late R. A. Alexander, well known as the largest breeder in the world, while in England, purchased Lexington of Mr. Ten Broeck for \$15,000. On Mr. Alexander's return to the United States the stallion

was removed to Woodburn Farm, in Woodford County, Kentucky, where he has remained ever since, with the exception of a temporary visit to Illinois in 1865. Shortly after his withdrawal from the turf he went blind, in consequence of filling himself at the corn-bin, just before a severe trial race. For neither man nor horse can perform great physical feats, without injury to himself, with a stomach overburdened with food. Lexington is a blood bay, with fore and hind feet and pasterns, and a small portion of his hind-legs above the pastern joints, white. He also has a white nose. As the incomparable trotter, Dexter, is similarly marked, we may safely infer that there is not much truth in the old nursery jingle :

"Four white feet
And a white nose,
Throw him to the crows."

Lexington stands 15 hands 3 inches high; his back is of medium length, and his loin wide, slightly curved, and very powerful. His body is well ribbed, and his limbs strong and well proportioned. We are thus particular in the description of him, for he has proved the greatest of modern sires; for the past six years the fields on our principal race-courses have largely been made up of the get of Lexington. In one year alone he sired the great triumvirate—Norfolk, Asteroid, and Kentucky. Fifty thousand dollars were refused for Asteroid, Kentucky sold for \$40,000, and Norfolk, in his racing prime, could not be bought for less than the latter amount. Lexington's great fame and his infirmity have thrown a sad romance around his life. One of the best portraits of him was painted by Scott, representing him led by black Jarret, his groom. The head is turned outward, and we have a full view of the dull, sightless eyes. The right fore-foot is thrown out haltingly, as if feeling for clear and firm ground upon which to place it. The whole form of the horse speaks blindness, and one can not gaze upon the picture, and recall the brilliant triumphs of the past, without a shade of sadness stealing over the face.

The foundation for the improvement of the blood-horse in Tennessee was laid by Barry's Gray Medley, a horse of beauty, spirit, and gameness, who made his first season ten miles north of Nashville, in the year 1800. He was got by imported Medley, and was the sire of the dam of the famous brood-mare, Madam Tonson. Barry's Medley was bred in Virginia, and ridden from that State to Tennessee by a colored boy, Altamont, raised by General Washington; this faithful black was then the servant of Redman D. Barry, and for a year after leaving Virginia with Medley, his master heard nothing of him. He presumed that slave and horse were lost to him forever; and, therefore, at the end of twelve months, was surprised by the report that came to him from the banks of the Cumberland. Altamont had made a successful season with the stallion, and, as the profits of the season, placed \$2000 to the bank

credit of his master. This son of Africa afterward trained Polly Medley, and run her, for Mr. Barry, against Indian Queen, owned and run by General Jackson. The race was contested in 1803, and it resulted in the defeat of Old Hickory, who, in gracefully acknowledging defeat—a thing he was not wont to do—paid a high compliment to Altamont. Mr. Barry was a generous master, and he was so well pleased with the conduct of Altamont that he gave him his freedom in the shape of a pass for ninety-nine years.

After Medley came Wilkes's Wonder, a son of Diomed, then Pacelot and Tennessee Oscar, to build up the blood stock of Tennessee; and this rich infusion of blood aided in making the State one of the race-horse regions of America. Truxton, got by Diomed, large, muscular, and a powerful strider, in early days was the favorite race-horse and stallion of General Andrew Jackson. He was good at any distance, winning from a quarter to a race of four-mile heats. Mr. Catton was the owner of a very fleet mare, Greyhound; and this mare was matched against Truxton, a mile dash. Each racer had its friends, and betting on the result was quite lively. Truxton won the race, and droves of horses—the spoils of victory—were turned over to General Jackson and his party. The memorable duel between Jackson and Dickinson grew out of the defeat of Irving's Plowboy, in a race of two-mile heats, for \$5000, by Truxton. Among the old and prominent breeders of Tennessee may be named Judge Barry, General W. G. Harding, Hon. Bailie Peyton, the Cockerills, and General Lucius J. Polk; the latter the elder brother of General Leonidas Polk, who was killed in the Confederate service.

Almost every turfman is familiar with the name of Colonel E. M. Blackburn. He was a remarkable man, somewhat eccentric, but pleasant in manner notwithstanding. He was one of the first children born in Woodford County, Kentucky; and for more than fifty years was conspicuous on the turf. At different times he had in his possession such renowned horses as Whip, Kosciusko, Goode's Arab, Lance, Shark, American Eclipse, and Gray Eagle. He was eloquent in praise of his horses, each, of course, being the "best" in the country. Though a plain farmer, statesmen and polished gentlemen frequently enjoyed the hospitality of his roof. It was in 1836, at his own house, that he offered the delicate complimentary toast to the pleasant banter of Henry Clay. Blackburn had nearly exhausted the vocabulary in sounding the praises of various horses under his charge, and when the great competitor of the Southern horse Henry came into his hands, Mr. Clay thought to embarrass him by asking him what he could say *new* of American Eclipse. The table was surrounded by convivial souls, and all eyes were turned upon the farmer. He bowed his head, as if in painful silence, while the glasses were being filled; then proudly rising to his feet, with a triumphant smile on his face, and as the wine bubbled in the crystal

goblet in his hand, he said: "Eclipse among horses as Henry Clay among men!" The words were electrical. "Harry of the West" bent his eyes upon the table in confusion, the scarlet mounted to his face, while the guests cheered and drained their glasses. Colonel Blackburn died the 17th of March, 1867, at a greatly advanced age.

Hon. John Minor Botts was one of the most distinguished of Virginia turfmen and breeders. He gave much study to the horse, bred on a large scale, and forgot questions of State to participate in the excitements of the race-course. Though courteous, he was positive in speech, and did not like to be contradicted or corrected. He was wrapped up in the horses bred by himself, fondly believing they had no superiors. Colonel M'Daniels, also a prominent Virginia turfman, was a warm, personal friend of Mr. Botts. But the friendship existing between them did not prevent them from saying sharp things to each other when their blood was afire. A number of years ago Mr. Botts had a young mare entered in a valuable stake at Petersburg. The mare had distinguished herself in her maiden performance, and she was a great favorite over all others in the race. Colonel M'Daniels had a filly, comparatively unknown, engaged in the same stake. Mr. Botts was so confident of achieving victory that, when his mare was led on the course, just before the start for the first heat, he boastfully exclaimed: "There is a racer for you! It is a pity that there is nothing here to run against her to-day. Why, I would back her to the extent of \$60,000 against any thing on the ground." Some of his friends cautioned him to be more prudent in speech, but he would not listen to them. Colonel M'Daniels bit his lips, but said nothing. The word for the start was given, and Mr. Botts's entry won the first heat, carrying nine pounds overweight, not as a penalty, but simply to gratify the vanity of the owner. He felt confident that she could win and pack the extra weight; and if she did so, the performance would be all the greater. Colonel M'Daniels's filly cooled out well, and when called for the second heat, she was in superb condition. She got a good start, and ran so gamely that she could not be headed. To the great surprise of Mr. Botts she won the heat. He watched the finish in blank amazement; his confidence in his mare was shaken, and he ordered that the extra weight be taken off. Colonel M'Daniels and Mr. Botts, when the horses were being saddled for the third heat, met on the quarter stretch, when the former said, in a jeering tone: "Mr. Botts, you have heard the story of the hawk and the blue jay!" "No; tell it to me, won't you?" "Briefly, then, the hawk set upon the blue jay, and pursued the frightened bird with great swiftness. When almost within the clutch of the deadly talons, the blue jay darted into a brush-heap, where the hawk could not follow. The bird, so badly frightened a moment before, now turned, in its safe retreat, upon the disappoint-

ed hawk with its mocking cry of *c-ter gl-a, c-ter gl-a*. The application is easy, Mr. Botts. You are *too late* in taking the extra weight off your mare." The manner in which this was said, and the circumstances which gave rise to the speech, so exasperated Mr. Botts that he quarreled with his old friend. Colonel M'Daniels won the race; and, after what had passed, Mr. Botts refused to be reconciled to him. Years passed, and the estrangement grew wider. The war swept over Virginia, and there was an end to turf sports. The outspoken Unionism of Mr. Botts was not pleasing to the Confederate government. In 1861 he was arrested, and, for a short time, confined as a political prisoner in Castle Godwin, Richmond. This prison was the property of Colonel M'Daniels, and at its door the two old turfmen met, after an estrangement of years, a tear in each eye, and a clasp of hands that plainly said, "Forgive and forget;" and they remained firm friends until the one crossed to the far, flowery banks of the silent river, to be soon followed by the other.

Revenue, perhaps, was the greatest horse that Mr. Botts ever owned. He was a stallion of singular beauty, symmetrical in form, and proud in his carriage; was successful both on the turf and in the stud. The last two years of Revenue's life were passed at Major Horner's place, Belle Air, near Warrenton, Virginia. He grew very feeble in the early autumn of 1868, and died September 16. For a fortnight before his death he had refused his food, and was so weak that he could scarcely stand. The very day that he died, and but two hours before the last terrible convulsion, the worn and weary old stallion was led out into the bright sunshine. He tried to nip the green grass, but the effort was too great for him. Standing there, stupid and tottering, in the dreamy September air, his eyes wandered to where a mare was grazing in all of her youth, health, and glorious physical beauty. The sight moved the heart of the dying stallion. He gazed in admiration, and there was a thrill of the old passionate fire in the thin blue veins. The picture of beauty charmed him; he proudly straightened himself, the light flashing from his eyes, and looked as if he had renewed his youth. A feeble neigh, and the whirl of passion was gone; the head dropped nerveless, the glassy film again gathered in the eyes, the legs trembled more violently, and, in less than two hours, Revenue had laid himself down and breathed his last. The gallant old racer was buried in a sequestered nook at Belle Air, with all the honors due a horse of his fame.

No horse since the importation of Diomed played a more important part in the turf history of America than Glencoe. He was got by Sultan, his dam Trampoline, by Tramp; and he was bred in England, by Lord Jersey, in 1831. After a successful career on the English turf, he was imported to this country by James Jackson, of Alabama. Glencoe was a beautiful chestnut, a large star in the forehead, and both

hind-legs white half-way up to the hocks. He stood sixteen hands high, and was a horse of great bone and sinew. The greatest of English stallions, Stockwell, the sire of the most successful racers in Great Britain, was out of Pocahontas, a daughter of Glencoe. The infusion of Glencoe blood added to the fame of American racers. His daughters have proved, especially when bred to Lexington, wonderful brood-mares. Lecomte, Starke, Priores, Brown Dick, Lodi, Fleetwing, Idlewild, and the dazzling trio, Asteroid, Kentucky, and Norfolk, all came from Glencoe mares. At twenty-seven years of age the old chestnut died, at Georgetown, Kentucky; and his owner at the time, A. Keene Richards, Esq., caused him to be buried in his garden, near the spot where his famed daughter Peytona had been laid to rest. Age did not deal kindly with Glencoe. The painting of him just before his death, by Scott, represents a physical wreck—sightless eyes, back deeply swayed, and other plain marks of feeble age.

From Lexington and the daughters of Glencoe descended the three horses, Kentucky, Norfolk, and Asteroid, that made such a great stir in the racing world at the close of our civil war. Kentucky was out of Magnolia, and he was bred at classic Ashland, by John M. Clay, a son of the Great Commoner. Mr. Clay, by-the-way, has been one of the most successful of American breeders. October 6, 1863, Kentucky, then two years old, won his first race at Paterson, New Jersey; and on the 7th of June, 1864, at Paterson, he lost his first race, being defeated for the Derby sweepstakes, one mile and a half dash, by his half-brother and rival, Norfolk, out of Novice. This defeat led to a long and bitter controversy. Norfolk was taken to California by Mr. Winters, where he now remains. Consequently the two horses never again met on the turf to decide the question of superiority. Immediately after winning his first race Kentucky was sold to Mr. John F. Purdy, who transferred him to W. R. Travers, Esq. His turf career was a brilliant one, vanquishing every thing that presumed to cross his path. Ultimately he was sold to Mr. Leonard W. Jerome, for \$40,000, but now is the property of Mr. Belmont. While Kentucky was winning fame in the East, his half-brother, Asteroid, out of Nebula, was achieving renown in the West. The latter was owned by his breeder, R. A. Alexander, Esq., the proprietor of the great breeding estate, Woodburn, and at Louisville he had distinguished himself by meeting and triumphing over Loadstone, running the first mile of the second heat of a two-mile race in the marvelous time of 1 minute 44 seconds. In California Norfolk was winning golden opinions. Lodi disputed the championship of the Pacific coast with him, and the races that they contested excited the admiration of the world. First, Norfolk defeated Lodi, a son of Yorkshire, at the Union Park, Sacramento, September 18, 1865, a race of two-

mile heats. This, however, was but the prelude to a fiercer and more sanguinary battle. At the same place they came together, September 23, in a race of three-mile heats, each confident of victory. The struggle in the first heat was terrible, both horses running with astonishing power, Norfolk passing the winning score with Lodi lapped upon his quarter, in the unprecedented time of 5 minutes 27½ seconds. The second heat also was won by Norfolk, in the fast time of 5 minutes 29½ seconds, Lodi gaining coming down the home stretch, with the right fore-foot spurning blood at every stride. The spirit of the blood-horse is unconquerable. He will proudly struggle on through pain and distress, when less heroic animals would give up the contest. Distance separated the three half-brothers; each won renown on fields widely apart. Each was claimed the superior of the other, and it was the fond dream of enthusiastic turfmen to bring them together in a race for the honors of supremacy. But the dream was never realized. The controversy between the friends of Kentucky and Asteroid, especially, was marked with much feeling, and the names of the two horses were daily in the mouths of thousands. In September, 1866, the people were gratified by the announcement that Asteroid had arrived at Jerome Park, had come from the West to meet Kentucky on the theatre of his triumphs. He was engaged to run in the Inauguration stake at Jerome Park, and Kentucky could not avoid meeting him here. When it was known that Asteroid had left his paddock at Woodburn to journey East, the excitement was intense in turf circles, and the trains brought to New York crowds from all parts of the Union, even from far-off Texas. The coming race was the all-absorbing topic of conversation. Every morning hundreds of visitors went out to Jerome Park to see the horses at work. Asteroid was one of the grandest-looking horses that ever trod the turf, and one had but to see him to learn to admire. Kentucky was also a magnificent-appearing animal, and his friends maintained confidence in his prowess. But one Sunday morning a gloom fell upon all hearts. Lip spoke to lip, and the intelligence rapidly spread that Asteroid had broken down in a trial gallop in the mud—had sprung a tendon, and his career as a racer was abruptly brought to a close. The disappointment was great. Sad faces were seen on all the drives leading to the Park; and, as the story was told, a tear dimmed more than one eye unused to weeping. Asteroid returned to the West to luxuriate in the stud; and the fond dream of seeing him measure strides with Kentucky was at an end. Kentucky was not satisfied with the laurels he had won. He aspired to eclipse the great performance of his sire. He was backed to run against time—four miles in 7 minutes and 20 seconds, carrying 120 pounds. The trial took place Thursday, October 17, 1867, in the presence of twenty thousand people at Jerome Park. The

day was beautiful, one of the softest of gloriously tinted autumn. Kentucky was badly ridden, was out-paced in the first two miles, and he lost the race by eleven and three-quarter seconds. The only time that the people ever saw him show signs of distress on the turf was coming down the home stretch, in the last mile; he was weak, tottering, and his courage failed him. Had he been properly managed, on that lovely October day, we do not think that he could have been successful. The task was too great for him—he was overmatched. He carried too much weight; and every ounce tells upon the speed and endurance of a horse, especially in a struggle of four miles. By weight you can reduce the fleetest and gamest racer in the world to the level of the most common hack. Kentucky is not a stronger horse than Lexington was, and Lexington, when he ran four miles in 7 minutes 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, carried but 103 pounds.

The rivalry between Norfolk, Asteroid, and Kentucky, though exciting a little unpleasant feeling between men of different sections, was a good thing for the turf. The war had swept away the racing institutions of the South; the breeding studs were broken up, and the blood-horse bridled and made to do service in the army. When the sounds of strife were heard throughout the land, life currents gushed from ghastly wounds, and homes were desolate, the people had no heart for the pastimes of the turf; racing was abandoned, horses of royal lineage scattered; and, when the war closed, the old jockey clubs were disorganized—bankrupt. The performances of the three great sons of Lexington roused sinking courage, and directed attention to the turf. It was a theatre on which men of all political opinions could meet in social enjoyment; it called the thoughts from the harrowing scenes of the past, and gave a silver lining to the dark cloud which overhung the future. The people were sick of war and the wrangles growing out of it, and they turned to the turf with eagerness. It was the only practical means of reunion at the time. Men who, a few months before, had faced each other on the battle-field, stood side by side on the race-course, enthusiastically applauding the silken-coated thorough-breds. Where the horses ran, there the men from the South and the men from the North met to exchange cordial greetings. The rivalry between Asteroid, Kentucky, and Norfolk added fuel to the flame, and the racing fever grew hotter day after day. The fever spread, and the glory of the turf was revived in the North. Men of capital came to the support of racing, and the management of the parks was made above reproach. Fashion smiled upon each enterprise, and the shame of the past—the disgrace which attended the decline of the Long Island courses—was forgotten. At Paterson, at Secaucus, and at Saratoga, crowds assembled to witness the speed contests; and when Jerome Park was constructed, and the gates thrown open to

the public, Fashion erected her throne on the club-house balcony, and from it sent forth her imperial edicts. As the South prospered anew she began to reorganize her jockey clubs, and to-day the turf is in a flourishing condition. Mobile has her Magnolia Course, New Orleans her Metairie Course, Memphis her Chickasaw Jockey Club, Nashville her Blood-Horse Association, Louisville her Woodlawn Course, Lexington her Association Course, St. Louis her Laclede Jockey Club, Cincinnati her Buckeye Jockey Club, Zanesville her racing park, Chillicothe the same, New York her Jerome Park, and Saratoga her popular course. In addition to these, running meetings, since the war, have been held at Chicago, Narraganset Park, Springfield (Massachusetts), Boston, Columbus, Ohio, and other places. The two New Jersey courses, Paterson and Secaucus, were unable to stand up against the powerful rivalry of Jerome Park, and for two years they have been under a cloud; but a magnificent racing park is in course of construction at Long Branch, which will be thrown open to the public in the summer of 1870. At nearly all of the well-established courses two meetings, spring and fall, are held every year; and, owing to a diversity of climate, they are so arranged as not to conflict with each other, in addition to making the turf games as regular and eternal as the roll of the seasons. When the parks are deserted in the North, the courses in the South ring with the clatter of hoofs. The members of each club or association are drawn from the wealthiest and most influential ranks of society. The American Jockey Club is the wealthiest of all the clubs. Such prominent gentlemen and capitalists as Messrs. Belmont, Sanford, Duncan, Jerome, and Morris, are leading controllers of racing at Jerome Park.

Racing is the most expensive amusement in the world. To keep up a first-class stable of runners requires a vast outlay of money—from \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year. The owners of race-horses generally are men of fortune, who go upon the turf for pleasure, not profit. It is a royal sport, beyond the reach of modest incomes; and, as wealth is inclined to be ambitious and arrogant, racing is adopted as a pastime by those who have riches and leisure, and who aspire to lead where the vulgar crowd can not follow. It has received the patronage of kings and the support of the nobility in Europe, and neither its origin nor its history is humble. This is the pride and boast of turfmen. It is well that racing is an expensive luxury, for its being so renders it all the more attractive to men of fortune. They make it their amusement, spend money lavishly, and, through trials of speed and a spirit of emulation, direct thought to the problem of breeding, and encourage the improvement of the horse.

To breed successfully, one must understand the principles of blood. The horse is judged by pedigree, speed, endurance, and form. A single obscure cross is a taint in lineage that

the well-advised turfman can not overlook. The blood that flows in the animal's veins must be as pure as the water that gushes from the crystal spring. An uncontaminated pedigree for five generations makes the horse thoroughbred. It is the great study to keep the blood pure, and to so combine the crosses as to blend the highest rate of speed with the greatest endurance and the most graceful form. The largest and most successful breeder in the world was the late Robert Aitcheson Alexander. He was born in Kentucky, was educated at Cambridge, England, under the direction of his uncle, Sir William Alexander; and, on his return to this country, he gave his attention to breeding. He was possessed of large fortune, and was able to carry out his ideas on a grand scale. He made his Kentucky farm, Woodburn, the largest breeding estate in the world, not even excepting that wealthy corporation, the Rawcliffe Stud Company of England. In 1856 his colors, blue and white, first appeared upon the turf. He was unsuccessful for a time, but perseverance secured to him the most formidable racing stud in America. He established annual sales, in which his yearling colts were sold at auction. These sales at Woodburn farm were, and still are, popular. At one of them, in the bright month of June, you meet gentlemen from all parts of the United States and Canada. R. A. Alexander never married; the thorough-bred claimed his warmest love. Still, though modest and unassuming, he was polished in society. He died December 1, 1867, aged forty-eight years, simply of prostration. He never was strong, and the cares of his great breeding estate told upon the worn machinery. The fuel burned out, the motive-power was exhausted, and then there was a tremble of the feebly revolving wheel, followed by a silent clog. Mr. Alexander did more in his short life for the improvement of the blood-horse than any other man in America. Woodburn is still a vast breeding estate, carried on by A. John Alexander, the successor of his brother, and, like him, a bachelor.

Of the men of fortune who recently have established breeding farms, we may mention August Belmont, Esq., Mr. M. H. Sanford, the most liberal of American turfmen, and R. W. Cameron. Lewis G. Morris, Esq., is one of the oldest of Eastern breeders. Kentucky at this time takes the lead as the "blood-horse region" of America, although the breeding of thorough-breds, to greater or less extent, is carried on in Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, California, Tennessee, Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. The war opened the eyes of the people to the superior qualities of the blood-horse, especially his powers of endurance. The Confederate cavalry was most often successful because it was better mounted than the Federal, the Northern States, as a mass, having given but little attention to the breeding of thorough-

breds. As the Federal army penetrated the Southern States, horses of unquestioned pedigree fell into the hands of the officers; and when Lee surrendered to Grant, a great many of the purest bred stallions in the country, heretofore the exclusive property of the South, were disseminating their blood throughout the North. While the war broke up many select breeding studs, it scattered noble sires and aristocratic dams in such a manner as to lead to the general improvement of the horse in America.

Time is regarded as a test of merit; but it is not infallible, since atmosphere alone has a marked effect upon the flight of a horse; and atmosphere is not always the same. The changing elasticity of tracks also influences time. A horse capable of making fast time may run in fields where he is not forced to put forth his greatest effort, and he may score victory after victory without astonishing the world with a performance that renders necessary the revision of the time record. When some horses are forced to their mettle they surprise us by the rapidity of their flight, and play havoc with the seconds. It is safe, however, to assert that none but a good horse can go so fast as to claim special mention. Therefore a table of the fastest time is not without interest, or even value:

Three-quarters of a mile, in 1 minute $17\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, by Narraganset, at Narraganset Park, August 25, 1868.

One mile, in 1 minute 44 seconds, by Legal Tender, at Buckeye Course, Cincinnati, June 23, 1865; track thirty feet short of a mile, and horse carried 18 pounds less than his proper weight; track has since been lengthened to a full mile.

One mile, in 1 minute $44\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, by Revolver, second heat, at Buckeye Course, May 30, 1866.

One mile, in 1 minute $44\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, by Mammona, first heat, at Lexington, Kentucky, 1862.

One mile, in 1 minute $43\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, by Herzog, three years old, at Buckeye Course, May 25, 1869. Herzog's time, up to this date, is the best on record, since he carried the proper weight, and ran two heats same race—1 minute 45 seconds; 1 minute $43\frac{3}{4}$ seconds.

One mile, in 1 minute $43\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, by Versailles, Herzog's half-brother, three years old, at Buckeye Course, September 21, 1869. Full weight up.

One mile, in 1 minute $44\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, by Pompey Payne, Herzog's half-brother, three years old, at Lexington, Kentucky, second heat, carrying 90 pounds, May 17, 1869.

One mile, in 1 minute $45\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, by General Duke, two years old, full weight, Buckeye Course, September 26, 1867.

One mile, in 1 minute 45 seconds, by Hamburg, two years old, proper weight, at Buckeye Course, September 23, 1869.

One mile, in 1 minute $48\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, by Climax, aged nine years, carrying $148\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, a crushing weight, at Jerome Park, July, 1868.

One mile and a quarter, in 2 minutes 10 seconds, by Narraganset, at Saratoga, August 4, 1869.

Two miles, in 3 minutes $34\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, by Hegira, catch weight, at Metairie Course, New Orleans, November 23, 1850.

Two miles, in 3 minutes $35\frac{1}{4}$ seconds; 3 minutes $38\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, by Lancaster, proper weight, at Lexington, Kentucky, September 12, 1867.

Two miles, in 3 minutes $36\frac{1}{4}$ seconds; 3 minutes 38 seconds, by Asteroid, at Woodlawn Course, Louisville, Kentucky, June 6, 1865. The first mile of the second heat was run in 1 minute 44 seconds.

Two and a quarter miles, in 4 minutes $1\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, by Kentucky, at Saratoga, August, 1865.

Two and a half miles, in 4 minutes 37 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, by General Yorke, at Narragansett Park, August 26, 1868.
Three miles, in 5 minutes 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds; 5 minutes 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, by Norfolk, at Sacramento, California; September 23, 1865.

Four miles, in 7 minutes 26 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, by Idlewild, full weight, on Long Island, June 25, 1863.

Four miles, in 7 minutes 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, by Lexington, five years old, carrying 103 pounds, at Metairie Course, New Orleans, April 2, 1855. Lexington also ran in 7 minutes 23 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, at New Orleans, April 14, 1855, defeating Lecomte.

By the above table we see that Herzog's one mile in 1 minute 43 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds is the best mile performance on record, since the track was the proper length, and he carried the full weight allotted to three-year-olds. It is claimed that the French horse, Gladiateur, the hero of the triple event of the English turf, in 1865, ran a mile, at Newmarket Course, in 1 minute 38 seconds; but as in England time is not accepted as a test, and is not officially taken, the record is questioned. Saunterer, it is also asserted, ran a mile in England in 1 minute 40 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. Be this as it may, it is our opinion that neither Gladiateur nor Saunterer, in best form, could have finished a mile quicker at Cincinnati than Herzog did on the 25th of May, 1869. This most promising three-year-old, we regret to write, has died since he placed 1.43 $\frac{1}{2}$ on the time record.

The genius of Troye has preserved to us the forms of nearly all the prominent racers since the memorable struggle of Henry and Eclipse. His name is linked with the stirring events of half a century ago. His portraits grace the walls of cultivated homes in all parts of the New World, and are found in many of the galleries of the Old. Mr. Troye, though advanced in years, is still alive, and devoted to art. He is emphatically the Landseer of America. His face and figure are striking. Tall, well-proportioned, and no stoop in his shoulders, notwithstanding he verges on fourscore years. He wears his hair long, and it falls in gray masses down his back. He is eccentric, both in dress and manner, and has a contempt for that portion of mankind having no sympathy with aristocratic institutions. The wealthiest and most cultivated men of the last decade were his warm personal friends; and, if you talk with him long, he is very apt to remind you of the fact. His speech is affected, inclining to a drawl. Those who know him well admire his genius, while smiling at his eccentricities; and they often ask themselves why the gifted should be peculiar. When Kentucky was prominently on the turf, Troye painted the horse in three different positions. These portraits were much admired; and one day a well-known turfman, for whom the artist had no particular liking, met Mr. T. in a railroad car. He spoke enthusiastically of the paintings, and then endeavored to draw the old man into a conversation. Troye listened with an expression of annoyance on his face, then abruptly asked: "Mr.—, if I mistake not, you are well versed in the art of training horses?" The truth was modestly admitted, and the artist

was forced to listen to a glowing eulogy of a famous horse owned by the turfman. In a few minutes Troye cut short the stream of eloquence by coolly glancing over the morning paper that he had recommenced reading, and speaking in his most affected drawl: "Re-ally, vary fine! Do you know, Sir, that you have a wre-markable appreciation of the fine arts; that is, wre-markable for one who was brought up in a stable?" The conversation abruptly ended here, and from that day to this Troye has had one more enemy in the world.

The inauguration of Jerome Park gave brilliancy to the new era of the turf. This course, fitted up with all the elegance that wealth could devise, was made a very attractive spot. The police kept the rough element in check, and fashion flaunted her skirts in the bright, cheery sunshine. And now there is no place on the American continent where such regal display is seen as on a race day at Jerome Park. The belles of New York, apparently, are never so happy as when promenading the Club-house balconies, or flirting on the Grand Stand. They dress for a race with the same elaborate care that they dress for an opera. The drive from New York to the Park is a lovely one; and, when the colors of the American Jockey Club float in the breeze, it is crowded with the most stylish equipages—carriages, tandems, and four-in-hands. We remember seeing on the Grand Stand at Jerome Park, at one time, General Grant, Admiral Farragut, and Madame Ristori. To join in the promenade on the greensward in front of the stands, look up at the crowd, dazzling in dress and beauty, listen to the strains of music that come surging over the little valley from the Club-house hill, and to gaze upon the thorough-breds on the quarter stretch, aglow with excitement and mounted by the gayly-dressed jockeys, is to feel a grand thrill in the veins, to dream of enchanted land. The picture is a beautiful one; for we have the poetry of sound, the poetry of form, and the poetry of motion blended into one harmonious whole. The fame of the meetings at Jerome Park spread over the country, stimulating the organization of new jockey clubs, and leading to the revival of the old clubs.

At Saratoga the race days are almost as brilliant as at the aristocratic Park located in the beautiful suburbs of New York city. The prodigals who wander to the Springs during the summer solstice regard race week as an important event in the flow of their fashionable lives.

Those who follow the turf as a profession have a good deal of hard work to perform—a work colored here and there, however, by the rosy hues of romance. To be a trainer of horses one must have a knowledge of physiology and medicine, and he must be a close observer and a clear reasoner. The horse is difficult to understand, and to prepare him for a severe race is a delicate operation. Too much work is debilitating, and too little fails to clear the veins and lungs, and to strengthen the mus-

cles. A successful trainer must graduate in the rough school of experience. The stable-boys—employed as riders, rubbers, etc.—are generally drawn from the humblest ranks of life. They most frequently are orphans, street Arabs in our great cities, who are fascinated by the glitter of the turf; and, when connected with a racing stable, they lead a nomadic life. The stable travels from park to park—roaming from the Atlantic to beyond the Mississippi, and from the great chain of lakes to the Gulf of Mexico; and the boys, as a part of the stable, have no settled home. They grow up among the horses, sleep with them, and bestow upon them the pure affection of the heart. The defeat of their favorite depresses them, brings tears into their eyes; while victory makes each face radiant with joy. During the running of a race they may hear the murmurs of the crowd, but they do not see the brilliant throng; they have eyes alone for the horse that carries the colors of their stable in the contest. It is a rough school in which to live; but rude contact with the cold, practical world sharpens the wits, develops the keen faculties of the brain; and almost invariably you find, in weighing the jockey, an old head on young shoulders. Some of the boys grow up into prosperous men; but most of them remain true to their early instincts, and rush through the world indifferent to the smiles or frowns of fortune.

The turf is what General B. F. Butler would call a law unto itself. Its rules are carefully drawn, and provision is made for almost every possible contingency. The racing code is broad and technical and it is more closely observed, and more ably expounded, than is the civil code in many sections of our country. In the Western and Southern States they have a turf congress, in which each association is represented; and this congress frames and adopts rules for the government of all the associations included within the congressional district. The Eastern associations, thus far, have not organized a congress; but there is an understanding between them which gives general scope to the law and preserves harmonious action. For instance, an offense against one association is regarded an offense against all; and if a trainer, jockey, or horse is placed under ban by one association, he is denied the privileges of the other courses until the association that inflicted the penalty grants him full pardon. The law is strict, and being general in character, but few who follow racing as a profession care to openly violate it. The law is definite, and so long as it is rigidly, impartially administered, the turf will remain pure. But neglect to enforce it, and disgrace and ruin are sure to follow. Unfortunately, it will not do to be tolerant to those who make a racing code an imperative necessity. They are naturally inclined to break beyond all restraining influences, and they have a confused idea of the true meaning of forbearance. The temptations to override the law are many; the tempter is strong, while the tempted are weak, and,

therefore, we generally find that shame is the fruit of tolerance. The best interests of the turf demand that those who are appointed to interpret and enforce the law at every meeting shall be firm and just. We do not want justice tempered with mercy, but justice in its naked, stony, heroic form. This is an absolute necessity now, for the reason that the turf has been invaded by men who are devoid of a nice sense of honor. They have purchased stables, not to race for pleasure, but to make their horses a means of speculation. Such men may be excluded from membership in the jockey clubs, but the privilege of entering and running their horses under the law can not well be denied them. When they nominate a horse for an event they pledge themselves to abide by the law; and unless the law is carefully guarded, speculation is nothing more or less than downright robbery. Men of this character aided in breaking up the old jockey clubs, and in making the turf a by-word in the North. Charity folded them under her wing, and then the glory of Long Island departed. Surely the present should profit by the story of the past. It is plain to those who have studied recent events that danger again threatens the turf, and prompt action is required to avert the danger. Frail humanity always has manifested a strong disposition to speculate. We can not keep down speculation, but we can throw restraining influences around it, and prevent it from running to crazy extremes. The racing code encourages speculation by legalizing betting. And for what? It is safe to say, to gratify the depraved appetites of about one hundred and fifty men of questionable character. Watch at Saratoga, or Jerome Park, where you please, the crowd that gathers around the pool stand. Meeting after meeting the faces are the same. Those who bid in the pools are professional gamblers. A gentleman of respectable business connections does not like to be seen in that wrangling crowd. If he wants to back a horse, he quietly lays the wager with one or more of his friends, or he sends an agent to operate for him around the pool stand. Who was it that excited the storm of passion in front of the judges' stand at Saratoga, at the close of the Vauxhall-Bayonet race last summer? Certainly not those gentlemen whose names are respected on Change, are honored in literary, scientific, or commercial circles. These men went to the Springs for recreation, for pleasure, and they are not wont to forget themselves, to stoop from the true dignity of a gentleman. They were pleased spectators of the tourney, and had little interest, aside from personal feeling, in the defeat or success of any horse. Who, then, were the brawlers? Who but the professional gamblers that follow from meeting to meeting, and live upon the spoils that they gather! And it is for this handful of professional men that the law legalizes betting. Carefully analyze the question, and soberly weigh it, gentlemen of the jockey clubs, and then tell us if the benefit derived from such

a law is worth more to you than the scandal which grows out of it.

We do not claim that speculation can be abolished from the race-course; but we insist that the deciding of bets should not be made one of the duties of the official judges. Legalizing betting encourages promiscuous gambling; and promiscuous gambling excites passion, and points the way to fraud. The people who fill the grand stands and give refinement to turf gatherings are indifferent to the gains or losses of the betting ring; if they speculate at all, it is among themselves, and on a small scale. They do not make a business of betting, but have just enough at stake to give them keener interest in the running of the horses; and, result as the race may, they part with or accept the trifle at hazard without regarding it in the light of a business transaction. These people give prosperity and glory to the turf. They delight in the games that call forth qualities of speed and endurance; and racing will remain a popular pastime with them until the scandals drive them from the course. The surest way to keep down scandal is to abolish the betting rules, and to firmly enforce the law, no matter who is at fault. Danger threatens to bring the new and brilliant era of the turf to a disgraceful close; but if the jockey clubs are wise the danger will be averted.

PROFESSOR HERON'S MISTAKE.

PROFESSOR HERON used often to go up to talk with Mr. Reed in those days about the alluvial deposits, the latest asteroid, the effects of climate on character, the philosophy of the Greeks, the civilization of the Chinese, the mummied kings of old Egypt. On one such day Gillian came into the room. It is true, the Professor had seen her before—she had been wont to pass before his vision as a ray of light might, without attracting any particular regard; no, I am wrong there, he would have paused to analyze a ray of light; he had never once paused to divine Gillian, though she had been often in the room, bringing the fruit, the pipes, sometimes sitting there at her work. His telescopic glance swept all the fields of air and earth, but had failed to take into account this pretty insect fluttering at his elbow. But to every heart, however deeply interwoven with the operations of science, there comes an instant of individual revelation, when the soul knows itself, comprehends its own unique aims and satisfactions. And so now when his eyes fell upon Gillian they remained fixed there, so to speak. He experienced an uneasy and unfamiliar sensation when their glances met, like the shock of a battery. And did Gillian observe this change? Perhaps so, for a smile, like the sheen of a star, rested upon her face, seemed to radiate from her soul and suffuse her whole being; for a young and lovely woman does not suffer her presence to be ignored for long without taking vengeance at last.

So, suddenly, the Professor began to put forth new traits of character; having studied the heavenly bodies so long, he began to bethink himself of the earthly. He threw aside his shabby garments, he paid attention to the color of his tie, to the polish of his boots, to the complexion of his shirt frills, to the suggestions of his barber.

One day when he rang at Mr. Reed's door, Gillian herself opened it. Her father was not at home; would the Professor come in and wait? Wait with that divinity to attend him? What better thing could he do? Walk out with her, perhaps, into green lanes and blossoming fields.

"Miss Gillian," he faltered, "the day is so fine, it seems a wrong to waste it indoors; will you come out and walk with me?"

"I?" said Gillian; "and with you?"

"Is it too much to ask?" gravely and sadly; "or perhaps you have an engagement?"

"Yes," she answered; "I am housekeeper. I should be glad to go, but you see I am like a child tied to the door-knob."

"But you would be glad to go," he repeated; "that is a most gracious refusal. Then I will stay and help you to keep house, if I may."

They went into the family room together then, where Gillian had been interrupted in watering her plants. "You will excuse me," she asked, "if I attend to these thirsty beings?" as she went about her graceful business. But what would she say next? Evidently he was waiting for her to speak; she could think of nothing worthy of the situation. To talk to the learned Professor about her narcissus, about the last novel she had read, about last Sunday's sermon, seemed simply absurd. What then? The burden of her ignorance was weighing upon her with exceeding heaviness; she resembled a blighted flower that hung its head. There was Orion, to be sure, and the last comet, and—and—oh, how intolerable it would be to spend one's life with a learned professor, and never dare to say one's soul was one's own for fear of running against some profound metaphysical contradiction! And here, in her perplexity, she overturned her favorite ivy. Professor Heron sprung to the rescue in season to save it from destruction. "Ah," said he, "if any thing had happened to it I should not have forgiven you. See, it is like a beautiful thought that wanders whither it will, perpetually inspired with new strength to lift itself nearer heaven!"

"What a blundering sentence!" he thought; "she will take me for a droning old book-worm! Oh, that I might exchange some of the profundities of the craft for the graces of small-talk; for the touch and go of everyday conversation!"

"Perhaps," he continued aloud, seized by a sudden inspiration—"perhaps you have never heard of the old legend of the ivy?"

"No; I have read so little; I have studied not at all," she apologized.

"That doesn't signify," he reassured her; "it makes one stupid to study—"

"I shouldn't suspect it. But the legend—the ivy?"

"Oh yes, the ivy! Once upon a time, as all old-fashioned stories begin, there was a beautiful girl who had a lover; I dare say she had more than one—beautiful girls usually have, I believe. She had blue eyes, too, this lovely girl; I have seen eyes that resembled hers. *You* have blue eyes; have you not, Miss Gillian?"

"But I like brown ones better; I wish your beautiful girl had had brown eyes."

"Oh! I am positive that they were blue; the legend doesn't say so, but I have never thought of her otherwise; blue eyes are so much kinder; they absorb the light; sometimes they are like deep wells, clear as crystal, where you can detect all that goes on below; sometimes they build up walls of lapis lazuli between you and the soul beyond. The doctrine of—Excuse me. I will not digress further. Well, then, this lady with the beautiful blue eyes—ay, you may smile; a smile is to the face what sunshine is to the earth—"

"A problem in proportion," interrupted Gillian.

"An illumination, and a creative force. But we shall never catch up with the legend at this rate; so, if you will trust me, this lady treated her lover unkindly; he asked her to marry him, and she answered, 'Wait.' By-and-by he urged the question. 'A patient waiter is no loser,' she replied. But he persisted yet the third time. 'This is the last,' said he; 'if I am to wait now it will be forever.' Still she, secure in her charms, returned, 'Wait forever, then, sweet Sir.' So he took her at her word, and traveled into foreign countries; and one day she grew sick with longing for him, and she sent her messenger abroad, saying she was waiting for his return.

"'And a patient waiter is no loser,' he sent her answer. And so, waiting and longing, one day she died; and when the spring blossomed in the land, behold, a strange plant putting up its leaflets above her grave, which grew and throve and waxed strong and threw out its arms in all directions, journeying further and further every day, as if reaching after something beyond, till the country people swore it was the lady's soul traveling to overtake her lover."

"What a retribution!" remarked Gillian. "Yet I would rather be traveling on his footsteps than be rooted on a grave. It would seem like growing nearer to him, as if one were, somehow, serving him."

"But what a thankless office: constant effort, with no reward in store. For, you see, she has not yet overtaken him; she still stretches and pushes forward. Root her where you will, she is off and away like any truant."

"But when one loves, you see, one doesn't stop to count the cost, or measure the recompense—at least, I suppose not."

"You are quite right. Ah, here is your father!" and then Gillian slipped away.

One night Professor Heron went to Mrs. Lavender's reception. He had had a dozen minds about going; but when, on entering, he caught sight of Gillian, he blessed his stars, and was just on the point of taking forcible possession of her, when a young man of the period whisked her off to join the Lancers. So the Professor contented himself with looking on, while this mustached youth clasped her hand and whispered in her ear. The Professor gnawed his own silky mustache dangerously; if *he* could only dance, he would suffer this thing. He could reckon the flight of comets, he could weigh the universe; but I verily believe he would, at that moment, have willingly resigned his chair, and forgotten his lore, if he might thereby have been endowed with a sudden knowledge of the Lancers! Some dowagers at his elbow, but shielded from him by a curtain partially looped over their retreat, were gossiping quietly by themselves; now and then he caught a word or sentence without giving heed; now and then the flutes blew out a strain as sweet as summer wind, and drowned their chat. "They would make such a fine couple" came to him by-and-by, from he hardly knew where; had the violins spoken, or the group behind him? And of whom? Gillian and the young man in whose arms she was floating further and further away from himself—for the Lancers had dissolved into a waltz. Was this evening but an epitome of his life, in which he should always see her floating further and further away from him, in the arms of another? "They are so admirably suited to each other in years, in tastes, and pursuits," continued the taunting voice, "and Miss Gillian will have nothing when her father dies!" So, perhaps, *he* was not suited to Miss Gillian in any respect—so much older, so much absorbed in abstruse sciences; plainly, people had not thought of coupling them together; he would have been angry if they had, and he was now angry that they had not. At least, he would make his adieux, and go to the dressing-room for his hat. This was no place for him; there evidently *was* no place for him out of the study; he had swerved from his orbit for a little, only to find how little it comforted him; he had dreamed of a fireside and a home, but such dreams were not for him. He was moving away to put his intention into execution when Gillian waylaid him.

"You have not spoken to me to-night!" she said, poutingly.

"And you have not given me a chance," he returned, brightening.

"People who want chances usually know how to make them," she persisted. "I have been wondering what you were thinking about, leaning against the mantle there, while we were dancing. Is it an impertinence?"

"I am flattered that you find time to think of me in such society."

"One thinks such heaps of things while chaséeing with one's partner, you know."

"And *hears* so many things, too?" laughed

the Professor. "I wish I could dance, Miss Gillian."

"You! You do so many better things. I wish *I* could read Sanscrit, and calculate eclipses."

"Let me teach you."

"Oh, I am such a dunc; mathematics always gave me a stitch in the side. I have a total eclipse of the understanding."

It would seem that the Professor had already forgotten his intention of going home; for, instead of fulfilling it, he offered his arm to Gillian for the balcony. Why should he go now, when the evening was just opening to him; when he was beginning to feel the exhilaration of society; when he was beginning to find himself not so far out of place, after all? So he staid and promenaded the balcony, with Gillian's smiling face upturned to his, with the stars, like old familiars, looking on, as if in silent approbation.

"I am keeping you from dancing, I fear," he said at last, awkwardly enough; for how could Gillian return that she preferred it?

"Are you?" she said; "but no one has invited me to dance, you see."

"If we return to the parlors, no doubt but somebody will."

"I have bored him already," she thought, regretfully. "I am such a simpleton! Oh, I wish—I wish—"

"Miss Reed, shall I have the pleasure of the next cotillion with you?" aspired a handsome youth, while the Professor lifted the curtain for her to pass in before him.

"You see I was right," he whispered.

"You always are," indifferently, "whether you predict a comet or a cotillion." Then, in passing, she dropped a sprig of mignonnette from her hair; the Professor stooped and picked it up. "I will keep it?" he said, interrogatively; she looked back and laughed like a pleased child. By-and-by he saw her bestow a rose-bud from her bouquet on her partner. The Professor threw his bit of mignonnette away in anger. When the dancing was all done, and while he conducted Gillian to her carriage, he said to her:

"Why did you give him the rose-bud?"

"Why? Oh, because he asked for it, you know."

"And do you give whatever one asks for?"

"Every thing in reason—if I don't happen to want it myself."

"And what things are in reason?"

"Why—rose-buds and—"

"Mignonnette?"

"Papa says mignonnette is my flower; that I am like it, unobtrusive and—"

"Sweet," supplemented the Professor.

"Oh dear, I forgot; you will think I'm so vain. But you see I should only give mignonnette to my best—to the people I like very much. Good-night."

"Good-night," said the Professor; and then he went back into the rapidly thinning parlors,

picked up the despised sprig of mignonnette, and went home to his solitude and his dreams. Thus his days went on, lighted by one sweet hope; sometimes he went to Mr. Reed's, and found Gillian alone; sometimes it was Mr. Reed who was alone; at other times he sat in his study, while Gillian's face looked at him from every page of his book, and Gillian's voice echoed through the lonesome heart; and then, before he was aware of it, he would be years away in the future with Gillian—that vague, delightful future that lent itself to any shape of his imagination—for he no longer studied the sciences, unless love is a science.

Of course this sort of thing could not go on forever. He must tell Gillian about it some day. And then? Had she a suspicion of his feelings? Did she not regard him merely as a tedious book-worm, who amused her father? A sort of animated encyclopedia, very convenient to consult now and then, but good for nothing as steady reading? Thus the Professor resorted to various expedients in order to determine the nature of her regard for himself. At one time he absented himself for a week from her presence, and began to question if he did not lose more than he gained by the process, when she met him with the same smiling face, the same tranquil manner, showing nothing of all that flutter and commotion taking place under her finely fitting bodice. The perturbations of a planet could not escape the Professor, but those of a pretty woman were quite beyond his skill to detect. After this failure he tried her with the merest everyday salutation, giving her no further heed, while she sat near at work; but he observed no difference in her, or perhaps he did not know the difference when he saw it. Then he would surprise her by a sudden assumption of friendship; he would press her hand, ever so little, in saying good-by; he would put his soul into his eyes, and send it inquiring after hers; but did she blush, did the eyes sparkle unwontedly, did the hand thrill in his grasp? Sooth to say, she blushed if he but spoke of the weather; her eyes had constantly a sparkle of some hidden flame refusing to be smothered; and then the fingers of most nervous people have a touch of tremulousness, experience a kind of magnetic shock coming in contact with the fingers of another. Surely it required more wisdom, more science than Professor Heron could command to interpret the heart of this simple girl. Yet he kept it always in mind, like a hard problem, which puzzles while it fascinates, leading on through a labyrinth of figures to a wrong result.

It was about this time that Professor Heron took his summer's vacation, and found it a toil of pleasure. Never had the mountains appeared so "stale, flat, and unprofitable" before; it seemed as if the very spirit of beauty had deserted them, and they were no longer any thing but purple barriers dividing him from Gillian, which gave him a sense of imprisonment and

suffocation. All these peaks and perfect outlines, shading off and dissolving into sunlight and cloud, only suggested to him the inaccessible and unattainable. So he left them—they did not harmonize with his mood—and returned home before his vacation was half completed.

But sooner or later this doubt that was beginning to cloud his heavens must end, this hope that threatened to vanish into fear must be arrested forever, like the fleeting smile petrified on the marble face, or—he hated to remind himself of the alternative. "Why not know the worst *now*?" he thought, leaning out of his study window, in the sultry summer weather, while the stars wasted in the sky, and the morning opened like a white flower with a golden stamen. "Why not know the worst *now*?" Therefore, when the day was spent, when the evening was settling down upon the sleepy town, he bent his steps to the house of Mr. Reed. He found that gentleman smoking on the veranda, and listening to the pensive air which Gillian coaxed from the old upright piano, in the dark,

"If love should come, if love should go,
'Twere better so, 'twere better so!"

Then a chord snapped, and the song broke off.

"Sit down, Professor," said Mr. Reed; "you are a welcome stranger. Gillian, bring Mr. Heron's pipe."

"No pipe to-night, thank you," he said, looking at Gillian, who had appeared in the doorway like a faintly outlined shadow, the shadow of something, you would have said, which the wind agitated.

"Is that you, Miss Gillian?" asked the Professor. "Are you not afraid of the dark, alone?"

"He treats me as if I were a child," thought Gillian, giving him the tips of her cool fingers; and then there is no love so exacting as that which deems itself slighted. "He will be soon undeceived," she added.

"Girls know how to people the dark," explained Mr. Reed, "with their fancies and their lovers. Gillian has hers to keep her company as well as the rest."

"Which?" demanded the Professor, quite savagely.

"Both. Fancies as well as lovers—eh, Gillian?" But Gillian was at the piano again, drawing out long-suspended chords, like deep-drawn sighs, every one of which struck on the Professor's heart like a blow; every one of which said to him, "I could love, but not you;" every one of which answered back to her in antiphon, "He could love, but not me."

"Yes," pursued Mr. Reed, while Gillian was listening to the prophecy of the chords, and Heron was trying to forget it. "Yes; my Gillian's life has rounded into an idyl at last. You do not find us exactly where you left us, my friend. I have often remarked, that affairs go on at a dead-level for months, or it may be years; but one has only to turn one's back before Fortune steals up and accomplishes some long-intended design. Is it not so?"

"And what," asked the Professor—"what has she accomplished for Gillian during my absence?"

"She has sent Gillian a lover."

"That is not strange. It has not even the advantage of being new. She had lovers before."

"But this one has announced himself. He will not take No for an answer."

"Then doubtless he will be rewarded with Yes. And your—daughter?"

"She leaves the decision to me."

The Professor made no rejoinder; he did not see his way clearly.

"Well?" Mr. Reed suggested, after a pause.

"Is it well that she should have no bias, for or against?" urged Mr. Heron.

"I don't say that she hasn't. I have good reason to believe she has, or she would have dismissed him at once. She said to me, 'Mr. Oxford wishes to marry me. What shall I do?' 'Act your pleasure, my child,' I answered her. 'I act my pleasure when I please you,' she returned. 'Mr. Oxford is devoted to me; he is handsome and high-bred; but my judgment may possibly be worthless in the case. How do I know I am doing rightly if I accept him?'"

"Her heart should teach her that," interrupted Mr. Heron, slowly.

"But women are not to be judged after ourselves, from our own stand-point," objected her father. "They need the judgment and sanction of old and dear friends, to whose opinion they have been used to defer. Gillian needs *your* judgment, Professor, and mine, in this business. It's a sentimental whim of hers, I tell her; but it's sincere, all the same."

"Miss Gillian wants *me* to tell her when to marry!" exclaimed the Professor. "Did she ask my opinion?"

"Not precisely. I said, 'Shall I talk to the Professor about it?' 'Do,' she answered; 'it is of vital importance to me. It is a time in which I need help.'"

"Strange," thought the Professor. "Could any living creature, could the whole University, help me to love Gillian better, confirm my good opinion of her?"

"Well?" repeated Mr. Reed, when the silence had been sufficiently marked.

"Well," echoed the Professor. His voice was so terribly thin and weak that, had Gillian stopped to listen, she must have known something was amiss; but she went on with her chords remorselessly.

"Mr. Oxford is a gentleman and a linguist," he went on to say. "He is as old as I am," to himself, in parenthesis. "He has fortune and family. I know of no one to whom a woman might intrust her happiness with greater security. I indorse Mr. Oxford in every respect."

"Thank you, thank you, my friend," said Mr. Reed. "I knew you would do him justice. Gillian will thank you too."

"Miss Gillian is welcome," still speaking in that thin, hurt voice. "The clocks are striking nine."

"They are fast, every one of them!"

"I must love you and leave you."

"So soon? But you will be coming again; it isn't as if you were away up among the mountains," striking a match to light Mr. Heron down the steps; for it was a fancy of theirs to sit in the dark on summer nights. Mr. Reed had once laughingly observed: "Talking in the dark is like thinking out loud; one doesn't feel the restraints of an audience. Love is easier made in the dark, eh, Gillian?"

"I don't know, Sir," Gillian had replied. "I don't think I should care for love that could be put out of countenance by daylight."

"Good-night," said the Professor now, trying to speak naturally. "But, wait, here's Blank's direction, which you wished me to get for you. I took it down in my note-book. I had nearly forgotten it. 97 Rue de Beurre."

"A thousand thanks. I intend to send to him to procure me a late publication bearing on the subject of Pure Reason. I like the way the French have of treating the subject. Did you not drop something? Ah! I have it—a leaf from your note-book."

"Thanks, and good-night again," returned the Professor. "How delicious your sweet-brier is; it's enough to insure pleasant dreams to sleep in its neighborhood."

"So Gillian says."

"I shall help myself to a rose, then," continued Heron. "I want a little pleasant dreaming of my own."

Had they forgotten Gillian? She sat quite still at the piano, wondering about it. Mr. Heron had never left her like that before. Was he angry with her for having a lover, or had she no hold whatever upon his thoughts?

Mr. Reed returned soon from escorting the Professor to the gate.

"Rest easy, little one," said he; "Mr. Heron indorses Mr. Oxford in the most generous manner. He thinks Mr. Oxford is capable of making you happy, my child. This is a great comfort to me. Did you not hear him?"

"No; I was not listening. Then you told him. How did he—what did he—say?"

"I have just told you the substance of his remarks, child. He recommends Mr. Oxford to your good graces; is not that enough?" So do the best-intentioned people garble the simplest conversation.

"I am obliged to him," murmured Gillian, feebly.

"Yes; the Professor is a friend in need, a sterling gentleman. I used to think—that is, I once *half* thought he had a fancy for you himself."

"You—must—have—been—mistaken."

"Doubtless, doubtless. Besides, he would have declared himself before this. The Professor is no trifler, nor one to allow another the advantage in such an affair. When he has any thing to do, he does it with a will." It never occurred to Mr. Reed that one may be energetic in searching the heavens, speedy in following

the flight of a comet, and yet slow to believe that the planet of Love is a reality in one's own particular sky. "No," persisted Mr. Reed; "the Professor is not a marrying man, I think. He likes pretty women as one likes fine pictures, or a good prospect from the window; but there is nothing personal in his admiration of them. Sitting by one's own hearth, with wife and children glorifying it, I don't believe he ever thought of such a thing. You see he has no such needs. Science is his sweet-heart." Which shows how well Mr. Heron was comprehended by his circle of friends.

Gillian did not reply to this. Was it possible that no woman would ever touch his heart? She was suddenly afflicted with a profound pity for the sex.

She sat there long after her father had gone to rest, thinking her tiresome thoughts, bearing the burden not quite alone, for the Professor, in his lonesome study, was bearing the same burden too, but feeling it heavy upon her heart, for all that. Plainly, her little scheme had not succeeded. Mr. Heron had not fallen into the little trap her inexperience had set for him. She had thought, "If he cares the least little bit in the world for me—and sometimes I believe he does—it will move him to know that I have another lover;" not that Gillian was one to urge her lovers forward to confession, but she would fain set her heart at rest, now and forever, concerning the Professor, and she judged that she might gather some sort of assurance, pleasant or painful as it might be, from his words and actions, following on his knowledge of Mr. Oxford's designs. But as far as Gillian could understand, having trusted to the ears of another, he had dropped nothing that could lead one to suspect his feelings toward her to be other than those of a cordial friend, rejoicing in the prospect of her good fortune. Even her father had been struck by the Professor's purely friendly view of the situation, and it did not occur to Gillian to inquire if her father were one to observe faithfully in such a matter, or to comprehend efficiently, the feelings of a person with whose intellectual nature only he had held familiar intercourse.

Well, since no one loved her half so truly as Mr. Oxford, why not consent to his love? Why not make some one happy, though it should be at her own expense? Why should Mr. Oxford be made miserable because she could not "reach her rose?" He would come for his answer next week; should it be Yes, or No?

How often we are called to observe upon what slight threads our behavior hangs! If the wind had not risen a little gustily, just then, very possibly Gillian's answer would have been Yes. Victor Hugo asserts that it was only a few drops of rain which decided the fate of Waterloo; so it was but a breath of wind that interfered to Mr. Oxford's discomfiture. Very possibly he himself may have felt the wind rising, as he loitered in his spicy garden, think-

ing of Gillian and her answer to his suit; for she had desired him to take her negative as a finality, and it had only been at his express solicitation that she had been brought to consider it for the space of a week; so it may be that he felt the wind rising a little roughly, and said, "There is going to be a change of weather," little guessing how it was to affect his own fortunes. So the wind came up from the south-east, and bent the syringa-bushes, and rifled the sweet-brier, and set a bit of paper floating like a great white moth, from one end of the veranda to the other, where Gillian sat. "What on earth's that?" said she, startled by the sudden apparition of this piece of white paper that had taken wings, and then she put out her hand and captured it. She carried it into the house and turned up the gas to inspect her trophy—memoranda merely—the titles of some German scientific works—the name of a street in New York—of a firm in Holland. There was another side to the paper, however; there always is another side to every thing. She turned the leaf over and read: "*A Sonnet to Gillian!*" For a moment she covered her eyes with her hands, like one coming suddenly from the dark into a lighted room. It was an optical delusion; she did not believe in it. But when she chose to open her eyes again, there it was, and in the Professor's handwriting! And to make certain of that, she hunted up some notes he had addressed to her father, on current subjects, of no particular private interest, and compared them. There was not a shadow of doubt. It was the Professor's; he had dropped the leaf from his note-book, and it had escaped his notice. And then? Why, he must love her, after all; she should certainly not say Yes to Mr. Oxford now. How could she ever have thought of it?

Now I am aware that the Professor never intended this sonnet for publication, and that it will not at all advance his literary reputation; but in making up the sum of his mistakes I feel bound to give it in, as part and parcel thereof, premising that Mr. Heron was a lover, and not a poet:

"Shall I forget you, when long years have flown,
And all the loveliness that is your own
Has into withered wrinkles grown—
When the blue lustre of your eyes' magnificence
Is but a memory of the bitter tense?
Ah! while your heart is great as it is good,
I can not then forget you if I would.
Shall I forget you? Oh, when that shall be,
I must have lost the light from land or sea—
I must have closed my eyes eternally!
For while my heart beats, or my spirit lives,
'Mid all the hopes that græious Heaven gives,
To love you still, as here on earth I love,
Oh, this it is that perfect heaven to prove!"

But when Gillian had slept on it, she woke up with a doubt, giving the same impression as a cloudy day when one wakes and looks for sunshine. There might be another Gillian than herself. Thus, while she poured the coffee for her father, she asked, crimsoning to the temples:

"Isn't Gillian a rare name, father?"

"Yes; I should say it was somewhat rare. You were named for your great-grandmother De Champs, who was born at sea, her parents having fled from France on the eve of St. Bartholomew."

"And you have never heard of another Gillian? I should like to be the only Gillian in the world. None of your friends have ever spoken of one—Mr. Rydal or—the Professor?"

"Why, I'm not certain about that. I've read of the name; and, now I think of it, there was a Gillian Rogers, a music-teacher, who boarded in the house with Heron last year. I remember it because he used to speak of her kindness in playing the music of Bach for him, of which he is a particular admirer."

Gillian's hand shook at this revelation, and riled the coffee. "I wish I could play the music of Bach." She was mortified that even in the seclusion of her own heart she had appropriated what had been intended for another. Then, like one drowning, she caught at the only straw that presented itself, and asked, quite humbly, recurring to the sonnet:

"I don't seem to recollect her. Was she pretty? Had she blue eyes?"

"If it hadn't been for her eyes and her music, I should have called her plain. For the music made you forget her features, and at last led you to invest them with somewhat of its own charm; and her eyes were black as sloes, and brilliant as stars."

"Then *that* is settled," said Gillian, forgetting herself, and speaking aloud.

"What is settled, child?"

"Oh—the coffee. Isn't it?"

"Indeed, I was just about to remark the contrary. However, one's coffee can't always be clear as amber. Pass the cream, Gillian. This little pitcher descended with the name. They say that little pitchers have great ears. If this one could only give us the benefit, we should hear many fine sayings of the French wits who assembled at the table of your ancestors."

But Gillian eared little for French wits or silver heir-looms just then. The possibilities of the present were more potent with her than any realities of the past, however brilliant.

But when a fortnight had elapsed, and the shadow of the Professor had not darkened their doors, Mr. Reed began to grow uneasy. As for Gillian, established in certainty, she felt that she could now wait patiently a thousand years.

"I believe I'll go down to the Professor's room," said Mr. Reed at last, "and ask him up to tea to-night." But he returned in short metre, alone and discomfited.

"What do you suppose has possessed the man, Gillian?" he asked. "If you will believe it, he has packed up and gone off to the Continent!"

Gillian answered with a vacant stare.

"I feel hurt," continued her father—"never to come and say good-by. Can we have offended him?"

"Is it the Professor ye's telling of?" asked

the servant, who was busying herself in the room. "Sure an' he left a card of his own, an' I put it in the basket, thinking ye'd be after seeing it, to be sure; an' if ye didn't, he'd be coming again, an' it wasn't no great matter no way."

So the card was hunted up, and found to be the bearer of this message, in pencil:

"Sorry not to find you in. Came to say good-by to you all. I sail in the *Petrel*, for Havre, to-morrow. Hope to see you again three years hence; so don't forget. Yours truly,
RAYMOND HERON."

"Very satisfactory!" growled Mr. Reed.

"Very sudden!" commented Gillian. "Very mysterious—very, *very*, VERY cruel!" she added, in the solitude of her heart, where a great deal was going on, silently and painfully. Three years! What should she do with them?

"Mr. Oxford is in the drawing-room, Miss Gillian," announced the servant.

"He has come for his answer," whispered her father.

"I know it," returned his daughter.

"I confess myself favorable to him. Nothing can be urged against him. And then, Gillian, remember the Professor."

"*I shall remember the Professor!*" and passed into the drawing-room.

Three years, that seem such an eternity to the young, who have not learned the art of waiting gracefully—even three years have an end, be they ever so barren of pleasure or fruitful of pain.

"And so does a continental tour," thought Professor Heron, pulling at Mr. Reed's door-bell. "Am I cured, or only convalescent? Or is love like rays of light, which reach and influence us long after the star has left its place in heaven?"

He found Gillian watering her plants, which three years of painstaking had created into a

sort of fragrant wilderness, filling an entire alcove of the parlor.

"Good-morning!" said he, with the most cordial manner at his command. "I hope I find you well, and that three years have not sufficed to erase me from your memory."

"Professor Heron! I am glad to see you. You bewildered me for an instant."

"I can understand it. When one is not thinking of a person who is supposed to be at the other end of the earth—"

"That's just it. I *was* thinking of you; and I was bewildered at having my thought realized so suddenly."

"Thank you, Mrs. Oxford; this is a most gracious welcome home."

"Mrs. Oxford!" repeated Gillian, laughing. "I don't know her. You are mistaken. I am Miss Gillian still. Nobody has taken pity upon me."

"So much the worse for them. But when I left, you were going to take pity upon Mr. Oxford. How is this?"

"I did not love Mr. Oxford, Mr. Heron," she answered, quietly.

"Miss Gillian," pursued the Professor, "I believe I made a mistake in going away."

"Do you?" said Gillian, moving her fingers nervously.

"Do you think I made another in coming back?" He had her hand now, and was reading her face with an interest he had never given to "*La Verrier*," to Greek ode or Latin hexameter. "Do you think I made another mistake in coming back, Gillian, to ask—to beg for your love?"

"I hope you may never have reason to think so," she answered him. "I should not like to be called *Professor Heron's Mistake*, you know," she laughed; "and as to the rest, why, one has a right to ask for one's own."

"And *you* are my own?"

"Yes."

RECOLLECTIONS OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

By GEORGE HODDER.

IN approaching the name of William Makepeace Thackeray I feel a degree of delicacy, and even timidity, which his absence from the scene of his world-wide renown does not tend to diminish; for Thackeray was a man of such large mental proportions, and such far-seeing power in his mode of anatomizing and criticising human character, that one seems to be treading on volcanic ground in venturing to deal with him at all. But of what is biography composed? Assuredly not of the knowledge and experience of one privileged person, but of the aggregate contributions of many, who are willing, when occasion offers, to state what they know for the information and benefit of posterity. A hundred admirers of Thackeray might undertake to write a memoir of him, and yet the task of doing full justice to his character

and career must necessarily be left to a chosen future historian, who shall zealously gather together all the bits and fragments to be found scattered among books and men, and blend them into a substantial and permanent shape. But it must be admitted that there is an exceptional difficulty in regard to Thackeray, inasmuch as there were few whom he allowed to *know* him, in the true sense of the phrase—that is to say, there was a constitutional reserve in his manner, accompanied, at times, by a cold austerity which led to some misgivings as to the possibility of his being the pleasant social companion his intimates often described him to be. And yet it is well known to those who saw much of Thackeray in his familiar moments that he could be essentially "jolly" (a favorite term of his) when the humor suited him, and

that he would, on such occasions, open his heart as freely as if the word "reticence" formed no part of his vocabulary; whereas, at other times, he would keep himself entirely within himself, and answer a question by a monosyllable, or peradventure by a significant movement of the head. At one moment he would look you full in the face and greet you jauntily; at another he would turn from you with a peculiar waving of the hand, which of course indicated that he had no desire to talk. Men who were members of the same club with him have been heard to say that sometimes he would pass them in the lobbies unnoticed, and at others he would cheerfully initiate a conversation, and leave behind him an impression that sullenness or *hauteur* was wholly foreign to his nature. It should be stated, however, that his health for many years had never been entirely unimpaired, and that his acute sensibility often rendered it irksome to him to come in contact with his fellow-men. In short, he was essentially of a nervous temperament, and altogether deficient in that vigorous self-possession which enables a man to shine in public assemblies; for it was absolute pain to him to be called upon to make a speech, and even in ordinary conversation he showed no particular desire to hold a prominent place. But, the above considerations apart, it would be easier to know many men in a few days than it would be thoroughly to understand Thackeray in the same number of years. Douglas Jerrold, dating his acquaintance with Thackeray from the time that the latter, by some curious hazard, illustrated his book of "Men of Character," was often heard to say, "I have known Thackeray eighteen years, and I don't know him yet." But that the great novelist and satirist had a generous and sympathetic heart can hardly, I think, be disputed; and even the few brief letters which I received from him are sufficient to prove that, however austere he sometimes appeared to be externally, he was very rarely wanting in readiness to perform a kind office.

At one period of my intercourse with Mr. Thackeray I had been reading his "Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo," and, having always been an enthusiastic admirer of his writings, long before I knew that the "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" of *Fraser's Magazine* was identical with W. M. Thackeray, I could not refrain from expressing to him by letter the delight I had drawn from his Egyptian pages. Among other things, I remember being deeply impressed by the graphic power displayed in the poem of "The White Squall," and by the charming burst of parental feeling with which it concludes.*

* "And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was euded,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea;
I thought as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me."

Mr. Thackeray's answer was as follows:

"DEAR HODDER,—I thank you very much for your note, and am very glad that my little book has given you pleasure. I hope that the future works of the same author will please you, and, indeed, am quite anxious to have as many people as may be of your opinion. It is not my intention to return to Constantinople at present, and when there I hope I shall be more moral than in former days, and have no desire to fling the handkerchief to any members whatsoever of his Highness's seraglio.

"Yours truly, W. M. THACKERAY."

I can not at this distant date precisely call to mind the circumstances under which I continued, at intervals, to meet Mr. Thackeray, but the various letters I received from him contain the most gratifying proof that he was always well affected toward writers who could not possibly aspire to his own rank in the literary army; and the following extract is one of the best evidences of this fact I can adduce, because, at the time he wrote it, my knowledge of him did not extend beyond that which was derived from a few brief conversations with him at the chambers of a friend, upon matters in no way relating to business, such as afterward brought me more closely in contact with him.

The letter refers to a loss which had just befallen me, in consequence of some changes which had taken place in a newspaper establishment with which I was then connected. It is dated May 19, 1855, and says:

"I am sincerely sorry to hear of your position, and send the little contribution which came so opportunely from another friend whom I was enabled once to help. When you are well-to-do again I know you will pay it back, and I dare say somebody else will want the money, which is meanwhile most heartily at your service."

It was afterward explained to me that Mr. Thackeray made a practice of acting upon the principle embodied in the above note. Like many other generous men, he had always a few pounds floating about among friends and acquaintances whom he had been able to oblige in their necessity, and whenever he received back money which he had lent, he did not put it into his pocket with a glow of satisfaction at having added so much to his exchequer; but congratulated himself that he could transfer the same sum to another person who he knew was in need of it.

To my great satisfaction, I received one evening a note from Mr. Thackeray, which I had been expecting for several days, as he had promised to write to me on the subject; but, as the delay seemed ominous, I began to think he had changed his determination, and would not require my services as now suggested. In this note, which is dated Onslow Square, September 6, 1855, he says, after referring to other matters:

"I want a little work done in the way of arranging papers, copying at the B. M., etc.—if you are free, and will come here on Tuesday morning next, I can employ your services, and put some money in your way."

To Onslow Square I accordingly went on the

morning fixed upon, and found Mr. Thackeray in his study to receive me; but, instead of entering upon business in that part of the house, he took me up stairs to his bedroom, where every arrangement had been made for the convenience of writing. I then learned that he was busily occupied in preparing his lectures on the "Four Georges," and that he had need of an amanuensis to fill the place of one who was now otherwise occupied. In that capacity, it was my task to write to his dictation, and to make extracts from books, according to his instructions, either at his own house or at the British Museum. This duty called me to his bedchamber every morning, and, as a general rule, I found him up and ready to begin work, though he was sometimes in doubt and difficulty as to whether he should commence operations sitting, or standing, or walking about, or lying down. Often he would light a cigar, and, after pacing the room for a few minutes, would put the unsmoked remnant on the mantle-piece, and resume his work with increased cheerfulness, as if he had gathered fresh inspiration from the "gentle odors" of the "sublime tobacco."

It was not a little amusing to observe the frequency with which Mr. Thackeray, in the moments of dictation, would change his position, and I could not but think that he seemed most at his ease when one would suppose he was most uncomfortable. He was easy to "follow," as his enunciation was always clear and distinct, and he generally "weighed his words before he gave them breath," so that his amanuensis seldom received a check during the progress of his pen. He never became energetic, but spoke with that calm deliberation which distinguished his public readings; and there was one peculiarity which, among others, I especially remarked, viz., that when he made a humorous point, which inevitably caused me to laugh, his own countenance was unmoved, like that of the comedian Liston, who, as is well known, looked as if he wondered what had occurred to excite the risibility of his audience.

Many authors have often declared that they could not write to dictation. Thackeray was one who *could*, and liked to do so; and no better proof need be afforded of his power in that respect than is to be found in his "Four Georges," which contain some of the most thoughtful and vigorous passages that ever emanated from his brain.

While I was thus daily engaged with Mr. Thackeray he sometimes required my assistance on a Sunday afternoon; and I call to mind one Sunday in particular—I think it was the last before he started for America—when I found him in exceptionally high spirits, and much more inclined to talk than to write. He spoke of the journey he was about to commence, and of the money he should probably make by his readings in America. He wanted a few thousands more, he said, for he had not yet made enough. True, he added, that he possessed a small share

of the world's goods, and he was happy to think that he had paid off one moiety of the cost of his house (which he then occupied), and that he should be able before he left the country to discharge the remainder of the liability. He then went on to relate some of his literary experiences, and the circumstances under which his fortunes had improved during the last few years, observing that lecturing was certainly more profitable than magazine writing. He next alluded to his friends, the contributors to *Punch*, and passed in review many of their virtues and idiosyncrasies; and was at some pains to show that he held the humorous brotherhood in high esteem.

In speaking of periodical literature, he said he contemplated producing a magazine or journal in his own name after his return from America; and upon my venturing to observe that I hoped he did not intend to encourage the anonymous system in regard to his contributors, as the conductors of other publications of the day seemed resolved to do, he replied, "No. I think that's hard lines."* Our conversation next turned upon his mission to the United States; and when he hinted at the probability of his taking a secretary with him, as he had done on his former visit to that country, I suggested that I should be delighted to fill that office, if he had not already selected some one. He promised to consider my suggestion, and let me know what determination he had arrived at; but, in the mean time, he feared he should require a valet more than a secretary. On the following morning he said he had turned the matter over in his mind, and had come to the conclusion that, in consequence of the state of his health, he should be obliged to take a servant with him instead of a secretary; adding, dryly, "I can ask a servant to hold a basin to me; but I doubt if I could so treat a secretary—at least, he *might* object." He smiled as he made this droll observation, but I too well knew that it was a true word spoken in jest; for he was subject to periodical illnesses which rendered the services of a valet most essential to him; and the young man who filled that situation at the time was fortunately one in whom he placed implicit confidence; and he was thankful for the gentle way in which his servant tended him.

It was but natural to suppose that, considering Mr. Thackeray's popularity among his friends, and the interest which attached to the object of his visit to America, a desire would be shown to invite him to a farewell dinner. The project being initiated, Mr. Peter Cunningham undertook the duties of secretary; and all the preliminary arrangements were of the most satisfactory kind, care being taken that the party should be entirely private, and that it should consist exclusively of Mr. Thackeray's intimates.

* On his return to England, the *Cornhill Magazine* was started under the editorship of Mr. Thackeray.

On the morning of the banquet he was in a state of great nervous anxiety, saying that it was very kind of his friends to give him a dinner, but that he wished it was over, for such things always set him trembling. "Besides," he exclaimed, "I have to make a speech, and what am I to say? Here, take a pen in your hand and sit down; and I'll see if I can hammer out something. It's hammering now; I'm afraid it will be *stammering* by-and-by." I did as he requested, and he dictated with much ease and fluency a speech—or rather the heads of a speech—which he proposed delivering in response to the inevitable toast of his own health.

This was on a morning in the first week of October, 1855, and the dinner took place at the London Tavern in the evening of the same day, the duties of chairman being delegated to Mr. Charles Dickens, who from the very beginning of his public career had always manifested a remarkable aptitude for that responsible office.

The following account of the affair was afterward published by a gentleman who was present on the occasion:

"The Thackeray dinner was a triumph. Covers, we are assured, were laid for sixty; and sixty and no more sat down precisely at the minute named to do honor to the great novelist. Sixty very hearty shakes of the hand did Thackeray receive from sixty friends on that occasion; and hearty cheers from sixty vociferous and friendly tongues followed the chairman's—Mr. Charles Dickens—proposal of his health, and of wishes for his speedy and successful return among us. Dickens—the best after-dinner speaker now alive—was never happier. He spoke as if he was fully conscious that it was a great occasion, and that the absence of even one reporter was a matter of congratulation, affording ample room to mope. The table was in the shape of a horseshoe, having two vice-chairmen, and this circumstance was wrought up and played with by Dickens in the true Sam Weller and Charles Dickens manner. Thackeray, who is far from what is called a good speaker, outdid himself. There was his usual hesitation; but this hesitation becomes his manner of speaking and his matter, and is never unpleasant to his hearers, though it is, we are assured, most irksome to himself. This speech was full of pathos and humor and oddity, with bits of prepared parts imperfectly recollected, but most happily made good by the felicities of the passing moment. Like the 'Last Minstrel,'

'Each blank in faithful memory's void
The poet's glowing thought supplied.'

It was a speech to remember for its earnestness of purpose and its undoubted originality. Then the chairman quitted, and many near and at a distance quitted with him. Thackeray was on the move with the chairman, when, inspired by the moment, Jerrold took the chair, and Thackeray remained. Who is to chronicle what now passed?—what passages of wit—what neat and pleasant sarcastic speeches in proposing healths—what varied and pleasant, ay, and at times, sarcastic acknowledgments? Up to the time when Dickens left, a good reporter might have given all, and with ease, to future ages; but there could be no reporting what followed. There were words too nimble and too full of flame for a dozen Gurneys, all ears, to catch and preserve. Few will forget that night. There was an 'air of wit' about the room for three days after. Enough to make the two companies, though downright fools, right witty."

I am now fortunately enabled to give the original draft of the speech thus pictured, and

which, as I have just stated, was written by me to Mr. Thackeray's dictation on the morning of the dinner. It will be seen, from the occasional vacant spaces, that the writer of the above was correct in assuming that the speaker had intentionally left blanks with the view of supplying them at the moment. Some few sentences will be found to be quite incomplete; but it is not very difficult to conjecture how Mr. Thackeray would fill them up; though I believe I am right in saying that the speech as delivered fell far short of the speech as written. The latter has never been out of my possession since it came from Mr. Thackeray's lips; for, having once tested his power, and brought to light the thoughts which animated him, he did not care for the MS., and did not even read it. I subjoin it, *ipsissima verba*:

"I know great numbers of us here present have been invited to a neighboring palace where turtle, Champagne, and all good things are as plentiful almost as here, and where there reigns a civic monarch with a splendid court of officers, etc.—The sort of greeting that I had myself to-day—this splendor, etc.—the bevy in the ante-room—have filled my bosom with an elation with which no doubt Sir Francis Graham Moon's throbs.* I am surrounded by respectful friends, etc.—and I feel myself like a Lord Mayor. To his lordship's delight and magnificence there is a drawback. In the fountain of his pleasure there surges a bitter. He is thinking about the 9th of November, and I about the 13th of October.†

"Some years since, when I was younger and used to frequent jolly assemblies, I wrote a Bacchanalian song, to be chanted after dinner, etc.—I wish some one would sing that song now to the tune of the 'Dead March in Sani,' etc.—not for me—I am miserable enough; but for you, who seem in a great deal too good spirits. I tell you I am not—all the drink in Mr. Bathe's cellar won't make me. There may be sherry there 500 years old—Columbus may have taken it out from Cadiz with him when he went to discover America, and it won't make me jolly, etc.—and yet, entirely unsatisfactory as this feast is to me, I should like some more. Why can't you give me some more? I don't care about them costing two guineas a head. It is not the turtle I value. Let us go to Simpson's fish ordinary—or to Bertolini's, or John o' Groat's, etc.—I don't want to go away—I cling round the mahogany-tree.

"In the course of my profound and extensive reading I have found it is the habit of the English nation to give dinners to the unfortunate. I have been living lately with some worthy singular fellows 150 or 160 years old. I find that upon certain occasions the greatest attention was always paid them. They might call for any thing they liked for dinner. My friend Simon Frazer, Lord Lovat, about 109 years since, I think, partook very cheerfully of minced veal and sack before he was going on his journey§—Lord Ferrers (Rice)||—I could tell you a dozen jolly stories

* Sir F. G. Moon, Bart., was at that time Lord Mayor of London.

† The day on which he was to start for America.

‡ The then proprietor of the London Tavern.

§ He was beheaded in the year 1745 for fighting in the cause of the Pretender, in the Scottish rebellion of 1745.

|| Executed at Tyburn in the year 1760 for the murder of one Johnson, the receiver of his estates. His lordship was allowed to ride from the Tower to the scaffold in his own landau, and appeared gayly dressed in a light-colored suit of clothes, embroidered with silver. It was doubtless to this circumstance that Mr. Thackeray intended to allude in filling up the vacuum.

about feasts of this sort. I remember a particularly jolly one at which I was present, and which took place at least 900 years ago. My friend Mr. Maeready gave it at Fores Castle, North Britain, Covent Garden. That was a magnificent affair indeed. The tables were piled with most splendid fruits—gorgeous dish-covers glittered in endless perspective—Maetheth—Maeready, I mean—taking up a huge gold beaker, shining with enormous gems that must have been worth many hundred millions of money, filled it out of a gold six-gallon jug, and drank courteously to the general health of the whole table. Why did he put it down? What made him, in the midst of that jolly party, appear so haggard and melancholy? It was because he saw before him the ghost of John Cooper, with chalked face and an immense streak of vermillion painted across his throat! No wonder he was disturbed. In like manner I have before me at this minute the horrid figure of a steward, with a basin perhaps, or a glass of brandy-and-water, which he will press me to drink, and which I shall try and swallow, and which won't make me any better—I know it won't.

"Then there's the dinner, which we all of us must remember in our school-boy days, and which took place twice or thrice a year at home, on the day before Dr. Birch expected his young friends to reassemble at his academy, Rodwell Regis. Don't you remember how the morning was spent? How you went about taking leave of the garden, and the old mare and foal, and the paddock, and the pointers in the kennel; and how your little sister wistfully kept at your side all day; and how you went and looked at that confounded trunk which old Martha was packing with the new shirts, and at that heavy eake packed up in the play-box; and how kind 'the governor' was all day; and how at dinner he said 'Jack—or Tom—pass the bottle' in a very cheery voice; and how your mother had got the dishes she knew you liked best; and how you had the wing instead of the leg, which used to be your ordinary share; and how that dear, delightful, hot raspberry roly-polly pudding, good as it was, and fondly beloved by you, yet somehow had the effect of the notorious school stick-jaw, and choked you and stuck in your throat; and how the gig came; and then, how you heard the whirl of the mail-coach wheels, and the tooting of the guard's horn, as with an odious punctuality the mail and the four horses came galloping over the hill.—Shake hands, good-by! God bless every body! Don't cry, sister.—Away we go! and to-morrow we begin with Dr. Birch, and six months at Rodwell Regis!

"But after six months came the holidays again! * etc., etc., etc."

There is small chance of it being denied that the above is as fully characteristic of Mr. Thackeray's peculiar style as any passage to be found in his works. Not a doubt or question could possibly be raised in regard to its authorship; for there spoke Thackeray in his own original way—heart, lips, tone, and language.

That Mr. Thackeray was sometimes given to the "melting mood" may be shown by a little incident, in the relation of which I trust I shall violate no confidence, or throw myself open to the charge of ascribing to the great author a larger share of the milk of human kindness than often falls to the lot of ordinary mortals.

One morning I was making my way to 36 Onslow Square, at an earlier hour than usual, when, to my great surprise, I met Mr. Thackeray pacing up and down the footway in a state of great mental uneasiness. It was so entirely

contrary to his custom—at least as far as my experience told me—to leave his house at so early an hour, and I was so much concerned at seeing him in such depression, that I was naturally induced to say that I hoped nothing very serious had happened to his household. He answered, "Poor Marochetti's child is dying." Having said this, tears came to his relief, and he speedily returned home. He was on terms of close friendship with the Baron Marochetti (his next-door neighbor), and he sympathized with that well-known sculptor in the deep love he bore for his dying child. He was in a cheerless mood for the remainder of the day, and in the course of his work reverted many times to the calamity which he so much deplored.*

Again, on the morning of his departure for America. He was to start by an early train, and when I arrived (for it had been previously arranged that I should see him before he left) I found him in his study, and his two daughters in the dining-room—all in a very tearful condition; and I do not think I am far wrong in saying that if ever man's strength was overpowered by woman's weakness it was so upon this occasion; for Mr. Thackeray could not look at his daughters without betraying a moisture in his eyes, which he in vain strove to conceal. Nevertheless he was enabled to attend to several money transactions which it was necessary he should arrange before leaving; and to give me certain instructions about the four volumes of his "Miscellanies" then in course of publication, and which he begged me to watch in their passage through the press, with a view to a few foot-notes that might be thought desirable. Then came the hour for parting! A cab was at the door, the luggage had all been properly disposed of, and the servants stood in the hall, to notify, by their looks, how much they regretted their master's departure. "This is the moment I have dreaded!" said Thackeray, as he entered the dining-room to embrace his daughters; and when he hastily descended the steps of the door he *knew* that they would be at the window to

"Cast one longing, lingering look behind."

"Good-by," he murmured, in a suppressed voice, as I followed him to the cab; "keep close behind me, and let me try to jump in unseen."

The instant the door of the vehicle was closed behind him he threw himself back into a corner and buried his face in his hands. That was the last I saw of Mr. Thackeray before he left London on his second visit to the United States; and I think I have given sufficient proof that, great as was his power of poisoning the shafts of ridicule at the follies and vices of the day, and coldly reserved as he sometimes was in his demeanor, he was full of that gentle-

* It will be recollected that the tablet to Thackeray's memory in Westminster Abbey was the design and workmanship of the late Baron Marochetti.

* Mr. Thackeray was to be absent from England for that space of time.

ness of heart to which his writings constantly bear testimony; and it was his instinct to be actuated by the kindest impulses which do honor to our common nature.

On Mr. Thackeray's return from a successful tour in the United States, he sought to make arrangements for the reading of his lectures on "The Four Georges" in London and the provinces. He had fulfilled his purpose of delivering them in America in the first instance, and he had now no reason to think that they would not be listened to with satisfaction in his own country. To undertake the responsibility of organizing any plan of proceeding, of appointing agents, of superintending the publication of advertisements, and settling the various other preliminary matters incidental to what is technically called a "lecturing tour," was, of course, more than could possibly be expected from a man of Mr. Thackeray's intellectual calibre. It soon, therefore, became known that he was "in the market," as it were, ready to accept engagements for the reading of his lectures; and Mr. Frederick Beale, belonging to a musical firm of some note, expressed his desire to Mr. Thackeray, through me, to make the speculation his own, and to "farm" the lecturer at a given sum for each reading. Mr. Thackeray appeared pleased at the proposition, and a morning was appointed for Mr. Beale to accompany me to his house, with a view of my introducing him to the celebrated writer, and witnessing the arrangement of the terms.

Mr. Thackeray was in his dressing-gown and slippers, and received us in his bedroom, where, as I have already stated, he generally passed his mornings and wrote his books. His study being a small back-room behind the dining-room, on the ground-floor, and being exposed to the noises from the street, he had caused his writing-table and appliances to be carried up stairs to the second-floor, where two rooms had been thrown into one—the back to be used as a sleeping-chamber, and the front, which was considerably larger than the other, as a sitting-room. The dimensions of this apartment being capacious, Mr. Thackeray was enabled to move about in the intervals of writing, and to extend his limbs on a couch; and, in fine, to change his attitude as often as his convenience demanded, for the operation of dictating necessarily spared him the pain of confining himself to a sitting posture. On the morning in question some domestic annoyance had ruffled the serenity of his mind; and it was evident, from the abruptness of his manner, that he had no idea of being other than thoroughly "business-like" in the negotiations we were about to commence. After a little preparatory interchange of civilities (which it was pretty evident Mr. Thackeray would have described as a "bore" had it been possible to ascertain his candid opinion at the moment), Mr. Beale, in his usual courteous manner, suggested the terms himself; and Mr. Thackeray, like a true diplomatist as he was, never allowed it to be sup-

posed that he thought them more than reasonably remunerative.

The payment proposed was fifty guineas for each reading, and Mr. Thackeray was to appear a certain number of times in London—at the Surrey Music Hall, for instance—and to undertake a tour of three weeks in the provinces. That he was well satisfied with his arrangement with Mr. Beale is best proved by the fact that, when he saw me on the following day, he exclaimed, "What terms! fifty guineas a night! Why, I shouldn't have received one-half that sum for an article in *Fraser* a few years ago."

As I was traveling entirely in an official character, and was not responsible to Mr. Thackeray, I studiously avoided foreing myself on his company, but always took especial care to select a carriage he did *not* occupy, and to plant myself in an hotel he did *not* patronize. Hence—if I may speak paradoxically—we pulled remarkably well together; and although the arrangements for a public reading every evening at 8 o'clock left little opportunity for social enjoyment—that is to say, at a time when it would be most in accordance with his usual habit—Mr. Thackeray occasionally invited me to dine with him. "This is a nice room," he would say, if the apartment allotted to him chanced to have a rural aspect, with trees and flowers bobbing in at the window; "I could *write* here!" And where was it, it may be asked, that he could *not* write? for the twenty-two handsome volumes of his works lately issued bear sufficient presumptive evidence that his labor was done in various places and climes. May it not be fairly supposed that Titmarsh's "Carmen Lillense," dated Lille, September 2, 1843, and published in *Fraser's Magazine*, was written on the identical spot where he was visited by the sad pecuniary misfortune which he so humorously deploras in the *refrain* of the ballad?

"My heart is weary, my peace is gone;
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money; I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille."

At the time of the publication of "Vanity Fair," Thackeray's great contemporary, Charles Dickens (for in spite of all remonstrance it has always been the fashion to place the two writers in the same category, and often to sacrifice one at the shrine of the other, according to the particular taste of the person addressing himself to the subject), was producing, in the accustomed monthly form—the green cover in the one instance, against the yellow cover in the other—his story of "Dombey and Son;" and it was Thackeray's delight to read each number with eagerness as it issued from the press. He had often been heard to speak of the work in terms of the highest praise. When it had reached its fifth number, wherein Mr. Charles Dickens described the end of little Paul with a depth of pathos which produced a vibratory emotion in the hearts of all who read it, Mr.

Thackeray seemed electrified at the thought that there was one man living who could exercise so complete a control over him. Putting No. 5 of "Dombey and Son" in his pocket, he hastened down to Mr. Punch's printing-office, and entering the editor's room, where I chanced to be the only person present except Mr. Mark Lemon himself, he dashed it on the table with startling vehemence, and exclaimed, "There's no writing against such power as this—one has no chance! Read that chapter describing young Paul's death: it is unsurpassed—it is stupendous!"

Long after this, and during the period that I acted as his amanuensis, I went into his chamber one morning, as usual, and found him in bed (for, lest it should be supposed that Mr. Thackeray was what is commonly called a late riser, I should state at once that my visits to him were somewhat early, that is to say, before nine o'clock), a little pot of tea and some dry toast on a table by his side. I therefore remained at a distance from him, but Mr. Thackeray called me forward, and I discovered that he had passed a very restless night. "I am sorry," said I, "that you do not seem very well this morning." "Well!" he murmured—"no, I am not well. I have got to make that confounded speech to-night." I immediately recollected that he was to preside at the annual dinner of the General Theatrical Fund—an undertaking which I well knew was entirely repugnant to his taste and wishes. "Don't let that trouble you, Mr. Thackeray," said I; "you will be sure to be all right when the time comes." "Nonsense!" he replied, "it won't come all right—I can't make a speech. Confound it! That fellow Jackson let me in for this! Why don't they get Dickens to take the chair? He *can* make a speech, and a good one. *I'm* of no use." I told him that I thoroughly appreciated his remark in regard to Mr. Dickens, but that at the same time he was giving little credit to those whose discernment had selected him as the chairman of the evening; and they could not very well ask Mr. Dickens, as he had only a year or two since occupied that position at an anniversary dinner of the same institution. "They little think how nervous I am," said Thackeray; "and Dickens doesn't know the meaning of the word."

In confirmation of this remark I observed that I once asked Mr. Dickens if he ever felt nervous on public occasions when called upon to speak; and his instant reply was, "Not in the least. The first time I took the chair at a public dinner I felt just as much confidence as if I had done the same thing a hundred times before."*

* Charles Dickens is as happy at intimate social gatherings as on great public occasions. A dinner was given to his eldest son on the occasion of his departure for China on a commercial mission. Blanchard Jerrold was in the chair, with Mr. Dickens on his left, and the guest of the evening on his right. The young gentleman became warmed with the wine;

The result of Mr. Thackeray's chairmanship on the evening in question may here be recorded, with all respect to his memory, and with that desire to be strictly correct which he himself would have been the first to encourage. True to his engagement he took the post assigned to him, and commenced his duties as if he had resolved to set difficulties at defiance, and to show that the task was *not* quite impossible with him; but, unhappily for his nervous and sensitive temperament, Mr. Charles Dickens, as the president of the institution, sat at his right hand, and when he came to the all-absorbing toast of the evening, the terrifying fact rushed across his mind that his great contemporary would witness all his shortcomings and his sad inferiority. He had prepared his speech, and he commenced with some learned allusions to the ear of Thespis and the early history of the drama, when he suddenly collapsed, and brought his address to a close in a few commonplace observations which could scarcely be called coherent. He too painfully felt the weakness of his position; and notwithstanding a particularly kind and complimentary speech in which Mr. Dickens proposed his health as chairman, he could not recover the *prestige* he believed he had lost, and he left the room in company with an old friend at as early a moment as he could consistently with the respect he owed to the company.

One other instance I may mention of the many which came within my own knowledge of Mr. Thackeray's distrust of his own powers and his desire to exalt others at the expense of himself. I found him one morning in an unusually loquacious mood, and I had not been with him many minutes before he said he was not disposed to trouble himself with any work that day. He was more inclined to talk. Adverting by a natural transition from the subject he had first touched upon to the respective merits of various writers who were then daily before the world, he spoke of the great success of *Household Words*, and of the ability displayed in its pages by some of its contributors. "There's one man," for instance, he emphatically exclaimed, "who is a very clever fellow, and that is Sala. That paper of his, 'The Key of the Street,' is one of the best things I ever read. I couldn't have written it. I wish I could."

It was a common practice in the towns we visited for quidnuncs, ambitious dowagers, and aspiring damsels pertaining to the order of blue-stockings, to pester Mr. Thackeray at the close of his lecture to insert his autograph in an album—a request with which he was not often willing to comply. On one occasion an album was placed before him by a young fellow, who thought to tempt him by calling attention to the fact that the signatures of several distin-

whereupon Dickens, in returning thanks for his own health, took the opportunity of observing that after such a generous dinner "a little transaction in tea" would do his son a world of good.

guished musicians, including that of one of our most celebrated tenors, were in the same book, and that therefore he would be in very good company. "What! among all these fiddlers!" exclaimed Thackeray, with pretended raillery. Having uttered the somewhat brusque phrase, he could not well do otherwise than satisfy the desire expressed; but he would not be prevailed upon to write more than the simple signature—"W. M. Thackeray." On another occasion the possessor of an album was much more fortunate. It belonged to a young lady of my acquaintance, and I had pleaded her cause so warmly that Mr. Thackeray opened the book, and I pointed out to him the names of certain contributors with whom I thought he might not object to be thus associated. He assented, and took the book home to his hotel, in order that he might have time to scan its contents. Among these he soon discovered the subjoined lines:

"Mont Blanc is the Monarch of Mountains—
They crown'd him long ago;
But who they got to put it on
Nobody seems to know.
"ALBERT SMITH."

Under these lines Mr. Thackeray speedily wrote the following:

"A HUMBLE SUGGESTION.
"I know that Albert wrote in hurry:
To criticise I scarce presume;
But yet methinks that Lindley Murray,
Instead of 'who,' had written *whom*.
"W. M. THACKERAY."

I need scarcely say that the young lady felt she had brought her album to a "very good market," and she could never afterward believe that Mr. Thackeray was other than the most amiable of authors and the most considerate of men.

If I remember rightly, Mr. Thackeray's engagement at Norwich required him to give four readings—that is to say, he was to introduce all "The Four Georges"—one each night—to the people of that city. He was received with much cordiality in that bustling capital, and his lectures were attended with a success justly proportioned to their merit; but it was evident that his health was much impaired, and that he was about to endure one of those sad periodical attacks to which he had long been liable. On the concluding night of the series he had some difficulty in getting to the Hall by the usual time, and when arrived there he was in great nervous trepidation, and expressed his fear that he should be quite unable to get through his work. I said what I could to make him more hopeful and cheerful, and when he made his appearance on the platform he was greeted with such a storm of applause, that he proceeded in his task with scarcely less vigor than he generally displayed; but as he approached the end of his discourse his voice faltered, and it was a severe struggle to him to reach the final sentence.

On the following morning, at an early hour,

I received a message from him requesting that I would go and see him at his hotel, as he was laid up with one of his violent attacks. I lost no time in obeying his wish, and on entering his chamber I was much shocked to see him lying closely covered up in bed. He was suffering great pain, and begged that I would not look at him, as he knew he was a hideous object. I entreated that he would place my services entirely at his command, and he replied, with a waving of his hand, that all he wanted was some money out of the exchequer in my possession, as he should unfortunately be detained there by his illness. The desire was of course immediately satisfied, and he would not listen to me when I asked him to allow me to remain with him. It was beyond question under such a seizure as he was then afflicted with that he retired to his bed on that mournful night in December, 1863, when he endured his sufferings for the last time.

Some short period after I had left Mr. Thackeray at Norwich in the condition described, I saw him at his house in London, and on his making allusion to those dreadful illnesses which he said were the very bane of his life, I asked if he had ever received the best medical advice. Certainly he had, was his reply; "but what is the use of advice, if you don't follow it?" he continued. "They tell me not to drink, and I *do* drink. They tell me not to smoke, and I *do* smoke. They tell me not to eat, and I *do* eat. In short, I do every thing that I am desired *not* to do, and, therefore, what am I to expect?"

As I was brought little in contact with Mr. Thackeray from this time forth, except in the lobby of the Reform Club (where, on occasions when I was waiting for a friend who was a member, I enjoyed the sight of forbidden luxuries), or on the steps of the Garrick, or sauntering along Pall Mall in that *insouciant* manner which was becoming as familiar at the West of London as Johnson's "rolling walk" was in Fleet Street, I shall not weary the reader with any details as to what might, could, would, or should have happened in connection with his everyday life. My sole object has been to place him before the reader precisely as I saw him, and to jot down such things as appeared to have some little historical interest. The most memorable event I can now call to mind, in relation to Mr. Thackeray, is at the same time the most melancholy one, for it brings me to the morning of Christmas-day, 1863, when I chanced to pay a visit to Horace Mayhew, in Old Bond Street. I entered the room cheerfully,

"As fits the merry Christmas-time,"

and proffered the usual good wishes to Mayhew and another friend who was present; but I was surprised to find that my animal spirits met with no response, and that my companions were as depressed as I was inclined to be the reverse. "Haven't you heard?" said Mayhew, looking ominously blank and chop-fallen. "Heard!"

I exclaimed; "heard *what*?" "Why, about poor Thackeray?" "No; what about him?" "He's dead!" "What!" I cried, almost petrified; "*our* Thackeray, the *great* Thackeray?" "Yes," he said, "too true. William Makepeace Thackeray: he died yesterday morning, or on the previous night." This was indeed a piece of news as saddening as it was unexpected, and when it was revealed to me I was dumb with an emotion which it would have been affectation in me to endeavor to disguise. As to Horace Mayhew, he had formed an affection for Thackeray which on that occasion expressed itself in accents of the most bitter grief.

It was soon explained that the lamented writer was found dead in his bed on Christmas-eve, and that the immediate cause of his decease was an effusion of blood on the brain, brought on by one of those violent stomach afflictions to which I have already referred. I could not but remark what a deep gloom the event would cast over many an otherwise happy fireside at that festive period; and I was afterward led to the reflection that the line above quoted would now too painfully bear the *second* reading given to it by the author—

"As fits the *solemn* Christmas-tide."

The line occurs in the last stanza of a little poem called "The End of the Play," with which Mr. Thackeray's Christmas book, "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends," closes; and as its plaintive tone of farewell would seem to be especially in harmony with the author's removal from the scene, I will quote the entire verse:

"My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish for health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our earl still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will."

He laid the weary pen aside! If these simple but impressive words may be taken as a foreshadowing of what his feelings might be when called upon to lay it aside for the last time, we may well believe that at that sad moment his thoughts were full of prayer for the earthly peace of all.

The duty of describing in detail the funeral of Mr. Thackeray must be left to his biographer—a character which will, doubtless, ere long be assumed by one who can speak of "greatness greatly;" but as I was present on that mournful occasion I am constrained to allude to it, as affording the last link in the chain of my reminiscences of this conspicuous example of representative men.

It was on the morning of the 30th December that Thackeray was carried to his resting-place in Kensal Green Cemetery. The atmosphere was warm, crisp, and clear; the ground was unusually elastic, and there was a genial glow over the face of nature which almost forbade the idea that the hundreds who were hastening to the burial-place were absorbed by other than cheering thoughts.

"The sun shone bright o'erhead;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead."

The number of persons present was estimated at about 2000, and among them were many of the chosen lights of literature and art. Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. Anthony Trollope, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. G. H. Lewes, the historian and critic; Mr. Theodore Martin, poet and satirist; Dr. Russell, of the *Times*; Mr. Frederick Lawrence, the author of "The Life of Fielding;" Mr. Higgins (Jacob Omnium), Mr. Robert Bell, Mr. Millais, R. A., Mr. George Cruikshank, Mr. John Leech, Mr. Shirley Brooks, Mr. Horace Mayhew, Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Creswick, R. A., M. Louis Blanc, Mr. John Tenniel, Mr. Edmund Yates—these are a few taken almost at random from the numerous gathering of friends assembled at the cemetery; but the most noteworthy circumstance struck me as being the deep sympathy shown in the event by a very large majority who could have known nothing of Thackeray except from his works.

It was, in truth, a ceremony so full of universal interest that it will be remembered as a tribute of respect to one of the few whose genius could alone command it; and, if I might be allowed for one moment to associate the *living* Thackeray with the scene, I should remark how forcibly it brought to the recollection of many, who saw the hearse enter the grounds, the funeral of Douglas Jerrold, when the noble gray head now laid low was observed towering among the pall-bearers. Indeed the mournful proceeding brought these two great names closely together in my mind; and I am free to confess that, remembering what I had seen of the inherent kindness of each, and recognizing so many faces at Kensal Green, which, six years before, I had marked at the ceremony at Norwood, I could not but regard the coincidence as fraught with both pleasure and pain. So striking, I thought, was the similarity between the circumstances attending the two burials, that it was difficult to dispel the illusion that, although the two men were not bound together in life by the strongest ties of friendship, the same spirit of literary brotherhood which had guided their fortunes on earth seemed to hover at last over their graves.

DID SHE DREAM IT?

"IF I stand here, I saw it!" Such is the utterance of Macbeth's passionate, profound conviction that he saw, actually saw, with his own eyes, the awful shape none else could see, and the sight of which blanched his cheeks with fear. "If I stand here, I saw it," innocent, suffering Julia Challoner might have said—mentally did say—as she stood at her window, and gazed with pale face and startled, wondering, longing eyes out upon the grass and trees on which the moonlight was shining. She trembled; but not with fear, nor yet with

cold: only with excitement, wonder, bewilderment, and something almost like a feverish hope and joy. "I *did* see it!" she said to herself. "I am not dreaming, or deluding myself, or out of my senses. It was he: I saw him."

It was after midnight, and Julia had been lying in bed, not asleep but wide awake, and thinking earnestly and anxiously. The window of the room was opposite the foot of her bed; so that, as she lay awake, her eyes naturally rested on the window and the foliage which broke the rays of the moon and darkened the chamber. Her mind was much disturbed by an agitating question, such as, perhaps, no woman ever ought to have to consider.

"Shall I marry him?" That was the question; and when I say a woman never ought to have to consider such a question, I mean that the mere existence of the doubt, the mere necessity of making the inquiry and thinking over it, ought to be a decisive and prompt reply. Where there is doubt enough to ask, there ought to be no doubt of the answer. Some thought of this was in poor Julia's mind, and disturbed her conscience.

"Can I—ought I to marry him? Can I help myself? Can I avoid marrying him? I do not love him, and I never can; and he knows it. But he loves me; and he has so long been faithful and true, and he is so good—and Lionel loved him. Oh, I don't see how I can draw back—and yet I feel so tortured! If Heaven would only send me some hint or guidance! I wish I were a Roman Catholic, that I might pray to the Virgin."

She tossed on her bed, and turned her face to the wall. At that moment the room seemed to grow dark, and a cold air breathed over her, and she almost thought she heard a low, faint sound, like a sigh. She looked toward the window, and saw, or thought she saw, something which caused her to spring up in the bed and stretch out her arms; and she was about to utter a wild cry of surprise and excitement and joy, but with a strong effort she controlled herself, and was silent. She gazed at the window fixedly for some seconds; then she left the bed noiselessly, and crossed the floor, and stood at the window, and strove to follow with her eyes something that seemed to disappear as she looked. And it was then that she said to herself the words already given: "It was he; I saw him!"

What she saw, or thought she saw, was the figure of a young man with dark hair and bronzed cheeks, and a manly, open expression, genial despite the deep sadness that covered his face. The eyes rested on hers, and were full of love and pity and tenderness. After a few seconds the figure seemed to withdraw; and it was then that Julia rose from her bed and followed it with her eyes until it disappeared, or was lost to sight somehow, among the trees and shrubs.

One thing had, amidst all her wonder and be-

wilderment, made a clear, distinct, and predominant impression upon her mind. She was indeed convinced that she had seen something which could neither have been created nor explained by any ordinary and familiar processes of nature; but yet the face which looked on her, the eyes which gazed into hers with such tenderness unspeakable, did not show like those of the dead. Not a ghost come from the grave seemed to have stood at her window, but the spiritual *eidolon* of a living man.

"Oh, Lionel," the girl murmured, falling on her knees, and bursting into a passion of tears, "do not leave me in this fearful state of doubt! Send me some other sign! Come to me again! You are still living—I know it! Do not leave me to this distraction and misery, but make me some clear sign that I may know where you are, and if we are ever to meet again!"

That night, however, she saw nothing more; and the dawn came before she fell asleep. For she had now more than ever cause to torture herself with doubts, and to weary her mind by thinking what she must do.

But although she had slept so little she arose early and promptly. For she had promised to take a ride that day in company with her affianced lover.

The story of the engagement between Julia Challoner and Ronald Levett was somewhat strange, and had much that was painful in it. Lionel Black and Ronald Levett were first school-fellows, then college friends, then fast friends in the outer world. Both were artists—painters—but with a considerable difference in the conditions under which they practiced art. Lionel Black was poor, and meant to live by his painting; Ronald Levett was the only son of a man who had made a large fortune in trade, and was now in weakly health. Both young men were New Yorkers by birth; but there was in Levett's blood some leaven of the Cuban creole, and people said his mother had been a slave in one of the Havana hotels, and was thence bought, brought, and married by the elder Levett. However that may be, Levett the younger was that rare creature, a "swell" artist. Like the late Augustus Egg, he used to ride to his studio on a magnificent horse, with a dashing groom behind him; or set the neighborhood in commotion by clattering up there four in hand. In Paris and in Rome Levett amazed the modest circles of art by his splendid displays and his lavish expenditure. It does not take much, indeed, in the way of expense to dazzle the eyes of a Roman art-student; but Levett did certainly display a genuine Fifth Avenue prodigality of costly barbarism. Yet he and Lionel Black were as fast friends as ever. Black often laughed good-humoredly at his comrade's magnificence, but, as he did not envy it, he made no pretense of despising it. All things went on well with them until an unlucky chance made them both fall in love with the same girl. This is a sort of fatality happening to a pair of friends so oft-

en in the drama and romance that we are apt to forget that it occurs much more often still in real life.

The girl they fell in love with was a young American, who usually passed the winter with her father and mother in Rome. Julia Chalonier was her name, and she was a girl who might fairly be called beautiful; but who was especially attractive because of the exquisite simplicity, sweetness, and truthfulness of her nature, and the delicate refinement of her intellectual tastes. The two young artists were constant visitors at her father's house. "The wind and the beam loved the rose," in Lord Lytton's pretty, sentimental poem—"and the rose loved one." In this instance, the one whom the rose loved was the moneyless artist, Lionel Black.

Ronald Levett was the first to speak. He proposed for the girl, and he had to back him all the influence her father and mother could give; but Julia frankly and firmly refused to marry him—and this was the first time in his life that Ronald Levett had been refused anything on which he had set his heart. He really loved the girl passionately; but in his disappointment there was mingled other bitterness than that of misprized love. Yet he put a good face upon the matter until it became only too evident to him that his old friend and comrade had only to ask for the love which was refused to him. Indeed, Julia's whole soul sometimes spoke out of her clear, candid eyes when she looked at Lionel Black; and Black must have been blind if he had not seen it. So he asked her one evening for her love—he had kept back, poor fellow, thus far, only because he had no money, and she put her hand in his, and pledged herself to marry him. There was a good deal of opposition on the part of Julia's father and mother; not very unreasonable from their point of view; and at last they insisted on some delay. Lionel must win his way a little before they would consent that he should have their daughter. Lionel, who was actually beginning to make his way already, and was in every sense a manly fellow, was willing to wait and prove what was in him. Indeed, he would have accepted almost any conditions which promised him Julia in the end—and so they were to wait, and were not even to be bound, meanwhile, by any thing which Julia's family would recognize as an engagement.

When Ronald Levett heard what had happened he gave way to a perfect tempest of passion. He attacked his old comrade with furious reproaches; and they might have had a fierce quarrel but that Lionel was too generous, and now too happy, not to make full allowance even for the most unreasonable expression of his friend's disappointment and frustrated love. In a few days Ronald returned to himself; became calm and reasonable; held out his hand to Lionel, and begged for a forgiveness which was cordially offered before he had time to ask explicitly for it. So the old

comrades became comrades once more; and they presently set out together to make a tour through Sicily.

This tour was the occasion of an event which created at the time a wild and painful excitement. Both the young men were missing for several days from Palermo. At last Ronald dragged himself one day back to the hotel. He was wasted, haggard, exhausted, and with a gunshot wound in the left arm. His story was shocking. Black and he had wandered too far into the mountain region, and were attacked by brigands. The comrades had revolvers, and foolishly used them in a futile resistance. Levett received a wound in the arm—Black received several wounds. They were dragged away, faint and bleeding. The brigands proposed to send one of them back to Palermo to obtain ransom for both; but before any arrangement could be made poor Lionel died. Levett was so much broken down by his wound, and by his horror and agony at the death of his friend, that he fell into a senseless state, and lay on the earth like a corpse. He assumed that the brigands looked on him as a dying man, and gave up any idea of recovering the ransom on which they had originally fixed. So they were content with plundering him of all the money he had—a considerable sum—and his watch and rings; and they left him, doubtless in the belief that they were leaving him to die. But he recovered his consciousness, and found himself alone. What had become of the body of his hapless friend he did not know; but he assumed that the robbers must have flung it, to find a grave, down one of the precipices of the mountain. All that Ronald Levett knew was that he saw his friend die; that he himself became unconscious; that when he recovered he found himself plundered of every thing valuable—and alone.

He dragged his wounded body and sad spirit back somehow, in weary marches, to Palermo, where his story created an appalling sensation. Troops were sent out to scour the country everywhere in the hope of capturing the brigands, or even recovering the body of poor Lionel Black. The brigands were not captured; the body was not found. After a while the public mind lost its excitement; the sensation passed away; and the poor young American artist, who had perished so miserably, was forgotten.

Not forgotten by all. The friend who was by his side when he fell, the girl whom he loved—these did not forget him. Nothing could be more profound than the effect which the calamity seemed to have produced on Ronald Levett. His grief was made the more bitter by the fact, which he never failed to tell with stern self-reproach, that it was he who had suggested the fatal excursion to the mountains. His grief touched even the almost broken heart of Julia; and a common sorrow drew them much together.

For her all the brightness and color and

hope were gone out of her life. She seldom talked much about her grief to her father, or even her mother; for she was painfully conscious that they had never favored her love, or looked on poor Lionel even with eyes of toleration. There was, in fact, no one now on earth in whose society she found any thing consoling or sympathetic, save Ronald Levett alone. His manner was always so tender and soothing, his tones and words spoke so profound a sympathy, his grief for his lost friend was so earnest, that Julia's heart opened and softened to him. She seldom spoke of Lionel to any one but Ronald; but they two talked long and often of the youth who was gone. So it came that, after they had returned to New York, and Julia was in her father's house on Staten Island, Ronald at last ventured to revive the memory of his own love-suit; and gently, delicately pressing it again and again, succeeded in drawing from Julia a promise that she would yet become his wife.

It was in the stress of her doubts and agonies, after the promise had been given, that Julia, lying awake in her room, saw one night, or thought she saw, the sight that has been described.

She did not breathe a word of what she had seen to any one. But when riding with her now accepted lover next day, she suddenly said:

"Ronald, I have promised you that I will marry you. But that is because we believe poor Lionel to be dead."

"Believe it, dearest! Do we not know it?"

"Is it impossible, quite impossible, that he should be alive?"

"Julia, how can you ask such a question of me? Do you think I would have left him if there was any chance of saving him? I saw poor Lionel die."

The tears rushed into Julia's eyes, and she said no more.

That night she dreamed of Lionel—dreamed that she saw him alive in the midst of a group of bandits. The dream was so vivid, and her excitement became so great, that she screamed, and awoke at the sound; and when she opened her eyes the same scene, the same forms appeared—faint, indeed, and shadowy, but still distinct between her and the window. Yes, there it was; that was Lionel's form. He was alone among a brigand group. She saw all this distinctly for a moment, and then it was gone.

This kind of visitation, or dream, or whatever it might have been, seemed to have taken possession of the girl's senses and being with the return of every night.

One morning she flung herself upon her knees before her father, and implored him, in a wild outburst of tears, to take her to Sicily, that they might try to find Lionel—to take her there at once, if he would save her life or her reason.

"Father, he is not dead! He is alive! I know it! I have seen him! If we do not seek him out, I shall die—or go mad!"

Mr. Challoner had nothing of the stern pa-

rent of the drama about him. He would have gone round the world a dozen times to relieve his daughter's sorrow. And although he had no faith whatever in her supernatural admonitions, he had sense enough to see that for her sake, at least, they must be obeyed as promptly and strictly as if their genuineness were certain. Mrs. Challoner was a little vexed; but, perhaps, in her heart, was more inclined to attach importance to her daughter's nightly visitations than her husband. At all events, they would sail for Europe at once; and nothing that money, perseverance, and patience could do should be left undone to arrive at some certain knowledge of Lionel Black's fate.

But was it not certain? Had not his dearest friend seen him die? That was the thought which racked poor Julia's breast as she lay awake on her bed the night of the day when she had induced her father to promise that he would take her to Sicily. How could Lionel be alive? Ronald Levett had seen him die. Were her spiritual warnings only delusive dreams?

Even as she tortured herself with this question, an unaccountable inclination to sleep seemed to come over her. She sank away into a dreamy, almost unconscious state, and in a moment the now familiar group was before her again. But this time Lionel seemed to be earnestly arguing with his captors; and she thought she heard his voice, faint, distant, but distinct. What words did she seem to hear in her dreaming ears?

"I tell you it is true" (the words were in Italian); "he *will* return. Something has interposed to keep him back; but he will come with the ransom. He is my dearest friend. Do you think he would desert me? Kill me, if you will; I can not help myself, and I am not afraid to die. But you will only lose the ransom. For Ronald Levett will come back for me, unless he, too, is dead; and, unless he died before he reached Palermo, some one sent by him will come for me."

She started up; and lo! there still was the scene before her, and the words distinctly sounded once more in her ears. And she gave a wild, agonized scream, which rang through the house, and before many seconds had passed her alarmed parents were beside her. But she did not tell them what new conviction had filled her soul. That she kept to herself, with an inflexible purpose which she was soon to fulfill.

Next morning came Ronald, and she saw him alone. He began by a gentle, tender remonstrance against the useless enterprise of the journey to Sicily. She listened to him calmly, and then said:

"Ronald Levett, do you know why I am resolved to go to Sicily?"

"No, dearest; I can not understand it. Of course I sympathize with your feelings—"

"Hush! Not a word more of that from your lips! I am going to Sicily to seek for

the friend whom you deliberately abandoned to the brigands, falsely declaring that you saw him die—you, who had only been set at liberty in order that you might return with the ransom for both!"

"He has come back!" exclaimed Levett, wildly. And he sprang to his feet, a ghastly pallor on his face. "He is alive, and has come back, after all—and told you this!"

Then the wretched man fell on his knees before the girl, and made a full confession. He and Lionel had been captured by the brigands; they had used their revolvers; he had been wounded, and he alone; the brigands had released him, that he might raise the ransom for which they stipulated, and had selected him as the envoy, because of his wound, which would have made him at once the more troublesome and less valuable hostage. When he found himself free, the fearful temptation came on him—the temptation to rid himself forever of a rival by merely leaving Lionel in the hands of men who would surely kill him the moment they found that the ransom was hopeless. He yielded to the temptation; and since that hour he declared that life had been to him a perpetual agony, a constant present hell. Groveling in the abasement of utter remorse, he begged to be allowed to devote himself, his fortune, his life, to the rescue of Lionel, should Lionel still be alive—provided only that Julia would consent not to expose his guilt, and would entreat of Lionel to forgive him.

His assistance was accepted so far that Julia received from him, and carefully noted down, every particular which could be of service in seeking Lionel. It was, for instance, of the uttermost importance to know what were the channels of underground communication by means of which negotiations were to be opened with the brigands, and the ransom conveyed. Every one knows that in all the large towns of Sicily and Naples there are such channels of communication with brigandage. The

whole business is very systematic in its arrangements, and its secrets are kept with a marvelous fidelity.

Strange as it may seem, Lionel Black was still alive, after a whole year of wandering and captivity with his brigand jailers. More than once they had nearly lost patience, and many of the band were for killing him; but, of course, while there was the faintest chance of their obtaining the ransom, his life was worth preserving; and his manly, fearless, truthful nature had won much of their confidence. So they kept him alive for a whole year, and at last they got their ransom; and there entered Palermo, one day, a ragged, thin, bearded, sun-browned man, who was soon known to be the American artist so long believed to be dead. And it may be doubted whether the whole long history of love contains the story of a meeting more wild, more rapturous, than that between Julia Challoner and the lover who seemed to have come back to her from the dead.

Ronald Levett's hideous secret was concealed as well as might be. The world understood that he had been deceived when he supposed that his friend had received a death-wound in the encounter with the brigands. The rest of his story, as he originally told it, was allowed to remain unchallenged.

But Lionel and Julia, now married, will not live in New York while *he* lives there. They are in Rome; and Lionel is likely to make a name in art. Julia has no more supernatural visitations; but the skeptic would find it hard indeed to convince her or her husband that her visions were but the offspring of a mind unhinged by passionate grief, and by a secret, half-conscious, irrepressible, ever-present suspicion of Ronald Levett's truth. She believes that Heaven sent her a special and supernatural intimation of her lover's existence, and of the purpose to betray him; and I do not know why any one should wish to reason her out of her belief.

ANTEROS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE," "SWORD AND GOWN," "SANS MERCI,"
"BREAKING A BUTTERFLY," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

"**B**E LIEVE that this is kindly meant, though it bears no signature. It is your purpose, I hear, to make Lena Shafton your wife; and probably you care little whether your choice seems to the world wise or unwise; but has it occurred to you that there might be other obstacles to your future happiness besides the inequality of age? You are too brave and honest to play the complaisant husband, and, stout as your heart is, it would scarcely bear up under dishonor, or even the suspicion of dishonor. I bring no direct accusation against

your affianced; it may be she is innocent, in intent as well as in deed; but a woman who will not speak truth before marriage is seldom to be trusted after. I advise you, at least, to test her so far: ask her two simple questions. What was the cause of her sudden departure from town in the season that she wots of, and of her having lived in retirement ever since? Next—How long is it since she saw or heard from Caryl Glynne? If she can answer these questions quite frankly, it will be the better for you both; if she can not, or will not, other channels of information are open to you; even the gossips of the club might throw some light

upon the matter. You can slight this counsel, if you choose; only never in after-time complain that you were not warned."

This letter, on the day after it reached him, Lord Atherstone had placed in the hands of his betrothed without a word of comment; and he stood watching her now, while she read it through earnestly—not suspiciously. It would have been somewhat difficult to guess, from Lena's countenance, at the nature of her emotion. Her cheek flushed at first, but plainly rather in anger than confusion or fear; but as she read on she waxed pale again, and a kind of weary, resigned look came over her face, like that of one on whom some old annoyance returns not unexpectedly. When she had quite finished, she dropped the letter on her knees, and looked up at her lover, saying,

"I am ready—quite ready—to answer."

"To answer—what?"

Her brows contracted at once. She thought beating about the bush singularly ill-timed here, and rather unworthy of the speaker.

"The questions suggested here, of course. What else could I refer to?"

"I am in the dark still," he said, quietly. "I read as far as the line in which your name appears—no further. I flung the letter aside then, and I would have burned it on the instant if Marian Ashleigh—she was the only person present—had not insisted that it ought to be shown to you."

With much of self-reliance, Ralph had little self-conceit, and he would have been surprised, as well as proud, if he had guessed how much nearer these few words brought him to the one wish and object of his heart. Lena's head had been raised haughtily enough till now; but it sank almost to her breast as she murmured:

"Is it possible? Could you trust me so?"

He drew close to her side, and stood silent for some seconds, smoothing, so lightly that she scarcely felt the touch, the folds of her braided hair.

"My dear," he said at last, "did you think it was a pretty speech when I told you that I would never doubt till you bade me do so? You may have your fill of compliments wherever you go, but you will have to be content with plain truths at home, I am afraid; and this was one of them. Will you believe if I repeat it over again in sober seriousness?"

Her hand stole upward, and, for the very first time since their betrothal, sought his of its own accord; but her head was bowed still.

"Yes, I believe; only I wish I were worthier. But I can be frank now, at all events; and you must listen, even if you dislike it."

Then taking up the letter from where it lay on her lap, she read it out aloud, from the first to the last word, in a low, even tone. While she did this she felt his grasp tighten round her fingers; and when it was done, looking up into his face, she saw that it was dark with passion—so dark that the heart of many women would have sunk within them, even had they felt as-

sured that the menace was not leveled at themselves. But Miss Shafton felt neither fear nor misgiving; her smile, though somewhat depreciating, was meant rather to bespeak patience than forbearance; and the next instant her lip was curling scornfully.

"I am not quite clear about the kindly meaning," she said; "but there is truth enough to make a fair libel, and the questions are only such as you might have pressed—not ungenerously or unjustly—ten days ago. I almost wish you had pressed them; however, it is not quite too late now. You have just heard the name of the one person for whom I ever cared. It was because I cared so much that mother carried me away to the North at a minute's warning. She utterly disapproved of our intimacy, and thought that it was broken off then and there; indeed there never was any real engagement; but, while it was possible that I could marry Caryl Glynne, I was not free to listen to any other man; and I never wished to be free. I have believed it impossible for a long, long time; but I never knew it, absolutely, till a few hours before I accepted you. I saw him that morning, and said "good-by." There is no mystery about our quiet life for these few years past. Mother will tell you that we have been too poor—much too poor—to afford a house or lodgings of our own in town; and my aunt, with whom we used to stay in those days, has never seen fit to invite us since. She was awfully angry with me for my folly, I believe, and took this way of showing that she did not mean to abet it. I would have told you all this before, if you had asked me—indeed I would; but if, after having heard it, you choose that we should henceforth be no more than friends, I shall always think of you gratefully; and you will do as much for me?"

She would have drawn her hand away; but he held it fast; and before he opened his lips Lena knew how he had decided—knew that, whether for weal or woe, her destiny remained unchanged.

"Friends?" Ralph answered, rather hoarsely. "Yes, always that, I trust; such friends as husband and wife should be. Providence works with queer instruments, they say; but a better deed has not often been wrought by base hands than has been done here. If I could get over the insolence, I could almost thank the informer. My dear, I felt very proud and happy when I took your troth; but you have made me much prouder and happier to-day. So proud and so happy that I can't even think it a miracle that you should have looked on my face without dislike, with that other one fresh in your memory; for I know that face well—well enough to fancy its haunting women to whom Caryl Glynne's name is strange."

Her color had been less steady than her voice throughout; but it flickered painfully just then; yet her countenance lighted up withal, like that of one who, possessing some rare and precious thing, hears it valued at its worth.

"One does not easily forget a good picture," she said, after a minute's pause, with a very fair composure; "and there is no sort of reason why this one should be turned to the wall. You might have been amused if you had watched our *adieux* that morning; they were so thoroughly cool and business-like. It is bad policy, I think, as a rule, to drop one's old acquaintances without strong reasons; but if you wish this name scratched from my visiting-list, you have only to say so. I shall make no objection, and I am very sure Mr. Glynn will not complain."

There was a tinge of bitterness perhaps in the last words; but Lord Atherstone did not notice this.

"One never knows what will happen," he said, with his short, deep laugh; "but I feel pretty safe against absurd jealous fits just now. I am not likely to meddle with your visiting-list, my dear. In this, and in other things, if you please yourself, it is next to certain that you please me. Now, don't you think you had better make ashes of that well-meaning letter at once?"

"No, I don't think so," Lena answered, deliberately. "It is worth keeping, if it is only to remind me—supposing I am ungrateful enough to forget it—how you would have trusted me blindfold. You let me have my way."

Of course he let her have it. The rest of their interview was comfortably commonplace; and it lasted till Lord Atherstone had only just time to send off this note to Templestowe:

"MY DEAR MARIAN,—You will be glad to hear that I followed your advice religiously, and more glad still to hear that Lena, after reading the letter out to me, insisted—for I should never have pressed her—on answering certain questions it contained. What those questions were, or how she answered them, concerns no one but ourselves; but I should like you—you only—to know that, if it were possible, I have better reason to-day than yesterday to rest on her truth and honor. She does not know that I am writing, otherwise she would thank you, perhaps not less heartily than I do, for your sound counsel.

"Affectionately yours, AATHERSTONE."

Not one of these simple words had a second intention or shade of sarcasm. Nevertheless, judging from the expression of Marian Ashleigh's countenance as she read, you would have guessed that in every one there was a sting. Yet she had acted from the best of motives, of course; and verily she had her reward.

Ay! and so had that traitor of old time, down whose throat the full price of treason was poured in the guise of molten gold.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE head of her family had in due course been made aware of Lena's engagement; and, though he had not been consulted beforehand, had been good enough to signify his approval thereof. In this same week Miles came up to town for the express purpose of being presented to his future brother-in-law. It seemed to

Mrs. Shafton that the meeting could not decorously be deferred; and yet, from the bottom of her heart, she wished it well over. Lord Atherstone was by no means a polished diamond; but he was thorough-bred even in his *sauvagerie*, and was about the last man living to appreciate or overlook slang or swagger. That Miles had a way of "putting side on"—to use his own vernacular—in and out of season, his mother could not deny. However, her fears for the nonce, at least, proved groundless. Certain instincts of race still survived in this unlucky spendthrift, and in spite of his inveterate horsiness—Lacon, the steeple-chase crack, was his model of manner as well as his glass of fashion—he did occasionally contrive to remember that he had been born, if not bred, a gentleman. Furthermore, howsoever much the British subaltern may ignore his own duties, or sneer at the service, he has a tendency, you will find, as a rule, to speak with somewhat "bated breath" in the presence of any famous veteran. Traveling in company with the Archbishop of Heligoland, Lieutenant Famish will select his hugest *puro*, and smile serenely through the smoke-wreaths at the wrathful protest of the Right Reverend Father in God; but if Sir Hector M'Murdo be his fellow-passenger, the same ingenuous youth will certainly consult that truculent warrior before he presumes to dally with a delicate cigarette.

On the present occasion Miles Shafton bore himself with a singular modesty, savoring indeed of shyness. His brief speech of congratulation, though evidently prepared beforehand, was barely intelligible; and he was very silent after that till just at last, when he warmed up into something like eloquence to acknowledge Lord Atherstone's offer of mounts later in the season, if Miles would be their guest at Templestowe. On the whole, the interview was satisfactory to all parties concerned; and to this effect Shafton expressed himself the following night, while consuming a succession of "last pipes" in his barrack-room with a special confidant:

"He's the right sort, I can tell you, Frank: as hard as nails, and as tough as pin-wire; with an eye like a game-cock's; and he rides the right sort of cattle too, I lay odds; none of the snaffle-bridle lumber that want kicking and hoisting at every fence, and do a brook at twice; but stuff that go bang up to their bit, and catch hold of it too sometimes, and go at a bull-finch as if they would eat it, and jump just as far as they can, and gallop all they know. And his are bound to be two stone over my weight, that's one comfort. See if I don't take the change out of some of 'em before March."

"I should have thought you'd got pretty well enough of your own," the other remarked, "without wanting the run of another stable."

"Well, I've got eight besides the chasers, which don't count; but there's always something amiss with more than half of 'em. D'you think Paston poisons them? I shouldn't won-

der; he crabs every animal he's not had the buying of directly it comes in; he's clever enough for any thing, and robber too, for the matter of that."

"Why the deuce don't you shunt him, and have done with him, instead of always black-guarding him behind his back? You're a bit afraid of him, I do believe."

"No, I ain't afraid," Miles said, simply; "but I can't afford to quarrel just yet. I couldn't well shunt him without paying him, you know. I keep on stopping his mouth with tenners on account; but I haven't had the pluck to look at his book these three months. If it wasn't for 'backin' 'osses' like the rest of us, what a pot of money he'd be worth! I don't believe I often make a deal without some stuff sticking to his fingers. Now, if I went to stop at Templestowe, I'd send up a good big draft to the Corner, and I'd get enough ready that way to settle with Paston and leave something in hand; and I'd stick in below the advertisement that 'the gentleman can thoroughly recommend his stud-groom,' and so make a clean sweep of the lot. That would be a coo, wouldn't it?"

"Well, it would," Frank Daker assented; "and looking at it in that light, I don't think Templestowe would be half a bad put-up for you. I believe you do occasionally get on grass in those parts, if you don't mind long meets; and some of those clay-countries carry a rare scent. It's natural that you should be pretty full on your brother-in-law. But—but I wonder how Miss Shafton likes it. The baron's a long way past mark of mouth, isn't he?"

Though late hours and drink and devilry of all kinds had worked havoc with Miles Shafton's big brown eyes, they were still sometimes very like Lena's, especially when, as now, they opened wide in wonderment or anger.

"Like it?" he said, rather sulkily. "Likes it of all things, of course. Why the deuce shouldn't she? To hear you talk one would think in these matters there was weight for age; besides, she ought to know her own mind by this time. What makes you doubt it?"

"Nothing in particular," Daker answered, sending out a long trail of smoke, "only it's just possible she might have liked some one else. She must have had plenty of chances, any how, with that figure and face. You'd have to go among the plain-headed ones, I'd reckon, if you want to find them 'fancy-free,' as the poet has it."

Shafton scowled at the speaker. He could knit his brows—felly enough sometimes—this careless, shiftless prodigal.

"Poets be d—d," he muttered. "Why can't you speak out like a man? You've heard some of those cursed stories about her and Caryl Glynne, I suppose; as if there ever *could* have been any thing in it! Is it likely that we'd have ever let her think seriously of such a duffer as that?"

The dignity of the "we" was superb, con-

sidering that Miles, at the time alluded to, was a tailless "infant" with rather less voice in the family councils than his mother's waiting-maid. Daker saw and relished the absurdity; though passably illiterate, he was gifted with a brisk mother-whip and a tenacious memory; and albeit his troop-accounts were to him a burden and a snare, he could under certain circumstances put two and two together as well as his neighbors. There having been "any thing in it" did not strike him as so wildly improbable. Moreover, he was aware that Miles had certain small social ambition independent of the stable, and would have given half his yearly pay to be allowed to stroll thrice through the Row arm in arm with the "duffer" in question—the other half for the privilege of calling Glynne in public by his Christian name; but all things go by comparison. By the side of Shafton, hampered and encumbered as he was, Daker was still virtually a pauper; and though he never plundered his comrade directly or indirectly, the other was useful to him in various ways; in his turn Frank felt that he could not afford to quarrel, especially about a matter in which he had no personal concern. Lastly, though an outsider perhaps would hardly think so, there *are* limits even to mess chaff.

"You did quite right, Buster," he said, with perfect gravity (this had been the other's sobriquet ever since he joined); "such a thing couldn't be stood, at any price. Mine was only a shot at random, and—here's wishing all luck to you and yours. You'll get a week's extra leave out of this business, any how, and that's something to the good, in these hard times. You know that there's an early field-day in orders for to-morrow? Our old man's gone cracked about this new squadron-drill. He'll never rest till he's lamed half the troopers, and worn the flesh off our bones. Now I'm off to roost—good-night."

Miles returned the salutation very ungraciously. Willful and impatient of contradiction to a degree, and occasionally liable to violent outbreaks of passion, he was seldom sullen—still more seldom suspicious; but when once fairly roused, neither his discontent nor his misgivings were speedily appeased. It was quite true that he counted his sister's fancy for Glynne among the things utterly passed and gone; nevertheless, Daker's hint dove-tailed so accurately with certain other doubts lurking in his own mind that he fell a-thinking now.

He remembered that, when he saw Lena alone, before his meeting with Lord Atherstone, if she did not look like a martyr, she looked still less like a triumphant bride elect; and that once only she had smiled: this was when he told her how pleased he was with the match, and she answered,

"You ought to be."

What did she mean by that? Was it possible that, by selling herself, she hoped to help him out of his scrapes? Not a very new way of paying old debts; but he felt—at all events,

for the moment—as if he would a hundred times rather face the duns and difficulty and disaster in his own way than evade them in this fashion. Great and good men have consented—reluctantly, but still they have consented—to escape out of prison by a feminine stratagem, leaving wife or sister or mistress behind them in ward to abide the consequence. In like strait, prayers and tears would have been wasted on Miles Shafton. He would have cast off the pleader somewhat roughly, grumbling out good-by as he thrust her from the cell, and then, taking no sort of credit for self-sacrifice, would have waited doggedly, if not serenely, the coming of the doomster. “Not a bad devil at bottom,” as said his few apologists. Did it ever strike any of them that, if in earlier days he had fallen under guidance strong, wise, and gentle, he need not necessarily have turned out a “devil?” When in the pursuit of his fancy, he recked no more of the interests he imperiled than the Wild Huntsman did of the corn he trampled under hoof; but in his sober moments he was not wholly selfish, and could be lavish of thiugs more precious than coin, and, in his ill-regulated, irrational manner, he certainly loved his sister. The possibility floated before him now of sending all his live and dead stock into the market; of exchange into a sedate, beetle-crushing corps; of detachment duty in some wilderness where foxes are shot down as vermin, and shilling-whist considered a dissipation; of foreign service on some station with no game bigger than a jackal to shoot or spear; and these visions were very dreary; yet the worst of them was pleasanter than that of Lena standing before the altar with her face white and set. It was not too late yet; he would go up to town again to-morrow and have it out with her—he would—and to his determination he added an oath.

At this point in his reverie the ill-used pipe-clay crumbled betwixt his strong, sharp teeth, and the *brûle-gueule* pitched forward against the fender, snapping short off at the bowl. It was an old favorite, and not a light loss, as we all know; nevertheless, Miles felt rather glad of an excuse for giving vent to his spleen and breaking off his meditations, as he leaped up with a curse, and ground the fragments to dust under his spurred heel. Then, after driving another “nail”—a long and heavy-headed one—he betook himself to bed, and in five minutes had growled himself to sleep.

But things looked much rosier on the morrow. The field-day was short and brilliant, and the chief, albeit in fault-finding humor, was fain to admit that Lieutenant Shafton, in his captain’s absence, had led his troop very creditably. Directly after stables, a dealer, long-suffering in point of payment, brought over a five-year-old that even the captious Paston allowed “had rare bones, and looked very promising.” The trial, and subsequent purchase, took up all the afternoon; and that same evening brought Miles an invitation to a big coun-

try house, famed for its covers and its claret; and so the time of grace—if there ever was such time—passed by, and any chance of explanation with Lena was lost. Had he carried out his first intention, he might have had the barren satisfaction of reflecting that he had done his duty—nothing more.

If the journey on which Lena Shafton was embarking was fraught with danger, she started at least with open eyes, after duly counting all the cost. Nor would she have paused or turned aside now for any omen or warning. Was it likely that the woman who, if she could not quell, had so smothered the beating of her own heart that Caryl Glynne had gone forth from her presence never witting thereof, would, now that the chords were fairly stilled, awake them again at the bidding of Miles Shafton?

CHAPTER XV.

ALBEIT his philosophy was rather practical than proverbial, and he knew naught of the Cabala, the sweet Singer of Israel sometimes approved himself wiser than the Sage who sprang from his loins. Take the episode of Bathsheba’s child; it was the first-fruit of the simple love sealed with the blood of betrayed Uriah; yet, nevertheless—alas! perchance *therefore*—more precious in the father’s sight than the fairest son born to him in Salem. For six weary days and nights he lay prone and fasting, wrestling with the Avenger in prayer, if the decree gone forth against the frail life might yet be annulled. But when the servants, in fear and quaking, told him that the end was come, the king “arose from the earth, and washed, and anointed himself, and changed his apparel, and came into the house of the Lord, and worshiped; then he came to his own house; and when he required, they set bread before him, and he did eat.”

Many centuries have passed since David set us that brave ensample, and still they be few who seem to realize that over what may not be redeemed repentance befits us—not repining; ay! and that it is as vain to make moan over our ruined hopes as over our buried darlings.

The rule holds good in trivial matters not less than in grave; therefore I think Marian Ashleigh deserves some credit for the manner in which she bore herself during the brief interval between the incidents chronicled above and Lord Atherstone’s marriage. She “had drawn a good bow at Hastings,” and if her shafts had hitherto spent themselves to little purpose, she was not therefore tempted to break up her artillery, but rather set about to replenish her quiver, waiting till the convenient season should come for voiding it once more. In plain word, she made no further effort to check or change the course of events, but stood watching it as placidly, if not complacently, as the miller watches the brook that sooner or later will turn his wheel. Moreover, she tried, not unsuccess-

fully, to make her husband decently amenable—amiability in Philip being out of the question.

Now when the match is entirely to the mind, not only of the contracting parties but of all ever so remotely concerned therein, the making acquaintance with new relatives is rather a trial of temper and nerve. If the trotting out be performed ever so unobtrusively, it is difficult to get rid of the impression that stock is being taken of our moral and physical soundness; and while this lasts the most simple and benevolent people appear disagreeable, judicial, and inquisitive. There is a good deal of fancy about it, of course; but as the same applies to most mortal pains and pleasures, this does not help the patient materially. You have heard of a tyrannical schoolmistress who, on each of her birthdays, used to be endowed with a gift more or less costly, which, by a fearful fiction, was supposed to be a voluntary testimonial from her grateful pupils? If you can imagine the feelings and demeanor of the scholar who, by virtue of seniority, was compelled to pronounce the presentation address, you will form a tolerable idea of Mr. Ashleigh's on the occasion of his first interview with Lena Shafton. Lord Atherstone was present, and this in itself would have prevented any overt demonstration of dislike or discourtesy; but the tone of Philip's jerky commonplaces—to say nothing of the fidgetiness of his manner—showed plainly how the position galled and irked him. Marian's talent, before alluded to, of making rough places smooth, came in conveniently here; without attempting to hold the thread of the conversation, she contrived to fill up the gaps before they became awkwardly apparent; and, without forcing familiarity, was as genial as even Lord Atherstone could desire. And herein she was ably seconded by Mrs. Shafton; this good lady's discourse was not especially wise or witty; after chatting with her for an hour or so people went away with a vague impression of her cleverness, yet probably not a single sentence that she had uttered dwelt upon their memory; however, her small talk made very fair padding, and on this, as on many other, occasions answered its purpose admirably. Lena was perfectly cordial, but not at all fluttered or eager; indeed it was not to her a very terrible ordeal. She had not felt particularly anxious before the interview, and the result neither elated nor disappointed her. She thought it would be pleasant for all parties if the Ashleighs took her marriage in good part, and was willing to conciliate, but not to sue humbly for their favor; if it was granted, she would be reasonably grateful; if it was withheld, she would not be rancorous. Philip Ashleigh she fathomed at once; she was just as likely to make friends with a barrel-organ as ever to sympathize with his set speeches and querulous egotism; but her nerves were not very irritable, and if he would confine himself to being passively obnoxious she would be satisfied. With his wife she was decidedly prepossessed.

Marian's brisk, downright way contrasted agreeably with Philip's prim mannerisms. It looked natural, at all events, if it was not absolutely sincere; and Lena, though she had been somewhat of a recluse of late, was no country-bred simpleton. She was well content to accept any amicable advances in the shape of fair currency, without insisting on their being paid in standard gold. Somehow, it did not seem likely that she would ever find herself exchanging confidences with Marian Ashleigh; but that they might be very good friends was by no means improbable; and she desired to do her own part toward bringing about such a state of things.

Of all who assisted at that interview, Lord Atherstone was infinitely the most gratified. To Philip's good or bad behavior he was utterly indifferent. For years past he had treated his son's tempers with the contemptuous indulgence that most men extend to feeble, fractious children; but, with Marian, he was more than pleased. When he put her into his carriage he simply said, "Thank you," and kissed her; but the kiss was warmer than he had ever yet bestowed on her, and the thanks came from the depth of his heart.

And Marian received both with the meek consciousness of one who has well performed a not unpleasant duty. But you would have been rather edified if you could have followed the current of her thoughts as she drove away alone, after setting down Philip at his club.

She frowned more than once, rather thoughtfully than angrily; and in her eyes there was an anxious, far-seeing look, reminding you of a skillful pilot, who, peering into the night, finds no rift in the blackness ahead, save such as ever and anon are cloven by the lightning. She had mused so for many minutes before her lips parted, and then only this murmur escaped them:

"It will be harder—much harder—than I thought."

A short and simple word, that it, yet sometimes scarcely to be expounded by long pages of commentary, and the turning-point of sad, simple stories.

Thenceforward the needful preparations went on apace. In the settlements there could be no hitch or difficulty, as they were all on one side; and the tradesfolk, who would have taken their time in executing orders issuing from Blytheswold, even if they had not looked at them doubtfully, worked with a will for the *châtelaine* expectant of Templestowe. Mrs. Shafton's frame of mind during these days was naturally jubilant; and, to complete her contentment, there was a lull in Miles's demand for ready money. Curiously enough, some of the dew of good luck, which had lately descended on his family, moistened the fleece of this wandering bell-wether. For a wonder, one of his steeple-chase "cracks" did actually win when he had backed it—at a remunerative price too; and the successful plunge, though it was the merest sop to the

bandogs, cheeked their baying for a while and gave their quarry breathing space.

But on the very day before the wedding a change came over Mrs. Shafton, and her spirits seemed to droop unaccountably. Her energies had been sharply taxed of late, it is true, but this did not explain it. Work—work much more wearisome and thankless than this—had become a second nature to her, till now in the bread of absolute idleness she found little savor. Assuredly, a season like the present, when a few hours more must change daughter from maid to matron, to most women who are not social machines, brings certain spasms of anxiety; but if you had watched Mrs. Shafton narrowly, you would scarcely have imputed the distraction of her manner to mere maternal instinct; it looked much more as if she had a burden on her mind of which she would fain be relieved.

Throughout that day she had not a single chance of speaking alone to Lena; and Miles, who came to dinner, did not leave them till close on midnight. Then—always with that same restlessness in her eyes—Mrs. Shafton followed her daughter to her sleeping-chamber.

“Julia will have hard work to-morrow, darling,” she observed; “won’t you send her to bed? I will be your maid to-night. Don’t you remember, when you were little you used to make a great treat of my brushing out your hair? Let us see if I have forgotten the art.”

Lena had let others have their way in all things of late, and she acquiesced now at once, though not overeagerly. It seemed as though she would rather have avoided than invited a confidential chat just then; however, when she had made ready for the ceremony, she came and sat down dutifully on a stool, leaning back against her mother’s knee; and so for several minutes there was silence, while the slender white hands waved so deftly and tenderly through and over the shining brown tresses that sometimes well-nigh buried them. At last Mrs. Shafton spoke, low and tremulously—

“My darling, are you sure, quite sure, that you are happy? I can’t sleep to-night unless I hear you say so; and yet, do not say it if it is not true. If I could only hear you laugh just once again, in the old, merry way—shall I ever?”

Lena started slightly, but she never turned her head, and her great pensive eyes gazed always steadfastly into the heart of the fire.

“It tires one to laugh, I think,” she answered, “when one has become sage and staid; and yet, those laugh who win, they say; so we ought to be merry just now. Oh yes, I am happy—happy enough for all practical purposes. But, mother dear, if it were otherwise, don’t you think it is rather too late to put such trying questions?”

The white hands ceased waving, and Isabel Shafton’s head bent lower and lower till her brow almost touched that other head that rested on her knee.

“Late—too late!” she murmured. “Why, for three days past these words have been haunting me like a rhyme. I thwarted your inclinations once, and perhaps I have half forced them now. Ah, yes! it is easy to force without commanding. If I have done wrong I think God will forgive me, for he knows I meant to do right; but—but will you?”

And then she fairly broke down.

They may lie very close together, and their bitter waters flow often in the same channel, yet in most human hearts the fount of sorrow and the fount of tears are twain, not one. Be sure that some of the mourners of old time found it easier to cast dust upon their heads and to rend their garments and to eut themselves with knives and lancets than to evince those other outward signs of woe. During that awful vigil when, sitting in sackcloth on the hill of Gibeon, she watched her dead till the harvest-moon waned, it is not written that Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, wept.

As a girl Isabel Shafton had to struggle hard before she could wed according to her will; as a wife she had to suffer as only a proud, passionate nature can suffer, seeing others win smiles and soft whispers when she could only win frowns and words harsh sometimes even to cruelty; as a widow she had seen the husband, whom, in spite of all his faults she loved very dearly, brought home a corpse, stiff and thrown; but pleading, jealousy, terror, or desolation had almost always left this woman dry-eyed.

So this outbreak startled quite as much as it pained Lena.

“Don’t fret, dear,” she said; and as she spoke she wound her arm close round her mother’s neck. “Indeed, I didn’t mean it as a taunt. I would not go back if I could. You did quite right—then and now. Whatever happen I shall always think so; and do you think so too. And nothing will happen but good, I do believe. Every day I feel safer with Lord Atherstone; and it is so pleasant to feel safe—at last. Now I’m going to send you off to your beauty-sleep. I mean you to look your very brightest to-morrow.”

As may be imagined, Mrs. Shafton was not hard to convince and console.

It was a very sober wedding, only a few kinsfolk and near friends being present, including Philip and Marian Ashleigh; and—as Lord Lothaire observed, when *semiambustus* he escaped from the confines of a divorce-court—“every body behaved beautifully.” There was little more fuss when the new-married couple departed than if they had been starting on an ordinary journey; nor, though a sufficiency of good wishes followed them, was there any thing tragic in the farewells. By Lena’s own wish her brief season of seclusion was to be spent at Templestowe.

To the general good conduct of all parties concerned the weather did certainly form an exception. The discourteous sun did not vouchsafe the palest apology for a ray, and the day’s

humor waxed worse as it grew older, till, toward evening, the air was laden with storm. The strong-spirited cattle that were to carry the new mistress of Templestowe to her home drooped their heads and shivered, as they waited under the lee of the station for the laggard train; and, more than once during the brief journey, hand and spur were both needed to keep the leaders straight against the blinding rain-swirls. There was threat, rather than welcome, in the voice of the swaying elms, as the carriage swept up the avenue; and the bride had scarce set her foot over the threshold when the great door crushed to behind her with a clang that echoed through the hall from pavement to roof-tree.

Lena was not very superstitious, but she had been bred too far north wholly to make a mock at auguries. While she sat at dinner fatigue and excitement could not quite account for her paleness, and she paused and started more than once as there came a fiercer rally in the turmoil without. Do you wonder at her weakness? So did not Ralph Atherstone when, an hour later, he looked forth into the night, and remembered that those livid gleams—more grewsome than the horror of great darkness that came before and after—were shed by his honey-moon.

FLIRTATION WITH THE MODERN CONVENIENCES.

LUTIN was sharpening a pencil, out at window. She had nothing better to do, the day was fine, and she turned the pencil about in the sharpener in a leisurely manner, looking, between whiles, right and left at the various rear windows opposite, and those wretched quadrangular Saharas, adorned with vases and yellow grass-plots, known as back-yards. She was not specially curious, but, as I have just said, had no better occupation. Perhaps, also, she was not unconscions that a girl of eighteen, with peach cheeks, white throat, and dimpled hands, framed in between her half-open blinds, was not an ugly picture, should any body be looking.

It happened that somebody was looking; and suddenly she became aware of it. Through the slats of her blind she caught the gleam of an eye, and, though it was instantly withdrawn, she heard in her neighbor's window a giggle—a soft, womanish giggle. Mischievous gleamed at once in Lutin's eyes. Some girls were playing at bo-peep with her. Very well, she would catch them. She turned and turned the pencil, and presently was aware of the eyes again. This time she saw, also, short, clustering curls about a forehead fair enough, but too high for beauty, before the head was withdrawn. A third time, and Lutin, sly puss, ready now for her spring, turned suddenly, with a laugh, and confronted—a man!

Lutin darted back, and drew her blinds in a panic. The impudent wretches! there were

more than one, for she could hear them laugh. What right had they to peer at her, and to drive her from her window? And, now that she thought of it, she would not be driven from her window. Besides, she had not finished her pencil. Besides, she had just heard the monsters next door close their window. There was only a maid in a garden, hanging out clothes, two little boys spinning tops, and—oh! vexation and aggravation!—they—meaning the monsters—had indeed closed one window, but the room owned two, and from the further casement peered two heads, and two pairs of mischievous eyes met hers in full.

Lutin's window-blinds shut hysterically. Her window fell with a crash. Exit Lutin, with burning cheeks, vowing never to look out again.

Still, it was provoking, very provoking, when you come to consider it. People really live at the backs of their houses. Shut up in her apartment, Lutin had constructed a number of little dramas out of such materials as she saw in doors and windows, and pleased herself with watching their progress from day to day. To be restricted to twilight views was intolerable, at least so she told herself; for I am not quite sure whether there was not a pleasurable flutter of vanity, after all, in her silly little heart, and whether she would not have been disappointed at finding the coast clear. But just then her attention was attracted by a soft, low whistle. The horrid, odious, sly, deceitful, provoking, persistent wretches were at it again. Lutin retired with the usual window crash, and her neighbors hypocritically responded with one of theirs; but Lutin was growing much too wise to be caught in that way, and was not to be cheated into showing herself.

Here this story takes a jump, being constructed on the principle of the children's puzzles; put this and that together, and see what you make of it. Tom Keene and Fred Capron, members of the Go In For Fun Club, are tranquilly smoking in Tom's room, all unawares, at least is Capron, that hidden in Tom's little dressing-room are Mollie (Tom's sister) and Lutin; both ladies, in peignoirs and with hair about their shoulders, having with difficulty effected an escape from Tom's room, where they were nearly surprised by the unexpected arrival of that young gentleman and his friend; and,

"The next subject before the club," said Tom, tranquilly puffing, "is the bachelor, and his condition. No need of reading up on that, I take it. It is soon said. The bachelor is to other humans what the flying-fish is to the other inhabitants of the sea."

"How do you make that out?" Capron lazily lying back, and looking not the least in the world like any thing harassed or worried.

"Make it out! It makes itself out." Tom energetic and gesticulating. "Show me another creature, persecuted, hunted down, trapped, like your bachelor from the time of his first

coat-tails. All the old maids, to begin with, are resolved into a committee of inquiry as to his proceedings. There's Riker goes out twice a week, you know, for German or something of the sort; and that confounded Ophelia Briggs calls across the table, 'Oh yes; give Mr. Riker his dessert early; when gentlemen are in a hurry to get away regularly twice a week, we all know what that means.' And there sat Miss Laura, the girl he is sweet on; and you know Riker's faculty for blushing, and there was no end of a row at once. Miss Laura won't speak to him, and Riker's been regularly miserable for the last six weeks."

"Oughtn't to blush! I never do. I'll back myself against all the old maids in Christendom." Capron still philosophical and unmoved.

"Oh, you will! How about the mammas and the marriageable daughters? They are all sympathy and kindness. A fellow has some soft spots in his heart—can't be all shell, you know—gets the run of a place, and goes there because it's something like a home, you know; and if after a reasonable time he don't begin to talk of matrimony, why there is Laura's, or Sophie's, or Jenny's heart broken into bits—a regular smash. It is my belief some girls grow a set of hearts, just as a crab does a set of legs. Can't account for the number of times some girls I could mention have been heart-broken in any other way. Just let a girl like that get hold of a fellow, and she is like one of those squids—all soft—clings to you like a jelly—you can't move but you hurt her; and yet ten men can hardly pull her off. Mean dinners, cold parlors, colder bedrooms, and spies wait for the bachelor at home; traps, snares, pitfalls, shams, deceptions abroad are his portion."

"Ay!" said Capron. He had come now to the end of his cigar, and was ready for argument. "That is the bachelor in his larva state; before his eye-teeth are cut; no more like what he is after than the butterfly is to the worm. Do you want to know how I silenced the inquisitive elderly females in our establishment? 'Madam,' said I, on the very first question that was asked me, 'I really don't know. I am trying to get rich as Stewart did—by minding my own business.' They voted me a brute, of course; but that silenced them. If I want an introduction to pretty girls I get it—there are no soft spots in my heart; and I treat the mothers as if in a civil way they rather weren't there. That disconcerts them. Nobody hints at my intentions. If I want the entrance to any house, there are plenty of nice girls only too glad to take me. You must either use them, or let them use you. I prefer the first. To my mind there is no such blessed and happy and glorious being as the desirable young man. Every body wants him. Mammas pet him; nice old gentlemen with grown daughters coddle him. Stylish girls take him to drive, and come down town and ask him out to lunch. Is he obliged to marry

any of them? Not at all. Let them do as they like. So much the better for you. Who is doing this—you or they? I can't see, my dear fellow, that it is your look-out at all. It is a business speculation. You are no more bound to reward them than a fox is to be trapped, or a deer to fall dead because I aim at him, or fifty thousand dollars to insert itself to my credit in my bank account because I have purchased certain shares of Erie. They lay out their capital and run their risk—not the bachelor. His ways are made smooth for him, and his paths straight. Even flirtation may be said to be had with all the modern conveniences. The nineteenth century man is a lazy fellow. After storming about down town all day, he hasn't energy left to go through a chapter of a three-volume romance, commencing with raptures over a single glance through a window. Besides, it hardly pays to be ecstatic, or very persevering about any thing but money. Modern civilization recognizes that fact, and provides for it. All that is needed now is, to hire a back-room in a good locality, and open the window. We do, and you should see the ladies we have on our list. There is the lady in brown, and short curls. She plays in an engaging manner with the dog in the bow-window, or frolics with young ladies who come to see her—always in the bow-window. We study human nature and *tableaux vivants*. There is the lady with the back hair; she obligingly shakes it down before the window (very fine hair it is, too), and telegraphs our way. There is the lady who flirts with the handkerchief. There is one kind soul who will wait hours till we get ready to appear. There is a lady in purple, who is perfect in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. We have no end of fun with her. She is continually getting shocked, and going away, never to return, and coming back in the next five minutes. She asked us to see her the other night, and we went, Jim and I. Jim was Mr. Dolls, and I was Mr. Gates; and she had a lisp; and when she said Misterth Dolls, I thought Jim would kill himself with trying not to laugh. There is the lady who is very shy behind her curtains, and a little girl at whom we peeped behind her blinds, shyer yet, but still not cruel. She is always very much startled to be caught, but I notice that she always comes back to be caught again. And, talking of that, the rising generation are not a whit behind us! You should hear my brother Will. Will is eleven, you know! The other day he appeared at table, important and disgusted, about equal parts. He had said the day before that a certain Tadie was the prettiest girl in the next house—'just to tease the other girls,' he declares; and Miss Tadie, hearing of it, sent him word that, if he liked, a cord could be fastened, leading from her window to his, on which to forward 'notes and things.' 'Isn't she jolly green?' says Will. 'I sent word that I had no cord, and she sent for answer that she would take care of all that; she had plenty.'

Tom burst into an uproarious fit of laughter, and Mollie, in her hiding-place, giggled sympathetically; but Lutin, strange to tell, was in tears; for this odious, sneering, cold-blooded Mr. Capron was her next-door neighbor, and she was "the little girl at whom they peeped through the blinds, and who was not cruel." Poor Lutin! Her tears were not simply for her mortified vanity. Where was the hero of the romance she had unconsciously woven behind her blinds? the modern Sir Kenneth and Sir Tristem—modest, brave, faithful, devoted—unless, perhaps, there showed a glimpse of him in Tom, who had certainly not joined in the sneers of his cynical companion; and could this be the conclusion at which it was intended that she should arrive? Tom Keene was notoriously sweet on Lutin. Mollie, his sister, was Lutin's confidante, knew the thrilling story of the windows, recognized Tom's friend Capron, and also the fact that Lutin was not to be saved by the ordinary preachments. Could this extraordinary coincidence, of the surprise, and the conversation on bachelors, have been a conspiracy between Tom and Mollie—an accident, done on purpose? Only two things are certain. Lutin was seen no more behind her blinds; and one of the few points on which she differs from Tom, now her husband, is in a somewhat unreasonable antipathy to his great friend, Fred Capron.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

IN this practical century, with its railroad insulting the venerable majesty of Mount Washington, its suspension bridge spanning the tremendous chasm of foaming Niagara, and its telegraph penetrating the sacred mysteries of the deep sea, there were yet found three souls who dared to start on a pilgrimage to the Happy Valley that lies hidden away from the world among the mountains through which winds the Tuscarawas River, in Ohio. These souls did not seek the end of the rainbow, as a gay-colored steed to carry them through space; neither did they attire their bodies in the flowing robes and cockle-shells of wandering pilgrims; but early one summer morning, father, Sadie, and I took our seats in a light carriage, and drove through the sleeping town, leaving behind us the misty lake, with its spectral sails, and turning our expectant faces toward the south, where quiet farm-houses and quiet lives are hidden away among the distant hills.

For two long, bright days we rode toward the south, following the windings of a sparkling river, now crossing it on an old red-covered bridge, now fording it, as the shallow water spread itself gayly over a pebbly bottom, and now riding for miles on its curving bank, starting the solemn heron from his morning fishing, or hearing from the deep lush grass on the other side the persistent cry for "Bob White" from the hidden quail. On the third day we came into the region of the great barns—huge red

treasure-houses where the spoils are garnered—the wealth of green fields stretching away on either side, so luxuriant, so wantonly, riotously rich, that the very air seemed filled with concentrated essence of life, and we expected to see shy dryades peeping from every tree, white-armed naiades sporting in every brook, and even old Pan himself, dancing through the meadows to the music of his reed-pipe, as he did in the early days when the world was young, and the gods reigned gayly on Olympus.

In the afternoon we reached the hills, and, entering their shady defiles, wound up from height to height under the giant beech-trees, now catching glimpses of undulating seas of verdure, now plunging into narrow, dusky glades, where the road seemed lost amidst the wild underbrush, and squirrels gazed at us with their bushy tails uplifted in astonishment. We had been for some time slowly toiling up a steep hill when the sinking sun sought us out, and sent his golden beams under the dense foliage in long rays across the road; suddenly we emerged on the breezy summit, and, as if by magic, the forest disappeared, and velvet wheat-fields stretched away on both sides over the rounded hills and down to the valley beneath, where a broad river gleamed under the willows, and white houses, half hidden in green orchards, greeted our eyes with peaceful beauty in the still evening air. We reined in the horses, and noted the circle of hills guarding the plain on all sides, save where the river flowed on toward the south through a narrow defile, and the dense forest closed over the water as it disappeared in the dusky recesses. The green fields stretched up the hill-sides from the plain, and at the summit were met by a wall of unbroken forest and underbrush, impenetrable and pathless, the only clew to the labyrinth being the narrow road we had followed by the side of the river leading from the outside world into the Happy Valley. Below us lay the village, each house in its little orchard; and in the centre stood the antique church, the distant bell even then ringing out the evening song, that labor was over, and that men must now return to their homes, and give God thanks as the sun went down. From all sides we could see the laborers returning from the field, the long line of loitering cows slowly winding through the lanes, and the plowmen with their patient horses moving toward the village, where a faint curling smoke from every chimney showed preparations for the evening meal. Moss-grown dykes, shaded by huge willows, protected the banks of the broad river, and here and there a shining little mill-race ran gayly through the meadows to some quaint, red-tiled mill, then plunging foaming over the stones, hurried on to overtake the old river sweeping steadily on to the south. No road was visible in any direction, excepting the shady streets of the village, and every where else the tree-bordered fields stretched over the plain, and up to the forest-crowned hills, which stood like ramparts against the sky, a fortifica-

tion from the outside world. We drove slowly down into the valley, passing groups of laborers in their uncouth costumes, and following the full-uddered cows, with fragrant breath and mild eyes, as they wound toward the white dairy buildings, where a girl stood on the steps, blowing an antique horn to hasten the loiterers. An old white-haired herdsman, with staff and scrip, followed behind, glancing at us with shrewd interest from under his patriarchal hat, while three genuine shepherd dogs ran hither and thither among the cows, keeping them in order, and chasing the stragglers, with wonderful sagacity. We alighted at the dairy, and followed the cows into the large yard, where each one walked unhesitatingly into her own stall, and the milking commenced. The barns formed three sides of a square, with a paved court between, and stalls for ten cows in each compartment. The floors, pails, and tubs were scrubbed daily by the dairy girls, who also washed the cows carefully with warm water before milking; and, seated on their little stools, sang together some merry song, as the milk fell foaming into the red tubs. Then these ruddy milkmaids formed a line, and, balancing the heavy tubs on their heads, marched steadily through the yard into the dairy beyond, where they poured the milk into a gigantic tin hog-head, with a white linen cloth tied over the top as a strainer. A venerable "milk-mother," in white cap and clogs, stood down in the lower story, and ladled out the strained milk into innumerable pails, each with its hieroglyphic sign on the cover, denoting to which household it belonged. As the rosy girls came marching in, they lifted the heavy tubs lightly down with their stalwart arms, and, as they poured the milk into the foaming strainer, glanced shyly at our erinoline-distended skirts, kid gloves, and slender forms; while we, with equal interest, observed their blue homespun gowns, with waists under the arm-pits, leg-of-mutton sleeves, white neck-handkerchiefs, white caps, and wooden shoes. Surely, never were such disfiguring costumes invented for the female form; but we were obliged to confess that the broad, erect shapes under them were pleasant to the eye in these days of crooked spines and sunken chests, while the heavy braids of golden hair stowed away under their prim little caps would have made many a belle envious. Still the milkmaids poured, still the milk-mother ladled, and yet there was more. We walked into the cellar, where hundreds of full tin pails were standing in a stream of running water, brought from a spring, and cold as ice, while ranged on shelves were rows of golden cheeses, and, just outside, the great horse-churn, and presses weighted with boulders. The dairy-man's cottage stood in the garden, surrounded with rose-bushes and pinks; white curtains, in stiff, starched folds, shaded the little windows, and, within, we could see the high bed, with steps to climb into it—a pulpy mass of feathers on top, covered with a gay counterpane. The

houses were all furnished alike—the antique bed being the venerated article of furniture—and snowy linen was in universal use, both for sheeting and underwear, as the old women were wise in weaving, and the "linen-mothers" vied with each other in long night-watches over the bleaching rolls. The architecture was quaint, and reminded one of Old World pictures. The red-tiled roofs projected over the street, and great cross beams, filled in with mortar, formed the walls; little dormer-windows were perched here and there, with no attempt at regularity; and a wooden sun-dial invariably crowned the little piazzas, where round-eyed babies, clad just like their parents in miniature, stared solemnly at us as we strolled by to the hotel, a large white building, regarded by the entire community as a wonder of size and beauty. The smiling landlord appeared, rubbed his hands, and, in answer to our inquiries, replied: "Gut fare für mann und beast; one feed victuals, twelve cents; we keeps folks for forty-five cents a day, but we allows kein smoke und kein swear; breakfast at six, dinner at twelve, supper at half past five; walk in." So saying he ushered us into a grim parlor, with wooden chairs drawn up in martial array around a large table, and four strange little pictures on the walls, which came from Württemberg fifty years before, and might well be called naturally pre-Raphaelite. Meanwhile the landlord, at the back-door, was shouting for "Yacob! Yacob!" in the direction of the long barn; and presently appeared an ancient hostler, who spoke a mixture of German, French, English, and gibberish, and was reputed to be a gipsy, and the owner of untold wealth, stored away in the dark recesses of the barn. As he led away our horses a rosy youth appeared, to show us to our rooms—a series of little cells, each with its lofty bed and steps, one window, with snowy, prim-folded curtains, one chair, and a large square hole in the side of the wall as a ventilator, where the chattering martins amused themselves by flying in at early dawn, and waking me with their shrill cries. The gayly colored counterpane was woven with figures of strange birds; the snowy linen was marked in red with the two letters "W. H."—Wirth-haus; and the yellow-painted floor, blue-eased windows, and scarlet door made the little cell quite a gay abode. The rosy Johann brought up our bags; and when we presented him with a small fragment of Uncle Sam's scrip, he fingered it doubtfully, and finally returned it to us, saying: "Nein; es ist gut für nichts." Surely we had reached the Happy Valley indeed, when money was "gut für nichts!" All the males in the village were dressed exactly alike, in tight, short, blue pantaloons, long-flapped calico vests, scanty, short-waisted, blue dress-coats, with two brass buttons behind; seow-like shoes, and broad-brimmed white fur hats—which, being a sign of masculine superiority, were never removed on any occasion. We sometimes doubted whether they did not sleep in them, as,

wherever we went, at any hour of the day or night, the great fur hats crowned the men, extinguished the boys, and stifled the babies with their awful dignity.

A bright girl of sixteen came to tell us that "Abendessen" was "fertig," and we went outdoors into another building where, in a long dining-room with rows of windows on each side, a spotless table-cloth and shining blue crockery invited us to try the hot coffee, pitchers of rich cream, little rolls of fresh butter without salt, Dutch cheese, apple butter, bretzels, and cold meat. Rosy Salome stood behind us, like a grenadier, armed with a waiter, and was indefatigable in offering some cucumber pickles about ten inches long, swimming in a doubtful gray liquid, and garnished with pepper-corns. Her shining braids were tightly coiled away under her white cap, and her apron tied with especial care under her arms, in honor of the strangers. She understood no English, but smiled abundantly; and, finding we spoke German, asked us how old we were, and if we were married, with a calm audacity that belongs to the Happy Valley. The bill of fare at the hotel was not extensive—for breakfast we had delicious coffee and rich cream, hot bretzels—the queen of cakes—fresh butter, and stewed young doves. For dinner we had a nondescript kind of meat; we could not decide whether it was boiled roast beef, or baked corned beef; but whatever it was, the essence had been carefully removed by long and patient cooking, so that it was innocent of taste, and spongy in texture. Then came stewed noodles, potatoes fried whole and served in cream, rice plentifully peppered, sauer-kraut fritters, and preserves of fruit and molasses. We soon learned to relish these dishes, although we did not succeed in acquiring the constant hunger of the natives, who, after partaking of a hearty breakfast at five o'clock, are ready for a luncheon of bread, cheese, and beer at nine; then they all come home to dinner at twelve, and the afternoon is broken by a lunch at four; when they work again until six, at which hour, the labors of the day being over, they assemble around the supper-table for a hearty meal; and, finally, before going to bed, they place some eatables by the bedside, lest they should be hungry in the night. Such hearty appetites have produced a stalwart race; for their constant labor keeps down their flesh, and their early hours and quiet lives give them fresh complexions and perfect health, even to advanced age.

When we had finished supper we strolled out into the town and listened to the young men and girls singing together on the piazzas, while a rustic band of home-made instruments accompanied them in the simple melody. The following is one of their songs, with the translation:

Freund, ich bin zufrieden, geh es wie es will,
Unter meinem Dache leb ich froh und still,
Mancher Thor hat alles was sein Herz begehrt,
Doch ich bin zufrieden, das ist Goldes werth.

Leuchten keine Kerzen um mein Abendmahl,
Sichimmern fremde Weine nicht in Goldpokal,
Findet sich doch immer was man braucht zur Noth,
Süsser schmeckt im Schweisse mir mein Stücklein Brod.

Wenn ich ruhen werde unten im kühleu Sand,
Führt der Herr der Erde mich an meiner Hand,
Und auf meinem Grabe steht kein Leichenstein,
Eine Rosenstaude soll mein Grabmal sein.

Friend, I am contented, happy, come what may,
In my lowly cottage glide the years away;
In the world beyond us some have wealth untold,
But I am contented, better far than gold.

At my evening meal no waxen tapers shine,
No rich goblets sparkle filled with foreign wine,
Out beyond the hills such things perhaps may be,
But my hard-earned bread seems sweeter far to me.

When death calls me home no marble stone shall rise,
God above in heaven knows where my body lies;
No monument shall point out where I lie at rest,
A little rose-tree only shall blossom o'er my breast.

In the last verse allusion is made to one of their customs; unlike most Germans they attach no importance to the last resting-place of their loved ones, but bury their dead in a field on the hill-side with neither stone nor mound to mark the place. The grass is kept smooth and green, and rose-bushes bloom by the fences: "Those who love me will remember where I lie, and when they are gone let me be forgotten," they say.

There is a store in the village, where all accounts are kept and political meetings held before the annual election of trustees; what will the Sorosis say when they hear that all measures for improvement are steadily opposed by the women, who outvote the men, and cling to the obsolete customs of the last century with a dogged pertinacity worthy of a better cause? Love does not seem to be a ruling passion in the Happy Valley. We discovered a promising flirtation between rosy Salome and one of the clerks in the store, and watched for the signs of young love, expecting to see the primitive courtship of Adam and Eve in all its pristine purity. Alas! for the fatal result. One evening we observed that Salome had a rose inserted in her braided hair, and concluded that Louis was expected after the work was done and the vine-covered piazza free from all intruders. Later in the evening, returning from a row on the river, we saw Louis sitting on the steps of the store, and after a few moments of conversation I asked, "Are you not going to see Salome this evening?"

"Oh no," he replied, phlegmatically; "I goes to see her once a week; if I goes more it spoils herself."

"But perhaps she would like to see you," I suggested.

"Ya wohl, aber es ist nicht gut to gif the wimins too much their own way; I must begin now, or else she will not work well; wimins is so lazy."

Another incident. The pastor once observed that one of his trustees did not marry, so he called him into the inner office one afternoon and expostulated with him, showing forth the expediency of the married state, and asking him if he would not take a wife.

"If you think best, pastor."

"What do you say to Paulina B——?"

"Just as you say, pastor."

"Will you be married this afternoon?"

"If you think best, pastor."

So the matter was settled, the trustee returning to his work and quite forgetting the important change before him until the pastor summoned him to the office at five o'clock, where stood the rosy Paulina, who had left her spinning for ten minutes, and the twain were soon made one flesh. After a short pause the trustee asked, "Have you any thing more for me to do, pastor?" and a negative answer being returned, he went back to his account-books without a word to his bride, who returned to her spinning as phlegmatically as she had come.

On Sunday we went to the little church and watched the long file of worshippers march gravely in, the men at one door, the women at another, and seat themselves in solid rows on the blue benches, when the service began with a hymn, followed by a long sermon, during which every time the name of Jesus was mentioned all heads reverently bowed. The singers were accompanied by a band of ten musicians seated on a platform near the pulpit, who elicited very sweet music from a collection of quaint wooden pipes, flageolets, flutes, and violins, whose patterns came from the old country half a century before, and, like every thing else in the Happy Valley, remained unchanged. The whole congregation joined in singing the peculiar wild choruses, the women repeating the last line alone, and dying off into a whisper at the plaintive minor chord which always formed the unexpected close, while we felt transported back into the early ages of the world.

The inhabitants of Happy Valley, ignorant of the value of money, and living in the simplest manner, are yet a rich community, owing to their industrious habits and systematic labor. Their domain consists of over ten thousand acres of highly cultivated land, a coal mine, and a bed of iron ore; they have several large mills and factories, as their invariable rule is to manufacture every thing they use; their cattle are models of beauty, and their horses powerful and well groomed. One bakery supplies all the bread, one laundry attends to the washing, and one nursery receives all the little ones, while their mothers take part in the active labors of the field or dairy. Their morality is without a flaw, for since the foundation of the community there has never been a case of law-breaking among them, and their lives flow on as peacefully as though the hills were permanent barriers between them and the noisy, busy, wicked world. Few among them have ever wandered three miles away from the village; they shun all contact with strangers, and when we asked one of the girls if she would not like to go with us to the city, she smiled, and replied, "Oh no! I'se better here." That answer embodies the spirit in which they live and die.

The little band who left their Fatherland and

toiled through the unbroken wilderness to the remote banks of the 'Tuscarawas River fifty years ago, with Bibles in their hands and faith in their hearts, have nearly all been called to rest from their labors; but the few white-haired men who still wander through the quiet streets, or gaze abroad upon the rich fields, seem pictures of perfect contentment, that rare blessing of old age.

Happy little Valley; our ways are not as thy ways, but who can say that thou hast not chosen the better part?

A FLOWER PIECE.

WANDERING of late beside a northern shore
That longed for summer, and the wild beach grass,
And dip of oar, and splash of pearly feet,
And happy laughter on its lonely sands,
I heard a young voice caroling some song,
Nor knew I was in elf-land while I heard.
It sang, and slowly trembled into rest—
Slowly, because the earth was loth to leave
The high melodious dalliance.

But before
The sweet sound fled to silence, eagerly
A rustle and a rush of flying wings,
Like leaflets blown before a frosty blast
When woods stand shivering, caught and bore it off,
Lost in the airy clamor of their flight.
And, as they went, wild music followed them;
The tune the breeze winds in and out the grass,
The tune to which the clouds and sunshine play
O'er slopes of blushing clover—faint at first,
With many a fluttered echo frolicking,
It fell its windy way—then loitered down,
With lingering cadence of a sweet delay,
Lightly as in the tenderest deeps of even
The golden blossom of the new moon drops
Below the west that woos it.

'Twas the voice
Of all the elves of all the flowers that blow,
Flocking to find the Spring, who slumbered yet,
Nursed by the blue-eyed April. Willow plumes,
Harebell, and cowslip, and anemone;
The silver cinquefoil, and the columbine
That bursts, a lance of hoarded light, from earth,
And swings its red flame on the shining tip;
The purple vetches, washed by salt sea sprays;
The frail convolvulus, that, ere the year
Is at the flood, leagues with the building bird,
And the rude way-side tangles o'er her nest.
All sweet things of plot and pleached alley—
The mimic nun of the snow-drop, and the friar
Dwelling within the hooded aconite;
The maidens of the pale chrysanthemum,
The royal lady of the proud and fair
Japonica, and ev'n the merry mites
That balance on the trumpet-flower's edge,
Tippling their horns of honey. With them, too,
All the delightful things of old romance—
The royal violet, and Sappho's rose;
The fleur-de-lis, the flower of chivalry;
The lotus, born of the eternities,
Holding immortal ichor—hovered there,
Hovered a moment, quiring in one strain,
Then falling, failing, ever on the wing,
Sought other skies.

And I, upon the shore,
Watched a far bark into a bank of mist,
A dim blue bank built up along the sea;
The bark still sailing, hull and tapering spire
A line of light, silverly swathed about
With deepening vapors, slowly gliding on
To denser shadow, slow and ever slower,
Fainting and fading, till a phantom craft
Was hid in murky recesses of the cloud,
A vanished apparition—and far above,
Upon the pallor of a peaceful sky,
Fair Hesper, like a flower, bloomed out in heaven.

RUPERT'S LAND AND ITS PEOPLE.

By RANDOLPH B. MARCY, U.S.A.

THE late insurrection among the people at Winnipeg, upon the Red River of the North, resulted from the act of recession by the Hudson Bay Company to the crown of Great Britain of that vast domain in British North America known as "Rupert's Land;" and which, under a charter from Charles II., in 1669, was granted to Prince Rupert, eleven other noblemen, and six commoners, who were styled "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay."

This extraordinary grant embraced all the territory drained by the waters flowing into Hudson Bay, as a compensation for which the Company was required yearly to pay the King and his successors *two elks and two black beavers*.

With Prince Rupert as provisional governor the association immediately instituted measures for taking formal possession of the country ceded, and, with the exception of a brief period of seventeen years, when it was held by the French, the Company has claimed the occupancy and control of it ever since. Under the provisions of an act of the Imperial Parliament, entitled "British North American Act, 1867," her Majesty, with the consent of her privy council, and upon the application of the Canadian Parliament, was empowered to admit Rupert's Land into the Canadian confederacy; and a supplementary enactment in 1868 authorized the Queen to negotiate with the Hudson Bay Company for the surrender to the crown of all the rights and privileges conferred by its charter.

In March, 1869, the acquiescence of all the parties concerned was secured to the terms of a compact, whereby the Canadian government agreed to pay the Company three hundred thousand pounds upon the actual transfer of Rupert's Land to the Dominion of Canada.

The anticipation of an early consummation of this transfer from the domination of the Hudson Bay Company, and the consequent necessity of a new governmental polity for its occupants, with the feeling of apprehension and consciousness of uncertainty regarding their future political status, in the determination of which they might have no voice, together with their nearly unanimous opposition to Canadian rule, and its avowed policy of greatly increased taxation, were the chief causes of the *émeute* alluded to, and which led to the summary ejection from the colony of the prospective Canadian governor, M'Dougall.

The contiguity of these people with our own border settlements, and the neighborly relations of commercial and social intercourse existing between them, have caused considerable interest to be manifested throughout the United States in reference to the ultimate settlement of the question at issue.

In view of these facts I take it for granted that a brief description of this somewhat remote and unfrequented section, with some observations upon the history of its early settlement and the character of its present inhabitants, will not prove altogether devoid of interest or instruction at this time.

With the purpose of establishing an agricultural colony, the Earl of Selkirk, an enterprising Scottish noble, who was largely interested in the Hudson Bay Company, in 1811 purchased from that association a portion of its lands, upon which the present settlements at Red River are located, and during the following season he brought out from Sutherland, Scotland, several families, and attempted to establish them as a nucleus for his colony near where Fort Garry now stands; but on their arrival they were confronted by the *attachés* of the hostile Northwest Company, who assaulted them and drove them back over the border to Pembina. They then burned their tenements, appropriated or destroyed their property; and it was not until 1815, when Lord Selkirk received a reinforcement of emigrants, that he was enabled to occupy the lands he had originally selected for the colony.

The hostility of the Northwest Company toward them did not cease, however, and during the following summer a sharp conflict occurred, in which quite a number were killed on both sides, and the colonists were temporarily dispersed; but the arrival shortly afterward of another reinforcement of one hundred German, French, and Swiss disbanded soldiers enabled them to return to their farms. But they continued to be molested until 1821, when the consolidation of the two fur companies settled the quarrel, and no collisions took place subsequently.

Immediately after the coalition of the two rival associations, the colonists erected permanent habitations and planted large fields of grain, which, in that prolific virgin soil, yielded bountiful returns, and the nutritious prairie grasses caused their cattle to fatten and multiply so rapidly that in a brief period they were supplied with a profusion of bread and meat; but when they desired to exchange the products of their labor for sugar, tea, or other imported articles, they discovered that the remoteness and inaccessibility of all markets rendered their grain almost valueless. Fifty bushels of wheat, for example, would not purchase a pound of tea or a yard of cloth. As a consequence they were compelled to forego the use of many of their accustomed luxuries, which caused them to become so much discouraged at the cheerless prospect before them that some returned to Europe, others removed to Canada; a few Welsh families went to Galena, Illinois, where one of the original patriarchs, Shetland by name,

still survives; while the others remained upon Red River, Lord Selkirk having abandoned the colonizing enterprise and returned home.

At Pembina I encountered an exceedingly interesting old Irishman by the name of Peter Haden, who came to the country with the first colonists in 1812, and had lived here ever since. Although he must have been at least eighty years old, yet all his faculties were in remarkably good preservation, and he seemed to remember every man of more than ordinary note who had ever visited the country.

He informed me that shortly after they arrived upon Red River Lord Selkirk directed him to proceed to Kentucky for the purpose of procuring sheep for the colony. He started at once with only two companions; accomplished the perilous journey; and after purchasing 3000 sheep, set out on his return, traversing day after day, and week after week, the then solitary and unpeopled prairie wilderness of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota; and after several long months of wearisome journeying over a distance of some 1500 miles, wherein he encountered numerous mishaps and disasters, as well as hair-breadth escapes from hostile savages, he at length reached his destination with only 250 of his original flock remaining. The others had died, been killed by the wolves, or stolen by the Indians *en route*. The old veteran pioneer spoke of his connection with Lord Selkirk with emotions of deep and kindly feeling, and eulogized him as a philanthropist of the most generous and noble impulses.

The population of the Red River settlements at this time consists of the descendants of the Scotch and English emigrants who remained here after Lord Selkirk's departure, and who have maintained their nationality intact, without any commingling with the aboriginal race. They are generally agriculturists, having well-tilled farms and good stocks of cattle and sheep; showing conclusively that they have not degenerated, or departed from the frugal, industrious, and thrifty habits transmitted to them by their ancestors.

Several whom I met with had accumulated respectable fortunes, and were living most comfortably in stone or substantial framed houses.

They have several churches and school-houses, and seem to be a moral and intelligent people.

Besides these, there are several thousand mixed breeds of French and Indian lineage, descendants of the *courriers-du-bois*, as the employés of the fur companies are termed; who, after the expiration of their service in the companies, have settled here and married Indian wives. They inherit all the vivacity and buoyancy of temperament of the French, united with the erratic, roving propensities of the Indian element.

Although they cultivate small patches of ground, and pass the winter in their rude cabins, yet the majority of them have for many years been in the habit of making, yearly, two

excursions into the plains, toward the Missouri and Saskatchewan rivers, in search of the buffalo, which hitherto has constituted the chief item of their commissariat.

I encountered hundreds of them in 1868, upon the elevated Coteau du Missouri, west of Devil's Lake. They were accompanied by their women and children, and carried all their limited household furniture in their peculiar one-ox carts; and although they had been very unsuccessful in their hunts, not having seen a single herd of buffalo, yet they appeared cheerful and happy, politely doffing their caps and smilingly bidding us "*Bon jour, messieurs*," as we passed.

The aggregate population in the Red River settlements at this time is estimated at from ten to twelve thousand, about one-half of whom are of Canadian origin. I saw very few natives of the United States among them.

Good crops of wheat, barley, oats, rye, and vegetables were produced here prior to 1865, when countless myriads of grasshoppers made their appearance, and for four successive seasons destroyed nearly every vestige of a crop throughout the entire limits of the colony.

At the time of my visit, in 1868, the inhabitants had become so much disheartened that it was believed, if the dreadful ravages continued another season, they would produce so much of a famine as to compel the inhabitants to abandon the country and seek other homes. Fortunately for them, however, the scourge was not repeated last year, and fair crops were produced.

It is difficult for a person who has not seen these hosts of insects to conceive of the extent of the devastation which they leave in their trail. From whence they originally come, or whither they go, is, I believe, as yet involved in mystery.

A Delaware Indian, upon one occasion, remarked to me that the prairie tribes were, as a general rule, close observers of the habits and peculiarities of the animal creation. In evidence of which he said he once described to a chief some of the achievements of civilization, such as the introduction of steamboats and railroads, which seemed to produce some impression upon the mind of the savage, who admitted that the pale-faces, as a general rule, possessed a good deal more knowledge than the Indian; but, added he, "are they able to tell where the grasshoppers go to?"

We know that they come with the wind, and their appearance in the atmosphere is not unlike that of a dense snow-storm, which almost obscures the sun's rays; and when they alight upon the ground they literally cover it for miles in every direction; and are often seen piled upon each other several tiers deep.

So voracious are they that they only require a few hours to utterly destroy large fields of grain.

At one time in 1868, as I was informed, they were heaped up against Fort Garry to the depth

of three feet, having struck the walls in their flight and dropped down at the base; and this great accumulation of animal matter generated so offensive an effluvium that the people of Winnipeg were for several days engaged in removing the nuisance, to prevent a pestilence.

When these ravenous insects first made their appearance they evinced a discrimination in the choice of their food, first attacking the onions, which they devoured to the roots; and, strange as it may appear, they did not, until the last season, seem to relish green pease. Then they made indiscriminate assaults, demolishing every trace of grain and vegetable as clean as if a fire had swept over the land.

It is fortunate that their advent and ravages were confined to a sparsely populated district of country; but should their migrations hereafter extend into the more densely settled sections, like the grain-growing districts of Iowa, Illinois, and Minnesota, it would be difficult to estimate the amount of damage that might ensue from the destruction of crops. That their raids are very extensive is evident from the fact that their track was distinctly visible over almost every foot of the country for a thousand miles that I traversed in 1868.

Those who have studied the habits of these insects have observed that after they have exhausted their powers in laying waste a section of country (about the latter part of August), they bore holes in the ground, wherein they deposit their eggs or *larva*, and disappear. During the first warm days of the ensuing spring the young insects are hatched, and crawl out upon the surface, while they are so diminutive as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye, and only possess power of locomotion sufficient to aggregate in masses, occasionally as large as a bushel measure. Their growth from this period is so rapid that in a few days they are ready to commence their characteristic devastations.

As it has been supposed by some that these insects are the same as the Old World locusts, I remark, that the two species, although analogous in many of their characteristics, are not identical; and, indeed, we have nothing in this country precisely like the locust of Egypt and Syria, which is about three inches long and of a greenish color; while the grasshoppers alluded to are only about half that length, and are of a reddish-brown color. The former are classified by naturalists as belonging to the genus *Pachytilus migratorius*, and the latter to the genus *Caloptenus spretus*. They both come and go with the wind, and are equally devastating in their ravages.

The track of the Eastern locusts has occasionally, since Pharaoh's time, been marked with a greater amount of desolation and loss of human life than has followed the invasions of hostile armies. Even as late as 1867 these insect plagues produced a famine in Algeria, which caused over one hundred thousand natives to perish of hunger.

The Hudson Bay Company has erected two defensive works upon Red River. The site of the one known as Fort Garry was occupied as a French trading post as early as 1662, and is designated upon an old English map, published by Thomas Jeffers in 1762, as "Fort La Reine." It is situated upon an elevated plain within the angle formed by the confluence of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, and is inclosed by a stone-wall twelve feet high and three feet in thickness, with heavy towers pierced for cannon and small-arms at each angle. Within the inclosure are store-houses, magazines, and capacious quarters for the officers and other employés of the association.

Mr. William M'Tavish, the courteous and hospitable chief factor, and, by appointment from the Hudson Bay Company, the Governor of the "Colony of Assiniboine," which embraces the Red River settlements, makes his head-quarters here.

The village of Winnipeg is half a mile below the fort, and contains some three or four hundred people, with taverns, groceries, and other concomitants of an embryo Western town; and here, among a variety of other nationalities, we found a representative of the irrepressible cosmopolitan Yankee nation—a keen shop-keeper from "down East," who, we were told, was fully up to, if not a little ahead of, the sharpest of the Scotch or English notion-vendors.

Twenty miles below Winnipeg is the other work, the designation of which (Stone Fort) indicates the solidity of its structure. It crowns an elevated plateau bordering the left bank of the river, and is built of dressed masonry, with circular towers at the angles, and gateways similar to those at Fort Garry; and is capable of affording effective resistance to a vigorous attack, even if made with artillery of light calibre.

Within this fort are stone store-houses and quarters sufficient for 200 men; and in 1851 the two works were garrisoned by 300 regulars of the Sixth infantry of the line. Subsequently they were relieved by three companies of Canadian rifles, which left here in 1861, and no troops have been stationed here since. From Stone Fort to Lake Winnipeg (23 miles) the river is from 200 to 400 yards wide, and two fathoms deep; and for ten miles before it enters the lake it meanders through a low morass with a sluggish current, offering no obstructions to navigation.

Lake Winnipeg, which is 264 miles long, with an average width of 30 miles, is shallow, and for the most part confined within a rock-bound coast, unpeopled save by fur-traders and Indians.

The Company has a schooner upon the lake, which sails between the different trading posts along shore. Previous to the union of Hudson Bay with the Northwest Company all the supplies of the latter, and many of the former association, were sent from Montreal in bateaux to Fort William on Lake Superior, and thence in bateaux and canoes *via* Rainy Lake and Lake

of the Woods to their destination, this being the only route lying altogether within British territory by which Lake Winnipeg could be reached from Canada.

After the consolidation was consummated this route was abandoned, and for a time all the supplies were shipped from England to York Factory; and thence up Hayes River, and through the chain of small lakes to Norway House on Lake Winnipeg.

A ship freighted with merchandise for the Company has sailed from England annually for over one hundred years, and still continues to arrive at and depart from their *dépôt* at York Factory as regularly as the seasons come round; and I was informed that there never had been a disaster or a failure in a single voyage. Upon both the old routes of communication numerous portages had to be made, and the ponderous bateaux dragged over them upon rollers. Moreover, these routes could only be traversed during midsummer.

The greater part of the Company's supplies is now sent to Fort Garry through Minnesota, and, although it still continues to ship its finest furs from York Factory, the coarser peltries go overland *via* St. Paul. A very significant fact relative to the advantages of this over the old routes is, that merchandise can be laid down at Fort Garry by the St. Paul route at an earlier date in the season than it can leave England with a certainty of having an open passage through the straits into Hudson Bay.

About a thousand carts, each freighted with 900 pounds of peltries, were sent from Fort Garry by the Minnesota route prior to August, 1868. On these duties were paid at Pembina upon a valuation of over \$50,000, while double that amount was bonded in transit for England.

A very unusual feature in the topography of the country will be perceived by reference to the map of that portion of Minnesota which embraces the sources of the Minnesota River and the most southerly branch of the Red River. It is a singular fact that of these streams, rising within a mile of each other, upon the same level (about 980 feet above the sea), one sends its waters nearly south, into the Gulf of Mexico, while the other flows due north, into Lake Winnipeg and Hudson Bay; and in high stages their waters commingle.

Red River, throughout nearly its entire course, is fringed with an extensive belt of excellent timber, and flows with a gentle and uniform current through an alluvial valley from five to twenty miles wide, which embraces a vast extent of the best prairie bottom lauds I ever beheld, covered with an exuberant growth of nutritious wild grasses from two to six feet high, from which an inexhaustible amount of hay could annually be made.

Several tributaries entering the river from the east have large forests of pine timber upon their banks, and this, in high stages of water, could easily be rafted down; while the great body of hard timber on the main stream is am-

ple for the requirements of an extensive farming community. Red River is navigable for steamers for a distance of two hundred and fifty miles from its mouth.

As the sources of the Red River are 300 miles south of its *débouché* in Lake Winnipeg, the ice thaws out much earlier in the season upon its head waters than in the lower portions of it; which circumstance has occasionally caused the ice below to become so much choked and dammed up as to force the water out of the channel and inundate the entire valley for miles upon each side. These great freshets are not, however, very frequent, the last three having occurred at intervals of about twenty years, and in each instance the water has drained off in time for the planting season.

The line bounding the northern limits of our possessions crosses Red River near Pembina, where we have a collector of customs with six or eight subordinates, comprising the chief population of the hamlet, which is situated directly upon the north bank of the Pembina River, at the crossing of the Minnesota and Fort Garry road.

Thirty miles above this, upon the Pembina River, is a farming settlement called St. Joseph, of some two hundred *Bois-brûlés*, as the mixed breeds are termed.

The habits and occupations of these people are in all respects like those of the descendants of the *voyageurs* before described upon Red River. An extensive area of bottom land of unsurpassed fertility, with woodland sufficient for agricultural purposes, is found in the valley of the Pembina and Assiniboine rivers; and it is a noteworthy fact that artificial irrigation is unnecessary for the production of crops in this section of country. The arable belt in this meridian of longitude does not extend far north of Lake Winnipeg, as the climate soon becomes too cold and the summers too short for the growth of cereals. At Fort Churchill and York Factory, for example, the ground never thaws more than about three feet from the surface, and remains perpetually frozen for fifteen feet below that depth. The temperature at those places, measured by the gradations of Fahrenheit's thermometer, ranges from 90° above zero in summer to 50° below zero in winter. Some idea may be conjectured of the intensity of the cold from the fact that casks of rum or brandy, when exposed for four hours in the open air to the lowest temperature above indicated, will congeal to the consistence of honey.

It is a meteorological phenomenon familiar to all who have given the subject any attention, that the climate in the northwest of this continent (the altitude being equal) moderates rapidly as we proceed toward the Pacific coast upon the same parallel of latitude; which fact expands the fertile grain-growing belt of country much further to the north in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains than we find it near the Atlantic Ocean. So important is this differ-

ence that the isothermal line touching the head of the south branch of the Saskatchewan, in latitude 51° and longitude 110° , passes through Chicago and Cleveland, and strikes Long Island Sound near the boundary of New York and Connecticut, in latitude 41° and longitude 73° . In other words, the summer climate upon the head waters of the Saskatchewan, with an average temperature of 70° above zero, is the same as that upon the Atlantic coast ten degrees further south. The limit of successful agriculture in longitude 110° extends as far north as Peace and Laird rivers, tributaries to the Arctic Ocean, in latitude 59° north, where good crops of wheat have been grown.

The Saskatchewan River, with its sources in the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, flows for a thousand miles through the Hudson Bay territory, and empties into Lake Winnipeg. It is navigable for steamers of light draught throughout the greater part of its course, and drains a section of country about four times the magnitude of Ohio, which we have the most undoubted authority for asserting to be surpassingly rich and productive, and admirably adapted to agriculture. All the common cereals, excepting corn, have been successfully cultivated at the different posts of the Hudson Bay Company within the district.

Although the winters here are protracted, yet the snow does not fall deep, and cattle run out during the greater part of the year without shelter or any forage save the natural wild herbage; and the buffalo are said to remain fat during the entire winter in the sheltered valleys bordering the river.

Governor Ramsey, of Minnesota, in 1851, spoke of this country in these words: "I hesitate not to ascribe to the whole of the upper plains of the Saskatchewan River an agricultural value superior naturally to the fields of our New England in their primitive condition."

That zealous missionary and disinterested Christian philanthropist, the good Father De Smet, who wintered in 1854-55 upon the Upper Saskatchewan, gives his impressions of that country in the following language: "The entire region in the vicinity of the eastern chain of the Rocky Mountains, serving as their base, 30 or 60 miles, is extremely fertile, abounding in forests, prairies, lakes, streams, and springs. The streams are innumerable, and, on every side, offer situations favorable for mills. The northern and southern branches of the Saskatchewan River I have traversed for 300 miles. Forests of pine, cypress, etc., etc., occupy a large portion of it, covering the slopes of the mountains and the banks of the rivers."

If this country possesses the great natural agricultural attractions that have been ascribed to it, and which have been perfectly understood by the British government for over half a century, the question naturally arises why steps have not before now been taken to populate and develop it. The only solution of this mystery that occurs to my mind lies in the indubitable

fact that English capitalists, when called upon to loose their purse-strings for any purpose involving the slightest hazard, are as alien in their instincts to their descendants in the United States as if their lineage had no approximation since the flood.

The sluggish apathy and morbid caution of our venerable transatlantic progenitors, when contrasted with the fearless, dashing spirit of enterprise and prompt execution which characterize the achievements of our people, receives a forcible illustration in the glaring truth that they, for more than a century, have been pursuing the "penny wise and pound foolish" policy of barring up all avenues of approach to this vast tract of fertile country; and for what purpose?

Has it been from any especial regard they entertain for the rights of the Indians, who, under the acknowledged international law of priority of discovery and occupancy, are the proprietors of the soil? This will not be credited by any one who is familiar with the history of their intercourse with the natives. The treatment of the Indians by our own government, and by that of Great Britain, has often been contrasted by persons not understanding the subject, and conclusions drawn favorable to the latter, and damaging to us as a philanthropic and just nation; whereas the facts, in my judgment, go to prove a condition of things directly the reverse. Our government, for example, has invariably recognized the claim of the natives to the soil, and has uniformly purchased and paid them for it; and if our agents have not always proved honest, it has not been the fault of the government, and does not affect the principle. Our Congress, with the welfare of the Indians in view, has enacted laws prohibiting the introduction of spirituous liquors into the Indian country, and imposed severe penalties upon their violation; whereas the British government has taken their lands whenever it suited the purposes of their authorities, and paid them in return whatever caprice, interest, or policy dictated.

When the Hudson Bay Company's factors entered Rupert's Land, they found it peopled with numerous tribes of vigorous, manly natives, who were strangers to the effects of alcoholic drinks, and, in the primitive simplicity of their untutored natures, were prosperous and happy. But the advent of the Englishman upon their domain inaugurated a new era in their history. They were speedily inducted into the diabolical mysteries of the intoxicating cup; and these credulous children of the forest, with the instinctive proclivity of their race, eagerly imbibed the seductive fire-water, and soon became slaves to its pernicious influences; and, from that day to this, spirituous liquor has constituted one of the chief articles of their traffic. To such an alarming extent have the Indians become addicted to the use of this poisonous stimulant, and it has wrought so rapid a diminution in their numbers, that now there are but

a few miserable remnants left of what were once powerful tribes. They have degenerated into the very depths of barbarism. All this has been brought about with the knowledge and sanction of the very people who now have the audacity to charge us with cruelty and injustice to the red man. Bah! Such barefaced hypocrisy only serves to delude those who are ignorant of the history of English civilization—or, more properly speaking, English *annihilation*—in India, in China, and in British North America.

The British authorities, in opposing immigration into the territory of the Hudson Bay Company, have been actuated by a different motive from that of any special regard they entertain for the welfare of the aboriginal race; and that motive is nothing more or less than the perpetuation of the trade of a powerful monopoly, which thereby has been enabled to barter its wares for a few paltry beaver and musk-rat skins; while we, on the other side of the boundary line, in the brief period of five years, have not only populated several adjacent new territories, but have spanned the continent with one railroad, and have several others in rapid progress toward completion.

That the ponderous optics of our lethargic cousin, John Bull, are at last beginning slowly to open upon the importance of this subject the following quotation from a sensible pamphlet, published at London, in 1866, by Thomas Rawlins, F.R.G.S., author of "*America from the Atlantic to the Pacific*," most pointedly indicates. He says: "To the directors and stockholders of the Hudson Bay Company we would say: The emigrant is even now thundering at your doors; he demands a passage; he asks by what right you exclude him. Why have you not borrowed a lesson from the progress of the country adjoining? Are you blind to your own interest? for, if you continue to pursue your present policy, you assuredly will be. *Brother Jonathan possesses a capacious maw. He is sniffing the savory morsel of the Fertile Belt*; but once let him get a few *Squatters' Rights*, and there will soon be no necessity for any action on the part of the Board of Directors. Their power will have slipped from their grasp, and the road to the Pacific be shut out to us forever. We must not, we can not, permit such suicidal lethargy to continue. We are all interested that unless something is done soon, the connection between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts in English interests is irretrievably severed, and the supremacy of British power in North America will be greatly endangered."

The somewhat equivocal compliment paid us in the gastronomic figure above quoted is eminently characteristic of the nationality of the writer, and exhibits the true measure of John Bull courtesy and amenity; yet it contains an admission regarding the relative enterprise of the two nations which I should hardly have expected from an Englishman. It must be conceded that the gloomy picture of the future which he

so earnestly exhibits to the serious contemplation of his countrymen seems almost prophetic; and, indeed, we may truly say that it has already been partially verified.

The fact is indisputable that "Brother Jonathan," in his voracious absorption of domain, has proved himself to be something of a gourmand. That he has been blessed by Providence with a "maw" of respectable proportions, an excellent appetite, and capital powers of digestion is beyond question; moreover, his keen olfactories certainly *do* enable him to "snuff" from afar the aroma of a choice *bonne bouche* in the form of auriferous or agricultural territorial acquisitions; and, although he has of late been a little cloyed with racy viands of this description, yet no dyspeptic symptoms have as yet appeared; and I have no doubt if the piquant "morsel," so graphically and temptingly depicted above, were properly served up and placed in his mouth, he might manage to swallow it.

Should the North Pacific Railroad, or either of the two railroads from St. Paul, be extended on from near the head of Red River across the elevated plain of the Coteau du Missouri, south of Devil's Lake, the road would run entirely within the limits of our own territory, and would have the most direct bearing for its Pacific terminus; and the face of the country here is smooth, without any very heavy grades; all of which are important considerations. But this line traverses some three hundred miles of elevated tableland east of the Missouri River, upon which are, only here and there, at very wide intervals, a few sticks of wood, and a scarcity of water. This plateau is from two to eight hundred feet above the adjacent country, from twelve to eighteen hundred feet above the ocean level, and covered with short grass; but, with the exception of a minute fraction along the borders of the few small streams, it is not arable. Besides, a considerable amount of snow falls upon these bleak plains, and the fierce driving winds cause it to drift greatly, so that it is very difficult and unsafe traveling in midwinter. For example, during the winter of 1867-68 there was so much snow here that the mails could only be carried between some of the military posts upon dog-trains, and several men lost their lives in this perilous service.

If, on the other hand, the railroad should be carried down the valley of Red River to Fort Garry, and thence up the valleys of the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan, it would pass through a lower and more sheltered section, nearly all of which is tillable, and would in all probability soon be densely populated up to the very foothills of the Rocky Mountains, which are here less than 400 miles from the Pacific terminus.

It does not, in my humble judgment, require the premonition of a prophet to discern that an achievement of such magnitude as this would contribute vastly to the mutual benefit of the United States as well as England. All inter-oceanic transit over this route would necessarily pass for several hundred miles upon our

roads; and I am unable to resist the force of my own convictions that the international affinity and the moral cohesions which would inevitably result from such a community of interest, and which would be cemented and consolidated by mutual advantages of a commercial, social, and political character, would speedily achieve miraculous results in developing the endless resources of the great Northwest.

Until within a few years past the authority of the Hudson Bay Company throughout the entire limits of their vast domain, from Canada to Hudson Bay, and to the North Pacific and Arctic oceans, has been as potent and unlimited as that of any absolute monarchy in the universe. Their officers have exercised all the functions of an independent government, having parliamentary, judicial, and executive branches, which have enacted, interpreted, and executed laws with as unquestioned immunity as if they were components of a veritable *de facto* nationality.

Invested as this association was by its charter with such extensive privileges, and armed with powers so absolute, it is not surprising that its officers should have maintained for 114 years a domineering control over every body within the limits of their territory.

Financially the operations of the Company have been attended with marked success. From its first organization the dividends increased until, in 1664, the stockholders received 50 per cent. upon their capital; and from 1690 until 1800, a period of 110 years, the annual dividends amounted to from 60 to 70 per cent. An idea may be formed of the extent of their business from the fact that, about the beginning of the present century, it was not an unusual circumstance for 3000 of their traders to be assembled at one time at the Fort William dépôt on Lake Superior.

At one period in the history of this powerful and sagacious association (1784) a formidable rival was organized at Montreal, under the designation of "Northwest Fur Company," which sent out its traders over every part of the country wherein the other association claimed exclusive privileges in virtue of its charter; and the operations of the new company were so amplified that they even sent ships around the Horn to British Columbia, and employed as many as 5000 men at a time.

This encroachment upon what the Hudson Bay Company claimed to be their legal rights materially lessened their dividends, and incited them to resist the intruders, and attempt to expel them by force from the country; and this ultimately engendered so acrimonious a feeling of antagonism between the employés of the two companies that it culminated in war to the knife. They fired upon each other without hesitation whenever they met, and many lives were sacrificed in these encounters.

This state of things continued until 1821, when the Northwest Company surrendered its

opposition by merging its destinies with its rival. Similar unsuccessful results have uniformly attended the efforts of the American Fur Company, of Mr. Astor, and other independent traders, to compete with the Hudson Bay Company; especially upon the Pacific slope of the mountains, where their practice has been to send their traders into close proximity with all competitors, and undersell them to such an extent as to prevent them from realizing any profits, and thereby compelling them to abandon the trade.

It is only a few days since that I was informed by a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, who has occupied the high position of United States Senator, and who at one time was at the head of a fur company, that, during his administration, it was the habitual practice of the Hudson Bay factors to send their traders to points along the boundary line nearest his establishments, and draw off his trade with our Indians, by underselling him, and by the still more powerful inducement of ardent spirits, which our laws prohibited him from vending.

The exclusive monopoly of the fur trade, as well as the arbitrary domination and rule of the Hudson Bay Company, culminated about twenty-five years ago, and has been on the wane ever since; so that now independent traders go into their territory without much molestation. And the authority of their officers is not only questioned, but occasionally resisted by force.

A short time previous to my visit at Winnipeg, the jail at that place was thrown open by the populace, and prisoners who had been immured within its walls, under the decrees of the Company's courts, were set at liberty.

The association has a banking establishment at York Factory, where it issues notes, redeemable in coin at its house of business in London. This currency circulates generally throughout the settlements, but seldom passes over the boundary line.

What is to be the ultimate issue of the present complication of affairs upon Red River can not, as yet, be determined. It is presumed, however, that much will depend upon the action taken by the British and Canadian authorities, who will be unable to take troops from Canada over the Lake Superior and Lake of the Woods route, with any certainty of their reaching Red River before about the last of June.

Governor M^cTavish, in 1868, expressed to me the opinion that the citizens of Rupert's Land, in the event of their political connection with the government of the Hudson Bay Company being severed, would prefer remaining as a separate colonial dependency of Great Britain; but rather than be annexed to the distant Dominion of Canada, he believed the majority of them would gladly avail themselves of the alternative of linking their destinies with the United States.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

WHEN these poor straggling locks were brown,
 And these dim eyes were bright and bold,
 I sung of him, my country's pride,
 Who woke the jousts of old.
 I stood in fairy Abbotsford,
 By Dryburgh's crumbling ruins gray,
 And sigh'd above the cloister'd vault
 Where good Sir Walter lay.

And now when thirty chequer'd years
 Have brought me to a foreign shore,
 I stand beside Otsego's lake,
 Less ardent than before.
 But the deep feelings of my prime,
 Though long repress'd, still inly burn;
 And as I tread through Cooper's haunts
 Youth's impulses return.

"Ho, stranger! thou must know *his* grave,
 Who here his race immortal ran;
 Canst guide me to the sacred spot
 Where sleeps that kingly man?"
 The keen-eyed rustic, looking up
 With kindly greeting, gave the nod,
 And, leading through the grassy field,
 Points to the hallow'd sod.

"See," he exclaim'd, with kindling cheek,
 "Yon pile that crowns the hillock's rim,
 To tell the pilgrim from afar
 How proud we are of him."
 My glance took in an obelisk,
 High towering near the solemn wood,
 Where Natty Bumppo's stalwart form
 In lifted grandeur stood.

Careless his hand the rifle grasp'd,
 That weapon known throughout the world;
 And, crouching at the hunter's feet,
 His faithful hound was curl'd.
 "And there is where the panther fought
 With Brave" ('tis now a shaven lawn);
 "Where Lizzie Temple scream'd, as swift
 The fatal bead was drawn."

The garner'd memories of years
 With wild emotion o'er me pass'd;
 It seem'd so strange to realize
 That here I stood at last.
 My thoughts went back to days of yore,
 When o'er his vivid page I hung,
 As dreams of dark primeval woods
 Across my soul were flung;

Of toilsome marches, Indian camps,
 And searches for the vanish'd trail;
 Of tomahawks and bloody fights,
 War-whoops and woman's wail;

Of birch canoes down rapids whirl'd;
 Of white cascades that ceaseless pour;
 Of beavers, elks, and murmurous bees,
 And Niagāra's roar;

Of prairies vast, where countless herds
 Of bison thunder'd o'er the plain;
 Of Pawnee warriors on the scout,
 And Gamut's solemn strain;
 Of Uncas and the Sagamore;
 Of Hurons stalking, single file;
 Of Cora grave, and Alice bright,
 And Magua's subtle guile;

Long Tom, "the may-pole mariner,"
 Too faithful to the treacherous oak,
 Whose timbers, scatter'd on the wave,
 His simple spirit broke;
 Paul Jones, the daring renegade,
 On that mad night he sought his home,
 Lifting the *Ariel* through the shoals
 Between the crests of foam;

Of fair Eudora, peerless maid,
 And Mabel, Hawkeye's promis'd boon;
 Of Arrowhead's meek Indian wife,
 The timid "Dew of June;"
 Lithe Jasper, with his paddle swift,
 Quick to detect the Mingo signs;
 Sage Tamenund of many days,
 The Nestor of the pines;

The "Rover" and the "Water Witch,"
 Of nautical manœuvres rife,
 Their frolic in the sunny hour,
 Their manhood in the strife;
 The "glorious city in the sea,"
 Where sad Jacopo plied the oar,
 And swept his sable gondola
 Along the Lido's shore;

The "Lion's Mouth" of grim Saint Mark's;
 The "Three" in council met for doom;
 Pure Gelsomina's light of love,
 Gilding a dungeon's gloom;
 And Esther's wail o'er Asa's bier;
 The tell-tale bullet shown the band;
 The cowardly Abiram's fate,
 Dropp'd by a brother's hand.

Creations matchless, manifold!
 Let kings for mortal lineage strive;
 But *these* the common lot defy:
 His offspring all survive.
 Yea! and they shall; the coming crowas,
 When valley clods have press'd our brow,
 Shall see those creatures (not of clay)
 As fresh as we do now.

Strange that the day-dreams of Romance,
Phantasmal forms of man's device,
Endure, while God's own image melts
Like fast-dissolving ice!
No spirit through their nostril breathes,
No subtle ichor fills their veins;
But still the insubstantial throng
From age to age remains.

To these serene realities
We are but shadows on the wall—
Scarcely born to light ere snatch'd away
Beneath Oblivion's pall.
O plastic art! thy spell alone
The palm and fadeless amaranth gives;
The sculptor falls, the statue stands;
Sterne dies, but Toby lives.

I gazed upon the placid scene,
So haunted of the Western muse,
Where the great Poet of the Woods
Oft brush'd the morning dews,
And felt how blest his days had been,
How kind his Maker's gracious plan,
When fitting for his work robust
This "castle of a man."

Deem him not stern, imperious, proud,
Estrang'd from love and kindly ken,
Because he scorn'd the little arts
And ways of little men.
And if, at times, indignantly,
He spurn'd the miscreant from his sight,
Too often venial error found
His bark worse than his bite.

The cinnamon is rough in rind,
But turn the gnarl'd wrappings o'er,
And out the pure aroma flies—
What sweetness at the core!
It was his fate to cope with those
Who chafed, impatient of his might;
And if his calls to war were loud,
The impulses were right.

With patriot zeal and courage high
He faced a people in the wrong—
Bear witness those who felt his stroke
That it was wondrous strong.
He gave to critic-craft a cuff
That transatlantic cousins shook—
Effectual answer to the sneer,
"Who reads a Yankee book?"

What distant clime will Envy name,
Where rifles crack or navies float,
In which the roving Pioneer
His fame has gather'd not?

The English boy feels, with a thrill,
His moccasin among the leaves;
The maid of Norway hugs his page
On stormy winter eves.

The Northern Pantheon extends;
The Twilight of the Gods comes down;
And Odin's sun-bright hall is dimm'd
By dark Waheondah's frown.
By Bagdad's toppling minarets
The Dervish adds, with inward glee,
Our Sindbad's stories to his own
Weird wonders of the sea.

Deep in Arabian wilds are found
His pictures of the forest green,
And in Brazilian solitudes
His stately steps are seen.
Where the pomegranate and the peach
In Persian gardens tempt the bird,
The flavor of the hickory nut
Comes at his simple word.

Old Leatherstocking's silent laugh
Has spread its soft infection wide—
Delights the dwellers on the Nile
And by the Ganges tide;
Glints on the bonny "Links of Forth,"
And where the craggy Grampians stand:
The light of Cooper's genius fills
My own illustrious land.

The massy organs of his thought,
The strong hand that the pictures drew,
I know, as downward sinks my glance,
Are vanish'd from our view.
So may the language he enrich'd,
Like that of Greece and Rome, decay;
The dusky race he help'd to raise
In time may fade away;

And tongues of unimagined tone
In other cycles yet may be,
When continents, unheard as yet,
Break from the soundless sea;
But *there*, transfus'd and mirror'd strange,
Perchance with myths of quaintest grace,
The red man's legend, faint and dim,
Shall antiquaries trace.

How peaceful were thy closing years,
How sweet that autumn Sabbath day,
When, all thy toil and conflicts o'er,
Thy calm soul pass'd away!
Away o'er Life's sublimer Deep!
But thou hadst conn'd the Chart before,
And, ready at the Pilot's call,
Loos'd for the "shining shore."

THOMAS C. LATTO.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT certainly is not the fault of New England that it is not New York, nor of New York that its lustiest defamers of New England are New Englanders. If you happen upon a gibe at the Yankees, the probability is that it was written by a full-blooded Biglow. And the unhappy point is that he and his kind half justify their own sneers. A mother who bears and rears such children may almost seem to be worthy even their contempt. Their conduct is explained by their desire to propitiate their new masters. But luckily the Arnolds are always as thoroughly despised by those whom they serve as by those whom they betray. A little fellow comes from New England to New York and squirts his feeble venom upon the granite hills. But they do not melt, while those for whose pleasure the feat is performed only laugh at the little harlequin.

Yet the two cities hold aloof. Each has its own view of the other. In the ancient days, when the Easy Chair, making the grand tour, came to Vienna, it heard the new opera of "Martha," and Vienna was delighted. Presently it went to Berlin, and again heard the pleasant opera. Flotow, the composer, himself directed. "Pooh," said Berlin, "'tis very pretty dancing music, quite fit for Vienna." And the solemn city on the Spree—for it is an exquisite joke to a foreigner that the grave, high-stepping Prussian metropolis is always on the Spree, a joke which is the more comical because no Prussian can understand it—Berlin, we say, turned from the dancing music of Flotow to its stately delight in Bach. But because Berlin is solemn, shall there be no merry music? And as for New York, it is useless to talk of centralization while Boston holds out so bravely. New York treats it very much as a king treated the baron whom he could not despise. And what a city of refuge each is from the other! Theodore Thomas delights New York unchallenged with his "dancing music" at the Central Park Garden. When he goes to Boston it crowds to hear him: it praises his orchestra immensely, and then—that the line may be drawn—regrets that he plays so much trivial music. Fechter acts in New York, which lifts its doubtful eyebrows at him, then slips off to Boston and is revenged by "an ovation."

This little friction is delightful. Goethe always said that it was better for Germany that there should be several small capitals, centres of cultivation and high civilization, instead of one great, blighting Paris that would leave all the rest of the land desolate. If the jealousies could only be kept within bounds, they would serve, he thought, merely as healthful irritations. A federation of small states, in every small state a city with a court and all the refinement that clusters around it, was evidently the ideal upon which his mind was fixed. And who now complains that there are so many centres to the fatherland? How much better are Dresden, Weimar, Berlin, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, Munich, Hanover, Vienna, and as many more separate cities, than they would be rolled into one vast metropolis! This difference is a spice we can

not spare. What well-regulated New Yorker does not enjoy his gibe at Boston, or what Bostonian could yield his polite tolerance to New York? Nothing is pleasanter than to feel, as you watch an artist struggling for recognition in one place, that he will secure it in the other. If his bark sinks, 'tis to a deeper sea. Shall we say, for instance, Mr. Fechter?

Mr. Dickens is usually a very shrewd man, but it is doubtful if he showed his usual sagacity in writing an article to introduce Mr. Fechter to this country. It was generous to seek to cover his friend with the mantle of his own prestige, and the story which has been told in regard to it, prejudicial to Mr. Dickens, may be very safely classed with the myriad other falsehoods with which the air hums. But there was an instant reaction against the kindly introduction; and that air of severe determination to "judge the man upon his own merits," which often suggests that the man has been partially prejudged before his merits have had a chance to display themselves. There were also the skeptics who said that if Mr. Fechter were a great actor there was no need of blowing loud blasts of praise in advance. Nothing, they said, is so soon discovered as good acting, and we know it, Mr. Dickens, when we see it. It was most generously meant; but the puff preliminary is always perilous to the subject. When a lady, for instance, is introduced to an audience as the Wendell Phillips of her sex, or another lady as the Anna Dickinson of the West, the greatest injustice is done to them by challenging comparisons. A vague expectation is at once excited, and an admirable performance may seem to be a failure because measured by a visionary standard.

Mr. Fechter played in New York, and there was instantly a very great difference of opinion upon his merits. But he can not be said at any time to have "taken the town." There was a most energetic debate. One young person sighed to think that in this uncertain world something might happen before Friday evening to prevent her coming again; while another young person rather regretted the evening which had been devoted to Fechter's *Ruy Blas*. Instantly, also, he was tried by the standard of a favorite resident player. The point of interest seemed to be whether he were better than Booth, a very vague inquiry, but none the less zealously urged. Indeed there was a kind of partisanship, felt rather than expressed, and the warm praise of one actor was taken as indirect depreciation of the other. But it was, as usual, entirely unnecessary. Good wine needs no bush—whether it be Burgundy or Tokay. The art and skill of Mr. Fechter and of Mr. Booth do not need to be set off against each other to be truly appreciated, and certainly the excellence of Mr. Fechter will not be denied by the firmest friend of Mr. Booth. The moment Mr. Fechter appears upon the stage it is evident that here is an actor thoroughly self-possessed and master of all that is technically called business. The perfection of his art is seen at once in his mastery of his movements and attitudes, and his entire absorption in the part; and from the nature of his talent and the

characters that he selects, it is presently very clear that his chief excellence is probably in the modern romantic drama.

What an exquisite absurdity the romantic drama is, and how delightful to behold, who does not know? "Ruy Blas" is a specimen; the "Lady of Lyons" is another. The "Duke's Motto," which the Easy Chair has not seen, it hears is not less pleasant in the same way. Lady O'Loony is always the heroine. She is first cousin to a countess; she works embroidery, and of such is the kingdom of heaven! Bombastes, in greater or less degree, is always the hero. The marble palace always gleams, in these ravishing dramas, through lustrous trees upon the shores of Como. Indeed they seem to have been written by Mr. Disraeli; there is so much duchess and castle and heiress and cardinal virtue blended with aristocratic descent. You leave common-sense at the door. Certainly fairy-land is cheap at two dollars a ticket. And of course you accept the scene upon its own terms. If, as Charles Lamb said of the artificial comedy of Congreve and Company, that it was beyond the domain of conscience, this surely is a realm beyond that of reality or experience. It would be as pretty a folly to try such a play by the ordinary canons of probability as it would be to submit to the same ordeal the first tenor warbling his dying breath away in "Lucia." What the spectator says is, that if there ever could be such scenes and such persons they would probably look like this, and behave in this manner. They are judged by the proprieties of the supposition.

Of course nothing can be more artificial than the dramas in which Mr. Fechter prefers to play; and his instinct must be accepted as the key of his talent. Of course, also, in the romantic drama of this kind the histrionic art is not pure; the effect, that is to say, is not due to the acting alone. It is composite. The accessories are hardly less important than the actors. The results are due to the skillful combination of action, picture, and music. The pathos of the most touching scenes is not intellectual, as it evidently was in the acting of Garrick, of Kean, of the elder Booth. It is partly that; but it is largely, also, sensuous and sentimental. The subtle introduction of the orchestra is essential. The player speaks to music; but, to a musically sensitive mind, from that moment it is the wailing minor chords of the instruments that are most powerfully affecting. The Easy Chair is not complaining; it is merely describing. When, at the close of the third act in the "Lady of Lyons," Claude Melnotte kneels at the table, and the lady waves her hand as she withdraws, in recognition of his humanity—for it is nothing more—and the curtain falls amidst the sweet, muffled murmur of the orchestra, we all heartily applaud; but what moves us is certainly not merely Mr. Fechter's acting, excellent as it is.

What a delicious absurdity, let us repeat, is this romantic drama! And the "Lady of Lyons" is the most admirable illustration of it. Its folly is inexpressibly Bulwerian and delightful. Yet, while we laugh, and especially while in the newspapers we mercilessly expose its fustian, and show how gently ridiculous it is, in the hearing and the seeing it is very agreeable. Probably the extreme artificiality of all the circumstances,

the theatre itself, the necessary incongruities and absurdities of any play, the confusion of mind as to what really ought to be expected, and by what canons it should be judged, induce the necessary frame of mind—if, indeed, the mind has any thing to do with it. We all know what pleases us, what affects us; but who knows what good acting is? Listen to the Fechter audience commenting, and learn how the wise differ!

The curtain has not yet rolled up, and we are all busily chatting and watching our neighbors. How pretty the costumes are, and what an astonishing number of pretty women are clustered all about. This also is fairy-land before the curtain. Here are towering mountains and deep valleys of hair high poised upon the table-lands of lovely heads; baskets, also, for hats, and neat table-mats for bonnets. Think of the ancestral calash and coal-scuttle! Then is it not true that lovers and young married people are fond of coming to the play? Don't they occupy a great many seats? And when, between the acts of the drama, the Easy Chair exclaims, with inexpressible delight to its neighbor, "Dear Aunt Plumper, this is what Reginald calls 'the bang-up thing!'" does not Romeo, who is sitting immediately in front, glare round upon this venerable furniture as if it were a blasphemous monster? Does it never seem to you that the murmur before the orchestra begins is the soft sound of innumerable doves billing and cooing? And when the play opens, and the brave Alonzo scales the castle wall, and leaps the fathomless abyss, with the fair Imogen lying senseless in his arms, and turns upon the brink and shouts to the pursuer, "'Sdeath, miscreant, I defy thee!" is there an old heart so hardened that it does not feel the thrill of all the young hearts around it, which know that they also defy all the miscreants who would dare to dream of insult to a certain angel there present, with somebody else's hair at the back of her head?

However, we are here to see Mr. Fechter, and not to study the episodes upon the seats about us. And the orchestra is beginning. Dear, dear! Aunt Plumper, what is that music? Tum-ti-tee! Tum-ti-tee! It's perfectly familiar, and we can not think what it is. But suddenly all the instruments flow together into a bright, ringing melody—of course, "Massaniello." And there goes the curtain! You say that in Boston they said they thought him as fine as Regnier and Sampson at the Français? Well, in New York we shall venture to hear and judge for ourselves. The curtain rises, and our interest is demanded for the young son of a French gardener at the close of the last century, who has accomplished himself in many ways, and who contrives to send some of his verses to the hands of a young lady of Lyons, the daughter of a merchant, whom the peasant romantically adores. She declines to receive them, and the messenger who brings them is even beaten as he is turned away from the merchant's door. "A French citizen has received blows," says the messenger. And forthwith the poet tears his verses which have been scorned, scatters the bits of paper, and informs his mother that he so drives the disdainful beauty's image from his heart. To him then, in the very nick of time, enter villain number one in the necessary black hat of villainy, and weaker villain number two in a white hat. "Re-

venge, revenge!" cries Black Hat. And the accomplished son of the gardener listens eagerly, and the hero for whom our sympathy and admiration have been invoked consents to the most rascally deceit and betrayal of an innocent girl who has rejected his verses.

The Easy Chair is telling the story for the benefit of those who are not familiar with the romantic drama. So the young man is introduced into the lady's family as the Prince of Como, and the rest follows. The hapless girl is married, and Claude brings her to his mother's house, where a tremendous scene takes place. The young man has come to himself, and is full of anguish, and tells the Lady of Lyons that the law will not condemn her to be the victim of a foul conspiracy. And she retires, in a grand tableau, to slow music. The youth outwatches the bear, and resolves to send word to her parents with the early dawn, and then to depart and retrieve his name. He goes off upon the first part of this excellent errand, and during his absence Villain in the black hat arrives to beg her to escape her horrible fate by accepting him. Immediately there is another tremendous scene, with fiendish attempts at osculation, ending in the sudden entrance of the youth, who scornfully waves Black Hat away. Then arrive father and mother, and cousin Damas, colonel in the French army, who has suspected something all the time; and after a series of passionate ejaculations the lady goes off with her parents, and the young man with the colonel to the army.

In two years he is the hero of Lodi number two, and returns to Lyons just as his wife has consented to be divorced to marry villain Black Hat, who makes her hand the condition of his saving her venerable father from bankruptcy. There is a final scene, in which she talks with the young officer as a supposed friend of her husband, and it is perfectly clear to him that she now loves him for himself alone—apparently for no other reason than that he would not take advantage of her betrayal into marrying him—and the late gardener's son, now Colonel Morier, and the friend and favorite of General Bonaparte, immediately tears the papers that have been signed, counts out the necessary bank-notes upon the table, explodes in a volley of rhetoric, which is wholly unintelligible, and the curtain comes down; and we clap and thump and insist upon seeing our friends before the curtain, and when they come we clap and thump all the more, and have had a very pleasant evening. There has been a great deal of Bulverian apothegm during the play. And as that prodigious line in Richelieu, "Put up the sword, states can be saved without it," used to produce frenzies of applause in the winter of 1860-61, so some noble line in this play, which declared substantially that no law, human nor divine, should separate a wife from her husband, evidently delighted some of us who made a most approving noise in response.

This was the picture of life which was offered to our thoughtful consideration. But having left the actual and the probable at the door, none of us were disturbed. Indeed, it is ridiculous for those of us who sit gravely through three acts of an opera to refine upon the romantic drama. It was undoubtedly preposterous; but Mr. Fechter showed in it the utmost feeling, refinement,

elegance, grace, and sentiment. He is in constant action, and his voice is set in a high key; so that in the first scene of this play his restless movement and play of feature, with the tone of his voice, gave the effect of a high wind. But there is a vigor and raciness in his manner, and a propriety of action, which are fresh and delightful. His pronunciation, although peculiar, is not disagreeable; but in passionate climaxes it is impossible to understand him. The actors with whom we are all most familiar in this country follow the British traditions. But Mr. Fechter has no trace of them. This, possibly, explains what is felt to be the strangeness of his Hamlet. We have been so accustomed to the John Kemble and Sir Thomas Lawrence Hamlet, that we do not readily conceive any other. Unfortunately the "Lady of Lyons" was substituted for "Hamlet," on the very evening that the Easy Chair and its amiable friends repaired to the play, so that they missed the pleasure of comparing Mr. Fechter with other actors of the part. Yet, if they had all been actors, they could have had for thoughtful care, for elaborate art, for dignity and propriety, and for a certain vital force, no better teacher than Mr. Fechter. And if New York was cool, they are glad that Boston was warm in its welcome and appreciation.

DE TOCQUEVILLE says that when we Americans look in the glass we see the Vicar of Bray. He does not make use of those precise words; but whenever there is any great public excitement in this country upon what may be called fundamental questions in morals or politics, there is always occasion to remember his unqualified statement: "Freedom of opinion does not exist in America." It is to his countrymen also that we owe the significant phrase, "the courage of your opinions." But this is only another form of the English definition of heroism, the ability to be a minority of one. De Tocqueville's book upon this country suggests a striking illustration of his own remark. Few Americans who saw their own country with its character and tendencies as plainly as he would have dared to write of them as plainly. And how many of us care to acknowledge that while we are willing to vociferate our contempt for the effete despotisms of Europe, we are equally anxious to propitiate the vigorous despotism of America?

If you read the speeches that are made in public meetings, or the public letters that are written by public men, you can hardly help detecting the melancholy tone of insincerity. The orators don't think exactly what they say, but they know they are expected to say it. Their success demands that they shall not shock public sentiment nor outrun public sympathy, as it is called. The most sagacious statesman, of course, in this view, is the man who apprehends a readiness in the public mind to change, and who seizes the precise moment to declare himself; the moment, that is to say, when a multitude are waiting for a leader, and instantly follow. He shakes the branch from which the fruit is ready to fall. All progressive movements in society proceed, therefore, from the exceptional persons who are not afraid of that attenuated minority, and who can see the king as clearly when every body laughs at his claims as when the whole world is

kneeling before him. The difference between such persons and the others is that they love the king and the others themselves. They love him because he is royal, the others because he can be of use to them. This is the class of the Vicar of Bray; but nobody very much respects that pastor. The Vicar of Bray is the gentleman who is popularly believed to know which side of his bread is buttered. But it sometimes occurs to the Vicar himself that man does not live by bread alone.

But if we do not very much respect that pastor, we generally imitate him very closely. Indeed, the severity of our judgment upon him is curiously suggestive of Sir Roger de Coverley's sudden waking up in church, and immediate sharp rebuke of those who had dropped asleep. When we hear our own round abuse of the Vicar, do we never think that we hear the old charge of the Pot against the Kettle? Do we complain of trimming, dear brother Trimmers? Is it drowsiness which we sleepers can not approve? It is certainly a very sad spectacle, that of a man who is afraid to express his own thoughts, not because they seem to him trivial, but because they are not the thoughts of other people. But it is a much sadder spectacle to see him attacked by other people, if he does dare to speak, because his opinions do not conform to the received standard. And it is this disposition to attack which causes the imitative tone which is remarked in so much American performance of every kind. To dare to differ is the chief heroism of our time.

And it is heroic, for it is not easy to bear the penalty of that daring. If, dear Madame, it is hard to be a little out of the fashion in your bonnet and dress, think what it is to be out of the fashion in grave doctrines of life and duty! You say, perhaps, that if a man's conscience is clear, he need care for nothing else. Try it, my dear Madame, try it! For instance, you declare that you despise the Vicar of Bray, who always tried to swim with the current, and always insisted upon agreeing with the dominant opinion. Why didn't he stick to his own, and take the consequences? Very well; try sticking to yours. You think, for instance, that Mrs. Grundy is a fool or a knave, and that no sensible woman minds her. Mrs. Grundy ordains that appearances shall be respected. You reply, in a perfectly decorous manner, "Appearances be hanged!" Mrs. Grundy, in accordance with her doctrine, orders that an unmarried young woman shall not go with a similarly unfortunate young man alone to the theatre, however intimate they may be, and although the theatre is the most public of resorts. Mrs. Grundy goes further. She ordains that a young man and woman who are engaged shall not take a journey together, nor lodge, however respectfully and innocently toward each other, at the same hotel, except under very pressing and extraordinary circumstances.

'Tis a whimsical sovereign, as the Easy Chair said last month. But such are some of her arbitrary decrees; and you laugh at them, Madame, and disregard them. You do not hesitate to take an innocent journey to Niagara with Don Alonzo, and you resent the faintest suggestion that there could be any thing improper in your traveling alone with the chosen object of your affections. So you do so—and instantly Mrs. Grundy breathes

upon your good name. Society, which is her court, suddenly buzzes about your ears and those of your friends. The meanest scandals, the vilest insinuations, the blackest lies, immediately crawl and creep and flap around you. Meanwhile you assert more vehemently than ever that Mrs. Grundy is a fool and a knave, and declare that no sensible woman minds her. And it is you and your conscience against Mrs. Grundy and all the world. Friends grow cool and drop off. You are stared at, wondered at, chattered at, and cut. Your very resistance becomes, in Mrs. Grundy's eyes, as she declares with upraised hands, conclusive proof of your brazen impudence and your unblushing effrontery. It is terrible. Your conscience is clear, but your life is necessarily saddened and clouded. It is a contest with a miasm. The daily drip of lies wears your soul away. But that drip is the penalty of holding to your own view. Now, the Vicar of Bray says that you had better yield and let the foolish world have its way. See how fat he is, how rosy! What a salary he has, and how he sleeps! Is the Vicar such a fool, after all?

De Tocqueville did not found his remark upon this private social tyranny of opinion, although he unquestionably observed what every thoughtful native sees, that there is less social freedom of opinion and practice here than elsewhere. Americans, for instance, don't yet dare to be poor. Few American young men—as a rule—have the courage to say "I can't afford to do that." There is a good philosophical explanation of this, unquestionably; but in practice it is generally cowardice. De Tocqueville meant that in public life there is no freedom of opinion. Every American is supposed to be a candidate for every office. We are all of the blood royal, and each has an equal right to the throne, and may be any day called to it. But it is only by the most sweet voices of our fellow-citizens that the call can be made; and if we tread on their toes, it is very clear that their tongues will not hail us king that shall be. To please the majority therefore is, according to the French critic, the necessary condition of political success in America. But to please them we must conform. Hence independence of thought and speech disappear, and the genuine American, in the more modern phrase, has an instinctive fear of a minority.

This fear is an immense demoralization. It is played upon for the basest of purposes. The Easy Chair, for instance, let us suppose, bent upon gratifying its malice against you, the Present Reader, studies the situation a little. It discovers that you are not quite regular in your attendance upon church, or that you have scratched a name occasionally upon the regular ticket of your party—or it discovers nothing of the kind. Thereupon it states, with profound regret, that Mr. Peter Piper's business is so vast and engrossing that he can not possibly dispose of it upon the working days of the week; or that the Honorable Peter Piper does not think it always his duty to vote the regular ticket. This is merely the way in which the victim is offered up to Juggernaut. Public opinion is informed that Peter Piper is a sinner, and it proceeds to judgment. The sad part of it is not that malice has excited stupidity, but that the victim himself suffers so horribly. It is the dismayed Vicar

finding himself on the wrong side, and in danger of losing his living of Bray.

It is this kind of tyranny that makes us all such bitter partisans. In our favorite paper, whatever it may be, every thing is treated indiscriminately. Every thing tastes of the familiar old pot. How is a reader, for instance, to ascertain the real state of things in another country, the tendency of opinion, the judgment of sagacious persons? His favorite paper has its philosophy, and has taken sides in advance upon all subjects. If it is radical in this country, with the significance that, under our circumstances, we attach to the word, it will be radical in Crim Tartary also. If it is conservative here, it will take the conservative side in the politics of Monaco. One paper has red spectacles, and the other green, and they always put on those stultifying glasses before they look at any thing at home or abroad. The reason is that the public opinion which supports the one journal expects to see things in general red, and that which sustains the other prefers that they should be green. To know is to obey. And the purveyors of news and criticism act accordingly.

It is akin to this that in no country is there greater terror of being thought to be impractical, or of being called so; yet it is only the impractical men and women who do the practical work, and every forward step is taken amidst a salvo of incredulous ridicule. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu introduced from Turkey into England inoculation for small-pox. If she had attempted to introduce the plague she could hardly have been more scornfully opposed. The faculty of medicine clamored against her, the clergy denounced her from the pulpit, the crowd hooted at her as an unnatural mother. Or consider the inventors. They are a visionary, impractical, often an impracticable class. If, hitherto, they had had the spirit of the Vicar of Bray, we should have crawled but a very little way from barbarism toward civilization. Columbus was a crotchety adventurer who happened upon a continent. If America had been left to the finding of practical Spaniards, it might still have been sleeping upon the Western sea.

The application of this sermon is, that while it is very hard to stand alone in an unusual or an unpopular opinion, yet that it is often necessary to self-respect, and always essential to social progress. If De Tocqueville said truly that there was no freedom of opinion in this country, let us put him henceforth in the wrong. He might have said, if he had been a sneering Celt, which he certainly was not, that the pride of the Anglo-Saxons, as we call ourselves, is fair play; and then he could have added, that, in the society in which the genius of that race had most fully triumphed, fair play in opinion was unknown. Yet that is the last and highest success of civilization; and it is something that we can mark our progress toward it. When, instead of burning a man's body because his religious views differ from those of some other people, they merely call him names and send him to a moral Coventry, his fate has greatly improved. But when you reflect that his opinion is just as valuable and respectable as theirs, and that his fidelity to it is proof of his worth as a citizen of the world, you feel how cautiously we ought to describe our condition as civilized and enlightened.

WHETHER the New York musical jubilee will surpass the last year's renowned Boston festival of kettle-drums, church-bells, and cannon, is yet to be determined; but there are two, or perhaps three, societies of singers in New York which Boston has not yet equaled. They are the new Sacred Music Society, the Mendelssohn Club, and what has been known as the Madrigal Society. This last quietly began last year with one of the most delightful of concerts, which it has followed with half a dozen others not less delightful. Indeed it is hard to say when in this city any music has been rendered with more admirable art and skill. The Sacred Music Society has taken the field with great energy, and its spirit will carry it to success; but it must be a long time before it can have the same thorough training as the singers of the glees, madrigals, and choruses, who have now formed a musical society, reserving to themselves the choice of giving concerts in public or not, and of singing precisely the kind of music that they choose, and, indeed, of doing what they will. They will not confine themselves to madrigals. They will sing as many of Mendelssohn's magnificent choruses as they like. Whatever is quaint and lovely and of good report in the old music or the new they will not spare. Such license as they propose is delightful to think of, and its results will be delightful to hear.

The hall—it was Steinway Hall, and it is much improved since the Easy Chair once spoke of it slightly—was always full at the Madrigal concerts, and full of the best kind of audience. Every body seemed to have come to listen and to enjoy. There was an indefinable, an electric sympathy of appreciation in the audience. They had not the air of those who had come under any other compulsion than real desire; and the spontaneous and general and sincere applause was precisely what was to be expected. It was a well-mannered audience also. It was by no means necessary to say upon the bills, "Ladies and gentlemen are requested not to talk during the performance." But what kind of ladies and gentlemen *do* talk during a musical performance? This is a question which was presented to the perplexed mind by the invitations to silence which were circulated at the Sacred Music concerts. It was said that the audience upon those occasions was of the very best bred people in the city. And do *they* talk at concerts? Do the very best bred people in the city selfishly disturb their neighbors? Is an Easy Chair to understand that the people at the Madrigal concerts who did not disturb others were *not* well bred? Fashion is so eccentric that the question may be pardoned.

The singers also were pleasant to see. As one steady gentleman remarked, who would certainly have dealt very summarily with any losel talkers, they had an air of meaning business. And so did he. No subscriber to any entertainment this season has received his money's worth more fully than this sturdy gentleman. He enjoyed almost aggressively. He looked at you when an especially good madrigal or glee had been sung, with an expression that said: "Yes, you think you enjoy it, but you haven't the least idea of its excellence." And his eyes swept along whole ranges of listeners with that penetrating, half-defying, but interiorly contented look. He

knew that one person at least fully comprehended the excellence of the performance. Did he also know, probably, that the same person likewise furnished a very excellent entertainment himself? For he is still a tyro in places of public amusement who does not often find as much pleasure before the stage as upon it.

The great excellence of the concerts lies in the thorough knowledge and skill of the singers. They do not lean upon each other. Every one knows what he is to do, and how to do it; and if all the rest fell suddenly silent, he would go on to the end clear and undismayed. That is to say, that the singers are accomplished musicians, and this gives a precision, an intelligence, an exquisite detail of excellence to the general effect which is quite indescribable. The mass of sound is as delicately shaded as a mass of color by the most skillful master. Indeed, nothing was finer than the perpetual impression of reserved power. There always seemed to be a great deal more possible than was done; but what was done was all that was necessary. In some of the piano passages the effects were wonderful from the knowledge and confidence of the individual singers, and the easy and adroit handling of the conductor. The Greek choruses of Mendelssohn were superbly rendered; full, massive, solemn, delicate, the music was interpreted in a way that would have charmed the master himself.

Could any more civilizing work be done than

the association of lovers of this quaint and beautiful music for the purpose of its performance? The ladies and gentlemen who compose this society are private persons. But from their homes and separate studies they bring all this taste and accomplishment and skill to a general treasury, and for the public benefit. What a glimpse it opens into hundreds of homes made happy by this most refining of tastes! There was a certain domestic sincerity of impression in the whole which is very different from that produced by professional artists—a home flavor which was as delightful as it is novel. But although the Society is, in a certain sense, private, it should remember that it has no right to hide its talent in a napkin. Those who can produce such perfect and beautiful works of art as the Glee and Madrigal concerts have no moral right to refuse to show them. And they have seen how their labor is appreciated. They were lovers of music singing to other lovers. And the Easy Chair begs, on behalf of the listening lovers, that next year there may be a renewal of these memorable evenings in aid of the refinement and enjoyment of the faithful, if not of “the Wilson Mission.”

THE Easy Chair is sorry that it must defer until next month “A word to the Easy Chair,” from one who thinks “A word to contributors,” in the May Number of the Magazine, too hard upon those whose offerings are not found to be “available” for publication.

Editor's Literary Record.

THERE is nothing which requires or deserves more careful thought in its organization than a library, and there is nothing which ordinarily grows up with less plan, less definite purpose; and no part of the furniture of a house which is usually more absolutely worthless than the miscellaneous collection of novels, school books, popular histories, and miscalled religious publications which is usually to be found on the parlor shelves, or even piled heterogeneously on the parlor table, of those houses where sufficient literary life exists to demand any thing more than the provincial newspaper and the last magazine. If the father plans to have a garden, he does not drop in his seed as chance directs, nor buy it of traveling peddlers because it is cheap. He measures his ground, and adjusts, with some regard to the real or imaginary wants of his household, the useful and the ornamental, the permanent and the ephemeral. But he usually buys his books with no consideration at all, and no adjustment of the intellectual supply to the intellectual demand. His wife has a cookery book or two, and he an old volume on agriculture. These and his dictionary make a beginning. John must have certain school books. What the teacher requires the father rather reluctantly buys, with never a thought as to what is really the needed apparatus of the young scholar. Jane brings home every now and then a new novel. At Christmas an annual or two, all of whose merit is in the gilt edges and the tawdry binding, is added to the collection. Possibly somebody's history of the Bible, or a cheaply illustrated edition of Jose-

phus, or a volume or two of Spurgeon's sermons are obtained, under a vague impression that there ought to be some religious literature in the house. Every month or two an agent comes along with a volume which he assures the innocent housewife is the great work of the century, an assertion which, unfortunately for the honor and honesty of American recommendations, he is able seemingly to make good by the long array of names, D.D.'s and LL.D.'s, as well as journals literary, popular, and political, which unite in commending it to an unsuspecting and uncritical public. Sometimes impressed by his voluble confidence, sometimes to get rid of his wearisome pertinacity, sometimes out of charity for an invalid fellow townsman or townswoman who has taken to selling books because it affords “plenty of outdoor exercise,” she buys a book which may chance to be useful, but is quite as likely to be worthless; but which, at all events, is bought not upon any consideration of its utility, but upon the spur and feeling of the moment. At length the gathering pile of books becomes a nuisance to the man of the house, as it long has been to the woman. The baby uses them to build houses with, in lieu of blocks, and the next youngest thumbs the illustrated volumes somewhat assiduously. For the rest, they lie on the centre-table, when they do not spill over on to the floor, gathering dust, and making more trouble on sweeping days than all the rest of the furniture put together. The wife demands a bookcase. It is granted. The cabinet-maker sends one home; the heterogeneous mass of literary

rubbish is piled into it; the vacant shelves are filled up with old copies of magazines; and the household has its library!

Every man, so soon as he has a home of his own—and every man ought to aim to have a home of his own as soon after twenty-one as possible—should begin to lay his plan for the formation of a library. Five dollars and one afternoon's work in his own work-shop, if he has one, in his neighbor's if he has not, will suffice to give him shelves; and books never should be suffered to lie upon the table. He should next consider how much he can afford to spend for literature, how much of that he will appropriate to the ephemeral—the newspaper and the magazine—how much to the permanent, how much to general literature, and how much to his professional library. For the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant ought to have their professional library as well as the lawyer, the physician, and the clergyman. Then he should purchase his books systematically, buying not what is brought to his door, nor what happens to catch his eye in the illy-supplied book-store of his little village, where literature is represented solely by the two extremes of school books on the one hand and cheap novels on the other, but selecting his books from the great mass which fills the market, and relying, if he can not upon his own judgment, then on that of some literary friend. The criticisms of the daily journals and monthly magazines are not always of the most trustworthy kind, but they are always more trustworthy than those of interested book-agents and their careless and inconsiderate, though good-natured, indorsers. Nor is this advice intended merely or mainly for those men who expect to form a library. On the contrary, those who have plenty of money to spend for books can well afford to waste a little now and then on books that are worthless; and they who, without plenty of money, know how to economize at the table and in the wardrobe, that the mind may be well fed and well clothed, need no such counsel. We speak to those who buy books without thought, and who, if they were to make a careful account of all they have paid since last July for evanescent and perhaps useless literature, for books bought but never used, would be surprised to find that they had spent enough to give them the best cyclopedia that is published. The price of two good cigars a day will give, in two years, a complete set of *Harper's Magazine*, or the complete "American Cyclopedia," either of which is a far better library than most hap-hazard buyers accumulate in a lifetime.

AND this leads us to say that in the organization of a library the first purchases should be not of books to read, but of books to be referred to—a remark more true of small libraries even than of large ones. We will not go so far as to agree with Rufus Choate, who is reported to have said that he never read a book through; but it is certain that fifty dollars wisely expended in books of reference will give the household more useful information than a hundred and fifty expended in books to read. Swedenborg's library is said to have consisted of his Greek and Hebrew Lexicon, his Bible in the original tongues, and his own writings. Most clergymen would do well if they could exchange their collections of ser-

mons, bound quarterlies, and theological treatises for a Greek and a Hebrew concordance, Alford's or Lange's Commentaries, and M'Clintock and Strong's Biblical "Cyclopedia."

There lie now before us, as we write these paragraphs, four works which are of real value, permanent additions to our literature, the sort of books which, in our estimate, would come next to a good cyclopedia in the organization of a family library. Among these we perhaps hardly ought to include, however, what scholars will account the most valuable of them all, Dr. HENRY DRISLER's edition of *Yonge's English-Greek Lexicon* (Harper and Brothers). In the present utilitarian age, when even scholarly men begrudge the time given to the translation of Greek and Latin, we shall expect that most of our readers will regard the time devoted to Greek and Latin composition absolutely thrown away. "Who ever wants," we hear Mr. Gradgrind cry, "to write in Greek? Does any minister expect to preach to Greek congregations? Does any lawyer expect to plead before Greek juries? Does any merchant expect to have Greek correspondents? French or German might be of some use; but of what profit is it to write Greek?" Well, we plainly confess, Mr. Gradgrind, that there is not "much money in it." Measured by the utilitarian standard, Greek composition must be regarded as a purely professional study. But so regarded, it is not unimportant. Pitt translated the orations of Cicero into English, and rewrote them into Latin, twelve times, if we recollect aright, each time comparing his own Latin with that of the original. It was this exercise that gave him the wonderful command he possessed of the English language, and made him the most potent orator, as he was the most astute statesman, of English history. For the lawyer, the clergyman, the lecturer, the platform speaker, the statesman, Greek and Latin composition, especially the former, is not an idle exercise. There is nothing except a constant and loving familiarity with the best English authors that can do so much to make the student an orator, or at least (for, despite the famous proverb to the contrary, orators are not made) to give him a command of the instruments of his art. Nor can any one be said to be master of a language till he is able to express himself in it. We can not afford to forego the Greek, nor to ignore the scholarship which treasures it. So long as philosophy draws its inspiration from Plato, and Christianity finds the fountain of all its sublime truths in the writings of Paul and the words of Jesus, so long Greek will not be a dead language, nor one we can afford to bury beneath the sod. For the student of Greek composition Drisler's Lexicon—for so in reality it should be called—with Dr. Short's admirable essay on the order of words in Attic Greek prose, itself an invaluable contribution to the Greek grammar, and its translation of Pilon's "Greek Synonyms," is a perfect thesaurus of information, giving not only the Greek equivalent for every English word, but giving the equivalent in different dialects, and according to the usages of different authors. The student of this dictionary has, therefore, not merely an English-Greek Lexicon, but in it the apparatus for tracing the development and analyzing the differences of style in the different Greek writers. It would

have added greatly to the value of the dictionary for those who constitute the great bulk of Greek students in this country—the clergymen—if it had included, as it does not seem to do, the Greek of the New Testament, as well as that of the classic authors. But as it stands it is equally honorable as a monument to American scholarship, and valuable as an addition to our apparatus for critical study.

ALLIBONE'S *Dictionary of Authors* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) has become already a standard which needs no commendation to any who are engaged in literary pursuits, or find in literature a favorite recreation. It is now nearly, if not quite, twelve years since the first volume was issued—a second edition of which is in course of preparation—and we have nothing but the intimation of the dedication as to when the third will appear. A single volume of such a work is sadly unsatisfactory; but if the editor has the patience to pursue his labors through the period of nearly a quarter of a century, we suppose his readers ought not to complain because of inevitable delay. To give the names and even a condensed biography of leading English and American authors would not require any thing like such a length of time. But Mr. Allibone has undertaken a very different task, one so Herculean as to be audacious. He has undertaken to give not only a list of the important works of each author, but an estimate of his writings; not Mr. Allibone's estimate either, but that which contemporary criticism puts upon them. This has involved a research through newspapers, magazines, and reviews, and a collating, comparing, analyzing, and selecting, which it seems simply incredible that any man should dare undertake, unless endowed with the physical endurance of a Samson, the patience of a Job, and the longevity of a Methuselah. However, this is what Mr. Allibone has essayed, and, so far, accomplished with wonderful success. It is true that we miss some names altogether from the collection, as that of Dr. Nast, for example, who, though his writings have been largely for the German population, yet deserves to rank among American authors. True, also, that some other authors are passed with too brief mention, or the articles upon them are not brought down to the present date, as is the case, for example, with William Morris, who disputes with Tennyson the right to the laureateship, and who is dismissed in two lines; or with Charles G. Leland, whose latest and most famous work, the "Hans Breitmann" ballads, is not mentioned at all. But this is perhaps incidental to such a work, in the preparation of which it must be simply impossible to keep pace with the progress of literature.

Concerning Dr. J. THOMAS'S *Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), we have nothing to add to the opinion we expressed a few months ago, except to say that the work, as it proceeds, fully sustains the promise of its opening number. It is indeed a complete cyclopedia of biography of both sacred and secular history, of both real and fictitious personages. And though it does not take the place of the fuller, though less comprehensive, dictionaries of special eras and subjects, as the Biblical "Cyclopedia" of M'Clinck and Strong, or the "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology" of Dr.

William Smith, yet for the scholar, in haste to verify a date, or fix a single fact, the very brevity of its articles is a convenience, while to the general reader it contains, condensed in a paragraph, just the information he needs, and which he has not the time to condense himself from the more elaborate articles of special dictionaries.

Probably our readers will be somewhat surprised that we enumerate last, though not least, among the useful books for the family library, the *Dispensary of the United States of America*, by Drs. WOOD and BACHE (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), the thirteenth edition of which lies on our table. To the medical faculty nothing more need be said than that this new edition is based on the new edition of the "British Pharmacopœia," and embraces material revision and considerable addition. But we are not writing for the medical faculty, but for those whose practice of medicine is confined to their own family. This volume is rarely to be seen except on the counters of the drug store, and in the offices of the doctors; and neither drug store nor doctor's office is often to be seen without it. But we have not such implicit faith in the infallibility of either physicians or drug clerks that we are inclined to take what the one prescribes and the other puts up without knowing something about its character, and its supposed effect upon the human body. It is generally worse than useless for any one but physicians to study pathology; since no man is competent, not even a physician, to interpret his own symptoms, or those of his family. But not only hygiene, but also therapeutics, ought to be studied, at least by every parent. Every mother is ordained of God to be a nurse; and every nurse needs to know not only physiology, not only the secrets of the human frame, but also something of the efficacy of those remedies which modern science calls in to adjust its delicate mechanism when disordered. The "Dispensary" is a perfect cyclopedia of medicine. It is the authority to which every physician constantly turns to refresh his own recollection as to the virtue of particular drugs. And by aid of its index at the close, any one may learn, almost at a glance, the nature of the remedy he is taking himself, or is administering to others whose life is dearer to him than his own.

BIOGRAPHY.

DR. J. B. WATERBURY'S *Memoir of Rev. John Scudder, M. D.* (Harper and Brothers), is a valuable contribution at once to the literature of Christian missions and to the biographies of the great and good men who, by their labors and self-denials, have rendered every age "apostolic." Dr. Scudder's missionary labors in India were of an extraordinary kind; not only because they lasted so long, thirty-six years; not only because they were extended over so large a territory, being itinerant in their character; not only because they were genuinely apostolic in this that, being a regularly educated physician, he combined healing of the body with preaching to the soul, and made the physical relief he was able to afford the means of securing attention to the spiritual remedies he sought to offer; but no less from the intrinsic ability of the man himself, the genuineness of his devotion, and the unconscious cheerfulness of his self-sacrifices. Of him it might be written, as it was of his Master

—he “endured the cross, *despising* the shame.” His itinerant ministry in this country, if we may so characterize it, and his extraordinary success in interesting the young in the cause which enkindled his own enthusiasm, will give a personal interest to this story of his life. In fact, many of our readers will remember, doubtless, the Dr. Scudder who warmed their youthful hearts nearly thirty years ago, and will be glad to learn more of one whom they learned, perhaps, from a single address, to honor and to love. Dr. Waterbury, the brother-in-law of Dr. Scudder, has had those peculiar advantages which relationship alone imparts for writing this sketch. It is hardly necessary to point out special literary defects, or to criticise the principles upon which he has made his selections from the private letters and journals of Dr. Scudder, since, despite those defects, he has furnished what is not only the best, but, we believe, the only biography of one who stands deservedly among the first of the successors, not in lineal descent or ecclesiastical order, but in Christian spirit, of the first great missionary.

We are rather disappointed in *The Private Life of Galileo* (Nichols and Noyes). It gives a good deal of new information concerning the man, and affords what is almost a new conception of his private and personal character. It is impossible to honor very highly a man who taught publicly in the schools for years a system of science which in private he did not hesitate to declare false in fact. But the writer of this biography has committed a serious error in taking it for granted that the reader is already acquainted with the leading events of his life, and in passing by such incidents, for example, as his demonstration at the leaning tower of Pisa of the falsity of the Aristotelian philosophy with the merest reference—a reference which requires for its comprehension the examination of some other life. The author should have made his work complete in itself. Its tantalizing references to facts assumed to be within the knowledge of the reader greatly impair, if they do not destroy, its value as a biography for those who wish, in a single work, to get a connected view of the great philosopher's life.

NOVELS.

OF the novels of the month, DISRAELI'S *Lothair* (D. Appleton and Co.) must be conceded to be the most remarkable. It is remarkable that the ex-Prime Minister of England should seek relief from the cares of public office in the recreation of romance writing. It is remarkable that a Jew should write the most characteristically and the most broadly catholic religious novel of the season—a novel which reiterates again and again the declaration that “religion should be the rule of life, not a casual incident in it.” It is remarkable that a man approaching the limit of threescore and ten should write, not exactly a love story, but a story full of the passion of love, not only with an imagination which borders on the extravagance of Orientalism, but with a fervor of utterance which belongs only to the enthusiasm of youth. It is remarkable in an age when literature is consecrated to democracy that one born a democrat should write a novel which constitutes in reality, though not in form, the most elaborate eulogy of aristocratic institu-

tions; and still more remarkable that he should succeed in making it entertaining and unconventional. It is remarkable that a man who is a politician by nature, as well as by long education, should take up the novel as a weapon when defeated at the polls; but still more remarkable that he should have the self-control to write for a partisan purpose without defeating his object by the display of partisan bitterness. It is finally remarkable that it should be reserved to a man who was never accused of being hampered by any principles, or perplexed by any conscience, to write what is the most powerful of modern anti-Catholic novels; and still more remarkable that in doing so he should have produced a romance which rarely verges on the melodramatic, which concedes honesty to the Church against which he levels his polished shafts, which honestly and ably interprets it, and which is the more powerful because, with one exception, it never exceeds the bounds of probability. It is this which will perhaps give to “*Lothair*” its chief value in England. In America its chief value lies in its portraiture of English society. From the opening chapter to the close we live in an atmosphere of aristocracy. The only American introduced is an American aristocrat. And though in the descriptions every noun has its adjective, and every adjective is a superlative—though the English summer has a “lustrous effulgence”—though every country seat is an “Italian palace” “vast and ornate;” or a “vast edifice,” the walls of which are “breathing with English history” in the form of antique portraits; or “a stately mansion” “shadowed with the dark forms of many huge cedars, and blazing with flower-beds of every hue;” or “a mansion” the approach to which is through “a vast park,” which “spreads in all directions beyond the limit of the eye,” and the entrance to which is through “mighty gates of wondrous workmanship”—though, in short, a too luxuriant imagination clothes English scenery and English scenes with an Oriental magnificence, nevertheless, making some allowance for the exaggerations of the novelist, it must be generally conceded that Disraeli has painted a picture of English high life scarcely less fascinating, despite its unreality, than the truer portraiture which Dickens and Thackeray have given us of its middle classes.

Beneath the Wheels (Harper and Brothers) depends for its interest rather upon the ingenious construction of its plot and the vigor of its action than upon any development of character or play of sentiment. In general style and structure it resembles Wilkie Collins's novels, and is not inferior to them in the success with which it maintains the interest of the reader from the commencement to the close.

BRIEF MENTION.

REV. F. W. ROBERTSON spoke to the culture and refinement, to the brain of England, as Spurgeon speaks to its muscle. It is hardly necessary now to enter into a critical discussion of one who has been more criticised and discussed than perhaps any living clergyman. We are glad, however, to welcome a cheap edition of his *Sermons*, in a single volume, from the press of Harper and Brothers, in a form which will enable not only every student, but every family

to possess them. There are some men who think for us, and whose intellectual harvests we garner. There are others who compel us to do our own thinking. Mr. Robertson is one of the latter class. He is the most tender, the most subtle, the most suggestive, and the most heroic of preachers—the poet of the pulpit, as Beecher is its orator, and Spurgeon its dogmatist.

DE PRESSENSÉ gives us in a book form twelve letters from Rome, under the title of *Rome and Italy at the opening of the Ecumenical Council* (Carlton and Lanahan.) The book gives really very little information, however, about the Council; less than any well-informed reader of the American press possesses already. The seventh and eighth chapters alone contain any thing material that is new; the rest of the book is composed in about equal parts of history and travel—history of the Rome of the past, and observations on the Rome of the present.—We have tested INGLIS'S *Bible-Text Cyclopædia* (Lippincott) in the only way in which such a work can be adequately tested, by several months' use. It professes to be a "complete classification of Scripture texts in the form of an alphabetical index of subjects." Whether complete or no it is exceedingly convenient, much more satisfactory than the "Scripture Manual," Gaston's "Collection," or West's ponderous and ill-digested "Analysis." It is certainly not so complete as Professor Hitchcock's large work; but it is more easily handled, and the alphabetical arrangement is better for ordinary purposes than the scientific classification.—CLARK'S *Harmony of the Four Gospels* (S. W. Green, New York) does not differ very widely from Robinson's earlier well-known work, except in the "last days." The author has had the advantage of the labors of later scholars, and has made good use of them. In the uncertainty in which the disputed points of chronology are and ever must be involved, he may be accepted as a safe and judicious guide.—Professor COWLES adds to his previous commentaries a volume on *Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon*. (D. Appleton and Co.) These commentaries are not distinguished by subtle thought or erudite scholarship, nor does the author dwell in detail on niceties of verbal exegesis; but they are characterized by strong common-sense and an illumination of the general aim of the inspired writers. It is a book for laymen, Bible-class teachers, and Sabbath-school scholars, rather than for clergymen and professional students.

Among the literary institutions of New York city, little known outside of the small and select circle which sustains it, is the American Geographical and Statistical Society. It has now been in existence sixteen years—it was incorporated in 1854—though it was substantially suspended during the war. In those years it has accumulated a library of ten thousand volumes, in its unpretending rooms in the Cooper Institute, where the curious will find what is, doubtless, by far the best collection of works on geographical subjects in this country, including an invaluable connected series of Atlases, from that of Ortelin's, in 1573, to those of the present day. The second part of the second volume of the *Journal* of this Society is before us. Passing by its charter, by-laws, and reports of its meetings, which are matters of no special interest,

we find in the bulk of the volume a series of papers which are as interesting, at least to the student, as they are valuable, as contributions to the cause of science. Such papers as Dr. Hayes's "On Arctic Explorations," Captain Bent's "On the Routes to be pursued by Expeditions to the North Pole," and Paul du Chailu's "On the Pigmies of Equatorial Africa," may suffice as samples of contributions to a discussion into which we dare not enter, even as critics, lest we pass those reasonable bounds which we are compelled to set to our own pen. The most valuable paper is the "Annual Address" of the President of the Society, Judge Daly, who sums up with judicial brevity the great geographical events of the year. But, gentlemen, why do you call yourselves a "statistical" society? We look in the pages of your journal in vain for a solitary statistic.

Among the books of poetry, to which we are compelled to give but a word, but to which we should like to give many, we put foremost SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD'S poems, *Warp and Woof* (Randolph), a book which has some charming poetry in it, all of a sweet and soothing sort, with a certain plaintive undertone; and with a certain devout element inhering in the pattern of even those woven from the least sacred threads.—The *Bab Ballads*, by W. S. GILBERT (Porter and Coates), is rightly described in its title-page as "much sound and little sense." Its humor has the flavor of the ballads of the London *Punch*, in whose pages, if we mistake not, some of them were first published. One must be very tired and stupid indeed to enjoy such pure specimens of unmitigated nonsense.—Of the *Poetical Works of David Bates* (Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger) we could say nothing better in the way of description than that the same kindly spirit breathes through all of them which has given to the author's "Speak Gently" a place in all modern collections of hymns. His poetry is that of the social affections. When, in such subjects as an "Apostrophe to the Ocean," or "The End of the World," he attempts the sublime, he falls into—a step below it.—Dr. WHITE'S *Miscellaneous Poems* are said, in the dedication, to be published at the request of his friends. They are pleasant, chirruping, bird-like songs, that will not be likely to attract many listeners beyond the circle which called for their publication.—The *New-Fashioned Girl* (James Miller) is a most unsuccessful attempt to imitate "Nothing to Wear."—From the house of Carter and Brothers, who rarely publish a poor juvenile, and never an objectionable one, we receive four very good ones: *Lily's Lesson* and *Violet's Idol*, the first two of a series of stories on the commandments, by the author of the "Bessie Books," capital children's stories, both of them; *Busy Bees*, or *Winter Evenings in Margaret Russel's School*, equally good for older children; and *Our Father in Heaven*, a series of simple discourses on the Lord's Prayer, which lack, however, the necessary illustration to secure and retain the attention and interest of juvenile readers.—Charles Scribner adds to his "Illustrated Library of Wonders" the *Human Body*, from the French of A. LE PILEUR. It is really only a treatise on physiology, and is not superior, in illustration is not equal, to some American treatises on the same subject—Dalton's, for example.—

Miss YOUMANS's *First Book of Botany* (D. Appleton and Co.) is capital. If you live in the country, or within reach of trees, leaves, and flowers, get it, and spend fifteen minutes every day with your children, with this guide-book to nature in your hand. It will do you good as well as them. Very young children can be interested in the study of nature by the plan she develops.—Mrs. GLEASON, in her *Talks to My Patients* (Wood and Holbrook), is able to say something to wives and mothers which no man could say. There will be some difference of opinion about the water-cure treatment which she prescribes, but there can be none about the value of the practical suggestions she affords, which are characterized by sound philosophy and clear, good, sterling common-sense. We wish the chapter, "Confidential to Mothers," might be published as a tract and sent to every mother in the land.—*Out of the Past* (G. P. Putnam and Son) might as well have staid in the past. Not but that these "critical and literary

papers" of PARKE GODWIN are very good, but they are not so remarkably superior to the average contributions to the magazines as to demand a special place in permanent literature.—Friedrich Gerhard, New York, has published the first volume of the *Deutsch Amerikanischer Conversations Lexicon*, prepared, under the able superintendence of Professor ALEX. J. SCHEM, on the basis of the German "Conversations Lexicon," with special reference to the wants of the German population of this country. The articles on American subjects are full and exhaustive, and present a great amount of information that must be most valuable to the German immigrant.—We are obliged to postpone, till another month, several books of importance; prominent among which we may mention Dr. SPEER's work on *China*, COCKER's *Christianity and Greek Philosophy*, MULFORD's *Nation*, and Dr. M'COSH's *Logic*, as well as SPIELHAGEN's novels, of which a new volume, *Hammer and Anvil*, is just issued.

Editor's Scientific Record.

PREPARATION OF FRUIT SIRUPS AND PRESERVES.

MOST of our readers are aware that there are two different classes of sugars: the cane sugars, derived from the cane, the beet, etc.; and the grape sugars, as found in the grape, in honey, and as prepared artificially from potatoes—the latter used principally in the fabrication of wines. Both forms of sugar have much the same taste, and can not be distinguished readily in solution. Of the cane sugars, however, only half the quantity is required to produce a given sweetening effect as of the other. It may not be known generally, however, that cane sugar, by long boiling, becomes changed into grape sugar, and thus loses a portion of its sweetening power. This takes place not only in the process of clarifying, but also in preparing fruit sirups and preserves. Should the sirups be thickened beyond a certain degree, the grape sugar produced, being only about one-quarter as soluble as cane sugar, separates after a time in the form of white crystals, the comparative want of sweetness in which will be very evident to the taste. Mixed with water as a drink, twice as much will be required as if no change had occurred. This furnishes a useful hint to housekeepers, which has been acted on to great advantage—namely, to boil the fruit juice by itself for the proper time and allow it to become lukewarm, adding the proper quantity of white sugar, which soon dissolves without further heating. The juice is preserved in this way as perfectly as if the sugars were boiled a long time with it, maintains its original sweetness without the formation of crystals, and a much less quantity will answer the purpose. The same theory is applicable in the preparation of preserves as of sirups.

CONFUSION OF NAMES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Rich as we are in various possessions, we are in nothing more opulent than in names for various familiar animals, such as fishes, birds, etc. It

is with this as with material wealth—we would often be better off if our lot were cast in comparative poverty. Take, for instance, our edible fishes. There is scarcely one kind that has the same name at any two prominent points on our coast, while each particular appellation is made to do double and triple duty, so that when a name is mentioned the residence of the speaker or writer must be ascertained before the precise species of fish referred to can be understood. Instance a few examples. The rock-fish of the Chesapeake waters is the striped bass of more eastern localities, the rock-fish of New England being totally different. The sea bass of one place is the black bass of another, and the blackfish of still another—the last-mentioned name being elsewhere used for a kind of porpoise. The sunfish of the interior fresh waters, a kind of perch, is very different from the sunfish of the coast, which may be either a huge, broad fish, looking as if the posterior half had been cut away, or else a mass of floating, animated jelly. The bluefish of Atlantic City is called weak-fish in New York, shecutts on Long Island, squeteague in New England, sea-trout or trout in Philadelphia and Baltimore. The bluefish of New York is the tailor of Philadelphia, the horse-mackerel of New Jersey, the white-fish of Lower Hudson, the skip-jack elsewhere. The king-fish of New York is the hake of New Jersey, the whiting further south; while hake in New England means a kind of cod. The tautog of Massachusetts is elsewhere called blackfish and chub—the latter name again having a different meaning in the interior. The same fish is called pike-perch, pickerel, and pike in the West, and salmon in the Susquehanna River, without being in the least like the species properly so named. The fishermen in Florida and Alabama will give glowing accounts of the capture of "trout" in the fresh waters of those States; but they are not the trout of the Southern coast, nor yet the trout of our Pennsylvania mountain streams, but of the same character as the black bass of

the West. The shad of Lake Champlain is not the shad of the coast, but the white-fish of the great lakes. The herring of those lakes are not true herring, but, like white-fish, a member of the salmon family. The subject might be pursued indefinitely; but we have said enough to show that every name is applied to several different species, and every species has many names.

As with fishes, so with birds. The partridge of Pennsylvania is the quail of New England and New York, and by no means the partridge of the latter region, which is what we call the pheasant, an entire misnomer, it being very different from the true pheasant of the Old World.

It is facts like these that vindicate the propriety of the scientific names applied to these and other objects of natural history by the man of science. It is, of course, well in popular discourses to avoid a pedantic reiteration of learned terms; but without the language of science to fall back upon as a foundation, intelligible to all naturalists, it would be totally impossible to understand what is meant, in many cases. The condition of things becomes still more complicated when different countries are taken into account. Popular works of natural history, written by the French, and even learned treatises, are usually quite unintelligible, from their use of vernacular names, and neglect to connect with them, in some way, those derived from the Latin and Greek languages, and in current use by scientific men.

EFFECT OF THE FOOD OF COWS ON THEIR MILK.

It has lately been announced, as the result of careful and long-continued investigation, that the nature of the food given to cows does not produce the slightest effect upon the character or richness of their milk; the only difference being a greater or less percentage of water. The experiment was tried of feeding the same animals successively with hay alone; then, successively, with hay mixed with starch, oil, rape-seed, clover, etc., thus giving a greatly varying proportion of nitrogenized food. The milk was very carefully analyzed, after each change of food, without showing the slightest variation in its chemical constitution. The conclusion was, therefore, arrived at that the variation or improvement in the quality of the milk is to be accomplished rather by a careful regard to the breed than to the food supplied to the animal.

These remarks, of course, do not apply to the peculiar taste imparted to milk in consequence of the character of the food of the animal; since it is well known that the milk of cows which have fed upon garlic very soon furnishes evidence of that fact to the taste.

FERTILE CROSS BETWEEN AMERICAN ELK AND EUROPEAN RED DEER.

It is said that a German nobleman has succeeded in obtaining fertile hybrids between the American elk and the red deer of Europe, on his estate in Silesia. The experiment was commenced in 1862, and has been continued to the present time, the breed being very prolific, and a new race intermediate between the two having been developed, which seems to have all the characteristics of permanency. The half-breed is of a very large size, resembling most its Ameri-

can ancestor, being decidedly larger than the European stock.

STONE IMAGES ON EASTER ISLAND.

Much attention has been excited lately by the discovery on Easter Island—a small speck in the midst of the Pacific Ocean, about forty degrees west of Chili, not thirty miles in circumference, without trees, without metals, and supporting only a scanty population of half-starved savages—of an immense number of gigantic representations in stone of the human head, from twenty to fifty feet in height, and supported, in many cases, on long platforms of masonry. There are no means of ascertaining when or by whom these curious figures were constructed, the present inhabitants of the island having no traditions in regard to them, and venturing no suggestions. What tools were used in their production can not be learned, as no implements of any kind seem to have been discovered in association with these huge remains. They are said to resemble very closely the figures found in Mexico and Central America, and to be of about the same character of workmanship.

A curious appendage to many of these statues consists of a crown of volcanic tufa placed on the top of the figure. These, in some cases, are six feet high and five feet in diameter, and must have been placed on the top after their erection; by no means an easy task, as is suggested by the writer of the account from which we derive these facts.

RELATIONSHIPS OF THE AURORA.

A recent article by Mr. Proctor, upon the aurora, may be summed up as follows: First, the increase and diminution of the disturbance of the magnetic needle corresponds, in periods of about ten years, with the increase and diminution of the number of solar spots; secondly, the auroral displays announced as seen from all parts of the earth probably correspond to similar manifestations upon every planet; third, the spectrum of the aurora exhibits only a single bright line, and hence it is due to luminous vibrations, the luminosity being caused by the passage through it of electrical discharges; fourth, the same bright line is exhibited by the spectrum of the zodiacal light, by the sun's corona as seen during a total eclipse, and very faintly by the peculiar phosphorescent light sometimes seen over the whole sky. Finally, he concludes that the key to these phenomena probably lies in the existence of myriads of meteoric bodies, traveling separately or in systems around the sun.

PREPARATION OF LAMB AND RABBIT SKINS.

Among the mechanical employments especially suited to women, that of dressing small skins, such as those of lambs and rabbits, for ornamental purposes, has lately been suggested, there being a great demand for such articles, and one that can be readily extended. The best method of preparing these consists in taking about four skins at a time, and first washing them in cold strong soap-suds made with hot water, allowed to cool before use. The dirt is to be thoroughly removed from the wool or hair, and the skin is again washed in clean cold water until all the soap is removed. Half a pound each of salt and alum are then to be dissolved in a little hot

water, and put in a tub with cold water sufficient to cover the skins, which are allowed to soak therein twelve hours, and afterward hung over a pole to drain. When well drained they are stretched very carefully on a board to dry, and while drying they are to be restretched several times. Before they are entirely dry, the flesh side is sprinkled with a mixture of one part each of finely powdered alum and salt; and this is to be well rubbed in. The flesh sides are then to be laid together, and the skins hung in the shade two or three days, turning them over every day until perfectly dry. The flesh side is finally to be scraped with a blunt knife to remove any remaining scraps of flesh. The skins are then rubbed up to soften them, and finished finally with pumice-stone.

VARYING DENSITY OF THE EARTH'S CRUST.

It was some time ago suggested by Mr. Airy, the eminent British astronomer, and others, that the density of the earth's crust under lofty mountains, such as the Himalayas, is probably less than that under plains, at a distance from the mountains; and that below the sea bed, the crust of the earth is as much denser through a certain depth as would equal the deficiency of matter caused by the ocean hollow, while below the mountains it is as much less through a certain depth as will account for the excess of the mass in the mountains. This hypothesis, of course, requires careful observations for its verification; and we are now informed that a series of pendulum and other apparatus, that has just done good service in the great triangulation survey of India, will probably be taken to the highest accessible land of the Himalayas, for the purpose of further experiment. It will, of course, be impossible to make the observations at the bottom of the sea; but, as the nearest approach to this condition, experiments will be instituted upon certain low islands in the ocean at some distance off the coast of India.

CURE FOR OBESITY.

Mr. Schindler is the latest addition to the list of persons who have undertaken the treatment and cure of excessive fatness in the human race—this condition being considered by him as a disturbance of the animal economy, in consequence of which the carbon taken in is accumulated in the form of fat. Diet and exercise, as might be expected, constitute the basis of his treatment. As in the method of Mr. Banting, which some years ago was so much in vogue, the diet advised for fat persons consists of food containing a large percentage of nitrogen, to which some vegetables without starch, and cooked fruit, are to be added, for the purpose of moderating the excitation due to animal nourishment. This diet is to be varied, according as individuals are of a sanguine or lymphatic temperament. The use of certain wines is permitted; beer is, however, entirely forbidden. Coffee and tea are allowed, with as little sugar as possible. Cheese, potatoes, rice, beans, pease, maize, macaroni, tapioca, arrow-root, and soups are not allowed. The use of sulphate of soda is recommended, as moderating the transformation of nitrogenous materials and stimulating the oxidation of fat; and the use of mineral waters containing the sulphate of soda in solution is considered of the greatest import-

ance in this respect. The waters of Marienbad, which are especially rich in this salt, are stated to have, usually, the most happy effect. Their use, together with that of some alkaline pills, and a strict adherence to the conditions above mentioned, caused a decrease in weight of from twenty-five to sixty pounds in different individuals in the course of a few weeks.

DOMESTICATION OF THE HORSE AND THE ASS.

We have already referred to the investigation by Mr. Lenormant in regard to the possession of the horse and ass by the people of ancient days. In a more recent communication he sums up his latest conclusions by stating that the two animals were originally natives of totally different countries, the horse having been domesticated on the plateaux of Central Asia, and the Aryan migration having been the principal cause of its diffusion throughout the world. Its adoption by the Semitic races was much later, and it did not make its appearance in Egypt until about twenty-five hundred years before the Christian era. The ass, on the contrary, was an African species, domesticated originally on the banks of the Nile. From Egypt it passed, at an early period, among the Semitic people, who subsequently handed it over to the Aryan tribes—on the one side into Greece, on the other into Persia; and in its diffusion, which ultimately became universal, it took a direction precisely opposite to that of the horse. The two animals, however, starting from such remote points, finally came face to face, and were brought into general use by all nations.

LIFE BUOY.

Some French journals are quite ecstatic in their commendation of a new safety buoy, which has the advantage when thrown overboard in a dark night of becoming ignited, so as to furnish the means of illuminating the surface of the water for a considerable distance around, thereby enabling steps to be taken for the rescue of any persons who may be struggling in the water. The buoy is coated with phosphuret of calcium, which is ignited by the water and burns with a lambent flame, but having very little heat, so that any one in the water may lay hold of the buoy and be sustained until rescued. It is said that buoys of this construction are to be placed on board all the vessels of the French navy, and they are recommended for use by the mercantile marine generally. The stifling odor of the phosphuret must, however, be a serious obstacle to its employment for the purpose in question.

DRAINING WET SPOTS.

A simple method of draining certain wet and swampy tracts, especially those of low basins, consists in sinking an Artesian shaft through the soil to the layer of clay or other substance preventing the proper drainage, and into the sandy strata underneath. The cavity of the well may be filled up with broken stones, among which the drained water percolates and passes off below, leaving the surface entirely dry.

REMOVAL OF GREASE FROM MARBLE.

Housekeepers are often worried by the existence of grease spots upon marble slabs, and may, perhaps, feel obliged to us for the indication of

a method which is said to be effectual in removing them. For this purpose eight ounces of concentrated caustic soda are mixed with an equal quantity of ox gall, and four ounces of turpentine carefully stirred in; and to the whole enough pipe-clay is to be added to form a thin paste, which is to be run through a hair sieve. It is then to be spread in a coat over the spots upon the marble, and removed after twenty-four hours. This application is to be repeated until the marble has become perfectly clear, and free from stain.

Another method consists in mixing a concentrated solution of soap with slaked lime, to a creamy consistency, and applying it as above.

THE ANCIENT MAMMALIAN FAUNA OF EUROPE AND ASIA.

Professor Brandt of St. Petersburg, in the course of an elaborate discussion of the development of the mammalian fauna of Northern Asia and Europe, comes to the conclusion that Northern Asia, in the tertiary period, was inhabited by its present fauna, which, however, then included several species now extinct; and that the quaternary fauna of Europe was the result of an immigration from Northern Asia. He finds no evidence that man existed in the tertiary period, but thinks that such evidence may hereafter be presented. The changes of the original quaternary fauna, he thinks, were effected not only by terrestrial and climatic agencies, but also to a considerable extent by the intervention of man; and in this fauna he establishes five phases:

In the first phase this fauna flourished in Northern Asia, and included among other species the mammoth, hairy rhinoceros, aurochs, bison, musk-ox, reindeer, musk-deer, and other species, together, probably, with the tiger and hyena. Man may have existed during this phase; but the fact has not yet been positively ascertained.

The second phase extends from the spreading of this fauna into Middle, Southern, and Eastern Europe, to the time of the extinction of the mammoth. The coexistence of man with the mammoth in this period is beyond doubt; and although the people who assisted in its extermination belonged to the pre-historic period, and had advanced little in the arts of civilized life, it is yet possible that man may have lived contemporaneously, in a higher state of culture, in other parts of the globe (as in Egypt, Assyria, and possibly China).

The third phase terminates with the extinction of the reindeer in the southern half and centre of Europe, although this animal continued to exist in Scotland down to the twelfth century. This period extends to the Christian era.

The fourth phase reaches from the disappearance of the reindeer in Western Europe, to the extinction of the aurochs, in the fifteenth century.

The fifth phase is that of the present fauna.

Dr. Brandt is well known as one of the most eminent naturalists of modern times, and his researches into subjects of this kind have always commanded the greatest respect. One suggestion, among others, recently made by him is, that the *Dinotherium*, a well-known fossil mammal, really belongs to the series of terrestrial elephantine animals, resembling the mastodon in form, and differing principally in being of even greater

size, and in possessing two tusks in the lower jaw and none in the upper.

SPECIMENS EXTANT OF THE GREAT AUK.

It is doubtless known to many of our readers that this large sea-bird, once so abundant on the coast of the North Atlantic, is now entirely extinct, none having been seen living for nearly forty years. Professor Newton, of Cambridge, England, who has made this bird a special study, informs us in a late article that he is personally cognizant of the existence in the public and private museums of Europe of sixty-five skins, five skeletons nearly complete (besides detached bones of at least twenty individuals), and sixty-one eggs, and has heard of a few other specimens. In the United States the museums of Vassar College, the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, and the Smithsonian Institution, possess a mounted specimen each, and the two last-mentioned establishments have an egg apiece. In the Museum of Comparative Zoology in Cambridge is to be found the only complete skeleton in the country, although detached bones gathered from the ancient shell heaps of New England are to be met with in several collections.

FISHERIES OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

Our readers will doubtless be interested in certain facts relative to the habits of one of the principal fish of the North Atlantic, recently published by a Mr. Howden in a London journal, and in the connection there indicated, for apparently the first time, between the fisheries of Norway and those of Newfoundland. The great centre of the codfishery in Europe is in the vicinity of the Lofoden Islands, a group situated off the northern extremity of Norway, within the Arctic Circle. Here the codfish gather early in January, coming from the southwest, to deposit their spawn. In the quiet and shallow waters of the arctic seas they find all the conditions necessary for the hatching of their young; and as all other fish disappear from the grounds on the approach of the cod, there is no destruction of the ova nor of the new-born fry.

It is during the sojourn of the fish on the Lofoden banks that the great fishery takes place. During January but little is done; but with the first week of February, and the arrival of professional fishermen from considerable distances, the work begins in earnest. As many as twenty-five thousand men are thus assembled; and the number of fish being inexhaustible, as well as incalculable, it is the state of the weather alone that affects the result. The fish are caught with lines and nets—the former baited with herring, which have to be brought from a distance, since, as already stated, all other fish disappear with the arrival of the cod. The capelan—a kind of herring—is the best bait; but its use is prohibited by Norwegian law, since those so fortunate as to have it would enjoy an undue advantage over their less favored neighbors. The fishing ceases on the 14th of April, by which time the fish become lean and emaciated and in poor condition, although very fat and strong on their first arrival. The old fish then leave the coast, and it is now suggested by Mr. Howden that they proceed to the banks of Newfoundland, there to fatten and be caught again during the summer months. He calls attention to the fact that codfish disappear

from the Lofoden banks in April or May, and that codfish arrive on the Newfoundland banks in June, hungry and lean, in fierce pursuit of the capelan, herring, and other marine animals so abundant there. There they soon fatten up, and disappear again in October. Should the fish of the two regions be the same swarms, as they are of the same species, they will move backward and forward at intervals of about six months in the Gulf Stream, which connects the two localities. Iceland lies about midway, and the appearance of the cod at this island is intermediate in time between that at the Lofodens and Newfoundland. Hence the inference that the same schools of fish, after fattening during the summer on the Newfoundland banks, proceed during autumn to Lofoden to spawn, returning when this is accomplished. If the cod of the North Atlantic, therefore, have so migratory a habit, it is possible that those of the North Pacific may share it; and as the new fisheries about the Shoumagin Islands of Alaska are in the summer season, there yet remains to be discovered the locality still farther north, probably north of Behring Straits, where they deposit their eggs, and where the true analogue of the Norwegian fisheries is to be developed. The total annual catch of codfish in the North Atlantic on both shores is estimated by Mr. Howden at fifty-four millions. This seems a prodigious number, and one that would soon threaten exhaustion of the species; but when we remember that nine millions of eggs have been found in the roe of one female, there seems less danger of extinction than at first might be supposed.

ALBOLITE CEMENT.

Albolite cement, a substance which has recently excited a considerable degree of attention, is made, according to the inventor, Mr. Riemann, by mixing calcined and finely pulverized magnesite (native carbonate of magnesia) with infusorial earth, and stirring in a solution of chloride of magnesium. Among the properties of the cement, as enumerated by the inventor, are a high degree of plasticity, and of hardness after it has become fixed, and a spontaneous development of heat as soon as it is solidified to the consistency of wax, this increasing in proportion to the size of the mass into which it has been moulded. It is extremely hard, a peculiarity increased by its elasticity, and adheres very well to stone, wood, and dry oiled surfaces, but can not be used under water. It is now largely employed in the preparation of ornamental mouldings, for which, however, in consequence of the above-mentioned development of heat, gelatine moulds must be cautiously used. By coating ornaments of gypsum with this cement it imparts to them a great degree of hardness. It is also used for repairing worn-down sandstone steps, for facing stone and wooden steps, for fire-proof coating to boards in the interior of houses, and also for preserving railroad ties, etc.

In this connection it may be remarked that magnesite occurs as a native mineral, in great abundance, near Texas, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

CHARACTER OF NORTHERN SEA BOTTOM.

Among the most interesting results of the later surveying expeditions toward the North Pole are

those furnished by the Swedish party of 1868, which devoted itself especially to a survey of the sea bottom in high latitudes. Spitzbergen was found to be connected with Europe by a kind of submarine bridge, of which the average depth was less than 200 fathoms, the maximum reaching only 271. On the western and northern coast, however, separating it from Greenland, a very remarkable and abrupt depression of the bottom was ascertained to exist, so that, at a distance of only sixty miles from the Seven Islands toward the north, a depth of 1370 fathoms was met with; while one hundred and fifty miles from the coast, to the west, the sounding-line revealed the existence of a gulf 2650 fathoms deep, or 15,900 feet. Contrary to the assumptions of many naturalists, and the general impression of most persons, these depths were found to abound in animal life of the most varied character; so much so as to have occupied the labors of eminent investigators for many months in their examination. The detailed results are not yet published, but are looked forward to with much interest.

The discovery of this remarkable gulf between Spitzbergen and Greenland shows a state of facts entirely contrary to the view formerly held in regard to the sea bottom at that point; as it was supposed that this became gradually shallower toward the pole, and formed a nearly uniform level, which, with a moderate degree of upheaval, would be brought out of water. For the bridge which has been supposed, during previous geological periods, to connect Greenland with Europe, we must look much further to the south; since, with so deep a gulf as that indicated, an enormous elevation of the sea bottom would be required to establish any connection of dry land between the two countries, unless, indeed, a great subsidence has taken place along the line in question.

METHOD OF DESTROYING APHIDES.

In answer to the inquiry so frequently made for some means of destroying aphides, and other insects on plants, without injury to the latter, the following method is recommended by the *Revue Horticole*, with an indorsement of its answering perfectly the desired object: The preparation is made by adding to seven pints of water three and a quarter ounces of quassia chips, and five drachms of the seed of the garden larkspur. These are to be boiled together until reduced to five pints. When the liquid is cooled it is to be strained, and used with a watering-pot or syringe, as may be most convenient. The use of larkspur seed for the destruction of the insects infesting the human head is a time-honored application among country people—beds of the plant being cultivated frequently for the express purpose of furnishing material for the decoction. The efficiency of this remedy seems to depend on the presence of the alkaloid called delphine, which appears to be a poison especially fatal to insects.

MONOSULPHITE OF LIME IN MAKING SUGAR.

It is stated that the monosulphite of lime is now largely employed in the manufacture of sugar. For this purpose, the salt, which is nearly insoluble in water, is added to the crude juice of the cane. The nitrogenous matters become insoluble, and can be removed in the scum. It is

suggested that the same reagent may be found useful for the purification of other organic compounds.

ACTION OF MALTINE.

In a recent communication to the Academy of Sciences of Paris M. Coutaret calls attention to some valuable applications of maltine, or vegetable diastase—a substance obtained by the continued maceration of germinating barley at a lukewarm heat. When this is added to ordinary cooked food, containing starchy matter, it gives rise, in the course of an hour, to a milky liquid, composed of unchanged starch, dextrine, and glucose. Water is an indispensable requisite of this artificial digestion, not less than ten times the amount of that of the substance treated being needed. The solvent action of the maltine upon starchy substances varies according to their species—five grains of maltine causing the digestion of from one to four pounds of the cooked starch. A temperature of 95° to 105° Fahrenheit proves to be the best suited for this artificial digestion. The author goes on to show that this saccharifying influence of maltine upon starch is precisely that of the salivary juice, or the animal diastase, upon the same substance; indeed, he maintains that these two forms of diastase are entirely similar in their chemical, physical, and physiological properties, both having the same solvent effect upon cooked starchy matters. Our author infers, from his observations, that maltine is a very important substance in the treatment of dyspeptics, since starchy substances constitute the basis of human food. In the greater number of cases of dyspepsia, he maintains that it is the lack of the digestion of the starchy substances that causes the trouble, as is shown especially where there is alteration, diminution, or absence of saliva. For these cases maltine is of special benefit, as it may be used to supply any deficiency in the natural secretion. For several years the author has found that maltine renders the most important service in instances like those mentioned. He maintains that, next to a proper diet and the use of alkaline waters, there is no medicine so harmless, and, at the same time, with such a curative tendency, under the same conditions.

THE PASCAL-NEWTON FORGERIES.

Some of our readers may remember the controversies which arose some months ago in Europe in reference to certain "autograph" letters of Pascal, Galileo, Newton, and other great physicists, which were claimed to be genuine by M. Chasles, an eminent French Academician, but denounced by others. The gist of the letters went to prove that Newton had derived all his ideas of universal gravitation and other discoveries or announcements from Pascal's letters to him. Although the impossibility of this was pointed out over and over again, nothing shook the faith of the great savant. Finally, however, after he had paid a sum of \$25,000 for the letters, thus giving convincing proof of his own good faith, he was obliged to confess that he had been cheated, and that all the pretended "original letters" were forgeries. The perpetrator proved to be an ingenious lawyer's clerk, Vrain Lucas, who seemed to have a fatal facility for this class of literary labor. The offender was arrested during the past summer; and we see, by a recent report of his trial, that he

has been condemned to two years' imprisonment and a fine of \$100.

WHITENING SMOKED WALLS.

A method of cleaning and whitening smoked walls consists, in the first place, of rubbing off all the black, loose dirt upon them, by means of a broom, and then washing them down with a strong soda lye, which is to be afterward removed by means of water to which a little hydrochloric acid has been added. When the walls are dry a thin coating of lime, with the addition of a solution of alum, is to be applied. After this has become perfectly dry the walls are to be calcimined, or coated with a solution of glue and chalk.

RENDERING ARTICLES WATER-PROOF.

A patent has recently been taken out in Paris for a method of rendering paper, cloth, cork, sponge, and other porous substances, water-proof, as well as articles manufactured from these materials, including bank-notes, envelopes, gloves, clothing, paper collars, umbrellas, labels, etc. The process consists in dissolving paraffine, cut up in small slices, in pure naphtha or benzine, entirely free from fat or oil. The solution is to be made in a vessel with a glass stopper, and is to be shaken repeatedly until the result is accomplished. An excess of paraffine should be used, so as to make sure of having a perfectly saturated solution. The articles to be treated are immersed in this for a time, according to the thickness or porosity of the tissue, and arranged to secure either a complete saturation or the penetration of the liquid to any required depth. After removal the articles are to be dried by the application of heat or in the air. The solvent evaporates, leaving the paper or other substance saturated with paraffine impermeable to water, and capable of resisting the action of acids. Articles of dress, such as paper collars and wristbands, should be subjected to the action of a flat-iron or heated cylinder, in order to give them a high degree of polish. The applications of this process are manifold, and new ones are constantly suggesting themselves.

COAST SURVEY DREDGING OFF THE FLORIDA COAST.

The scientific world has been much interested of late years by the observations of Count Pourtales, of the United States Coast Survey, upon the marine fauna of the seas between Florida and Cuba, the facts observed by him having received additional importance in consequence of the discoveries of the British and other expeditions in the North Atlantic. Several reports upon the collection of Count Pourtales have been published by the Museum of Comparative Zoology; and among the most recent of these we find a statement by Professor Agassiz of the general results attained by the Coast Survey expeditions.

The Professor, in the first place, shows the existence of a littoral fauna around the Floridian and West Indian reefs, not extending in depth below ten fathoms, and occupied principally by coral, which aggregates in large masses, and from which are usually derived the showy specimens of most of our museums. Beyond this area, the width of which along the coast of Florida varies from a few miles, near Florida, to twelve, fifteen, or twenty off Cape Sable, is another region or

zone, the bottom of which consists of a muddy mass of dead and broken shells, broken corals, etc., the mud being chiefly inhabited by worms, and by but few other living animals. This table runs out to a depth of about forty fathoms, varying in width in different places, and is bordered externally by a third region or zone, which, beginning at a depth of about fifty or sixty fathoms, extends gradually to about two hundred and fifty, expanding into a broad table-land, beyond which the sea bottom sinks abruptly into deeper waters. The floor of this zone, for which Professor Agassiz proposes the name of the "Pourtales Plateau," is rock, and forms a limestone conglomerate, varying from eight to twenty miles in width, built up entirely of the remains of animals of the same species as those now living upon its surface, and constantly increasing the thickness of the bed by their accumulation, and illustrating in a most interesting manner the way in which mountain masses, or calcareous deposits, have been formed under the bed of the ocean. In this zone an immense variety of animal life was found, including corals of small size and echinoderms, mollusks, bones of the manatee, teeth of sharks, etc. A most interesting fact connected with many of these forms is that their generic relationships are not with living animals, but with those of the tertiary and cretaceous periods; and it is not at all impossible that some of them will be found to be almost undistinguishable, specifically, from certain of those ancient forms. Not only is the variety of animal life very great in this third zone, but the number of specimens is truly amazing, the dredge coming up sometimes almost entirely filled.

To the seaward of this last table-land the bottom sinks rapidly to the depth of from four to eight hundred fathoms or more, and is occupied by a thick adhesive mud, or ooze, abounding in *Foraminifera*, *globigerinae* especially, but much less profuse in animal life than the surface of the coral plateau, and closely resembling the chalk marls of the cretaceous period. This comparative paucity is, however, due, according to Professor Agassiz, to the absence of a rock bottom; and he thinks that if this could be found any where the variety would be equally great, and the forms still more remote from those of modern times.

CHANGES IN JUPITER.

In a recent article we referred to the observations of Mr. Browning in regard to the changes of color in Jupiter's belts; and we now have to record a very interesting communication, by Professor Albert M. Mayer, of the Lehigh University, upon the same subject. This gentleman has lately published a record of his observations in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, in which he shows that the southern border of the southern equatorial band has divided and modified its shape very materially. He proposes to take careful observations, from time to time, upon the outlines of the belt, and to record them for comparison with the changes noticed in it in other parts of the world, so as to secure, by this means, data for determining many of the phenomena of the planet which are now quite inexplicable. Like Mr. Browning, he remarks upon the great changes which have taken place in the tints of the general surface.

Editor's Historical Record.

THE UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 31st of May.—The proceedings of Congress embrace a large number of topics; but upon very few of the measures introduced and discussed has final action been taken. An important resolution was brought before the Senate, and adopted by that body, near the close of April (on the 26th), "That the Committee on Education and Labor be instructed to inquire into the expediency of dividing the net proceeds of the sales of the public lands among the several States for educational purposes, and of otherwise so providing by law that all the people of the United States may have the opportunity of acquiring a common-school education." Some time previous a bill had been introduced by Senator Willey for such an appropriation, one section of which provided that in the application of the money no discrimination should be made on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude: the act to take effect from December 31, 1870. In bringing this bill again before the Senate, April 26, Senator Willey stated that the number of acres of public lands sold last year was 7,666,159. There remain yet unsurveyed 1,326,430,648 acres. "Allowing that only one-fourth of these lands is of a character that would secure their purchase and settlement, it would still present the basis of an

immense sum ultimately to come into the Treasury." The aggregate sales of the public lands for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1869, amounted to the sum of \$4,472,886. The expenses were about \$453,816 43, leaving a net balance of some \$3,919,070. This, divided among the States according to the principles of the bill, would give to each congressional district (if the bill apportioning representation which recently passed the House of Representatives should become a law) the sum of about \$10,600. Estimating the sales to average the same rate in the future, the passage of this bill would secure to each State annually at least the sum of \$10,000 for every congressional district in it. Such a provision alone would seem inadequate to accomplish any great result; but it would greatly aid the States, and doubtless stimulate them to make additional provisions for educational purposes. We have just introduced into our body politic 4,427,067 colored persons, of whom 700,000 have been made voters. This race must be educated. This mass of ignorance must be removed. We are responsible for it. We are also responsible for the imposition of new duties upon the freedmen. Hence our obligation to educate them. Besides, there are in the United States and Territories 1,126,575 white persons over the age of twenty years who can neither read nor write; of these 467,023 are voters.

On May 3 Mr. Jenckes reported back to the House the bill to regulate the civil service of the United States, with a substitute. The substitute provides that all appointments of civil officers in the several departments, except postmasters and such officers as are by law required to be appointed by the President, shall be made from those persons who shall have been found best qualified for the performance of the duties of the offices to which such appointments are to be made, in open and competitive examinations, and after terms of probation, to be conducted and regulated as prescribed in the bill. For this purpose the President is to appoint an officer to be called the Commissioner of the Civil Service, and two assistant commissioners—these officers to hold their positions for five years. Among the duties of this Commission should be the following:

First, to prescribe, subject to the approval of the President of the United States, the qualifications requisite for an appointment into each branch and grade of the civil service of the United States, having regard to the fitness of each candidate in respect to age, health, character, knowledge, and ability for the branch of service into which he seeks to enter; second, to provide, subject to the same approval, for the examinations and periods and conditions of probation of all persons eligible under this act who may present themselves for admission into the civil service; third, to establish, subject to the same approval, rules governing the applications of such persons, the times and places of their examinations, the subjects upon which such examinations shall be had, with other incidents thereof, and the mode of conducting the same, and the manner of keeping and preserving the records thereof, and of perpetuating the evidence of such applications, qualifications, examinations, probations, and their result, as they shall think expedient. Such rules shall be so framed as to keep the branches of the civil service, and the different grades of each branch, as also the records applicable to each branch, distinct and separate. The said Commission shall divide the country into territorial districts for the purpose of holding examinations of applicants resident therein and others, and shall designate some convenient and accessible place in each district where examinations shall be held; fourth, to examine personally, or by persons by them specially designated, the applicants for appointment into the civil service of the United States; fifth, to make report of all rules and regulations established by them, and of a summary of their proceedings, including an abstract of their examinations for the different branches of the service, annually, to Congress at the opening of each session.

The bill also provides for the prescription of a fee not exceeding \$5, to be paid by each applicant for examination; and also a fee not exceeding \$10, to be paid by each person who shall receive a certificate of recommendation from the Commission. An amendment was proposed in the shape of a new section to the bill, making it unlawful for any member of Congress to solicit, recommend, or advise the President of the United States, or any head of a Department, or any bureau thereof, to appoint any person to office or employment; and it shall be unlawful for the President or any head of a Department or bureau to make any appointment so solicited, recommended, or advised on the privy of the applicant; and any person who shall violate this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof shall be fined not exceeding \$1000; *Provided*, That this act shall not apply to the action of Senators upon nominations submitted by the President to the Senate.

The bill, with its amendments, was recommitted May 5.

In the debate in the House, May 24, on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill, Mr.

Voorhees, of Indiana, moved to omit Santiago de Cuba from the appropriation, on the ground that "the American flag at that consulate does not protect either the person of the consul himself or the personal safety of American citizens within his jurisdiction. That being the case, Congress should not vote money to keep a representative at that post. He can not reside there in safety." Mr. Voorhees referred to an article in the *New York Tribune* of the 23d in regard to the treatment of Consul Phillips at Santiago de Cuba, and the murder of innocent Americans by the Spanish authorities. The representations of Consul Phillips, according to this article, in regard to the innocence of two American citizens, Spackman and Wyeth, who had been condemned to death, had been utterly disregarded; and on account of a report which he had sent to Washington, reflecting severely upon the Spanish government, he had himself been threatened with assassination, and was obliged to leave the city, being able to escape only under the protection of the British consul.

Mr. Voorhees, in this connection, said, "I enjoin and implore every member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and every one of you who has access to the dead man who presides over the State Department, to go to him and tell him, if you can make him hear, that the blood of American citizens cries aloud from the ground for action, cries in mournful and bitter reproaches against him for his imbecility, his sloth, his disregard of the pride and honor and glory and safety of this republic, once great and honored throughout the world, but now sunk so low, through his inaction, that a fifth-rate power slaughters her citizens with impunity, and drives her representatives in fugitive haste from their posts of diplomatic duty."

Mr. Garfield made the following statement in regard to Consul Phillips:

The late consul of the United States at Santiago was General William Steadman, a distinguished citizen of the congressional district which I represent. He died at his post, after having been on duty only a few days. The present consul at that place is also from my congressional district. I have thus had occasion to learn something about the consular duties there; and I desire for a moment to call attention to what appears to me on the surface to be the character of this man Phillips, whose paper has been read at the desk.

When General Steadman died, on the 6th of July, 1869, he was residing in the family of Mr. Phillips, who sent a very brief letter to the State Department, stating the fact of General Steadman's death, and saying that he would in a few days send on his effects, together with a fuller account of the circumstances of his illness and death. More than a dozen letters have been addressed to him since that time by the bereaved family and by the friends of the deceased, yet not one syllable of answer has been received. No effects have been sent on, though General Steadman had in his possession at the time of his death a considerable sum of money. Not a word on this subject has been heard from Mr. Phillips to indicate his purpose or desire to discharge the sacred trust committed to him, or to give any account of the death of the American officer who died in his house. The present consul was at Santiago some weeks before Mr. Phillips left, but has not obtained any intelligence for the family of General Steadman. Very recently Phillips fled from Cuba, claiming that his life was in danger. He went away on a man-of-war, and by some curious process he got himself appointed consul at Jamaica, in place of an American consul who had died there. He obtained his appointment from an American admiral, who had no power to make such an appointment, and the appointment was disavowed and revoked by the Secretary of State as soon as information on the subject was received. It appears also that Phillips was taken

back to Santiago on an American man-of-war, where he might stand on his rights as an American citizen, and that when he arrived there he did not dare to land, as the admiral thought, because of the debts due by him, and for which he was liable to be sued on landing. I am informed also that Mr. Phillips has lately sent to the State Department a claim against the United States of \$200,000 damages, for having been overawed, threatened, and endangered by the authorities of Cuba.

This is the man who tells us these horrible stories about the state of affairs in Santiago de Cuba. Moreover, having had these terrible stories published, I am told that he has sent to the State Department a disavowal of their truthfulness, saying that he wrote them under duress and to save his life; that they were written to pacify the people around him.

I have stated what I understand to be facts that can be verified by any one who will apply at the State Department. Now, before I propose to let my "blood boil," before I propose to abolish this consulate or to legislate in any belligerent way, I would like to have this person who cares so much for the honor of the American flag send back the money now in his hands, and belonging to the bereaved family of a noble man who was lately consul at Santiago. I should like to have him send word also about that man's last sickness—what he said in the hours of approaching death. I should like to have some response sent to the inquiries of the agonized widow, who has been beseeching for one utterance of her dying husband. But no answer has come to any such application. Let this man show some humanity to these people whom he has so cruelly wronged before he takes the care of the whole human race, and specially of all West India consulships, on his hands. He is busy pursuing his \$200,000 claim, for his having been troubled in his sovereign right as an American citizen upon the island of Cuba. I do not think it right that this House should go into an agony of indignation over a man who has behaved as that man has.

The Northern Pacific Railroad bill, passed by the Senate April 21, came before the House soon afterward, and met with very strong opposition, based for the most part on the objection to the policy of granting so large a proportion of the public lands to railroad companies. It is estimated that the number of acres certified and patented under grants to such companies, thus far, is 22,393,968, and that the number of acres inuring under such grants is 185,890,794, or over one-tenth of the entire public domain. The grant solicited by the Northern Pacific Railroad includes an area over five times the size of the New England States. The bill was passed by the House, May 26, 107 to 85.

In the Senate, April 28, a bill was introduced to relieve all persons engaged in rebellion from the disability imposed by the Fourteenth Amendment, excepting those who left Congress or the army or navy to aid the insurrection, and those who were members of State Conventions adopting ordinances of secession. No action has been taken on this bill.—The Senate, May 12, passed the Army bill, which differs from that previously passed by the House. It fixes the reduction of the army at 30,000 instead of 25,000. The section prohibiting retired officers from holding civil positions is retained, and an additional amendment extends this disability to all army officers.—In the Senate, April 25, a bill was reported relative to the subject of the enforcement of the Fifteenth Amendment. The House passed such a bill May 16. The bill introduced in the Senate, after numerous amendments, was passed May 21. A Conference Committee had to be appointed, whose report was adopted by the Senate May 25, and by the House May 27. The bill is a general one, regulating elections, and authorizing the President, in its execution, to use the army or navy if necessary.—A bill was

passed in the Senate May 2, and in the House May 13, for the relief of the widows and orphans of the officers and seamen lost on the *Oneida*, by the payment of one year's salary.—Among the amendments agreed upon by the Senate to the Appropriation bill was one (May 11) granting \$500,000 for a new building for the State Department, and another for the enlargement of the Capitol grounds at a cost of \$500,000; an amendment allowing the appointment of female clerks in any of the classes of clerkships in the Departments (May 23), and another (May 27) giving equal pay to male and female clerks; also an amendment was agreed upon by both Houses, granting \$100,000 for an expedition to the North Pole.

A bill granting a life annuity of \$3000 to the widow of President Lincoln was passed by the House, May 2, by a vote of 85 to 77. The Senate Committee on Pensions decided that the annuity ought not to be granted.—The Senate, May 4, passed the House resolution to pay to the family of the late General John A. Rawlins a sum equal to his salary for one year.

The House, April 28, passed a bill for the establishment of an executive department to be known as the Department of Justice, of which the Attorney-General shall be the head. The bill provides for the transference to this new department of the Solicitor of the Treasury and his assistants, the Solicitor of Internal Revenue, the Naval Solicitor and Judge-Advocate-General, and the clerks, messengers, and laborers employed in the office of the Attorney-General, and in the offices of the Solicitor of the Treasury, Naval Solicitor, and Solicitor of Internal Revenue, and the law officer in the Department of State, now designated as the Examiner of Claims in said department.

Congress has determined to adjourn on the 15th of July.

The Judiciary election in New York State on May 17 resulted in the triumph of the Democratic party by over 85,000 majority. Folger and Andrews (Republicans) were elected as the two minority associate judges.

During the last week in May (25th, 26th, and 27th) an attempt was made by a portion of the Fenian organization to invade Canada. The expedition resulted in a complete failure. Two or three thousand men were pushed forward to the border, and a considerable quantity of military stores was accumulated. The movement, however, was anticipated by both the United States and Canadian authorities. At the outset President Grant issued a proclamation to enforce the neutrality laws. General O'Neill, who led the Fenians across the border near St. Albans, allowed himself to be arrested in the face of his army by United States Marshal Foster. Several other prominent Fenian leaders were also arrested. There was no serious fighting, and very few casualties.

EUROPE.

Early in the month our advices by telegram announced another conspiracy against the life of the Emperor Napoleon—the second since the beginning of the year. A large number of persons were arrested; one of these, Beaury, made a confession. The attempt to assassinate the Emperor was to have been made immediately

after the arrest of Rochefort, but for some reason failed. Important documents captured by the government, and the discovery of bombs and infernal machines, added to Beaury's confession, leave no room for doubt as to the reality of the conspiracy. Gustave Flourens, in London, and the president and other members of the International Society of Workmen, were implicated in the plot. The High Court of Justice was convened for the trial of the conspirators, some of whom were convicted and sentenced to short terms of imprisonment.

The vote on the *plebiscitum* was taken on the 8th, and resulted in a decisive victory for the Emperor. The vote stood, *Yeas*, 7,336,484; *Nays*, 1,502,709. Paris voted against the *plebiscitum* in the proportion of nearly three to two. In the army and navy the vote was in the affirmative six to one.—The election was followed by considerable disturbance in some quarters of Paris. Barricades were erected, and in the conflict with the military some blood was shed. But the riots were quickly suppressed, and on the 12th the Emperor and Empress, in an open carriage, visited the scene of disorder.—The *Journal Officiel* of May 16 announced the Duke De Grammont as Minister of Foreign Affairs in place of Count Daru, resigned.—On the 21st the Emperor met the legislative bodies in solemn assembly, and received from a deputation of the Corps Législatif the result of the vote on the *plebiscitum*. In reply to M. Schneider, who represented the legislative chambers, the Emperor made a speech expressing his gratitude to the nation for the signal evidence of its confidence. He said: "The *plebiscitum* had for its sole object the ratification, by the people, of constitutional reform. But amidst a conflict of opinions, and in the struggle with its opponents, its purpose became greater. Let us not regret this. The adversaries of our institutions have made the question one between the empire and a revolution. The nation has settled the question in favor of that system which guarantees order and liberty.....The votes which ratify those of 1848, 1851, and 1852 reaffirm your powers, and give you, like me, new force to work for the nation. Now, more than ever, may we be fearless of the future; for who oppose the progressive march of the *régime* which a great people founded amidst political troubles, and which is thus fortified in an era of peace and liberty?"

Spain still remains without a king. Espartero was offered the throne; but owing to his advanced age—seventy-eight—he declined. The project of an Iberian union has been much discussed. The latest advices indicate that there will be a consolidation of the regency. The draft of a law was read by the Colonial Minister to the Cortes May 28. It provides for indemnity to the master for children born of slaves since 1868, and that all born after the passage of the law shall be free.

In the Œcumenical Council, at Rome, the dogma of papal infallibility has been discussed; and, notwithstanding the opposition of one hundred prelates, and of the great powers of Europe, this dogma will probably be promulgated.

The British House of Lords, on the 19th, discussed the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, which has already passed the House of Commons. Lord Houghton and

the Marquis of Lansdowne favored the bill; but the spiritual lords in the House opposed it. The Earl of Kimberley pronounced the proposed marriages immoral. The House refused by four majority to pass the bill to a second reading.—In the House of Commons, May 4, the bill for female suffrage was passed to its second reading, by a vote of 124 to 91. The question again came up on the 12th, and a motion to postpone was passed by a majority of 126. Mr. Gladstone attacked the bill, and denied that the country wanted female suffrage.—The Irish Land bill was passed by the House of Commons May 30.

The yacht race between the *Cambria* (English) and the *Sappho* (American) resulted, on the third trial, May 18, in the victory of the latter.

Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*, died May 23, at the age of sixty-one.

A party of English travelers, consisting of Lord and Lady Muncaster, Mr. Herbert (Secretary to the British Legation), Count Boyl (Secretary to the Italian Legation), Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, with their child, five years old, and Mr. Vyner, were ambushed and captured on the plain of Marathon, a short distance from Athens, by a band of brigands twenty-eight in number. The party had left Athens that morning (April 11) in carriages, and under the escort of four mounted *gens d'armes*. The bandits hurried their captives away, and the next day released the ladies and child, and allowed Lord Muncaster to return to Athens to raise the sum demanded for the ransom of himself and his four companions. The sum (\$100,000) was raised; but it was found impossible to obtain from the Greek government an amnesty for the brigands. A Greek officer, however, was sent to inform the brigands that, if they would take the money and release their captives, they could go on board a British ship of war, and leave the country for Malta; but they would not be permitted to quit the neighborhood of Oropos, where they had taken refuge with their captives, and where they were surrounded by a force of 600 soldiers. The brigands would not accept these terms, but insisted on an amnesty for all their crimes, and refused to remain at Oropos, threatening to kill their captives if their march was opposed. They set out accordingly, without waiting for the return of Lord Muncaster, and were pursued by cavalry. On the approach of the troops they shot Mr. Herbert and Mr. Lloyd. In the fight that ensued six brigands were killed. The others fled, taking with them Mr. Vyner and Count Boyl, whom they killed at Skimatari. This affair has created intense excitement in England.

SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA.

There are the usual conflicting reports in regard to the war in Cuba. General Goicouria, a prominent Cuban leader, has been captured. He was brought to Havana May 6, was taken to jail, tried by a court-martial, and was garroted on the 7th.

Advices of May 22 announced the success of the revolution in Venezuela. The capital was captured, April 27, by General Guzman Blanco, after two days' hard fighting, and General Blanco was installed as Provisional President. President Monagas, who had been at the head of the government for two years, surrendered with the remnant of his army.

Editor's Drawer.

NOTHING, it seems to us, could be more consolatory to Mr. Greeley than to be assured, on quite credible authority, that after his editorials in the *Tribune* have had all the mental effect to which their merits entitle them, they are afterward made the instrument of working almost miraculous curative results on the system of the unwell Syrian. As proof, we have the following, related by the Rev. Dr. Jessup, an esteemed missionary in that country, who says:

"A Hakeem, or native doctor, one day came to me and asked for a few old newspapers, to which appeal I responded by the gift of a few well-worn copies of the New York *Tribune*. A fortnight after the grateful recipient came back to me in wonderful spirits, and thanked me most heartily for the gift, inviting me to go and eat grapes and figs in his vineyard, saying, 'I thank you very much for those old journals. There is nothing like them; they have worked wonders for my patients!' What was my surprise, on entering the house of the quack, to be invited to look into an earthen jar, in which these newspapers had been soaked to a pulp in water and then in olive oil, quantities of which astounding mixture had been swallowed by this fellow's credulous patients with such amazingly beneficial results! The old Hakeem gravely thought it was the magical charm of the printed letters which did the business."

Nothing like boiled *Tribune*!

In the "Life of Bismarck," just published by the Harpers, occurs the following original anecdote of Humboldt: During the eventful Berlin days of March, 1848, when barricades were the order of the day, a mob came rushing into the Oranienburger Strasse, where Humboldt resided. Materials for a barricade were required, and every door was besieged for the purpose. One of these opened, and a venerable-looking man presented himself, and begged the excited mass not to disturb him. Such a request was not to be borne by the sovereign people, and he was asked menacingly who he was, that he should use such language. "I am Alexander Von Humboldt," was the quiet reply. In a moment every hat was off, and with reverent greetings the multitude swept forward, and left the scholar and philosopher at peace.

In the way of neat advertising we have seen nothing better than the following notice of the "Alleghanians," in the local column of the *Atchison Champion and Press*:

"The prayer-meeting at Presbyterian Hall will commence thirty minutes before the usual hour, and close a little before eight o'clock, with a view to afford opportunity of attending the concert by the Alleghanians."

This style might be adopted by various caterers for public amusement—as, for example: "The monthly concert of prayer, which was announced for Monday evening, has been postponed till Tuesday, in order to give the congregation an opportunity to hear Skiff and Gaylord's minstrels, in their justly celebrated," etc.; or, "The protracted meeting which has been going on for some weeks in our village will close to-morrow

evening in time to allow the people to see Yankee Robinson in his inimitable delineation of down-east character," or words to that effect.

SOME years ago, at Washington, during a session of Congress, the parlors at Willard's were enlivened during the evenings by the show and the chat of "fair women and brave men." Then, as now, they resorted to the capital to sharpen their axes, serve the country, get married, or have a good time. One evening, in the throng that promenaded through the halls of the hotel was a member of Congress from a Western State, accompanied by his daughter, who had greater familiarity with modern novels than with modern languages. Passing by General Sam Houston, who had upon his arm a stylish young woman, she was asked by her young gentleman companion how she liked their appearance; to which, with the frankness of a daughter of the West, she replied: "The dress of the lady is elegant, but as for General Houston, his whole *tout and scramble* is awful!"

THE Drawer has found in a volume of poetry, called, "Asylum for Fugitive Pieces," published in London, in 1786, by Debrett, the origin of the phrase "Solid men of Boston." It commences:

"Come, listen neighbors all, and I'll tell you a story
About a disappointed Whig who wants to be a Tory;
I had it from his bosom-friend, who very soon is
going
To a prison for seven years for something he's
been doing.
Solid men of Boston, look to your houses;
Solid men of Boston, take care of your spouses;
Solid men of Boston, go to bed at sundown,
And do not lose your money to the blacklegs
of London."

It is related of a certain Connecticut minister that one Sunday morning, as he was on his way to exchange with a brother clergyman, he met the brother, who said to him, "My mother-in-law is failing, and will probably request the prayers of the church, in which I would unite." Between services Mr. B—— went to see the old lady. He asked whether she would like to have prayer offered for her recovery. "No; why should I? I have lived out my days, and want to get home." That afternoon the congregation was astounded with the following notice: "Mrs. P—— desires the prayers of this church that she may die. Her son-in-law, Rev. P—— S——, unites in the request!"

THE train for Boston having left Twenty-seventh Street at 8 P.M., a passenger was making a desperate attempt to read by the feeble light of the single lamp that was burning in the car. Abandoning his paper in disgust, he was inveighing against the penuriousness of the wealthy corporation, which he styled niggardly. "Niggardly!" echoed a neighboring passenger; "any decent nigger would be ashamed of it!"

It is well remembered by army officers that of the various delicacies distributed by the civilian delegates of the several commissions and relief agencies the major part was obtained by a

class of patients who made the most noise, and not by those who were sickest.

It was after Gettysburg, when the corps hospital was crowded with wounded, that, while dressing a slight wound, the patient suddenly started up, as a delegate of the Christian Commission passed the tent, and asked, "Warn't that a Christian?" "Yes." "Jove! but *I forgot to groan!* Well, that's the first one of them I've missed yet. *I wonder what he had?*"

THE tail of the Shanghai has at length come to be made the subject of official investigation in Congress. On the 2d of April last, in the regular order of business in the House of Representatives, occurs the following, which we quote from the official report in the *Globe*:

"The Speaker also laid before the House a communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, in relation to the value at which the 'tail of the shanghai' is, by instructions of the Department, now taken at the various custom-houses of the United States; which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and ordered to be printed."

It is gratifying to know that the exact money value of the tail of the Shanghai rooster is at length to be adjudicated upon by Congress. Hitherto prices have fluctuated so widely as to embarrass those engaged in the regular trade. It is just possible, however, that the Secretary of the Treasury meant that action should be taken on the *tael* of Shanghai, a coin worth about \$1 50. But we are not clear on the subject.

A BOSTON correspondent assures us that the following, one of the many funny anecdotes that Portsmouth, New Hampshire, people tell of Mr. Webster, has not appeared in print:

During Mr. W.'s residence in that city, in his younger days, there was a furniture-dealer named Judkins doing business in the town, who was a very well informed as well as ambitious man. He was patronized by Mr. Webster, who often dropped into the shop to order or superintend the making of some piece of furniture. These opportunities of conversing with a man so learned as Mr. W. were the delight of Mr. Judkins's life; and on the removal of the former to Boston, the payment of a considerable debt due Mr. J. was willingly left for future settlement. Attempts were made at various times to collect the debt—always in vain. Finally, Mr. Judkins determined to go to Boston and see Mr. Webster himself. He reached the city after a long and fatiguing stage-ride, and, making a Sunday toilet, proceeded to the large house on the corner of High and Summer streets. "Is Mr. Webster in?" asked he of the servant who answered the bell. "Yes, but he can not possibly be seen." "But I must see him." "No; he is entertaining some Washington gentlemen—they are dining." Mr. Judkins had heard of subterfuges, and believed not the serving-man. "Well, I will come in and wait till dinner is over." The puzzled servant, needed below stairs, decided to take the importunate stranger's name to his master. Fancy the surprise of Mr. Judkins at seeing Mr. Webster rushing up stairs and insisting upon the poor man's joining his friends at the dinner-table! He would take no denial, and carried him forcibly almost, introducing him as "my old and dear friend, Mr. Judkins, of Portsmouth," and seating him between a distinguished Bostonian

and the Secretary of the Navy; and, to use the words of the worthy cabinet-maker, "I was for four mortal hours just as good as any body; my opinion was asked on a good many subjects, and they all seemed to think I knew a good deal. I was invited to visit them, and to go to Washington, and every body asked me to drink wine with them; and, by George! I made up my mind never to ask for my bill again. I was a poor man, and needed my money, but I had been treated as I never expected to be treated in this world, and I was willing to pay for it."

DR. M'L—, Reverend and M.D., preached and practiced some years ago in West Virginia. A native of Ireland, he still retains much of the brogue, although many years a resident of this country. There lived with him a lad who was one of the worst boys the great West was known to have produced. One night this bad William, being at a protracted meeting, was so thoroughly aroused to the danger of his condition that he concluded to go forward to the altar. The Doctor was within the chancel at the time, and seeing Bill coming forward, cried out, "Make room there! make room! *here comes the very ould devil himself!*"

ON another occasion he took for a text the parable of the Prodigal Son. He described very graphically the wretchedness and destitution of the young man when he was feeding swine, and, to cap the climax, exclaimed, "It was a God's mer-r-cy [rolling the r] that he didn't take a pestol and blow his brains out!"

IN Illinois, at least, the "man and brother" seems to have an idea of the upshot of recent Congressional legislation, although the manner of expressing it may be open to criticism. On election-day at Decatur, Illinois, Dick White, a well-known colored gentleman of that place, made the somewhat sarcastic observation: "De white folks am mighty polite to us cullud men since dey passed de *Fifteenth Commandment!*"

A GENTLEMAN of jocosé views riding with some ladies at Elizabeth, New Jersey, a few days since, was informed by one of them, as they were approaching the new hotel, that it was the "Sheridan House," and had just been opened. "Ah, indeed!" responded "old Mustache." "Well, I suppose the next thing in order, and certainly the most natural desire on the part of the proprietor, will be to 'Phil' it immediately."

NOR long ago a fire company in one of our rural villages paid a friendly visit to a neighboring town. Of course the village band was out, and a cordial reception accorded the visitors. A dinner was given by the village authorities, to which the band was very properly invited. After dinner came the toasts, when a gentleman present gave, "The M— Fire Company and the P— Band; the latter *great blowers*, the former *perfect squirts!*"

THERE was a certain quaintness of humor in the manner adopted by the late Mr. Wm. W. Cornell, the iron manufacturer of this city, in making donations for religious and charitable objects. It was a sort of habit of his to connect

himself with churches of his denomination (Methodist) that were in debt, and whenever he undertook to have a debt paid off, his rule was to assume half the amount himself, but he had a pleasant way of doing it. For instance, he took the floor to make personal solicitations. His own donations ostensibly were small; but he would subscribe in the name of other people, partly to hide his gifts, partly to shame the penurious. Going to a pew where a reluctant but well-to-do member sat, and who declined to subscribe, he would pass on to a poor widow or sewing-girl, say a word to the parties, and then shout out: "Widow Jones, \$500." "Sister Kennedy, \$150." A mechanic thought he could spare \$10; the subscription was shouted out for \$100. The General Superintendent of the city was brought to his feet one night. He had agreed to subscribe \$50 for some purpose, and he heard his name announced for \$1500—half a year's salary. The subscriptions were not bogus. He made them all good. Such a man—genial, intelligent, catholic, untiring—is a great public loss.

DURING the winter of 1868-69 Bryant, as well as most other towns on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, was so infested with desperadoes that a Vigilance Committee was formed, by whose summary procedure several of the worst offenders were hung; others were ordered to leave. Among the latter was one who was found leading his mule to the stable. He was informed, politely, of course, that if he did not leave town in fifteen minutes (an age!) he must abide the consequences. His reply was: "Gentlemen, if this mule don't 'buck,' I only want five." The mule did not "buck," and his owner is now an "honest miner" in Nevada.

This incident reminds us of a remark made by an eminent judge, who deprecated every thing approaching to mob "law." Said he: "I have never read of an instance of 'Lynch law' where substantial justice was not meted out."

It's some time since the Drawer has had a Munchausenism. To the thoughtfulness of a Dayton, Ohio, correspondent we are indebted for the following:

An old English gentleman, a school-teacher, who some years ago resided in one of the small towns of Ohio, was an agreeable teller of stories, but deemed it beneath his reputation as a *raconteur* to tell one that did not surpass any that had preceded it. A farmer having come to the village remarked, in the presence of his friends, that he had been plowing all the week with four horses, breaking up new ground, and dwelt upon it as being a very "big thing." "Pshaw!" said the old Englishman, "that's nothing. I have seen in England fifty yoke of oxen hitched to one plow!" The remark seemed to occasion general surprise. "And," continued he, "the funniest part of the whole thing was, that while the plow was on the top of one hill, the leading yoke of oxen was on top of another hill, and the forty-nine between the plow and the leaders were suspended between the two hills! And there was another matter connected with it rather strange. In the course of the day the plowman, becoming rather careless about driving his team, ran into and split a big oak stump! The plow passed

safely through the split, but before the plowman got entirely through it closed up and caught him by the coat-tail!" "Did it tear his coat?" asked a person of inquiring turn. "Not a bit of it!" replied our veracious narrator; "he hung on to the plow-handles and pulled out the stump!"

THE working of miracles seems to have been successfully resumed in Piqua, Ohio. A few years since, during a religious revival in the church of which the Rev. Granville Moody was pastor, certain "lewd fellows of the baser sort" created a disturbance in one of the meetings. Mr. Moody, approaching them, took them to task for their misconduct, when one of the parties said to him:

"We heard that you were working miracles here, and came to see if it were true."

"No, Sir," said the divine, "we do not work miracles, but"—taking him by the collar—"we do cast out devils!"

And he "drave him out."

SOME years ago a Methodist minister named — occupied the pulpit of that denomination in Hagerstown, Maryland, and throughout the Conference year took frequent occasion to berate his flock. In consequence of these repeated attacks a goodly number of the brethren severed their connection with the church, determined not to return until the parson should be transferred to some other field of labor. It finally became known that the irascible — was to preach his farewell sermon, and scores who had been scored by his caustic strictures, thinking that he would say something in his valedictory to atone for the severity of his language toward them, turned out to hear. For half an hour he confined himself to an elucidation of his text, and then alluded to his separation from them. Said he: "There are some decent people in Hagerstown, and some mean ones; yes, some who are mean enough to steal the cross of Christ for fire-wood, and sell His clothes for rags. There are men before me who have grown gray in the cause of the devil; whose hearts are hard enough to build a turn-pike between Hagerstown and hell; and I believe that there's just that spirit at work here that will see the enterprise put through!" An Irishman in the rear end of the meeting-house, no doubt indignant at the parson's remarks, bawled out: "And wouldn't ye, old man, be willin' to be a toll-gate keeper on that road?"

WE all remember how, some years ago, it was deemed funny by the boys to say, "Not the sloughest dight of it," "Not a dif of bitterness," etc. Talking the other day with a gentleman of the editorial persuasion, he mentioned a ludicrous instance of the same style of talk by an eminent butcher in a Western city, who, at some public entertainment, wishing to apostrophize the Federal banner, said:

"Forever fleet that standard shoat!"

ELDER WATSON, of North Carolina, was called upon to baptize by immersion Brother Smith and his wife. Both were old, and had recently made a profession. The husband was famous for his frequent d—s, but it was hoped that this habit was now buried at the foot of the hill where Pilgrim's burden rolled out of sight. But habit

is second nature. The old couple were led into the water, the husband going first and leading his wife, as he was led by the minister. The water was cold—very cold. Scarcely had the old lady touched the liquid element when a “Ugh! ugh!! ugh!!! U-G-H!!!!” was heard, growing louder and louder, accompanied by deeper inspirations as the water grew deeper. When up to her waist, and fear was added to chilliness, the crowd twittered quite disreputably. The old man could hear it no longer. He had been writhing under pain at his wife’s conduct. Jerking his hand from the minister’s, he placed in the hand of the successor of the apostle the hand of his wife, saying, “Here, Mr. Watson, you’d better take hold of the old woman’s hand, for she is the d—dest fool about water you ever seed!”

WHEREVER one travels he finds in the graveyard, be it in town or country, epitaphs so curious and comical that, despite the solemnity of the place, they beget the irresistible smile. Below are a few fresh gleaned from English sources:

“Here lies buried beneath these stones
The beard, the flesh, and all the bones
Of the Parish Clerk—old David Jones.”

In Ashton church-yard:

“Too much blood a vein did bust,
And stretched Tom Tucker down in dust.”

“Here lies the body of William Dent,
Death turned up his heels, and away he went.”

“Here lies Dick, and here lies he,
Halleln-jar—Halleln-gee.”

In a Cornish church-yard:

“Here lies the body of Joan Carthew,
Born at St. Columb, died at St. Kew;
Children she had five,
Two are dead, and three are alive;
Those that are dead choosing rather
To die with their Mother than live with their
Father.”

On a man and his wife, in the church of Quorndon:

“He first departed—she a little tried
To live without him—liked it not and died.”

In the same church, on a person named Cave:

“Here in this Grave there lyes a Cave,
We call a Cave a Grave;
If Cave be Grave, and Grave be Cave,
Then, reader! judge, I crave,
Whether doth Cave here lye in Grave
Or Grave doth lye in Cave?
If Grave and Cave here buried lye,
Then Grave where is thy victorie?
Go, reader, and report here lyes a Cave
Who conquers death and buries his own Grave.”

Another:

“The Lord saw good I was lopping off wood,
And down fell me from the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so death lopped off me.”

Another:

“Here lies entombed old Roger Norton,
Whose sudden death was oddly brought on:
Trying one day his corn to mow off,
The razor slipt and cut his toe off,
The toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to;
The part affected took to mortifying,
And poor old Roger took to dying!”

In Kenwyn church-yard, Cornwall. In memory of Thomas Cornish, who died Jan. 1, 1844, aged sixty-six years:

“My sledge and hammer lie declined,
My bellows’ pipes have lost their wind;
My fire’s extinguished—coal decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid;
My iron’s wrought, my life is gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.”

[Over the above inscription is a sculptured representation of a smith’s shop, with shoes, nails, anvils, tongs, etc.; it is, therefore, needless to say that the person whose name it is intended to perpetuate was a blacksmith, who had his anvil, etc., buried with him.]

THE snow was so deep in Cheshire County, New Hampshire, last winter, that it was difficult for persons meeting with teams to pass. An eccentric citizen, well known in that county, and having a defect in his speech, was coming to the village with a horse and sleigh, and being about to meet a stranger with a team, exclaimed, “Turn out! turn out! my father’s dead!” Upon which the stranger, with much difficulty, turned out and gave him the entire road. After he had got fairly by, the stranger turned and inquired of him when his father died; to which the grief-harrowed citizen responded that his venerated parent had peacefully sunk to rest “about fifteen years ago!”

Now that the time has come for military encampments, we beg leave to suggest to the various colonels of General Shaler’s division the importance of reading up in tactics, and to submit, as part of an effective drill, the following:

When the Twenty-third Missouri was organized (late “disturbance,” etc.), many of the officers were decidedly green in matters military. Captain —, having seen the “right wheel” executed, determined that his company should be drilled in the same manœuvre. At the next drill he scratched his head in vain for the word of command, and substituted the following: “Come round like a gate! in *one* time and *two* motions! COME!”

In India and Indiana the laws in reference to divorce are quite unlike. In the latter State the popular legend is that all trains of cars passing through Indianapolis tarry full fifteen minutes for divorce; whereas, under the penal code in India, there is a criminal side to the divorce court, and, literally,

“He that loves what isn’t his’n,
If he is caught, he goes to prison.”

WE have tidings from Boston of a clergyman of Massachusetts who, on exchange, preached in a brother’s pulpit. Taking up a note which he found when he opened the Bible, he read that Brother — requested the prayers of the church that the loss of his wife might be blessed to him, etc. The preacher prayed most fervently. To his amazement and mortification he found afterward that the note had lain in the Bible a year, while the hereaved gentleman was on this Sabbath sitting with a new wife in the congregation!

EVER to be respected is honest grief! When one’s wife becomes defunct anguish is especially reputable. A case in point comes from a rural quarter, where a fine old farmer thus apostrophizes the memory of his better half:

“Thus my wife died. No more will those loving hands pull off my boots and part my hair

as only a true wife can. No more will those willing feet replenish coal hod and winter pail. No more will she arise, 'mid the tempestuous storms of winter, and gayly hie herself away to build the fire, without disturbing the slumbers of the man who doted on her so artlessly. Her memory is embalmed in my heart of hearts. I wanted to embalm her body, but I found that I could embalm her money much cheaper.

"I procured from Eli Mudget, a neighbor of mine, a very pretty grave-stone. His wife was a consumptive, and he had kept it on hand several years, in expectation of her death. But she rallied that spring, and his hopes were blasted. Never shall I forget this poor man's grief when I asked him to part with it. 'Take it, Skinner,' said he, 'take it, and may you never know what it is to have your soul racked with disappointment as mine has been.' And he burst into a flood of tears. His spirit was indeed utterly crushed.

"I have the following epistle engraved upon the grave-stone:

"To the memory of Tabitha, wife of Moses Skiuner, Esq., gentlemanly editor of the *Trombone*. A kind mother and exemplary wife. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Office over Coleman's grocery, np two flights. Knock hard. "We shall miss thee, mother; we shall miss thee, mother; we shall miss thee, mother." Job printing solicited."

"Thus did my lacerated spirit cry out in agony, even as Rachel weeping for her children. But one ray of light penetrated the despair of my soul. The undertaker took his pay in job printing, and the sexton owed me a little account I should not have gotten in any other way. Why should we pine at the mysterious ways of Providence and viciuity? (Not a conundrum.)

"I here pause to drop a silent tear to the memory of Tabitha Ripley, that was. She was an eminently pious woman, and could fry the best piece of tripe I ever slung under my vest. Her picked-up dinners were a perfect success, and she always doted on foreign missions."

BEFORE the Constitution of New York of 1824 the Common Pleas and Court of Sessions was held by a first judge and at least two associate justices. At a term of such court, held in one of the northern counties of this State, the first judge, on his way to court, was kicked by an old man in half-drunken sport. A witness of the occurrence made complaint to the grand jury, who found an indictment. On the old man being arraigned the first judge quitted the bench, leaving the matter to be disposed of by the assistant-justices. The old fellow pleaded guilty, expressed sorrow for his act, and was fined five dollars. The first judge resumed his seat on the bench, glared at the assistant-justices on the right and on the left, in great apparent indignation and contempt, remarking, seemingly to himself, but loud enough to be heard throughout the room, "If it costs only five dollars to kick a first judge, I should like to see the American coin small enough to designate the penalty for kicking off their seats a full bench of assistant-justices!"

A LITTLE news-boy of Pittsburg lately entered a drug store to serve the proprietor, who was one of his regular patrons. Not finding him in the store, he concluded to look for him in the room in rear. Imagine the astonishment and horror

of the youth, upon opening the door, to behold a skeleton suspended from the opposite wall. Never having seen one of "them ar," and being afraid lest the chemist might make bones of him, he retired as fast as his blessed little legs could carry him. In his retreat he ran full tilt against the druggist, just coming in. That worthy man, imagining the boy had been stealing something, "went for him." Being very thin, and about the height of the skeleton, the boy came to the conclusion that they were identical, and ventilated that idea thus, as he dodged his pursuer: "No you don't, old Bones!—you can't catch me, if you have got your clothes on!"

IN Dr. King's "Anecdotes of his Own Time" is the following, which we do not remember to have seen in print in this country:

Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, when a certain bill was brought into the House of Lords, said, among other things, "that he prophesied last winter that this bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find that he had proved a true prophet." Lord Coningsby, who spoke after the Bishop, and always spoke in a passion, desired the House to remark "that one of the right reverend bench had set himself forth as a prophet; but, for his part, he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that furious prophet Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass." The Bishop, in a reply of great wit and calmness, exposed this rude attack, concluding thus: "Since the noble lord hath discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel; I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his lordship!"

MACARONIC VERSE seems happily adapted for a neat way of "putting things," especially things political, where there is a desire

"To blend in one the funny and the fine."

In the famous Tippecanoe and Tyler contest of 1844, one of the notable anthems that formed the main staple of the campaign was "That Same Old Coon." And thus we find it commented upon in mixed French and English:

CE MEME VIEUX COON.

Ce meme vieux coon n'est pas quite mort,
Il n'est pas seulement uapping:
Je pense, myself, unless j'ai tort,
Cette chose est yet to happen.

En dix-huit forty-four, je sais,
Vous'll hear des curious uoisces;
He'll whet ces dents against some Clay,
Et scare des Loco—Bois-es!

You know que quand il est awake,
Et quand il scratch ces clawses,
Les Locos dans leurs souliers shake,
Et, sheepish, hang leurs jaws-es.

Ce meme vieux coon, je ne sais pas why,
Le mischief's come across him,
Il fait believe he's going to die,
Quand seulement playing possum.

Mais wait till nous le want eucore,
Nous'll stir him with une pole;
He'll bite as mauvais as before—
Nous pulled him de son hole!

JUDGE B——, of one of the river counties, was not only a wag, in his way, but a great pedestrian. In one of his long tramps he was overtaken by a gentleman driving a carriage, who

asked the Judge to ride. Looking a moment at his friend, the Judge replied, "No, thank you; when I get so low as to want to ride, I will speak to the sexton!"

IN one of the judicial districts of this State was a certain judge of the Supreme Court much given to doubting. He was constantly in the habit of responding to propositions of counsel by saying, "I don't know about that." On one occasion, when acting as presiding judge, a sharp, shrewd counsel, who had been much annoyed by this kind of response, at last, quite out of patience, stated, with a small grain of mischief, an elementary principle of law; to which the judge, as was his wont, replied, "I don't know about that, I don't know about that." The counsel paused, looked the judge squarely in the eye, and said, "I *knew* your Honor didn't know, and that's why I told you!"

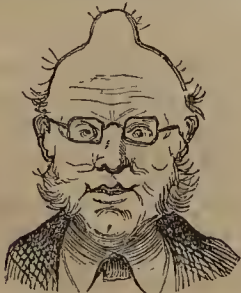
ON the other hand, there are occasions when judges can not resist the impulse to be a little facetious on the bench, as was the case with an English judge, who addressed a criminal who had been sentenced to death for uttering a forged £1 note in this wise: "I trust that through the merits and mediation of our blessed Redeemer, you may there experience that mercy which a due regard to the credit of the *paper currency* of the country forbids you to hope for here."

WE are indebted to a correspondent at Lincoln, Nebraska, for an anecdote of Governor David Butler, which the Governor used to tell with great glee:

Not many years ago—but before Lincoln, the capital, had an existence—the Governor was "stumping" the State (where a stump is a great rarity), and as darkness came on ere his destination was reached, he halted for the night at the hut of a hardy pioneer; and, as room was scarce, the Governor was assigned to a bed with Pat. As they were preparing for the couch the Governor said, "Well, Pat, you'd live a long time in the old country before you could sleep with a Governor." "Yis," said Pat; "an' it wud be a longer time afore the likes of ye wud be Governor!"

AN artist in Connecticut relates and illustrates this poetic incident: "The following specimen of grave-stone literature may be seen in a country grave-yard in Trumbull, in this State. I am a marble-worker, and engraved it on the stone myself according to the directions given me.

"Our father lies beneath the sod,
His spirit's gone unto his God;
We never more shall hear his tread,
Nor see the *wen* upon his head."



MADAME B——, a French lady of the "upper ten," having said, in her intense style, "I should like to be married in *English*—in a language in which vows are so faithfully kept," a listener asked a wag, "What language, I wonder, was *she* married in?" To which his friend replied, "*Broken English*, I suppose."

AN English literary journal, the *Spectator*, has recently published a few anecdotes illustrating "The Grotesque in Religion"—stories which combine the strangest freaks of grotesque fancy with genuinely religious ideas. We quote an Irish legend—a very old one:

Our Lord, walking with St. Peter, asks for admittance into a peasant's hut for the night, when they are most hospitably received. When leaving the next morning St. Peter, with that forwardness of initiative of which the gospels give so many instances, urges his Master to reward the peasant's hospitality. "I think not. It is better as it is," was the reply. "It's a shame for you," says St. Payter—the story is supposed to be told by an Irish peasant—"you *must* do something for him," an admirable dramatic touch, showing how well the character of St. Peter is understood, and how thoroughly it has been realized by the common people. Whereupon our Lord gives way, and tells his entertainer to look in a certain place, where he will find a piece of money. The next year our Lord and St. Peter return by the same spot, and find a grand castle in the place of the hut. They ask for a night's lodging, telling that they are the same travelers who received it a year ago; but the powdered footman comes back with a sharp refusal, saying the place is no hotel, and slams the door in their face. Whereupon, after a brief silence, says our Lord to St. Payter, "*I tould you so.*" Both the unconscious and the conscious elements of humor in this story are very conspicuous. The dictatorial urgency of St. Peter's impulsiveness, and the child-like triumph of the retort with which the Divine Master impresses his superior wisdom on the blundering apostle, are curious enough instances of the colloquial familiarity with which religious ideas are treated in popular legends of this class.

WHILE the Third Vermont regiment was encamped near Kearnsstown, Virginia, some of the officers made the acquaintance of two Southern ladies living near camp. The ladies being short of reading matter, requested the loan of any books the officers might have. One of the officers promised to send one, and on reaching camp dispatched an orderly with Hugo's *Les Miserables*. The orderly soon returned, bringing back the book, stating that Miss —— had directed him to say she had no need for such a work. Wishing to know why the book was returned before it was read, he called in the evening and inquired why she had returned the book. Had she read it? The lady replied, "No, Sir, I have never read the book, and never wish to; you, ought to be ashamed to send me—a Southern lady—such a book! I know our soldiers are poorly clad, and suffer for want of proper food, but they are not *Lee's Miserables*, as you Yankees represent them to be!"

Not being in mood disputations, the gory Third Vermonter retired in good order.

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THE RAQUETTE CLUB.



THE DISMAL WILDERNESS.

THIS celebrated Club of incipient anglers met pursuant to adjournment, the professor in the chair. By the rules of its organization the professor was made perpetual president. He was the creator of the Club, its source, and vital principle. So long as he moved, the Club performed its functions; when he ceased, the Club died necessarily. The office of president, therefore, could not be elective.

Regarding the Club as his especial charge, the professor employed his every effort for its individual advancement and his own glory. In his preceptive capacity as a professor of piscatorial polity he never ceased to impose "line upon line," nor hesitated to use the *rod* whenever required. He moulded crude ideas with plastic hand, feeling that nothing was more essential to a *perfect cast* than a good "leader." Hence, and consequently, a halo of rose-tinted

auspices surrounded his endeavors. The calm surface of his morning-tide gleamed with omens of a speedy "rise." It is no marvel, then, when he rose to rap the Club to order, that his large-bowed spectacles beamed with a benignant blue—that his hoary beard grew radiant with underlying smiles, as mountain mists are illuminated by the sun.

"My worthy neophytes," said the venerable fish-persuader, "before we proceed to business I must state that no candidate can be admitted who has ever fished with a fly or drawn a bead upon a deer. Are all present novices?"

"We are!" (Full chorus, with click-reel accompaniment.)

"Then I greet you in the name of the immortal Izaak, whose mantle I wear. You now enter fairly upon what may be aptly termed your *no-fishiate*. Since all are duly qualified, I receive you into full fellowship, according to usage, upon the point of a Limerick and the angle of a true sportsman.

"The object of this Club, gentlemen, is proficiency in the gentle art. By your own con-

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THE PROFESSOR.

fession you are at present merely fish-killers. Attain forthwith to the dignity of complete anglers. Let your hand attest its cunning; and remember that, in taking a trout *secundem artem*, a single feather may suffice to turn the scale." (Sensation.)

"Also, it is incumbent upon each member to write a book. The man of the present age who don't write a book is a mere cipher. Sportsmen, especially, should be natural-born authors. Their inspiration is like real Burton ale—drawn direct from the 'wood.' It needs no 'bush.' Your achievements will look glowing in print, and redound to your own fame. Thenceforward the public will accept you as authority in all matters relating to sporting. And you will have only to introduce yourselves as members of the Raquette Club to receive that consideration which your merits will compel."*

Just here the professor seemed to have run off all his line, and his subject took bottom and "sulked," as they say in sporting parlance.

While he recovered his slack the Club made mutual acquaintance.

Analytically treated we discover a hydro-pathic doctor named Ollapod; Musquash, a lawyer; Tipstaff, a typo; and one Nugget, sexton, geologist, and practical gravel-scratcher; besides old Fudge, the professor, whose name, by-the-by, we have irreverently neglected to mention before. These constituted the *dramatis personæ* of the Raquette Club—a club (to judge from its name and components) des-

tinued to make some noise in the world, even if it made no remarkable hits.

Upon comparing notes, confidentially, while the professor dozed, it came out that, although each member had avowed himself a piscatory enthusiast, the inveigling of fish was really a secondary consideration. In each case there was a private axe to grind. On the part of the geologist it was bad digestion. He swore he'd leave no stone unturned to put a keen edge on appetite. The doctor was a devotee to Agassiz's theory; he hoped to supply deficient brain-power by a generous fish diet. Tipstaff the printer—commonly called Topsy for short—was a gentleman by education, and a loafer by profession. One continual merry-go-round had made him a dizzy-pated youth; and now, in the decline of his convivial rampage, he determined to hie to the mountains and drown chronic compunctions of stomach in perennial streams of *Fishy* water.* Musquash was professedly in quest of derelict sportsmen who bagged game out of season. He was a member of Assembly, and in the interest of the game laws. Of Fudge, the learned professor—Fudge, the head, front, right-bower, capital, and cornerstone of the association—it would be unbecoming to say more than incidentally appears in the course of the narrative. His native modesty would shrink from panegyric; while at the same time to personally introduce to the reader a gentleman of such world-wide reputation—a *savant* so universally known—would be offensive to the last degree. It would be insulting to Fudge.

It was interesting to observe how quickly the incongruous elements of the Club coalesced when it was ascertained that fate had thrown their fortunes irrevocably together. Plainly Tipstaff would have a natural repugnance to the sexton, the sexton to the doctor, and the lawyer to every body in general; but meeting on common ground antipathies subsided. Surgeon and sexton, lawyer and printer, alike accepted each other as friends and coadjutors. Student as each was in some special department of the black-art, what tie more likely to prove congenial than the profession of an *angler*, whom some one has invidiously styled a "dealer in treason, stratagems, and plots—devoted to snares, traps, and subterfuges!"

Thus harmonized, the Club was the better prepared to receive the advice and instructions of its worthy president, who rose at this juncture.

"My friends," he said, with the proverbial solemnity of an owl, "I had intended to accompany this Club on its projected expedition, but now think it best to decline, for various reasons—"

* The professor is altogether too dogmatic. He is evidently suffering from that species of strabismus which so often affects the private "I." Egoism is a malady from which neither sportsmen nor authors are exempt. Every eye has its own limited horizon. When it makes a new discovery it is apt to imagine the rest of the world in relative darkness, and in its haste to enlighten its fellows exposes its own ignorance. There is little we learn but what somebody knew before. The simile, "drawn from the wood," is clever. Sporting literature is generally so effervescent with froth that it is difficult to detect the brew.

* Common report attributes the authorship of these papers to this person. *Certes*, they are the only record of the Club's doings we wot of. We are the more ready to credit their paternity to Topsy, inasmuch as men and books are so alike in one respect—all they need is to get well "set up" in order to get into print.

The speaker was cut short at once by a general explosion, cries of disappointment, intimations of doubt, groans of dissent. Had Moses abandoned the Israelites on the shore of the Red Sea, the consternation could not have been greater.

"Oh, Fudge!"

"Shame!"

"Treasure in the camp!"

"The game's up now!"

"Hear me, gentlemen," he pleaded. "Hear my reasons! In the first place—I say it with all due respect to the Club—I never fish except in the company of experts; and you are all mere tyros, by your own confession. Secondly, I prefer not to make the fifth wheel of a coach, so to speak. Four is a complete number. Four makes a party at whist, a quartette in singing, and the requisite number for the duties of camp-life. I don't sing, never play cards, and object to doing my own chores. I should be only a supernumerary. Besides, it will be better for you all to learn from experience—which is the best teacher. I will select your tackle, make you up some casts of flies, and give you all the necessary directions; then it will be your own fault if you do not succeed. I have selected the Adirondacks as the field for your exploits, which I've no doubt will fill many books. Your permanent camp will be on Raquette Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, whose fame—I speak modestly—is contemporary with mine. Possibly I may pay you a visit before the close of the season. Here is a copy of "Murray." Take "Murray" for your guide, and be happy.

"And now, my friends, since you start as a unit, let me express the hope that while you have a line left you will *all hang together*. When you wind up at last, may your *net* profits be large. Success to your fishing!"

The professor receded as gently as a tidal wave, leaving the drift high and dry. The coolness of his taking off was hyperborean. It was superlatively French. For a moment the Club was stunned, paralyzed, nonplused, dumfounded. Then its indignation found vent.

"Trepan him!" shrieked the doctor.

"Lay him out!" gasped the sexton.

"Quash his *non sequitur*!" snarled the lawyer.

"Pi his form!" cried the printer.

In vain! His radiant presence had vanished like a meteor's.

"Confound him!" said one. "The old humbug has imposed upon us!"

"Yes," chimed the sexton; "thrown dust in our eyes."

"Bamboozled us completely!" groaned the doctor.

"Started us off on a wild-geese chase after trout, and then given us the slip," said the printer.

"Who is he, any how?" demanded Nugget.

"His name is Fudge!"

"Exactly—quite apropos—don't know the first rudiments of angling, I'll warrant."

"He's a scaly fellow, at all events," ventured the printer; "though for my part," he added, "I am generally inclined to give the devil his due. The professor may not be so bad as he seems."

"Humph!" snapped the lawyer, "give the devil his *do*, and he will do *mischief*."

The Club having thus unsatisfactorily disposed of the professor, its next quandary was the "Adirondacks." Who was this Murray? Where this land of promise which their delinquent Moses had bespoken? This Arcadia of big trout and venison steaks? No one seemed to know. No one had even heard of it. Yes, by-the-way, Topsy had heard of it. He recollected having once set up a few "stick-fuls" of a *Tribune* correspondent about that country, and, come to think of it, he had seen one or two sketches of the Adirondacks at the art galleries. They had been considered very creditable works of Hart, as the cockneys would say.

As far as his limited knowledge extended, this region had remained a *terra incognita* until explored by one John Brown, several years ago. After sending out one or two interesting accounts of his discoveries, John finally got lost, and nothing was ever heard of him afterward. Of course the entire scientific world was greatly shocked and excited. Successive expeditions were sent out in search of John Brown's *Track*. All were fruitless until one Arnold finally struck the trail, and followed it as far as the Fulton chain of lakes. There it was lost, and never recovered. As the footprints pointed toward the heart of the wilderness, it is believed that, while the body of John Brown perished in the swamps, his soul still continues to travel on. Arnold shantied in disgust, and few persons have since been bold enough to attempt the ghostly penetrabilia. There is a report, which is gradually gaining credence, that the spirit of John Brown has been occasionally encountered, of late, upon some of the nameless creeks of this region.*

At this juncture lawyer Musquash took occasion to remark that he had closely scanned the volume which Fudge had given them. (The lawyer always scanned—*plain prose* was a bore to him.)

"It is evident," he said, "that we are indebted to the author's indomitable endurance of hardship through protracted periods of persistent research for very fresh and valuable information. He has but completed the work which John Brown so heroically commenced. But for him we should have known scarcely any thing of the Adirondacks. Now we have every thing plain before us. Let's follow Murray, and carry out the original plans of the campaign."

"And renounce old Fudge?"

"If necessary, yes. We can do without him."

* This seems to be corroborated by Murray's legend of "Phantom Falls."



"Agreed!"

"A fig for Fudge!"

"Hurrah for Murray!"

"I tell you, my friends," continued the lawyer, with rising enthusiasm, "this Murray is no hearth-rug knight of the quill. He is a mighty hunter, like

'Nimrod the founder
Of empire and chase,
Who made the woods wonder
And quake for their race.'

It requires no little courage to brave the dangers of a mosquito swamp, *sans* tar and oil; to endure a salt pork diet for days together; to help the guide pack the traps over a 'carry' to save the time and trouble of going twice; and to get sap in your eye while sleeping out nights under 'the murmuring pines and the hemlocks.' There is a toothsome flavor of *fact* in the pabulum which this book provides; while at the same time (as some one has forcibly remarked of somebody or other) it 'has shed a sort of classical dignity over the angler's art, and even associated it with piety and poetry.'

Here the speaker's enthusiasm wound itself up to so high a pitch that the mainspring snapped, and the Club adjourned.

How many meetings were held subsequently, to arrange for the day of departure, the record says not; neither is it clear as to the amount of time and energy expended in studying up "Murray" and gathering information from maps and experts, and in collecting the utensils and equipments requisite for roughing it in the bush. Certain it is that, about the 1st of July,

1869, the Club might have been easily recognized among the motley throng that crowded the Saratoga train bound north. It was obvious to the most casual observer that they were sportsmen *en route* for the "Adirondacks." Each member was attired in the most approved style of the craft—huge felt hats, capacious boots, velveteen jackets slashed with multitudinous pockets, guns and rods of assorted sizes and patterns strapped together, knapsacks, and woolen and rubber blankets. When they conversed it was in the style of old campaigners. They talked knowingly of the "Wilderness," black flies, wild-cats, and five-pound trout; frequently consulted maps, "Murray," and the "Railroad Guide;" and speculated upon the time they were to be due at specified points. Occasionally they paused to mark the effect upon their fellow-passengers, and, if they happened to catch a small boy listening with some show of attention, their faces shone with an effulgence of rapture.

"There's nothing like brass, you know," said Musquash, with a professional shrug. "By Jove! it is fortunate we got posted before we started. This hand-book is invaluable."

Just here a news-boy appeared and offered "Murray" for sale. The Club was bewildered at first—then indignant.

"Pooh, pooh! we have seen that book—no use for it whatever. By-the-way, my son, do you sell many of them?"

The juvenile pointed up and down the double range of seats, and behold! all the passengers were studying "Murray." The Club hadn't observed it before.



THE RUSH FOR THE WILDERNESS.

Presently the train rumbled up to the Whitehall Junction, and the conductor piped out, "Change cars for Rutland; passengers for Lake Champlain keep their seats!"

All kept their seats.

"I wonder where all these people are going?" asked Tipstaff.

They reached the steamer at Whitehall, and lo! the crowd came streaming down the pier and crushed into the gangway.

"Is this the way to the *Adirondack*?" piped a fat woman of forty as she paused on the plank. In an instant she was hustled out of sight.

The Club was aghast with wonder. Presently it clambered up to the promenade deck for safety and a better view. Immediately a small boy came up and proffered "Murray." Other small boys were observed to waylay the procession below and tender copies of "Murray." The procession was continuous. It was a moving phantasm of sea-side hats, water-proofs, blanket-shawls, fish-poles, old felts, mackintoshes, reticules, trout-rods, fish-baskets, carpet-bags, guns, valises, rubber boots, umbrellas, lap-rugs, hunting-dogs, water-spaniels, guide-books, and maps. There were old women, misses, youngsters, spinsters, invalids, students, Bloomers, correspondents, sports, artists, and jolly good fellows. Behind followed innumerable vans, crates, and barrows of miscellaneous baggage—Saratoga trunks, huge family trunks, Noah's arks, valises, corn-bins, bandboxes, hales, baskets, and boxes. Two packages of "Murray" and one case of "Hamlin's Magic Oil" brought up the rear.

When the steamer was fairly under way the members of the Club started on a reconnoissance. A gong admonished them to buy dinner-tickets. They asked a saloon boy the way to the office.

"Four times around the boat, Sir. Better be lively, gentlemen—first table is setting now."

The Club fell in at the rear of the column. When it reached the dining-room the third table was just cleared. While it was waiting it happened to notice that the steamer's name was *Adirondack*. Remarkable coincidence! Likewise the decorations of the boat were all suggestive of the land of trout and venison. Black-walnut deer stood out in bold relief on the panels. Strings of translucent fish gleamed in ground glass upon the state-room doors. Every thing was so successfully appropriate that, had it been gotten up expressly to order, it could not have harmonized more perfectly with the objects and aspirations of the Club. And yet, singular as it may seem, the Club was still so befogged by its first impressions, that it never dreamed its own little coterie was but a fraction of the grand aggregate whose destination was an irreclaimable wilderness. Naturally it didn't expect to find the latest ladies' fashions in an uninhabited region where even "hunters' cabins are fifty miles apart."

After dinner the obfuscation cleared a little. People became communicative. They gathered into little knots and groups to compare notes. A dashing young woman in Bloomer dress, who had been eying the Club for some time, ap-

proached with a certain kind of coyish assurance, and saluted.

"*En route* for the Adirondacks, I suppose, gentlemen?"

The Club returned an embarrassed assent.

"Been there before, of course?"

"Never." (Embarrassed dissent.)

"Mercy! Why, I took you for *guides*. Excuse me."

The Club nudged each other and fidgeted.

"Well, the fact is, madam—that is, miss," explained Tipstaff, "the fact is—h'm—we are a sporting club just returned from—yes—from the Rocky Mountains. As we hadn't got quite tired yet of hunting wild-cats and grizzlies—*grizzlies*, madam—we thought we would amuse ourselves a little in the Adirondacks, a considerable wilderness up north here, you know—"

"Oh yes, I know—been there myself. Was there last summer."

"You! Is it possible, miss?"

"Oh yes; we had lively times there, I assure you. I am the correspondent of the *Lively Midge*—sporting paper, you know. By-the-way, have you read Murray's book? If you haven't been in before, it may serve you. Some folks think it a 'sell,' because it was published 1st of April, as you will see from the preface. But no matter. Murray is all right—personal friend of mine. You'll find copies for sale in the saloon below. Excuse me, gentlemen. I hope to meet you again. Ta-ta!"

"Phew!" said the doctor, as she vanished. "How her tongue rattles! There's a wood-nymph for you!"

"Or a katydid," suggested Topsy.

"Correct! Hit it about right that time, I guess, neighbor. That's her name—Kate—and no mistake. I know her. She writes for the papers—writes books."

This extraordinary information was volunteered by a consumptive-looking Yankee who had been eying the group for some time, trying to get a word in edgewise. He was one of those hatchet-faced fellows who seem to have just enough inquisitiveness left in them to keep soul and body together.

The Club appeared not to heed the intrusion.

"Be any of you going into the woods?" the stranger persisted.

"We *be*." (*Ommes*.)

"Is it healthy in there? Because, you see, I'm kinder ailing, and I don't keer to go in if it's agoing to hurt me. They say the mountain air is good for invalid folks, and I've been recommended to go in. I hain't been first-rate for more'n a year back."

The questioner, by some chance, directed his remarks at Nugget, who replied:

"Oh, if you mean to ask my professional advice, I should say, Go in, by all means. We sha'n't miss you. It may help me a little in a business way, too."

"How's that? Be you a doctor?"

"Oh no! Quite the reverse. I'm a sexton

—grave-digger. I'll see that you'll have a decent burial, my friend."

"Sure? You don't mean that, now? Well, I'll take the chances on it, any how. I'm determined to go in. I've been advised to. Come to think on't, can you tell me, mister, which might be the best route to go in—by the way of Port Kent, or the t'other route?"

"Really, my friend," replied the sexton, after proper reflection, "I don't think it makes much difference which way you go *in*—you'll probably come *out* at the little end of the horn!"

A laughing chorus followed this solo upon the "horn," in the midst of which the victim emitted a hacking cough and retired.

When the sober mood returned, "By Jove!" said Nugget, "this subject of a choice of routes had scarcely occurred to me. It seems the whole boat-load, invalids included, are bound for the woods. I don't understand it. Let us inquire."

The sexton's proposal met the common approval. The Club ascertained that opinion was about equally divided, as between the Port Kent or Keeseville route and the Plattsburg route. It transpired that there was a bitter rivalry between the Keesevillites and the Plattsburgers. The Keeseville route was the shortest in miles, and formerly took all the travel; but the whole journey was by stage. Latterly the Plattsburgers had built a railroad extending twenty miles into the wilderness; so that the longest way round was not only the shortest, but the easiest way in. It seriously lessened the pecuniary profits of the Keeseville stages and hotels. Hence those tears. Each route had its earnest advocates and detractors. "The dilemma," said Mnsquash, "was something like the old darkey's:

"Supposin'," said the African exhorter, by way of illustration—"Sam! supposin' you kum to two forks in de woods, and de finger-board he say dis road lead to hell, and de oder finger-board he say dis road lead to heaben—which road you take, um?"

"Why, de toder one, ob course."

"Well, den, supposin' de debil kum along, and he put up anoder finger-board, and *both* boards say dis am de road to hell, which road you take den—tell me *dat*?"

"What?—um?—when both roads lead to hell? which road I take, eh? Why, den dis nigger *take to de woods*, ob course; what you s'pose, you ole fool?"

Hour after hour had passed away in pleasant chat, bearing more or less upon the general topic. Meanwhile the steamer had threaded its sinuous course through the Whitehall Narrows, passed Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and other places famous in Revolutionary history, touching at numerous picturesque landings, and gradually unfolding to view the blue mountain ranges of Vermont and New York, with their lofty peaks dimly outlined in the distance. Late in the afternoon she blew her whistle and rounded gracefully up to the little wharf at Port

Kent, where she landed half of her passengers. As there were only half a dozen wagons visible to accommodate the multitude, the Club continued its voyage to Plattsburg. Its first care was to find a hotel. "Fouquet's" was near the landing. The Club reconnoitred. Having little baggage, it was foremost at the office, and asked for rooms. The polite clerk informed it that the house was tolerably full; but that, if it would sleep four double, and take turn about with a party who had already pre-empted the room, it might have No. 21. When the Club demurred, the clerk assured it that, since the rush for the

"Wilderness" commenced, such accommodations were considered first-class. It afterward found excellent entertainment at "Witherell's," further up town.

In the morning it took an early train and was whisked away twenty miles into the Wilderness. The crowd of the day before accompanied it, largely reinforced. Among the accessions was a fat lady, with her daughter and a poodle. The ladies were very much dressed—likewise the dog, which was wrapped in a Paisley shawl. All smelt strongly of musk and patchouly. They had evidently ventured to be foremost in patronizing a new and popular resort, in order to introduce the fashionable styles—just two days later from Saratoga.

"By Jove!" cried Musquash.

"Hallo! what's the matter?"

"Don't you see? Ha—ha! there's our fat friend going in!"

"So she is! and her daughter too. I wonder what she's going to do with that dog? Madam, I beg pardon—is this a deer-hound?"

This from Topsy, of course.

"What! poor Flora? La, no! Now, Sir, don't you know, I think you are trying to tease me! Here, Clementina dear, take the little darling, while I go and arrange with the coachman. La, sakes! I shall go distracted. Only to think that Pa would permit us to travel thus without attendants! Can you tell me, kind Sir—I presume, by your *toat ensawmb*, that you are familiar with the vicinage—can you tell me when the *diligence* leaves for Apollo Smith, Esquire's?"



"MADAM, I BEG PARDON—IS THIS A DEER-HOUND?"

Topsy didn't know one place from another. The Club had not even made up its collective mind which route to take.

"Well, really, madam, I—I—"

"Better git aboard, marm, if you're going in. The stages will be all filled up," interrupted a driver.

"Mercy! how rude these people are! Which is your carriage?"

All this little divertisement took place at the dépôt. A daily line of "stages" was advertised to leave the railroad terminus at Ausable station, upon the arrival of trains, for Paul Smith's, Baker's, Martin's, Bartlett's, and all the various forest resorts. There were a dozen nondescript vehicles drawn up at the platform—covered rockaways, market wagons, buggies, and "buck boards"—nothing that resembled a "stage" of the primitive period. In the midst of the general rush and confusion, the Club was glad to secure a double-seated wagon, which answered its purpose tolerably. The driver booked them for Smith's, and they now waited only for Topsy, who was watching the fat lady.

"Mercy!" said she, "I never can endure to go in one of those outlandish vehicles. What *outré* affairs! Have you no *voiture*, no *barouche*?"

"Eh? No what?"

"Nothing better than these?"

"No, marm."

"Well, I shall die! I never can survive. Why, Clementina love, don't you know we traveled all over the Alps in our own private carriage—to Vevay, to Freiburg, to Martigny—



"HAVE YOU NO VOITURE, NO BAROUCHE?"

and so luxurious, one could fancy one's self in a cradle; and you know, dear, we are always accustomed to our own carriage!"

"Yes, indeed, Ma," the daughter replied. "Poor Flora, too! She never *can* ride without C springs. How absurd of Pa to let us come!"

"I'll tell you what, marm," said the good-natured bushman, who was anxious to please, and not behind in native politeness; "if you will ride on with me three miles to the Forks, I can get you a private carriage, but it will cost you more money."

"How much?"

"Have you many trunks, marm?"

"Only these seven. You can take them in with us, can't you?"

"Phew! seven Saratogas! Not by a darn sight, marm. We'll have to haul them in with a team. It will cost you double fare, marm."

"Oh, lor! double fare! Well, *n'importe*, never mind. You can charge the bill to Mr. Apollo Smith. He knows me well. He is to pay my expenses until my husband, the General, arrives. Oh, dear! what an uncivilized country we have come to, to be sure!"

All being now ready, the several stages rumbled off to their respective destinations.

"You wish to go to Paul Smeet?" said Jchu to the Club. "Very well, I take you to Smeet." And away they rolled over a plank road so rough as to rattle the gold filling out of their teeth—down a hill so steep that blankets, bags, fishing-rods, passengers, and seats were well

shaken into a heap over the forward axle—around a turn so short that it upset the equipoise of the old sexton, and whisked the gravel over the edge of a twenty-foot sand-bank—and then over a beautiful stretch of level road, willow-fringed, that skirted the bank of the rushing Ausable.

Uncle Silas, the driver, was a French Canadian, who had migrated to the Adirondacks thirty years before. He was one of the early pioneers, and knew every rock in the country, and didn't mind running over them occasionally. The Club discovered that fact.

The country through which they had passed thus far was simply undulating. It was pretty well settled and cultivated. Two or three considerable towns boasted their brick buildings. Ranges of frame dwellings followed the course of the river as they advanced. The doctor wished to stop and fish, and was much disgusted to hear Uncle Silas say there were no trout in the stream—the mills had driven them out.

"It's always so!" he growled. "I never went fishing yet, but when I got to the place the sport was just twenty miles beyond."

At Ausable Forks the Club was astonished to find a populous town with a telegraph office, brick stores, and the like—streets busy with passing wagons, and mills resonant with their industrious hum. At Black Brook also there was a large settlement—the centre of the great Rogers iron district, whose railroad, plank road, stores, mills, bustle, and thrift have all grown out of the business prosecuted by the enter-

prising proprietors. Here every thing was black and dusty. Smelting furnaces emitted dense volumes of smoke. Huge charcoal vans and loads of iron ore constantly passed. The road for miles was lined with the huts and cabins of the employés, populons with smutty-faced children. Away off on the bare hills thin columns of smoke told where the miners were delving into the bowels of the earth. Slag and iron filings paved the thoroughfares. Coal dust filled every chink and crevice. It settled thickly upon the trees, and when it rained the leaves shed rivulets of ink.

At Black Brook the road passed through a ravine, and then ascended a tiresome hill. Here the character of the scenery was totally changed. Gradually and imperceptibly, by railroad and stage, they had climbed a thousand feet above the level of Lake Champlain; and now, at the summit, an amphitheatre of Titanic proportions loomed up on all sides. The blue ranges of hills swelled into mountains of every conceivable size and outline, which swept away in double and triple phalanx to the farthest limit of vision. Clouds capped the tops of the most aspiring. A wilderness of forest climbed their inaccessible sides. Here and there only, at inappreciable intervals, a clearing might be descried. Along the highway which they traveled were the only traces of habitations. The scenery was so grand and the occasion so exhilarating that the sexton declared he began to feel his digestion improve already. He felt as hungry as a bear. Opportunately they arrived at Franklin Falls. Here they found dinner and the noble Saranac.

"Saranac! there is romance in that name. It is redolent of pine and balsam, trout and aboriginal Indian. It is the leaven that leavens the great lump of the Adirondack range. What splendid pools of inky blackness! what dashing rapids! what chasms boiling with frantic waters! what a peaceful overarching of green alders! What a place for trout!"

Musquash stood upon the brink of the deep ravine, and thus gave vent to his pent-up eloquence.

"Pshaw! mister; you can't catch no trout here, excepting in the spring. Don't you see, the mill drives 'em away." A small urchin spoke, whom Musquash had not observed before.

"What mill, youngster?"

"There, Sir; just over there. Don't you see that air saw-mill?"

"Saw-mill! yes, by Jove, I see it now. D—n saw-mills! I detest that word 'mill,' whether as applied to labor or the prize-ring. It is forever marring and destroying the face of nature. I wish all mills were put into their own hoppers and ground up!"

A shout from the rear warned the indignant sportsman that the stage was ready to proceed. Before they departed they were requested to sign their names on the hotel register. All made their marks. Topsy had undertaken to count those that preceded. There were up-

ward of *one thousand* names, counting arrivals in and out.

"Phew!" said the doctor; "if men were cattle I should say that there had been a *Mur-rain* in the States, and that every body had stampeded for the Wilderness. Well, we'll go on and stay our forty days out, any way. Somebody will provide manna for the multitude, I hope."

In the lapse of time the party reached Bloomingdale, the last post-town on the route. Their course had been ever onward and upward, "like the eagle, my boy," and the journey had already become tedious. They had accomplished thirty miles of staging, and they had eleven yet to go. On their way they had stopped at a country store for beer. They had seen but few houses, and the farms were pinched and poor. The land was "strong," and the crops of boulders heavy. There was about one blade of grain to an acre of stone. Hills and swamps had been shorn by frequent fires, and fences were in danger of the oven. There was quite a congregation of loungers of sundry ages around the store, and to judge by the weak and worn condition of the fences and porch, the loungers had to depend upon them for support.

The Club engaged one of the veterans in conversation.

"How do you make a living in this barren country? You don't depend upon the travel, I suppose?"

"Barren country! Why, bless you, there is no finer farming land in the State. All that is needed here is a little *energy*, *enterprise*, and *capital*. By-and-by immigration will begin to strike in, we hope, and then we shall get on well enough."

The Club concluded not to wait for the immigration, and pushed on. From Bloomingdale until within two miles of Paul Smith's the farms were much improved, and the houses nearly all frame. Then they struck into what bore some resemblance to a wild country. The forest was dense, there were deer tracks across the beds of the brooks, blue jays and squirrels screamed and chattered in the woods, and an eagle sailed leisurely across the blue rift above their heads. It was eventide, and the wayfarers watched eagerly through the openings for the first glimmer of the sunset sheen upon the bosom of St. Regis. Presently the glorious, inspiring bay of hounds fell musically and mellow upon the ear, the sound of a chopper was heard near at hand, small dogs barked a falsetto accompaniment, old wagons, wood-piles, and other evidences of civilization hove in sight, and in a few moments a turn in the road brought the hotel and the lake simultaneously into view. A minute more and the Club was shaking the kinks out of its legs on the long piazza at Paul Smith's.

A numerous and motley crowd gathered around to greet or survey the new-comers. Tipstaff inquired for the landlord.

Paul said, "Here!"

He reported an abundance to eat, but no beds. Was the piazza pre-empted? "Yes—every individual plank." No room on the lawn? "That was occupied, too, by dwellers in tents." The boat-house, bowling-alley, barn, out-buildings? "All were full." Hat-racks and clothes-hooks in use? "Yes." Tipstaff inquired for Spalding's glue. The landlord had some. How could he accommodate the guests? He would do every thing in his power. He had already succeeded in making the house hold twice its capacity. "Then," said Tipstaff, "you will have not the slightest difficulty in sticking us up against the wall for the night. Consider these clapboards engaged by the Club."

A volley of cheers followed this sally, and the Club became favorites at once. Several ladies offered their extra trunks for lodging. It was astonishing what multitudes of trunks there were—likewise guns, rifles, fishing-rods, creels, landing-nets, knapsacks, rubber over-coats, oil-cloth suits, casts of flies, patent mosquito nets, water-proof boots, self-acting pocket pistols, meerschaums, and the like—standing in corners, hung on pegs on the door-posts and walls, and lying around loose generally. Strings of sick fish were laid out on the porch for the inspection of dogs and guests. Wooden models of big trout that had been caught in days by-gone were stuck up conspicuously, with the date of the achievement and the name of the great achiever. The guests, too, were a motley crowd. It being after the regular supper hour, they swarmed upon the piazza and lawn, and the Club had full opportunity to survey the wondrous scene. There were dames in longitudinal trails, who promenaded luxuriantly; maidens in full-fledged paniers; snobs with canes and eye-glasses, strutting in intensest agony of self-conceit; professional sportsmen in fishing suits of approved material and cut; excursion parties in bush-worn habiliments, just returned from far-off woods and lakes; invalids in flannel wraps and big easy-chairs; old gents in Panamas and homespun, who read the latest papers; young gents who played enchre and sipped their claret per last arrival; nurses with fat babies; small, ubiquitous boys in short frocks, who rubbed molasses taffy on every body's clothes; and petite little misses in starch and furbelows, who minced, and smirked, and carried on imitation flirtations with children of larger growth. Then there were games of croquet upon the lawn, boating parties upon the lake, lovers sauntering in the woods, and a Chickering thrumming in the parlor. Down at the boat-house a party of incipient but now self-approved anglers, who had passed their first fortnight in camp, were discussing theoretical points with the guides, and a couple of bad boys were trying to set the hounds to fighting on the lawn.

This was the "St. James of the Wilderness." It was astonishing how three hundred guests could put up so cheerfully and harmoniously

with accommodations designed for only seventy-five! It was a "happy family."

There was much more to be seen and taken in at a glance, but attention was diverted by new arrivals, accompanied by a familiar voice in a high key.

"Abuse my Flora, indeed! you nasty man! Here, Flora—poor thing—come here! Did he hurt my little darling, so he did! I'll complain to Mr. Smith. Just to think! how dare you take my Flora by the nape of the neck and chuck her out of the carriage! Dear sakes! I shall faint! Where is a seat? Clementina, my vinaigrette!"

No seat being convenient, and Mr. Smith at the moment appearing:

"Oh, Mr. Smith! how glad I am to see you! Are our apartments ready? You know I engaged apartments. And, Mr. Smith, I told the driver to charge the carriage hire to you. It is all right, driver; you may go now. Dear sakes! how shall we ever endure such a fearful journey the second time!"

"Here, Ma—this way. Here is a person to show us our rooms," said Clementina.

The excitement was more than the Club could stand on an empty stomach, and it accordingly went to supper. Later in the evening, when the crowd had somewhat thinned, the Club was invited to a game of euchre. It played with varying fortune, but it was generally remarked that the sexton won when *spades* were trumps. The Club was also fortunate in having canvas accommodations tendered them in one of the tents upon the lawn. It gladly accepted; but when the morning dawned it discovered that it had jumped from the frying-pan of indoor discomforts into—rather an extensive puddle. It had rained hard during the night, and the party got well soaked. For the first time in his life the doctor was tempted to go back upon his practice—hydropathy.

Just before the dinner hour the high key of the familiar voice was heard in the hall.

"Really, Mr. Smith, we can not possibly stay. It is out of the question. I never, in all my life, occupied a room before without carpets. It is decidedly vulgar. Why, we have Axminster at Saratoga always—don't we, Clementina? Summer weather! It makes no difference, Mr. Smith. Other people may put up with it if they like, but not I—not by no manner of means. Besides, Mr. Smith, you have no French cook; I can't do without a French cook. The table is not nice either, and the chamber-maids wait in the dining-room. Bah! it is *too much*!"

"Oh yes, Ma dear—let us leave this horrid, outlandish place; do, Ma!" pleaded Clementina.

"What time did you say the next conveyance would go, Mr. Smith?" the lady asked.

"This afternoon."

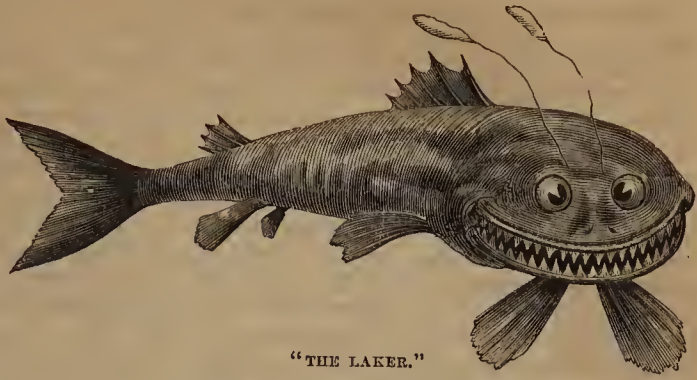
"Then, please consider our seats engaged. We shall undoubtedly intercept our baggage.

Let me see, Mr. Smith, can you accommodate me with a *hundred dollars*? The General provided us with very little money, as he expects to find us here when he comes. Oh, la! won't he be surprised!"

The result of the negotiation was that the Club became the fortunate possessors of an excellent room, with comfortable beds, good attendance, and the cleanest of linen. The table was bountifully provided, not only with the toothsome products of forest and stream, but with those little luxuries and delicacies which one expects to find in all hotels termed first-class. Considering its isolation from all markets, great credit reflected upon the caterer.

The day following the Club tried its luck in the adjacent ponds and streams. At daybreak the doctor was observed by Topsy (who had one eye partly open) to rise noiselessly and slip stealthily out of the room. He had heard that early morning was most favorable to successful angling, also that the monster lake trout of the Wilderness kept near the bottom at this season. So he took a copy of Agassiz, a hand-line, and some bait; and, jumping into a boat, pulled out to the middle of the lake, where he came to anchor. Then he threw overboard a handful of pork scraps, by way of "chumming" the fish. After this he paid out ten or fifteen fathoms of line, and adjusting his cushion and his spectacles, opened his favorite author. He had just reached that section which treats of the action and effect of phosphorus as a stimulant to the brain (illustrated by numerous eminent examples), when the gong sounded for breakfast. At the same time he felt a dull tug at his line. Hastily dropping the book, he hauled in, hand over hand, with such celerity that, before he was aware of it, the above represented nondescript creature stared him full in the face! The doctor had never caught a "laker," but it needed no great intuitive perception to determine that this was clearly a fish of another color. The general aspect of a lake trout is white. This was decidedly black—as black as the devil. It had horns too, and looked something like the devil, only that it had a benign cast of countenance, and wore two white pendants under its throat, like the ends of a clergyman's neck-choker. Tipstaff said it looked like George Francis Train in disguise.

After breakfast the Club tried its hand at fly-fishing. Each boat carried two persons besides the boatman. Tipstaff and the doctor were in the same boat. Tipstaff eagerly jointed his rod, and, at the first cast, threw two joints into the water. When he had adjusted the parts, he let out more line, and, drawing his rod well back for a long throw, succeeded



in fastening his hook into the doctor's hat. Then he reeled up, and at the next cast snapped off his tail fly, with a crack like a whip's. This quite discouraged him. Dropping his rod, he let the flies sink to the bottom, when, lo! an unmistakable bite! The line ran out handsomely. In his excitement and surprise, Tipstaff struck with all his might; for an instant a small sunfish dangled in mid-air, and when he dropped, with a delicate little splash, back into the water, Tipstaff discovered that his second joint had broken short off at the ferrule! So he resignedly put by the fragments, and lighted his pipe for a smoke.

Meanwhile the boatman had paddled off some little distance, and the doctor, casting his flies by some chance near a cluster of lily-pads, saw a sudden gleam of light just where they dropped. In an instant a half-pound trout tautened the line, and darted, full tilt, for the pads. The doctor held on to his rod with a will, but did not prevent the fish from entangling himself in the long, tough stems. Fortunately, both the line and the trout's jaw were strong. The boatman paddled to the spot, and pulling up the lily-pad, drew it, the trout, and the line together, safely, but tangled, into the bottom of the boat. But disaster attended their triumph. While they were engaged in securing the fish, the rod fouled, bent double, and snapped in the middle!

The doctor looked at the wreck with tears in his eyes, and then said, resignedly, as he held the butt in his hand, "This is the end of my split bamboo!"

The rest of the Club met with little better success. They destroyed a fabulous amount of tackle, and caught five small trout; and "what were they," as Tipstaff said, "among so many?" Wherever they went they found no lack of company. A dozen boats were always on the ground before them. Nothing could have mitigated their disgust and disappointment except the good dinner which they found provided when they returned. There is nothing like a good dinner to soften the asperities of misfortune, especially when it is sauced with Champagne, and a saddle of venison and baked trout with cream are the *pièces de resistance*.

Now Musquash was missed immediately aft-

er dinner; and it was simply because the foregoing is a truism that the Club did not order the lake to be dragged at once, and the woods to be searched, for his dead body. Musquash *could not have committed suicide upon a full stomach*. Every one granted that. It was equally improbable that an accident had befallen him, for he was known to be habitually cautious; besides, being a lawyer, he could argue himself out of a scrape at once. Had there been an evening paper printed at St. Regis Lake, that day's issue would have contained the news, in big type, "Mysterious Disappearance of Musquash, the Counselor;" and his friends would have advertised for him. As it was, the mystery continued unsolved throughout the day.

Now the fact was that the smell of venison at table had started him off, like a sleuth-hound, on the trail of blood. Avowedly, he was on the alert for derelict sportsmen; but this time he did not appear (or disappear) in the rôle of a detective. He took a gun with him, a guide, and dogs, and followed a by-path through the forest to Osgood's Pond. What he did, or what he attempted, no deponent has ever been found to testify. If, indeed, "there be tongues in trees," the trees have never whispered. One belated sportsman averred that he saw a light dodging about the swamps late at night, but he could not determine whether it was a "Jack" or a Will-o'-the-wisp. "Only this, and nothing more." A single remark which Musquash himself let drop, when he appeared at the table, alive and well, in the morning, was all that seemed to afford any clew to his manœuvres. The purport of it was this: "I haven't seen the sign of a trout or a deer being caught any where about here since I've been in the woods, and yet the table is abundantly provided with trout and venison at every meal." Then he seemed wrapped in thought for a moment. His brow knit, and his fingers elutched spasmodically; then he added, with his mouth full of delicious deer-meat, "If I only could find who it is that is breaking the game laws every day, shooting deer out of season, I'd prosecute 'em, confound 'em!"

Human nature will out, and Musquash was but human. The dog in the manger showed more human nature than is generally credited to canines. There are men termed sportsmen who will wantonly slaughter game in season and out of season. It is to protect the game from these ravagers that judicious laws are

enacted. The true sportsman needs no legislative restraint. He is the real conservator of the laws. Thus, the Adirondack hunter, who is in a great measure dependent upon the forest for his subsistence, thinks it a hardship that he is made to suffer for the sins of reckless deer-slayers; and while he does not hesitate himself to shoot deer out of season to supply his *necessities*, it is seldom that he can be found the ready abettor of pseudo-sportsmen. He will, indeed, accompany them on hunting excursions, and, to all appearances, assist them in their endeavors; but if the sportsman be a novice or unskillful, it is seldom that he will have the satisfaction of filling his bag. There are a thousand little tricks of the craft which the guide will employ to save the life of the deer, while apparently acting in good faith toward his employer. If this is news to any frequenter of the Adirondacks, let him put it in his pipe and smoke it in lieu of killikinnick.

That evening the members of the Club sauntered down to the guide house, where they encountered a delegation of those forest rangers. Said rangers had understood that the gentlemen were going "in," and wanted guides. Said rangers were hirsute, swarthy, raw-boned, iron-ribbed, and looked as though they might exist in regions where none but creatures with gum-elastic souls could counterfeit even a respectable



THE LAZY GUIDE.

ble appearance of life. There were guides of all sizes, ages, nations, and degrees: lazy guides, witty guides, talkative guides, low-bred guides, bragging guides, silent guides, bad guides, good guides, independent guides, hotel guides, sober guides, thirsty guides, gray-haired guides, carrotty-haired guides, bald-headed guides, cross-grained guides, guides well recommended and guides without a character—Frenchmen, Yankees, Irish, and Indians. All offered their services, and were ready to go any where, any how, and at any time; they were ready to tramp it, to pack it, to boat it, to rough it, to take it easy, and to take it "straight;" they knew all the best camping, hunting, and fishing grounds, and had been there before; they knew their way into any part of the Wilderness, and they knew their way back. The Club was just on the point of making its selection, when it was startled by the unmistakable voice of its worthy president upon the landing below. The guides recognized it too.

"Hallo! the professor is back," they said.

"If there isn't old Fudge, you may shoot me!" cried Topsy.

There was a rush for the landing. The Club fell into the arms of Fudge. Fudge fell into the arms of the Club. It was an affecting meeting. The Club was surprised to see the professor then and there. Was he just going in? Would he accompany it on its excursion to the Raquette? No! the professor had just returned from a grand tour of the lakes. He had been out four weeks.

"I had expected you in sooner," he said, "and should have been pleased to join you at that time. The fact is, my friends, the best of the season is over. Trolling for lake trout is done with. The speckled trout don't rise much to the fly. You are now betwixt hay and grass, so to speak. In two or three weeks more the trout will gather around the spring holes and mouths of cold brooks. Then they will take the fly freely, and you will enjoy good sport. You may also take some lake trout, still-baiting, with ten-fathom lines; but, for my part, I had as lief drag the East River for dead bodies as to haul fish in by main strength in that fashion. My time for trouting is always in the spring, not later than June. The trout are in best condition then, and fair game. This fishing in spring holes is small business, in my opinion."

"But, professor, this is the very time of the year that Murray's book recommends sportsmen to come, and he cracks up spring-hole fishing, too."

"Perhaps he is a spring-hole fisherman. For my part, I regard it as a kind of slaughter—a sort of ichthyicide in the third degree. The fish really don't have a fair chance. Nature teaches them to swarm in those localities most suitable for spawning beds. You know they are there, and you have only to go and take them. They come to your hand just as a dog is tempted by the love of a bone. In the spring they are

scattered about all over the lakes and streams, and it is then that your knowledge of the habits of the fish—your science as an angler—avails you. To take the beauties then is the essence of sport."

"Shall we get no fishing, then?"

"Oh yes, my friends, lots of fishing. As a rule, the more *fishing* the less fish."

"About the flies, professor—are they very bad?"

"Never saw them worse in my life than they are at this minute. But this is an exceptional season. They hang on late. One thing you may depend upon—you never can enjoy the perfection of fly-fishing unless you endure the torment of black flies; that is, indeed, excepting you go in the early spring, and then the weather is too cold for comfort."

"So you really decide not to accompany us?"

"My friends," said the professor, "if you always carry a baby it will never learn to walk. It is best that you should go alone. Practice and experience are the best teachers. Besides, I have told you already that you are too late for me. However, I will furnish you an excellent substitute. Here is old Uncle Steve. He is the Nestor of all the guides. You can depend implicitly upon him."

Late the following morning the Club bade adieu to old Fudge, and started on its tour of the lakes. Uncle Steve prepared the outfit, which was light, since it was decided not to camp out much on account of the flies. (The distances can be so arranged that one can find comfortable lodgings in a sporting-house, provided they are not overcrowded.) The fleet comprised three boats—one large one carrying Uncle Steve, the doctor, and Tipstaff, and two lighter ones for Nugget and Musquash, with their guides. The Adirondack boats are seldom adapted for more than two persons, as they require to be built as light as possible that the guides may back them the easier over the "carries."

By common consent Topsy was made quartermaster of the expedition. "A quartermaster," says Topsy, "is a *ration-al* being who keeps a quarter for himself and gives the balance to the rank and file." He took it in charge to carry the liquor for the whole company, "so as to keep the party together, lest they should become separated and get lost." It was pleasant to watch the departure of the little flotilla, with its chief officer at the helm of the flag-ship arrayed in the full "pomp and penelope" of his official station. Gayly they traversed the expanse of the lake, and then disappeared around a turn of the outlet. A tortuous but romantic passage led them into a second lake, and anon into a third, studded with islands and flanked by blue mountains. Here was a wilderness in all its primitive grandeur and solitude. Broods of young ducks started up betimes from the sheltering alders that fringed the shores. Kingfishers rattled out their screams of defiance from the stark branches of dead pines. Loons



BEFORE GOING TO THE ADIRONDACKS.

piped in the distance. Occasionally the tawny outline of a deer could be detected on the shadowy shores. The Club could not repress its delight with the constantly shifting panorama.

In due time Uncle Steve headed the fleet for the land, and ran up on the beach. A hirsute and shaggy being emerged from the bush, and approached. He moved his hands and arms wildly, as if making signs. The Club showed symptoms of alarm, and seemed inclined to fall back upon its quartermaster to keep up its spirits. It took the strange being for some Robinson Crusoe, or wild man of the woods. Its courage partially returned, however, when it discovered that he was only brushing away flies and mosquitoes; and when Uncle Steve introduced him as old Moses San Germong, it was fully reassured. At first the old fellow didn't seem to recognize any of the Club, but when Topsy drew the cork of his whisky-flask, he showed signs of intelligence. The Club learned that St. Germain—which was his real name—was to haul its boats over the "carry." He was to be its Moses to guide it through the Wilderness. He was the Charon to ferry it over the *Sticks* on dry land. The distance was a mile and a half, and the way was rough—now rising a steep knoll, anon dropping into a gully, leading through

bogs and quagmires, and across rotten sticks and decayed logs, obstructed by underbrush and overarched by sombre pines. Such are "carries" generally. The sled could haul only one boat at once, and consequently, by the time all were over, and launched upon "Big Clear Pond" (the next lake), the Club was quite ready to proceed. The flies had drunken and made merry at the expense of their best blood. Their patent mosquito nets proved worse than useless, and were voted a humbug. The Club looked, collectively, as though it had the measles. At the outlet of Big Clear the route for two miles lay through a flooded tract that bristled with more stumps than a cricket ground, with a channel so narrow and tortuous that, when they rounded a short turn, one might jump from the bow of the boat into the stern. Then they crossed a short "carry," amidst clouds of mosquitoes and flies, and descended a miserable, narrow stream, called "Ramshorn Creek," a ram's horn so crooked that, if the Israelites had had the like at Jericho, they would have needed to go round the city but *once* to make it tumble from sheer vertigo. Thence they passed into the broad and beautiful waters of the Upper Saranac—immortalized by artists and poets—and thence to Bartlett's, a good hotel, where they rested for the night. The next day's journey comprised a three-mile "carry" through a venerable maple forest, and a dashing race down the darksome channel of the river Raquette. It was a refreshing journey, free from all molestation of mosquitoes, protected from the summer sun by an overarching canopy of maples and evergreens, and redolent with the sweet odors of balsams and pines. No traces of man's presence or handiwork were visible here, save when a sporting party hove in sight. Vegetation grew rank and tangled. Savages and wild beasts might have lurked in the thickets secure from closest observation. Once Uncle Steve paused, and pointed to a prone hemlock that protruded from an alder copse, like a gun from a masked battery, and extended its gaunt length one-third across the stream, casting a black shadow into the depth. "There, do you see that log? I was passing just here two years ago last fall, and happened to look at that log. It looked kinder queer, like as if it was covered with brown moss. But it warn't moss, by a darn sight! You can bet I scooted away from that log as fast as I could, and drifted down stream. Just there was an old *he panther*, ten foot long, lying flat on his belly, waiting to drop on the backs of the deer that come down the run to the bank of the river! I hadn't no gun, nor didn't need any (though I'd have liked to kill the critter), for the minute the varmint found I seed him, he slinked back down the log, and giving a jump clean over them alder-bushes, dove out of sight into the woods."

The narrative shortened the breath of the interested listeners, who were sensibly relieved to learn that such highwaymen of the woods were

seldom seen nowadays. The next noteworthy incident occurred while the party halted for lunch at the mouth of a cold brook. A boat came jauntily down the stream. There was nothing remarkable about the boat itself; but it was loaded deeply with two large chests and several bales of canvas, probably tents, besides a miscellaneous collection of cooking utensils, guns, and rods. In the stern was a figure, upright, with skull-cap, eye-glass, mutton-chop whiskers, snuff-colored sporting suit, and kids. The figure moved neither to right nor left, but drew a basilisk focus full on the Club with its eye-glass, and eyed it intently as it passed. The Club saluted with the greetings customary under the circumstances, but it spoke never a word. Only when it apparently became satisfied that the Club didn't owe it any thing, and was otherwise beneath its notice, did it avert its supercilious gaze. This figure was an English tourist "doing" the Adirondacks! Such curiosities are occasionally, though seldom, seen, as Uncle Steve said of the panther. This cavalier treatment hurt the Club's feelings so that it couldn't eat!

After this they pulled down the river to Setting-Pole Rapids—a romantic stretch of foaming water—where they caught some fine trout with bait. Then they retraced their steps as far as Big Tupper Lake, which they had passed on their way down. There are several houses near the outlet of Big Tupper, two or three of which are kept as hotels for sportsmen. These happening to be filled, the Club had to camp out for the night. It was its first experience, and it was naturally a little nervous. The first alarm was shortly after dark. Topsy had some fine old Scotch ale put up in stone bottles. The bottles were in a rubber bag, and the bag was in the stern of the boat. Uncle Steve volunteered to go for the beer, and straightway disappeared in the darkness. While he was gone, the Club became absorbed in a game of euchre. The sexton had won two games, and was in the act of turning trumps, when a series of loud reports, close at hand, startled the party to their feet. Groans followed.

"Injuns!" shouted the doctor, and seized his gun.

All seized weapons and rushed in the direction of the sound. Presently they came upon the prostrate body of Uncle Steve. Close at hand lay the bag, boiling over with froth. The sexton hastily took position be-



AFTER GOING TO THE ADIRONDACKS.

side the *beer*, ready to extend his professional services.

"Help!" cried Uncle Steve.

"What's the matter?"

"Darned if I know!" murmured the sufferer, faintly, as he recovered his pins. An examination solved the mystery. All the bottles had burst with one grand simultaneous explosion! The weather being warm, and the road somewhat rough, the beer had *worked*. The bag was air-tight and slung over Steve's back; hence the concussion was tremendous, and followed by a violent fit of nervous prostration. The loss of the ale, under the circumstances, was irremediable; it was disheartening. Whisky was the only substitute the commissariat afforded—the only consolation at hand to revive their downcast spirits. So they kindled the camp-fire into a ruddy blaze, heated water, and made hot slings, with which they comforted the inner man. Their pipes were produced and lighted, and while they drank inspiration from the weed and grain, Topsy sang this paean in praise of Bacchus, the mellow deity:

"Talk not to me of temperance joys,
Nor of teetotal vows—
I drink a drink that's fit for gods,
Which common-sense allows.



AN ENGLISH TOURIST "DOING" THE ADIRONDAKS.

And he who would not drink with me
Is sure a senseless noddie;
For oh! true rapture's only found
In drinking Whisky Toddy.

"It oils the hinges of the tongue;
To fancy gives the rein;
From it the noblest thoughts have sprung;
It soothes the lover's pain;
It throws a glow o'er every sense;
It cheers and warms the body;
He's *wrapping flannel round his heart*
Who drinks of Whisky Toddy!"

By this time the bibulous bard had become so exhilarated by the combined influence of the whisky and the "divine afflatus" that he was ready to head a scouting expedition to the neighboring houses and camps. He failed, however, to muster any recruits. The Club declined peremptorily, and so he departed *solus*. Toward midnight the Club, whose senses were keenly on the *qui vive*, was aroused from its fitful slumbers by strange noises in the adjacent underbrush. They were something unearthly—a combination of groans, coughs, yelps, and sneezes, followed by hissing sounds like steam escaping. The doctor, who had been reading "Murray," bethought him of the ghost of "Phantom Falls." The sexton, speaking from experience, maintained that ghosts were noiseless. Musquash suggested owls. "Is it," said he,

"The moody owl that shrieks?
Or is it that sound betwixt laughter and scream,
The voice of the demon that haunts the stream?"

"It may be panthers," hinted the sexton.
"Let us awaken the guides."

"No, not yet," said Musquash. "Let us see what we can do first ourselves. 'Murray' says, you know, that 'a stick, piece of bark, or tin plate shied in the direction of the noise, will scatter them like cats.' I'll show you the passage in the morning. Now let's have at them, boys!"

This advice was immediately followed. A volley of old boots, tin plates, empty bottles, and chunks of wood went crashing into the brush. A moment of silence followed, and then the sounds were repeated again. The commotion had now aroused the guides, who seized some pieces of blazing bark and boldly advanced. The object of their consternation and search was soon discovered. It was only poor Topsy, their comrade, all unconscious, and wrapped in sonorous slumbers!

... Just here the record of the Club becomes somewhat misty: nor does it appear to have been subsequently kept with that nice regard for dates and coherent narrative that characterized it at first. It is made up mainly of personal incidents and comments of little interest to any but the Club. It seems that it followed the route usually taken by the most enthusiastic of tourists, visiting all the large lakes and streams on its way to Raquette. It ascended exceeding high mountains and surveyed the illimitable panorama of sky-splitting peaks and deeply embosomed lakes. It penetrated forbidden fastnesses and stirred up the old hermits that had hoped to find eternal seclusion from the eyes of men. It left newspapers at Stony Brook stuck up in a crotch near

the spring where old Calkins came down to drink, that he might know the war was over and Grant elected President. It visited Grave's Lodge on Big Tupper Lake, where it found all the little nick-nacks of civilization. It caught big trout at the foot of Bog River Falls, fighting flies meanwhile, whose voracity and persistency not all the smudges and tar-and-oil preventives could diminish or disperse. It examined the traces of the old military bridge of Revolutionary days, which was thrown across the Raquette near the head of Long Lake—Long Lake, magnificent in its broad expanse of water and the ever-changing outline of its shores. It visited the picturesque camps of ardent sportsmen, whose snowy canvas tents at times relieved the solitude of the wilderness retreats. It partook of the famous pancakes which Mother Johnson prepares at Raquette Falls for the delectation of her guests, and took "plane board" in the carpenter shop of Uncle Palmer. Not a single place recommended by "Murray" or suggested by its attentive guides was omitted.

At Raquette Lake the Club found numerous camps. One, more pretentious than the rest, attracted its attention. It was built of boards, and thatched with split shingles. It wore an air of domestic comfort not usually found in bachelor quarters. Besides, there were certain nondescript garments of flimsy texture hung on the neighboring bushes, that betokened the indubitable presence of females. Bouquets and wreaths of flowers adorned the gables of the shanty. When the Club ap-

proached it was met by a jolly, sun-burnt sportsman, whose weight might have been one hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois. The stranger started in perceptible surprise.

"Well, now, I swear to thunder," said he, "if this ain't cute! Who'd 'a expected to have seen you here? Don't you know me? Why, I'm the thin, consumptive cuss that you said was going to come out of the little eend of the horn! 'Twould take a pretty good sized horn now, I guess. But come in. Here's our old friend, the katydid."

There, indeed, stood the fair little correspondent of the *Lively Midge*, with her dear little arms up to the elbows in flour.

"You are just the person I wish to see," she said to Tipstaff, when she had saluted the rest of the party. "All of our company have gone off after berries for my pies; and just as soon as I have mixed this dough I shall want you to go with me to gather pond-lilies—for we are to have a little spree to-night. Now you will, won't you? That's a good ducky!"

Tipsy was embarrassed. He had seen very little female company for the last three weeks, and the sensation was altogether novel. However, he held himself in readiness; and presently a lithe little figure, in short frock and Bloomer trowsers, with a soft felt hat thrust jauntily over her tresses, and a tin cup strapped around her waist, tripped down to the cockle-shell of a boat that waited for them.

"Now, Mr. Tipstaff, I want you to pull me right across to yonder little cove that you see by that big rock. We ought to go over in two



AN EXPLOSION.

minutes." And the sylph seated herself gracefully in the stern, without any undue flourish of petticoats or tiresome adjusting of folds.

Tipsy blushed crimson. He was ashamed to confess that he didn't know how to row.

"Oh, never mind! Take my seat, and I'll pull you over. You shall be the rudder, and I'll be the compass. Won't that be jolly? Now steer, and keep your eye steadily on me."

What a fix for a sensitive young bachelor! Tipsy never knew exactly how he got over the lake, nor how they ever managed to find such a boat-load of pond-lilies. It must have taken a long time to gather them.

The record abruptly ends here. The siren enticed the original memorialist away into some forest recess, and it is quite possible that he is hopelessly lost. No mention is subsequently made of him. There is, however, a supplementary chapter in a different handwriting. It purports to give the proceedings of the last meeting of the Raquette Club, and is dated at Raquette Lake, August 1.

The sexton offered a resolution to dissolve the Club then and there—that it adjourn *sine die*, and bequeath all its accoutrements and paraphernalia to old Fudge, its founder.

"I find," he said, "that I have no taste for these things. For my part, I had rather offi-

ciate at one first-class funeral than catch all the trout in the Adirondacks. One can occupy his time to advantage in my business. If he can't do better, he can learn the dead languages, and study Latin off of old tombstones."

The doctor remarked that camp life was like every thing else. It was no doubt very well for those who liked it and understood it. "But," said he, "it don't seem to agree with me. I don't see that eating fish, and making perpetual Lent and Friday of one's existence, is a-going to help one's brains. Besides, here I've broken fifty dollars' worth of rods and tackle, caught no trout, swallowed a peck of dirt and ashes in this savage mode of cooking and eating, and been devoured by flies and all manner of insects. Look at my ears *now*; if they swell much larger I shall begin to think I made an ass of myself by coming into the woods at all!"

Musquash remarked: "I've followed 'Murray' implicitly, and here's the result. You know what the Scripture saith—'If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch together.' And HERE WE ARE! I move we adjourn. I want to go home!"

Carried unanimously.

The historian has now got to the end of his tale. What will he do with it?



"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"

SOUTH-COAST SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND.

[Saunter V.K.]



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

CANTERBURY.—I.

BEFORE making a modern pilgrimage to Canterbury, the pilgrim will do well to visit the old Tabard inn, two minutes' walk from the Southwark end of London Bridge, where Chaucer and his jolly comrades gathered for a similar expedition five hundred years ago. But he who has read that gem of American humor, Hawthorne's "Celestial Railway," will be impressed by the fact that Mr. Smooth-it-away and his fellow-directors, who bridged the Slough of Despond, and tunneled the Hill Difficulty, have been hard at work in providing swift trains to take one in an hour or two along the road over which the Canterbury pilgrims once jogged on their two days' journey. Just across the river he will see the grand arch of the Cannon Street Station, he will pass by that of London Bridge, and under one of the viaducts that bear the trains over the house-tops, and, when he turns in from High Street to see the ancient Tabard, he will find nearly all of it transformed into a railway office. The old inn is still, however, partly an inn. The tap-room is in an an-

cient house connected with it; and the Tabard proper is divided up into dismal chambers containing beds, which are let out to drovers and marketers at one shilling per night. A great fire which occurred in the neighborhood in 1676, only stayed by blowing up six hundred houses, destroyed, some say, the inn of Chaucer's time; other authorities maintain that it kindly spared this one hostelry, so that we have it about as it was in Chaucer's time. I can not decide; the antiquity of the present building is certainly very great. The large tap-room in which the pilgrims, if the last-named opinion be true, enjoyed their "'alf-and-'alf" of ale and piety, is now divided by a partition, making two bedrooms, in which the hard-worked rustics sleep, no doubt without many dreams of the queer old stories haunting every niche around them. The ancient host, the immortal "Harry Bailly," is at present succeeded by an affable young man, William Stevens by name, who is very proud of the antiquity of his place, and has even, I believe, ventured to disturb the minds of his present customers by restoring the name "Tabard," in place of "Talbot," the name by which it has been known these two centuries. The original Tabard signified the stately, sleeveless coat of that name worn by noblemen in early days, afterward by heralds as a kind of livery, and which has now disap-

[NOTE.—The writer of "South-Coast Saunterings in England" regrets that he has been misled, by a very circumstantial account with which he met, into stating, in a former article, that Mr. Carlyle is in receipt of a pension from the English government. Such, he is now assured, is not the case.]

peared. Talbot is a dog. Until about twenty years ago there was an old sign on the house inscribed, "This is the Inn where Sir Jeffery Chaucer and the nine-and-twenty pilgrims lay in their journey to Canterbury, anno 1383." There is still over it all that remains of a large sign-board which once bore a painting of the pilgrims setting out on their journey, the work of Blake. There is an old etching on copper of this painting, which I have seen. It is full of spirit and character. On the board strong imaginations still trace out some of the figures. I could only see the head of a horse, a big tankard tilted up to a mouth, and the head and part of the *décolleté* bust of the Wife of Bath, who, after her five husbands, was evidently regarded by Blake as ready to take the sixth.

In the tap-room, where I stopped a while, there was a collection of eight or ten men and one woman, all of the rough and poor kind, who were engaged in eating their mid-day cheese and drinking beer. The woman had a bruised eye, probably received from the low-browed fellow by whose side she sat silently as he devoured some sausages. The interest of the company seemed more or less absorbed in a hot disputation going on between a low, thick-set, gray-haired fellow in his shirt-sleeves and a vehement, black-bearded working-man, on the existence of a God. "Men may go on, and go on," exclaimed the latter, "saying what they please 'bout blivin' this an' blivin' thet; but wat's the fust thing a man says wen 'e gets flat 'n 'is back 'ith illness 'n pain? Wat's 'e call out then?" "Lord 'eve mussy upon me!" chimed in a sympathizer. "You may well say thet," continued the speaker, pointing the statement by cramming his mouth full of a dark-looking substance which he seemed to enjoy. "But," returned the atheist, seizing on one of the few opportunities allowed him by the occasional spiking of his antagonist's mouth with food—"but wut I'd like to know is why, ef ther's a God, why does he let a feller fall flat of 'is back 'ith all sorts of pains?" "Thet's wut none ov ns knows nothin' 't all about. But wen a man is taken down a-groanin' 'e's sure to call on God to help him." "Yes, an' he may call an' call," sneered the old infidel, walking over to the fire, and squaring his back to it; "but 'is rheumatiz will go on fur all that, least the doctor kin cure 'im." "Hi don't bieve," retorted the other, "as 'ow Godamity sends all the hevil things a-goin' on in this 'ere hearth. Hi don't bieve 'e sends a man 'ere to commit murder an' get 'anged furt." "Must be a bad lot ef 'e does!" called out a youth from the further end of the room. "And yet," rejoined the remorseless skeptic, "doesn't the Bible say God hardened Pharaoh's heart?" The theist was somewhat staggered by this, having, I inferred, originally taken his stand on the Bible. He fought shy of the question raised, and returned to his allegation that all men called on God when they were in tronble. I left him fighting it out on that line, and went to explore

the old inn, thinking what the ghosts of the old pilgrims, who journeyed to have their aches healed at the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, must, if they haunt the Tabard, think of the discussions which have taken the place of their pious tales. Yet I could not help thinking that there was a logical thread running through the centuries, and connecting those who went in those days

"The holy blissful martyr for to seek

That them hath holpen when that they were sick,"

and that terribly large number of the poor in England who refuse to believe in a God who, after the petitions of centuries, still leaves them in their wretchedness. They who dogmatized about that whereof they knew nothing, and persuaded—as some would now persuade—suffering men and women that the course of Nature is arbitrary, and may be altered by human genuflexions and prostrations, planted those seeds of atheism, whose dreary fruits can wither and fall only under the purer faith which is dependent on no private interests, which does not look upon the Infinite through the pin-hole of self, but cries—as no doubt many a poor sufferer in these hovels does, voicelessly—"Though He freeze, though He starve me, yet will I trust in Him!"

Though living in an age when the purer spirit of Christianity was hopelessly imprisoned in the ritual, with which it had become invested—when priests carefully selected the ore instead of its metal for the building of their shrines—it is wonderful how far old Chaucer saw beyond these things. Even while he used the dross for the frame of his picture, the picture itself has many tints of the reformed faith which was to appear six generations later. The old Oxonian heretic, and author of the "Book of Martyrs," John Fox, wrote a remarkable passage about this.

"I marvel," he says, "to consider this, how that the bishops, condemning and abolishing all manner of English books and treatises which might bring the people to any light of knowledge, did yet authorize the works of Chaucer to remain still, and to be occupied, who, no doubt, saw in religion as much almost as we do now, and uttereth in his works no less, and seemeth to be a right Wicklivian, or else there was never any; and that all his works almost, if they be thoroughly advised, will testify (albeit it be done in mirth and covertly)."

He also knew of certain persons who, "by reading Chaucer's works, were brought to the true knowledge of religion." A spiritual descendant of this sixteenth-century worthy, who bore his name, the late W. J. Fox, wrote a beautiful paraphrase of Chaucer's last composition, written on his death-bed, "when he was in great anguish," which was set to music by Miss Flower, and is now a favorite hymn in several London chapels. I yield to the temptation to quote it here, as it will probably be new to nearly all my readers:

"Britain's first poet,
Famous old Chaucer,
Swan-like, in dying,
Sung his last song,
When, at his heart-strings,
Death's hand was strong:

"From false crowds fleeing,
Dwell with soothfastness;
Prize more than treasure
Hearts true and brave.
Truth to thine own heart
Thy soul shall save.

"Trust not to fortune;
Be not o'ermeddling;
Thankful receive, then,
Good that God gave.
Truth to thine own heart
Thy soul shall save.

"Earth is a desert;
Thou art a pilgrim;
Led by thy spirit,
Truth from God crave.
Truth to thine own heart
Thy soul shall save."

"Dead through long ages,
Famous old Chancer;
Still the monition
Sounds from his grave—
'Truth to thine own heart
Thy soul shall save.'"

One of the bravest and most eloquent of American preachers—Octavius Frothingham—once uttered a great discourse on "The Creeds of the Poets." He might have called it the Creed of the Poets, for, in all time, they have but one creed substantially. When Wordsworth heard Coleridge accused of atheism he remarked that he had always found Coleridge's atheism very much like his (Wordsworth's) Christianity. The poets stand on the peaks of Humanity's mountain range, and the same light it is that shines from summit to summit—though purple on one, golden or silvery on another—the same light, causing them to stand in the perspective of generations as the many-hued columns sustaining the dome of azure beneath which true spirits ever kneel and aspire.

About the close of the seventeenth century—and that is not a very long time in the life of a people—all this region called The Borough was the thick of London. Instead of the dozen or more splendid bridges which now span the Thames, there was then but the one crazy old London Bridge, which connected Southwark with "the city." In this direction the crowded population was dammed up, and, beyond, the roads passed through swamps infested with wild beasts and wilder highwaymen. Now the same roads pass among pleasant homes and villas; and the swarming Borough is to a sad extent populated with men and women who seem to have inherited the instincts of both beast and highwayman. One must not walk here with a watch-chain dangling at his waistcoat, nor stray too far off the high street. The district is, in fact, to a great extent, ruled by a gang of thieves, who have their own laws, and the police have to compromise with them. These thieves are gregarious—indeed are communists. They will pay the highest rents so

as to keep together. Every crime has about twenty of them, more or less, concerned in it. They do not care much for prisons, but detest the Refuge; chiefly, as one of them frankly said of late, because at the Refuge "one can't get pipes and beer; they asks you questions about yourself, over and over again; they makes you say your prayers; and they makes you wash." Fortunately for the wayfarer, they don't approve of crimes of violence, and one who can't commit a burglary without stunning a housekeeper is regarded as a bungler. Murder is tabooed, because it produces a long inquiry, and gets them in the hands of lawyers and newspapers. After all, they are great cowards. One of them once paid my house a visit. Nothing could exceed the skill with which he climbed over the porch to the second-floor, opened the window, opened every drawer and closet, and collected all the valuables to take away; but the step of a servant-girl on the stairway caused him to depart in a twinkling the way he came, without taking a thing with him. The heroine of the Borough gang is a woman called "Cast-iron Poll," who is better known to the public than the Queen. She has been committed to prison fifty-three times. Sometimes she gets tired of the monotony of her den, and, resolving to go to prison, visits a policeman, and asks to be locked up. The policeman declines, on the ground that there is no charge. "No charge? I'll soon make one!" she replies; and woe be to the unhappy wight she first meets. She is sure to attack him with tooth and nail, or to pilfer the first thing she sees, and proceeds to pass her month of laziness in prison. The police are in absolute terror when the day of her release arrives. It is sure to be celebrated as thieves alone know how to celebrate such events. On the whole, the forms in which the old heroic days of Robin Hood survive are not romantic, but they are very real.

The London, Chatham, and Dover Railroad keeps pretty closely to the old road by which the pilgrims of old journeyed to Canterbury. But one who in this busy world has the time, would find it a pleasant pedestrian tour to start from the Tabard, and, following the old Kent road, make the journey in three days. The old road was once lined with way-side crosses and columned Madonnas, which have now made way for the park gates and ivied mansions which represent the latter-day faith of England. As I once turned aside from the old road as it passes Blackheath, to enter the embowered home of John Stuart Mill, it seemed very likely that the most modern thinker of England was probably pursuing his studies on a spot which might have once held its way-side altar; but it could never have been more consecrated than this beautiful home now is to the young and earnest minds of England. In his company I passed a beautiful day, wandering farther on the same road past Chiselhurst Common, as far as St. Mary's Cray—which, I take it, was originally St. Mary's Grace—a spot,

probably, where the Virgin's favor was especially besought by pilgrims. If Chaucer's last words—"Truth thee shall deliver 'tis no drede"—be true, there never was one concerning whose destiny there need be so little "dread" as that of this man, than whom the air is not more transparent nor the flower he bends lovingly over more genuine. Not the devoutest pilgrim that ever passed Blackheath Park but might have found a true brother in this man, whom Westminster removed from Parliament for heresy. Never have I known one whose lightest word or look more betokened truth, nor a more profoundly and tenderly reverent mind. That which really enabled Mr. Smith's money to buy up Westminster was the ten pounds given by Mr. Mill to enable Bradlaugh, "the atheist," to carry on his canvass for the representation of Northampton. Bradlaugh is indeed an atheist; but Mr. Mill knows, as well as do others, that there are many such in England, and he does not think that it will do him, or his comrades, or any body else, any good that their religious opinions should shut them out from representation.

The loss of Mr. Mill from the Commons was keenly felt by many of the members, chiefly on account of the personal relations which had been disturbed. It was only the knowledge that he would not accept a seat so obtained which, to my knowledge, prevented one member from resigning in order that a vacancy might be made for his return. While he was in Parliament, Mr. Mill gave his services to the public work with absolute fidelity. Although residing nearly fifteen miles from Westminster Hall—his house being also a mile from the railway station—no weather prevented his constant attendance; and even when the debates were duller, and their subject comparatively unimportant, he would remain in his seat until late in the night, when he could only reach home in the small hours by a special conveyance. In the dining-room adjoining the House he would generally be found at six o'clock, surrounded by his particular friends, John Bright, Peter Taylor, and others, and was the life of the table. His wit on such occasions has a freedom and play which the severe nature of his works would not lead one to expect; and it would be hard to find a more genial companion. His *bon-mots*, whispered below the gangway during the debates, which were sure to go the rounds, are still remembered; as when he suggested that the member withdrawn by the redistribution of seats from *Honiton* ought in justice to be given to *St. Bees*. He entered the House with the reputation of a theorist; he has left behind him the reputation of being one of the most practical men that body ever had. Though it is certain that no loss has been more mourned by the members themselves, Mr. Mill by no means feels it in the same way. On the contrary, I found him almost jubilant at his return to his old pursuits; and he said that the recovery of the disposal of his own time was an

incalculable relief to him. In the long walk which it was my privilege to have with him, to which I have already referred, his conversation seemed to me wonderful for the range of knowledge and sympathy which it implied. Whether it was philology or the Church, physical science or the American war, he seemed equally wise and unerring in his information and instinct. He was particularly elated at the triumph of the anti-slavery cause in America. It is a grand proof, he thought, of the power of a just cause to uplift and inspire those who adhere to it, that the movement against slavery, beginning with a few ordinary men, whom it made eloquent and strong, at length gathered to it men of learning and genius.

I was very much interested to observe in Mr. Mill the tendency to follow things to their roots, archæologically, as well as philosophically. Thus he traced much of the conservative habit of mind in France and England to the ancestor-worship of the East.

The worship of ancestors preserves its greatest strength in China, and there conservatism attains its maximum. To copy the beliefs, the habits of one's grandfather is natural to one who believes his grandfather is jealously watching him near by, and, what is more, that the old gentleman, as dogmatic as ever, is in a position to punish and reward. But few recognize how powerful the same sentiment still is in Europe. During his residence at Avignon he had been amazed to see how completely even elderly people are often tyrannized over by their aged parents. The majority of French people, even after they have families of their own, never think of doing any thing opposed by their parents. The French law gives the parent power to control his sons or daughters in many most important matters—marriage, for instance—long after majority. In England ancestor-worship is mitigated, but not dead. In many families political and religious opinions are as hereditary as their estates. And in our endowed schools and institutions the present generation is directed and educated by men who, should they return from the grave, would not recognize the country, except for the anachronisms preserved about their own bequests.

In speaking of M. Comte, of whom he was one of the earliest students in England, and to support whom he contributed, with Mr. Grote and others, Mr. Mill expressed a deep sense of the importance of that philosopher's contributions to modern thought, and at the same time radical disagreement with many of his views. He valued highly his generalization concerning the three stages of thought through which phenomena—Theological, Metaphysical, and Scientific—passed, but could not agree with the classification of sciences into higher and lower. No man could say that any kind of knowledge is relatively lower than another, or what mighty results may spring from the seemingly insignificant discovery. The pebble which a geologist may hunt for week after week, the petty insect,

may be the needed link in the chain of knowledge, and may revolutionize thought. So that Browning's friend who

"wears out his eyes,
Slighting the stupid joys of sense,
In patient hope that, ten years hence,
'Somewhat completer,' he may say,
'My list of coleoptera,'"

may really prove a greater help to mankind than the most eminent sociologist. With regard to M. Comte's religious views, Mr. Mill partially anticipated Professor Huxley's description of them, as "Catholicism *minus* Christianity," by remarking that the form which his (M. Comte's) religious ideas had taken show how powerful the influence of Catholicism still is over the most advanced French thought. M. Comte knew nothing of the various forms of Protestant organization, else what bears so striking a resemblance to the Catholic organization might have resembled the Presbyterian or some other less rigid and centralized system. The most radical defect, however, which he found in M. Comte's philosophy was, if I remember, his conventional view of the right position and education of woman. It was plain to me that Mr. Mill's hope for the future of society is primarily connected with his expectation of a fuller infusion of the feminine nature into it; and that he thinks there is a growing perception that our unmitigatedly male civilization is becoming dreary and fruitless. It has done its stem-work, but the tree now requires something finer than tough fibre. Soldiering is no longer the chief end of man. We are all thinking of some new departure for society, and what is left to be tried but the educated woman power?

But I must not forget that my Mecca is not Blackheath Park just now, but Canterbury. Yet we must in each age be allowed our own Meccas. Are there not a little off the high-road to Canterbury the Druidical remains near Rochester, and "Kit's Coty House"—a grand solitary cromlech almost as mysterious as the sphinx—where pilgrims made their way a thousand years before Canterbury ever heard a Christian chant? Our age worships thought, and finds its healing shrines at Concord, Faringford, Chelsea, Blackheath Park, and the like. Nay, the brightest light about Canterbury at this day is that which it has borrowed from its poet-pilgrim; and when Dean Stanley was transferred from the old see to Westminster Abbey, he placed a memorial stained window in the latter which had nothing to do with the saints, but is called "The Chaucer Window." And a noble monument it is too, if the reader will allow me to make one pause more, before proceeding on our pilgrimage to Canterbury, to say a word concerning this last ornament of the old Abbey. The window is placed immediately over the tomb where Chaucer's dust reposes. It was designed by Waller, and executed by Baillie and Mayer, last year, in London, and shows that work of that kind can be as well done here as

on the Continent. At the base are pictures of the pilgrims setting out from London, and their arrival at Canterbury. Above are two medallions, representing Chaucer receiving his commission in 1372, from Edward III., to the Doge of Genoa, and his reception by the latter. At the apex is represented, allegorically, as two ladies, one in white the other in green, "The Floure and the Leafe." "As they which honour the Flower, a thing fading with every blast, are such as look for beauty and worldly pleasure; but they that honour the Leaf, which abideth with the root, notwithstanding the winter storms, are they which follow virtue and during qualities, without regard to worldly respects." In the spandrels and traceries are heraldries, and portraits of Edward III., and Philippa, Gower, and John of Gaunt, Wycliffe and Strode—Chaucer's contemporaries. They are fringed with the arms of England, France, Hainault, Lancaster, Castile, and Leon. At the bottom is written "Geoffrey Chaucer, died A.D. 1400," and beneath all four lines from the "Balaide of gode Counsaile:"

"Flee fro the press, and dwell with soth fastnesse,
Suffise unto thy gode though it be small;"

* * * * *

"That thee is sent receyve in buxomnesse;
The wrastling for this world asketh a fall."

There is a still, religious light about the window, which may well denote the quiet beauty with which the sacred stream of thought flows ever through the ages, shining above the mouldering monuments of kings, luminous after their strifes and ambitions are forgotten. Little did King Edward III. dream that in the end he might be chiefly remembered as the monarch who recognized Chaucer!

As we stand beneath the poetic arches which vault above the tombs of the poets of whose dust Westminster Abbey is the shrine, they must stiffen a little, and the tombs must wax fewer and blacker, ere the view dissolves into Canterbury Cathedral. Arriving in that ancient city—it is only a town, but a cathedral makes a "city" in England—we would like to put up at the old inn where Chaucer's pilgrims stopped; but alas it was burned a few years ago, and only a bit of the wall has been preserved in the smart new dry-goods shop which is its phenix. So we stop at the Fountain Inn, which has long been a favorite hostelry. There is a tradition that there was once a fountain somewhere about it; of course it dried up when the Catholic archbishop left. Hastening to see the Cathedral one will pause before an old gate, once splendid, now decaying, from which the statues have fallen away (even the English climate is hostile to images). The most discoverable thing on the gate is a big papal tiara, now split in two. Passing beneath the arch, a sudden splendor breaks upon the eye. It were, indeed, hard to find the match of Canterbury Cathedral, as to its exterior, though its interior is somewhat cold. More especially is that grand central tower, which seemed to Erasmus a pil-



THE UNDERCROFT.

lar of cloud, guiding pilgrims for many miles around, impressive. A tower of defense for one age, it stood as a tower of vision in another; but it is now only a huge monument of dead conflicts and faded visions, for, on trying to get to the top of it, I was told that the steps had long been too rickety, and no one had gained any outlook from it these many years. I could not help remembering that its present dean has discovered that it is even harder to get any grand moral outlooks from cathedrals than physical ones from their towers.

I had arrived the day before the great event, the coronation of a new archbishop. It had been for some time understood that the occasion was to be accompanied with greater solemnity and effect than had been witnessed there for some centuries. The pressure for tickets had been so great that Dean Alford was reported to have telegraphed for lodgings in Bedlam. There is no doubt that, though a kindlier man never lived, he made several thousand enemies by his inability to enlarge the capacity of the Cathedral. On this previous day all was astir. Little processions of clergymen in shining black cloth and snowy cravats were continually passing and repassing; and the various endowed schools were being drilled for the part they were to take in the great procession next day. In one quarter were heard the sharp reproofs of the master—"I must insist, etc. Some of you show an utter contempt, etc. I must have no mistakes to-morrow!" In the choir the leader was drilling the little choristers in the most thorough way. "You must sing it more *crisp*—

'Proved thee — and — saw — thy works.' Then again, in 'To whom I swear in my wrath' — there positively *must* be more emphasis on *sware*." It was really very remarkable to listen to these little fellows — the oldest of them could not have been more than twelve — as they sang with accuracy and feeling the grand music of Handel, and even the subtle and complex compositions of Spohr. Whether there be at Canterbury the counterpart of the Sacred Rod preserved at Rome, which Pope Gregory used to apply to his choristers, I know not; but they are severely drilled.

The inside of the Cathedral is in the shape of a large coffin.

About half the interior is new. The finest fresco decorations in it were painted by a woman, a Mrs. Austin, who worked on it while her son, the present architect, was putting up some of the stained windows. Some of the slender pillars which were renewed a few years ago were stained over with a dark oil, so as to make them look like the old pillars. This oil was also put on the ancient pillars to preserve uniformity; but the effect has been to polish the old and blacken the new, so that now the real look sham, and the sham real. The tombs in the new part are generally execrable mementoes of obscure personages. A fair sample of them is that of one Jacob Hales, once English Ambassador to Portugal, who died at sea, and was thrown over in his armor, as he requested. The tomb has a portrait of Hales, a painted picture of his being let down over the side of the ship, and another painting of his residence and estate in the neighborhood of Canterbury!

Wishing to begin at the root of that which, leaf after leaf — under seasons which were centuries — unfolded to the oldest and most historical architectural flower of Christian England, I went into the crypt or undercroft, and there passed the morning. A few steps taken, an old wooden door opened; and I passed from the realm of Dr. Tait and the nineteenth, to that of Ernulf and the eleventh century. This crypt, meant to imitate the catacombs of Rome, is one of the five eastern crypts in England founded before A.D. 1085 — the others being Winchester, Gloucester, Rochester, and Worcester. In

these old crypts one may spell out letter after letter not only of the periods when they were built, but of pre-historic ages. Left alone for hours in this cold and dismal cavern, it gradually became haunted as with rank after rank of ancient gods and saints, who seemed to pass forever by. Of that procession I was to see the latest detachment accompanying the new archbishop next day.

I can not help forgiving some of the timidity and servility which enter so largely into what we call conservatism, for the sake of the important service it has done in preserving the traces of the continuity of human development. Canterbury can be traced back for nearly a thousand years before the birth of Christ. It was the *Durwhern*, or "place of the swift stream," which *Ludhudibras* founded, the *Durovernum* of the Romans, the *Cantwara-byrg* (borough of Kent) of the Saxons. During that time it has passed from religion to religion; its cathedral, after it got one, has been burned, wasted, renovated, again and again; yet each generation that superseded an older altar borrowed something from it, until, when Christianity came, it found rudely traced records of every deity which had been ever worshiped there. At this point, indeed, it was not due chiefly to conservatism that the footprints of pagan deities managed to get upon the temple of the new faith. That they are represented here at all—albeit in hideous forms—is due rather to controversial exigencies. The earliest Christian missionaries, preaching that the British deities were devils, brought Southern art to their aid in representing them as such. *Odin*, *Thor*, *Baldur*, and the rest were nowise inferior to the gods of Greece in the dignity and beauty ascribed to them; but the plan of the Christian in superseding them was to carve and paint them in horrible caricature on some inferior part of a church, so that they might suffer by contrast with the beautiful forms and faces of the Christ, *Madonna*, and saints, to whom they wished to allure the populace. But, having once got their foothold thus on Christian architecture, it was due to religious conservatism that the traces of them were preserved. Each new architect, each renovator, jealously copied what he found on the original walls. No matter how ugly or grotesque, if a figure was on the first little church, it must be copied, perhaps with some emendations, on every stone petal as it unfolded to the cathedral. And thus it is that I am able here to decipher, in their degraded forms, the once noble divinities of these islands, each bearing, no doubt—though not easily discoverable—some trace of what it was genuinely associated with in the minds of its sincere worshipers. They are carved on the capitals of the low columns, which are about six feet in height. One is a winged ram fiddling, which *Max Müller* would no doubt trace back to *Aries* in the zodiac, and *Lyra* among the constellations. A goat—the animal which drew the car of *Thor*—and a wolf are playing on a trombone; they are

Odinistic, and their musical instruments come all the way from the pipe of *Pan*. A goat rides on a cock, which had so long given its entrails for the inspection of soothsayers that not even its Christian service in awakening *St. Peter* to repentance could save it from disgrace as a pagan bird. A nondescript winged animal, which might be a malformed sphinx, plays on a harp. A man with ass's ears has his hands gnawed by two wolfish animals—an admonition, no doubt, of how *Odin's* two pet wolves would serve those who venerated their master. Two frightful predatory birds, which might be caricatures of the same deity's owls or ravens, are also found, with a leopard beneath them. A hideous man, with long serpent tail, holds up a bag in one hand and a bowl in the other. A huge sphinx-like monster, winged, with wide, brutal mouth, head humanized, but with sinuous, or almost serpentine horns, holds a fish in human hands. Another head, with some qualities of humanity, has ass's ears, tongue lolling out, and tusks which branch out into foliations. A similar architectural conceit is shown in a lion whose tail branches to a stem bearing two *fleurs-de-lis*; and in a picture of a man struggling with some beast, both man and beast having tails which harmoniously blend to make the scrolls of the capital. There are no figures of serpents, which confirms *Mr. Ferguson's* opinion that serpent-worship never existed in any of the British Islands, except, perhaps, Scotland; but the dragon (winged) appears several times. One curious sculpture represents a warrior mounted on a queer feathered horse—as near as I could make the beast out by light of a torch, which dispelled the darkness imperfectly—with a still more nondescript animal beneath, kissing, or else biting, the warrior's toe. It suggested at least a rude version of *St. George* and the Dragon.

This work in the undercroft, though the most ancient, has outlived several architectural stratifications of a more recent date. In 1571 *Elizabeth* gave up the crypt to French refugees from *Alva*, who here wove silk and had their own pastor. It is marked all over with texts in French, left by those "gentle and profitable strangers." Recent repairs have brought down heaps of the old ornaments of the Cathedral, making a strange *débris* strewn along one side of the crypt. I hardly knew whether to moralize or laugh while fumbling among this saintly rubbish. Some saints or kings had contributed only their two feet, broken short off at the ankle; a crook, with a hand holding it, was all that remained of what may have been the Pope himself. From beneath the round stomach which was all that remained of a friar, who possibly paid too much attention to it while living, peered the two stony eyes of a nun, or fair-saint, as if their curiosity alone survived the wreck wrought by time. Scores of these fragments of the limbs and features of saintly parties lay in this strange medley; and, if they can now look down upon the fallen estate of



DEVICE ON ARCHBISHOP
MORTON'S TOMB.

bishop Morton's tomb and rebus—a *mort* (hawk) and a tun.

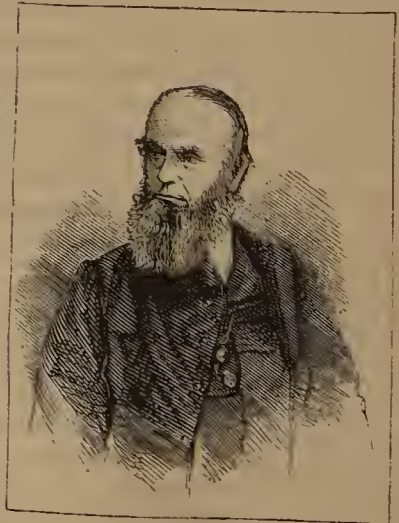
Few, however, obeyed the summons. There were at least thirty persons present belonging to the Cathedral, about one-half being choristers. Four clergymen participated in the readings and prayers. There was no sermon. Yet even the presence of strangers had not swelled the audience to the number of those officiating! Among these sat Dean Alford, with his clear, frank eye, taking in for the thousandth time that anomaly which he has so powerfully exposed, that the immense revenues of English cathedrals should be keeping about each of them a small regiment of clergymen and clerks, to read and intone before a dozen or two wealthy ladies! Dean Alford is a handsome man, with a tall and shapely figure, surmounted by a good head and face. His grayish hair and beard—he is nearly sixty—are the frame of a face full of genial humor, and with that freshness with which so many English students and literary men in England seem embalmed. Shakspeare could never use the expression, "Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," were he living among the present fraternity of English thinkers. The Dean of Canterbury has such a modern look and such a youthful step, he so simply uses everyday words and tones, without cant, that one almost suspects him to have been accidentally entangled in his vestments as he came in at the door. His voice is particularly pleasant; and, being a Cambridge man, he is happily without that Oxonian drone, of which no graduate of the older university is free. The dean looks the poet far more than the ecclesiastic; and, seeing him, one thinks rather of his "School of the Heart, and Other Poems," or "The Poets of Greece," than of the sermons which he has issued since Palmerston, in 1857, transformed the eloquent preacher of Quebec Street Chapel into the Dean of Canterbury.

Rightly to see the Cathedral, one must have both the physical and the historical perspective; and to get these, the approach must not be from London, but from the Isle of Thanet, away by the sea, where Augustine first landed at the close of the sixth century. The first

the statues once raised to honorable niches, they must have vivid impressions of the evanescent character of even ecclesiastical homage. Heaving a sigh, as I slipped a saint's toe in my pocket, I left the crypt to attend the noon service above, to which the bells were calling, in tones more peremptory than sweet. On my way, however, I paused to note Arch-

preacher of Christianity in Britain was Alban, who came hither in the third century. He was an enthusiast who knew nothing about compromises. He said to the pagans: "All those whom you worship are not deities, but devils; and they who worship them will burn in everlasting fire." It is no marvel that a people who sometimes sacrificed their own children to their gods felt no hesitation in sacrificing Alban. So he perished, and became a saint. But Augustine had no disposition to be canonized by the like ugly process. When he first set foot on the Isle of Thanet—on St. Mildred's rock, where the miraculous impression of his footmark disappeared only at the Reformation—he met Ethelbert, who, though a Saxon pagan, had been conciliated to Christianity by his French queen, Bertha, "under an oak that grew in the middle of the island, which all the German pagans held in the highest veneration."

All Augustine's first meetings with the British were held under the same kind of holy tree. After the interview, in which Ethelbert declared that, though he would adhere to his religion, he would permit theirs, Augustine marched up to Canterbury, the Saxon capital, with his procession of priests and choristers, singing all the way a Gregorian chant. Ethelbert placed them in "Stable-gate," by an old heathen temple where his servants worshiped—the site in the present of St. Alfege's Church. After they had staid there for some time, he admitted them to hold their services in the temple, which, under the name it now bears—St. Martin's—became the first Christian church in the kingdom. The spirit of Bertha is in its name—that of the saint of Tours, of whom she would have heard most in France—and her reputed tomb is also in it, though the visitors to the coronation who asked to see it found it utilized as a stove! In this little church Ethelbert is said to have been baptized, and the reputed font—modern, but possibly a monumental imitation of the original—is shown. The present St. Martin's Church is very ancient, and, on a



DEAN ALFORD.

pagan foundation, contains some of the Roman bricks of Bertha's Chapel in its walls. When Ethelbert was baptized his people were also, and there were great rejoicings at Rome. Augustine was so delighted that the Pope had to admonish him to humility. And, sooth to say, it seems Alban was the better man. My objection to Augustine, as a man, is not—not mainly, that is—because when the people of Stroud humorously fastened a fish-tail to his back he cursed them so that the population were ever afterward born with fish tails, but, rather, that he instigated the massacre of an older remnant of British Christians in Wales, because they were not ready to worship the Pope. But as to his apostolic services in Britain there will be various opinions. While the Pope was congratulating himself at Rome that the Gospel was being embraced by the heathen in Britain, the fact was that Augustine was managing to give a Christian veneering to the pagan divinities, which his baptized converts continued to worship. The cross was indebted for whatever homage it received to the sacred tree near which it was always planted, and the abbey to the wishing-well, whose magic power it rather sanctified than destroyed. The songs and dances once performed in honor of Odin and Nornir continued as the adoration of Romish saints. This compliance with paganism, on the much-abused "all things to all men" principle of Paul, had long been the practice of the Church in Egypt, where Coptic saints and Egyptian gods are to this day mixed in strange confusion; and in Greece, where the Parthenon and Temple of Theseus preserve more of the old Greek religion than the antique marbles; but in Rome the practice had been less compromising—the consecration of the Pantheon to all saints being almost the only instance. The Protestant world has been scandalized at hearing of Jesuits costumed in the East as Buddhist priests; but they of England who worship in Walsingham Church, or St. Paul's, or York, or Canterbury cathedrals, or in Westminster Abbey itself, kneel in Christian temples that never could have been built but for the degree to which they originally enshrined the hallowed forms of heathen deities. As we stand on the hill where St. Martin's now stands, overlooking a landscape sacred with the landmarks of Christian history, we are but doing what the worshiper of Odin did before us. The old arch and wall which first strike the eye—now called St. Pancras's Abbey—were once the chief temple of the Saxon deities, embosomed in a grove of sacred oaks. Augustine dedicated it to the boy-martyr, St. Pancrasius. Three miles off one sees the holy spot still called Hermansale, which was once Hermansale, "the pillars of Herman," whose relation to German mythology Grimm has pointed out (*Deutsche Mythologie*, i. 9). And in the great Cathedral over there—the first-fruit of the union of Church and State in Britain—there is to be seen a point from which the shrine has been re-

moved, like other shrines; but, although there is evidence that it was far more resorted to than any other in the Cathedral, Drs. Stanley, Alford, Robertson, and others, have vainly tried to discover any Christian saint with whom it can be associated. To this I shall have to allude again by-and-by; at present it is sufficient to remark, that it is more than likely that, even after the building of the later Cathedral, the common people were still indulged with the worship in it of some being unknown to the Catholic calendar. So, also, the Saxon festivals were retained, and the names of the days of the week, each that of some British deity.

Archæology finds the pre-historic past surviving among us in many ways. First of all in our words (*e. g.*, the names of the days); next in our architecture (*e. g.*, the orientation of churches, insisted upon by Vitruvius, a relic of sun-worship); then in our customs. Our games, particularly those of chance, are traceable to ancient religions; and among many tribes of savages dice are still used for divination. Gipsies still put cards to their primitive use of fortune-telling. But perhaps the most curious instance of this kind of survival is modern Spiritualism. Dr. Bastian, of Berlin, has lately shown how the very forms and tricks of Spiritualism have been known in the most ancient times. "Planchette" has been for ages a familiar instrument among the Chinese for receiving communications from their ancestors, who are to Confucians almost the only gods. The tyings and untyings in cabinets were centuries ago familiar to the Tartars and Ojibbeways of America. A distinguished biologist of London recently designated Mr. Home as "a Tartar in evening dress." But I find him more related to the ancient Celt. Thus, among the ancient Celts, great spiritual elevation was held to be frequently attended with physical elevation, and Mr. Home's latest feat is soaring in the air. From the earliest worshipers of Britain the idea passed into the Christian Church. Thus we read that Richard, one of the early archbishops of Canterbury, was surprised by a monk when floating in the air. Indeed it were easy to match most of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism from the records of this one city. Once a friar, who neglected to take proper care of the tomb of Ethelbert, was visited by a spirit, clothed in light, who admonished him, and retired. As for the spirit-raps, they were well known in the time of the witches, since when they have been repeatedly imitated by prisoners, who have used them to communicate from cell to cell—one rap meaning A; two, B; and peculiar noises agreed upon as signs for "Yes" and "No." Undoubtedly many of the ancient observances have come down to us through the alliance of the Church with the religions it found already in occupation.

But, to return to Canterbury, whatever may be thought of the moral and religious results of this compliant plan of Gregory and Augustine, over which Dean Stanley has charitably thrown



ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, AND VIEW.

the mantle of John Wesley's saying, that "the devil ought not to have the best tunes," there can be no question as to the vast historical importance of the events traceable on the landscape stretching out from the point of view we have taken. "Let any one," says Stanley, "sit on the hill of the little Church of St. Martin, and look on the view that is there spread before his eyes. Immediately below are the towers of the great Abbey of St. Augustine, where Christian learning and civilization first struck root in Britain; and within which now, after a lapse of many centuries, a new institution has arisen, intended to carry far and wide, to countries of which Gregory and Augustine never heard, the blessings which they gave to us. Carry your view on, and there rises, high above all, the magnificent pile of our Cathedral (equal in splendor and state to even the noblest temple or church that Augustine could have seen in Rome), rising on the very ground which derives its consecration from him. And still more than the grandeur of the outward buildings that rose from the little church of Augustine and the little palace of Ethelbert have been the institutions of all kinds, of which these were the earliest cradle. From Canterbury, the first English Christian city—from Kent, the first English Christian kingdom—has, by degrees, arisen the whole constitution of Church and State in England, which now binds together the whole British empire. And from the Christianity here established in England has flowed, by direct consequence, first, the Christianity of Germany; then, after a long interval, of North America; and lastly, we may trust, of all India and all Australasia. The view from St. Martin's is, indeed, one of the most inspiring that can be

found in the world; there is none to which I would more willingly take any one who doubted whether a small beginning could lead to a great and lasting good—none which carries us more vividly back into the past, or more hopefully forward to the future."

We have thus approached our Cathedral from the right historical and artistic direction; and, on entering it, our first interest will be to search out the sites of the old shrines. In these days, when fine churches are built merely for show, when so many spires rise simply to beat other spires in the skyward race, it is important that we should realize that this ambition was the least element which contributed to the ancient cathedrals. Their grandeur and beauty were but incidental to other purposes. The reader who accompanied me on a visit to Christchurch, in Hampshire, will remember that we found preserved in the stone carvings of its Norman part the tiles and lattice-work which bear us back to the days when the cathedral was but the more commodious common cottage, to which the peasants gathered from similar, but smaller cottages, in which they could not afford to keep private chapels and chaplains like the gentry in their castles. Beginning with that for a seed, we may trace the growth of a cathedral as we would that of a plant. Here, for example, Augustine receives from the Saxon king a piece of ground on which to build a Christian church. It must, in the first place, be large enough to hold all the people he wishes to convert. But, though larger than the surrounding houses and the pagan temple (a larger Saxon house simply), it must not be unlike them, for the people would be repelled by any unfamiliar structure. So Roman architecture can not yet be imported.

Yet it must be, on the other hand, somewhat more beautiful than the pagan temples, in order to attract—a strictly utilitarian purpose, observe. The higher tower will catch the eye of more people, and those further off, than those of the Saxon temples, and so it is built higher than the rest. Thus far we have simply a larger Saxon house. After considerable preaching, Christianity has made such headway that an image of Christ may be introduced; next the Madonna; and in succession the saints. As fast as the people will tolerate them they ascend to niches inside or outside, not at all for decorative, but for strictly religious purposes. Presently they will appear in stained windows, for the barbarians love color, and they will be made beautiful, in order to excite homage. Emboldened at last the new religion will venture to humiliate the too-pleasantly remembered deities opposed to it by carving grotesque representations of them. Thus we have the germ of the cathedral. It requires now only to expand. Two causes will bring this about. The increase of population and of worshipers will render it necessary to add wings and extend the length. But a still more potent influence to expand the Saxon house to a huge cathedral will be that, as it goes on from age to age, necessarily through periods of invasion and convulsion, the house will gradually gather about it important historical events. Startling events, martyrdoms, and the like, will happen; and these, in an age that knows neither printing nor history, will be traced upon the stones. Memorials will gather to it in the shape of tombs and shrines. So the building must have room, not only for the people, but for altars, tombs, and shrines. Nay, these shrines, being supposed to have miraculous virtues, will attract thousands of pilgrims from a distance. For a long time it will be crowded by these; but under many seasons the stone will crumble, or perhaps a fire will occur, and thus will be furnished the opportunities of repeated enlargement—the original form, however, being preserved, as the old names of business firms are preserved long after those who bore them are dead, since with the old sign goes “the good-will of the establishment.” Thus we find the theme of Emerson’s “Problem” ever confirmed—

“These temples grew as grows the grass.”

We have but to add dates and names to the above general statements to have before us the particular history of Canterbury Cathedral. On its site stood a British or Roman church, built by King Lucius. Augustine pulled this down, and built a more commodious temple. It was repaired and enlarged by Archbishop Odo (A.D. 942–959); sacked by the Danes, and its monks massacred (1011); burned in the times of the Conquest (1067); reconstructed by Lanfranc, first archbishop after the Conquest (1070–1089); greatly enlarged by Anselm (1093–1109); chancel and choir built by Prior Conrad and dedicated (1130); choir

burned* (1174); completed again (1184); new nave and transepts added (1410); central tower built† (1495); and from that time to this, frequent renewals and additions.

The reader must bear in mind the reason why the prelacy of England is represented by the see of little Canterbury, rather than that of London; there, through the influence of Bertha, Christianity was recognized by the Saxons, at a time when it could not have been preached in London. The same will explain why it became an object of pride to the Catholic world in the South. At that day the mania for relics, each of which was regarded as having potency, was raging every where, and the bodies and bones of saints began to gather toward Canterbury. The body of St. Blaize, purchased for a large sum at Rome, was enshrined in the Saxon church. Then there were the heads of Saints Swithin, Furseus, Orun, and Bartholomew. But ere long Canterbury had no reason to look abroad for holy bodies. Saints Alphege and Wilfrid, martyred by Danes and Northmen, fell at its doors; and finally within its hallowed walls Thomas à Becket was assassinated, thereby becoming the greatest saint after Peter himself.

The legend that, after the Romans and Huns had fought until all bit the dust, their spirits kept up a spectral war in the air over the battle-field, is a literal truth when told of the ecclesiastical conflicts raging in England. In a spectral way the conflicts which marked the reigns of the Henrys and of Queen Elizabeth are still going on. The fight which was recently in progress between the relative authority of the Crown and the Convocation, apropos of Colenso—and whether that heretic, with the Queen’s appointment as Bishop of Natal, is superior in authority to Dr. Macrorie, whom the Church has consecrated to grapple with him—was really the struggle between Henry II. and Thomas à Becket revisiting the glimpses of the nineteenth century. Becket has from the day he fell been the gauge, the counter, the barometer, of English Church history. With admirable art, Browning, in his last poem, describes the old Pope reflecting on how the poor body of one of his predecessors, who had given a certain decision, went through all the vicissitudes of the doctrine of papal infallibility. As one party prevails, the Pope’s body is buried in pomp; as the other, it is pitched into the river. So since his death Becket has been enshrined, his shrine has been devastated, he has been canonized, he has been royally excommunicated, as this or that party has come into

* “Whereat,” says Gervase, who witnessed the fire, “the people were astonished that the Almighty should suffer such things, and, maddened with excess of grief and perplexity, they tore their hair, and beat the walls and pavement of the church with their hands and heads, blaspheming the Lord, and His saints, the patrons of His Church.”

† “Tanta majestate sese erigit in cœlum,” says Erasmus, “ut procul etiam intuentibus religioem iucutiat.”



THE PENANCE OF HENRY II.

power. One who reads the Church papers of London will see that his bones are not even yet permitted to rest; for though the supremacy of the secular arm over the Church is English law, it is still furiously denounced by High-Churchmen as "the Erastian Heresy." But any one who is scandalized by the acrimony of the Colenso discussion has only to read the history of the battle for ecclesiastical supremacy as it occurred in the days when the real English throne was that old stone chair, on which the Archbishop of Canterbury is still enthroned, to know that the controversy is now but a ghost. In those days we find archbishops sitting in each others' laps, in their competition for the chief seat on state occasions, and even coming to fisticuffs. The archbishops of York and Canterbury, Richard and Roger, had, in 1176, a regular mill in Westminster Abbey. The test between the King and Becket were the immunity of the clergy from secular jurisdiction, claimed by the latter, and the supremacy of the see of Canterbury over that of York. There are twenty-nine histories of the affair, and so I need not go into it. We all know that it ended in the King sending his knights to Canterbury, who, after an angry interview with the unyielding archbishop, slew him. The spot where he fell—as, after turning his back on the one staircase by which he might have escaped, he tried to reach his episcopal throne—has been made out certainly by Dean Stanley. It is marked

only by a square piece cut out of the pavement, probably as a relic. "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," was his dying sigh. The monks watched with his body during the night, fearing further indignities would be offered it. Beneath his splendid canonicals was found the monk's habit, and haircloth next his skin.

Swiftly did the resurrection of Becket as a saint follow his martyrdom. An *aurora borealis* shot athwart the sky the same night, convincing the people that the martyr's soul had ascended to heaven in a glory like that of Elijah. The monks who had watched through the night reported that the dead man's arm had been lifted in the gray of the morning and signed the sign of the cross. But such stories were not needed to kindle the superstitious enthusiasm of the people, who were already dipping their garments in the blood that lay fresh on the floor. The assassination sent a thrill of horror through Christendom unparalleled in history. Henry II. was pictured in churches suffering the torments of hell. The poor King's superstitious fears were awakened by the anathemas heaped upon him; and when

his armies in Scotland began to suffer defeat, his spirit gave way, and he resolved to appease the spirit of Becket. He came from Rouen to Southampton in midsummer, and straightway set out on his pilgrimage across the Surrey hills to Canterbury. Barefoot, clad only in a woollen shirt, he passed through the streets until he reached the Cathedral. Pausing only to kiss the stone stained by Becket's blood, he entered the crypt where the tomb was, and there knelt to receive three strokes with a rod from each of the eighty monks assembled. (The accompanying picture is from an old painting which hung in the cathedral until late in the last century.) Having bestowed forty marks yearly to keep lamps burning around the tomb, he fasted all night, and repaired to London, where he was laid up with a fever. Saturday after, his victory in Scotland occurred. Into his bedroom, the fever yet upon him, a messenger came with the tidings, and the King leaped up to offer thanks to the propitiated "St. Thomas."

Thenceforth he became more widely known than any other saint. There were churches dedicated to him in Rome, Lyons, even in Syria. His relics are still kept in the Basilica of St. Maria Maggiore, beside the cradle of the Holy Babe. A tooth is treasured at Verona, an arm at Florence, two arms at Lisbon—indeed, if all his arms shown on the Continent are genuine, he must have been Briareus. His skulls are hardly less numerous. Drops of his blood, pieces of his vestments, his cup, knife, and

boots, are scattered through England. It is not to be wondered at that Canterbury, so baptized with saintly blood, became the great centre of English Christianity, and that Becket's body was raised from the crypt where it had been at first laid to be removed to a shrine, whose splendor illuminated the body of the Cathedral and became the celebrity of the world. Four years after the martyrdom the choir was burned. This, probably, was the reason that the shrine was not made until 1220. Never was before any thing so magnificent as the "Festival of the Translation of St. Thomas." Pilgrims swarmed from all parts of the world. Proven-der for horses was provided gratis all the way from London to Canterbury, where wine also was freely provided for all. The greatest prelates and noblemen of the world, and even several foreign princes, were in the procession, which, headed by the boy king, Henry III., passed through the Cathedral, bearing the body to its shrine. Many of the wealthy had been proud to give precious stones and rings for the decoration of the shrine, which was one mass of splendor. Of these one was of especial splendor—the "Regale of France," the finest diamond or carbuncle in the world—"big as a hen's egg"—worn by Louis VII. of France, who, having hesitated to give so costly an offering, was naturally amazed to see the gem leap from his finger and fix itself in the shrine! A canopy concealed the whole on the day of the consecration; this was withdrawn at a signal, and the shrine appeared blazing with jewels on a ground of embossed gold—framed in gold-plated sides—before which the vast crowd dropped on their knees, at first overwhelmed with the glory, next eager to touch and be healed. The accompanying etching is a facsimile of a picture of the shrine in an old Cottonian MS., which was partially destroyed by fire in 1731.

It was not only to touch the shrine of St. Thomas, and be made whole, that the pilgrims from all parts of the country flocked to Canterbury; the old pagan belief in the potency of sacred wells, which had long been universal, was improved by the appearance of a well near the Cathedral, which was declared to have been formed by the dust and blood of the pavement where the martyr had perished being thrown on the spot. For two centuries this well was the marvel of the place, and its miracle-working waters were borne off in vast quantities in bottles. The vast number of booths and shops which lined the path to the cathedral-yard gave it the name of "Mercery Lane," which it still bears. Many old names and words may be traced back to the religious customs and conditions of medieval times. Philologists are divided as to whether "Canterbury" is derived from "Kent" or "Cant" (*i. e.*, the *chant* of pilgrims), and whether "to canter" did not originally describe the pace at which pilgrims on horseback approached the town. We know that the pilgrims to the *Saint Terre* gave us



ANCIENT ETCHING OF BECKET'S SHRINE.

the word "sauntering," and those to Rome gave us "roaming;" also that "tawdry" originally described the flimsy laces sold at the fair of "St. Audrey," or Etheldreda, patron saint of the Isle of Ely. Just before the Reformation the annual offerings at the shrine amounted to what would now be £4000.

Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the Archbishop of Canterbury became the supreme potentate of Great Britain. A curious instance of the awe in which he was held by even the first noblemen in the land I quote here, as marking the high-tide of ecclesiastical authority in England.

From Dugdale's "Baronage" we learn that, in 1352, an Earl of Kent, grandson of Edward I., died, and his widow, Elizabeth, inconsolable, assumed the veil; but meeting accidentally the accomplished Sir Eustace Dabrischescourt, she was "unable to withstand the impression his agreeable behaviour made upon her heart, and, notwithstanding her solemn vow, was clandestinely married to him, before sun-rising, on Michaelmas-day, by Sir John Ireland, a priest," without having obtained a license from the Archbishop of Canterbury; "for which grave transgression both she and her husband, being personally convened before the same archbishop, at his manor-house of Mayhfield, upon the 7th ides of April, the archbishop, for their penance, enjoined them that they should find a priest to celebrate divine service daily in the chapel of our Lady, within the church of Wingham (by reason that the marriage was unlawfully solemnized in that parish), for them, the said Sir Eustace and Elizabeth, and him, the said archbishop; and that the priest should, every day, say over the Seven Penitential Psalms, with the Litany, for them and all faithful Christians, as also Placebo and Dirige for all the faithful deceased; likewise, that every

morning, being risen from his bed, that he should say five paternosters and aves, kneeling, looking upon the wounds of the image on the crucifix, and as many every night, in like sort; moreover, that they, the said Sir Eustace and Elizabeth, should find another priest, continually residing with one of them, to celebrate divine service for them in the same manner as the priest at Wingham was to do, and to say the Seven Penitential Psalms, and the Fifteen Gradual Psalms, with the Litany, Placebo, and Dirige, and commendation of souls from the quick and the dead; and also appointed him, the said Sir Eustace, and her, that the next day, after certain nuptial familiarities, they should competently relieve six poor people, and both of them that day to abstain from some dish of flesh or fish whereof they did most desire to eat; and, lastly, that she, the said Elizabeth, should, once every year, go on foot to visit that glorious martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury, and once every week during her life take no other food but bread and drink, and a mess of pottage, wearing no smock, and especially in the absence of her husband."

From such a pinnacle of splendor and power was Henry VIII. to hurl the papal authority in England!

Those very pilgrimages to Canterbury—as one may gather from Chaucer himself—by the idleness and licentiousness they occasioned, paved the way for the Reformation. A Bishop of London—Simon of Sudbury—first cast a doubt upon the benefit of seeking the shrine (1370). The people execrate him, and eleven years after regard themselves as just avengers of St. Thomas when, under Wat Tyler, they drag him from the Tower, and behead him. A hundred and forty years later, the two first scholars of England—Colet and Erasmus—visit the shrine. Colet ventured to suggest that, if St. Thomas were still as devoted to the poor as when on earth, he would prefer a portion of the treasure on his shrine should go to their benefit now. All the wars of Cromwell were contained in the remark; and there is no wonder that the suave Erasmus had to pacify with some coins the scowling verger who exhibited the shrine. When the two were returning to London, an aged almsman by the way-side held up the "shoe of St. Thomas" for them to kiss. "What!" cried Colet; "do these asses expect us to kiss the shoes of all good men that ever have lived?" Erasmus must have found his irascible friend expensive. He again had to drop a pacific coin. But what of scholars? They have hardly gone home when Charles V. of France (fresh from Luther!) and Henry VIII. himself, and Wolsey, and the proudest nobles of Spain and England, are doing homage at the shrine, all unconscious that in a few short years one of their number was to sweep it all into a dust-hole! No earthquake could have shocked the people so much as what occurred in 1537. That year, on St. Thomas's Eve, Archbishop Cranmer "ate flesh and did sup with his family!" And

one world, at least, came to an end when, the following year, the King issued summons to the dead archbishop—"To thee, Thomas Becket, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury"—charging him with treason and rebellion. The summons was read before the shrine; thirty days were allowed for Becket to put in his appearance; and when, at the end of that time, he continued his contumacy, by failing to answer, the case was formally tried at Westminster, the dead man condemned, his bones ordered to be burned, and his shrine devastated. The jewels, however, were carefully picked out and carried away, in two coffers, by seven men. It took twenty-six carts to carry away the rest of the spoils—other shrines having been also devastated. The famous gem, the "Regale of France," already alluded to, was appropriated by the King for his thumb-ring, and the last trace of it was in the necklace of his daughter, Queen Mary. Every discoverable trace of the "blissful martyr" in the kingdom was destroyed—whether on heraldic devices or written records. Only in the stained windows did he remain. But all this had not occurred without a Thomas More ready to die for Becket.

What remains of that great shrine—itsself the regale of the Pope? A vacant space, fringed with the print of the knees of pilgrims, worn, in the course of generations, into the stone floor! The splendors of kings and archbishops have passed away; but the traces of the lowly worshipers survive, even as their reverence, which is not dead, but risen. I found nothing in Canterbury so impressive as these vestiges of the solemn march of humanity past its crumbling altars and shrines, in its endless search for that which "hath foundations" which shall endure. The knee-prints are thickest and deepest, as I have before said, about a spot concerning whose shrine or saint there is no record. As there would probably have been some trace about so popular a shrine if the image worshiped there had been a regular Catholic saint, there is good reason to believe that the figure represented to the converted pagans some alluring reminiscence of one of their former deities. From that shrine to that of St. Alfege, and on to those of St. Dunstan, St. Augustin, and, finally, that of Becket, the solemn pilgrimage of the human spirits may be followed, the few feet or yards between them representing centuries. Nay, though as we look back on the road the shrines may seem alike, and massed to one column of superstition, they were really mile-stones of faith, and signify the rising of successive ideas. Mingled now are pagan altars and Catholic shrines in common dust, but the devotion which knelt is not effaced. Thus there be high things that are laid low, while the humble are exalted. All that Augustine and Becket sought to perpetuate is lost; but the aspiration of the people is the victorious history of English and American freedom. So much is still attested by those marks of human devotion which alone remain to mark the spot consecrated "To an unknown God."

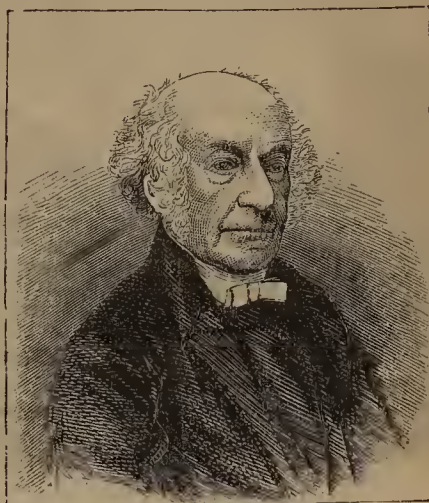


MOSAICS NEAR BECKET'S SHRINE.

There are some curious mosaics in the pavement around the spot where stood the shrine, among them some zodiacal signs. These relics of the old astronomical religion were probably laid at the saint's feet on the same principle which led the Greeks to preserve the serpent, which the first settlers of their peninsula—the Pelasgi—had worshiped as sacred to Athena, at whose feet it was at the same time represented in token of her supremacy. Along with the signs of the zodiac are some mosaics of the vices and virtues.

After the services in the choir were over, one of the canons took a gentleman among the tombs, and invited me to accompany them. The canon was an old man, with a face replete with *bonhomie* as well as intelligence. He wore a velvet skull-cap, a common method the officials in cathedrals have of preventing the veneration which forbids hats leading to influenza. I gradually recognized, by this kindly guide's scholarly knowledge of the place, that I was with a gen-

tleman of great ability, and was hardly surprised to find presently that he was the Venerable Canon Robertson, late Professor of Ecclesiastical History in King's College, and the author of the most learned biography of Becket ever written. He is not yet sixty years of age, and is more Scotch than his new archbishop. The presence of such men as Alford and Robertson at Canterbury is one of those significant facts which meet one at every turn in the exploration of English institutions, whether religious or other, to admonish us against the wholesale condemnation of them on their surface appearance.



THE VENERABLE CANON ROBERTSON.

MY MOCKING-BIRD.

Mocking-bird! mocking-bird! swinging high
 Aloft in your gilded cage,
 The clouds are hurrying over the sky,
 The wild winds fiercely rage.
 But soft and warm is the air you breathe
 Up there with the tremulous ivy wreath;
 And never an icy blast can chill
 The perfumed silence sweet and still.

Mocking-bird! mocking-bird! from your throat
 Breaks forth no flood of song,
 Nor even a perfect, golden note,
 Triumphant, glad, and strong!
 But now and then a pitiful wail,
 Like the plaintive sigh of the dying gale,
 Comes from that arching breast of thine,
 Swinging up there with the ivy vine.

Mocking-bird! mocking-bird! well I know
 Your heart is far away,
 Where the golden stars of the jasmine glow,
 And the roses bloom alway!
 For your cradle nest was softly made
 In the depth of a blossoming myrtle's shade;
 And you heard the chant of the southern seas,
 Borne inland by the favoring breeze.

But, ah, my beautiful mocking-bird!
 Should I hear you back again,
 Never would song of yours be heard
 Echoing through the glen.

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For once, ah! once, at the dawn of day,
 You waked to the roar of the deadly fray,
 When the terrible clash of armed foes
 Startled the vale from its dim repose!

At first you sat on a swaying bough,
 Mocking the bugle's blare,
 Fearless and free in the fervid glow
 Of the heated, sulphurous air.
 Your voice rang out like a trumpet's note,
 With a martial ring in its upward float,
 And stern men smiled, for you seemed to be
 Cheering them on to victory!

But at length, as the awful day wore on,
 You flew to a tree-top high,
 And sat like a spectre grim and wan,
 Outlined against the sky:
 Sat silently watching the fiery fray
 Till heaps upon heaps the Blue and Gray
 Lay together, a silent band,
 Whose souls had passed to the shadowy land.

Ah, my mocking-bird! swinging there
 Under the ivy vine,
 You still remember the bugle's blare,
 And the blood poured forth like wine!
 The soul of song in your gentle breast
 Died in that hour of fierce unrest,
 When, like a spectre grim and wan,
 You watched to see how the strife went on!

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.



STAGE EFFECTS OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

THREE different methods have been discovered in modern times for producing an artificial light rivaling in brilliancy and intensity that of the sun. Although the light developed by each of these means is exceedingly intense, its characters and qualities are not the same in all. In each of the several forms it produces peculiar effects, and is adapted to different purposes.

The first is called the *Electric Light*. It is produced by passing a powerful current of electricity across a break of continuity in a circuit—the break being formed by two points of charcoal, connected respectively with positive and negative poles, and brought to within a short distance of each other.

The second, which is known as the *Lime* or *Calcium Light*, and sometimes as the *Drummond Light*, is produced by projecting an oxyhydrogen flame upon a small piece of lime. The intense heat of the jet of flame raises the lime to so high a temperature that it becomes intensely luminous. There are very few substances that can stand this heat without being fused and vaporized. But lime is sufficiently refractory to endure it, and thus, when the flame is playing upon it, the particles remain unchanged and immovable at their post, and disseminate in every direction the intense and dazzling luminosity which is produced by, or which accompanies, so high a temperature.

The third is known as the *Magnesium Light*. It is produced by the combustion of a rod of

magnesium, one of the metals discovered in modern times. This metal has so very strong an affinity for oxygen, in union with which it forms the substance magnesia, that it is with the utmost difficulty that it can be separated from it and produced in a metallic state. And when it is thus separated, it recombines with it with so much intensity of action as to develop light possessing, even for photographic purposes, almost the power of the sun.

It is only with the first of these three, the *Electric Light*, that we have to do in this article.

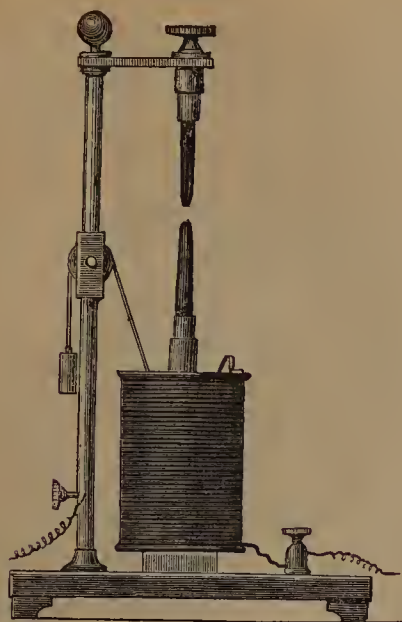
The forms and methods of arrangement of the apparatus employed for the development of the electric light are infinitely varied; but the essential things are in all cases the same.

1. There must be a battery, or other means, for inducing and maintaining a constant flow of electricity.

2. There must be wires or other conductors leading to the small charcoal cylinders on the termination of which the points are formed for the development of the light.

3. There must be an apparatus for moving one of the charcoal cylinders, as required, to keep the distance between the two points the same.

To accomplish this last object was for a long time a great difficulty. But without it—that is, without some method of keeping the break in the circuit always the same—the intensity of the light would, of course, constantly vary.



PRINCIPLE OF THE REGULATOR.

And it was necessary, moreover, that the movement should be automatic—that is, that the increasing distance between the points, as the extremities were gradually burned away, should *correct itself*—and not be dependent on a mechanism controlled by other means.

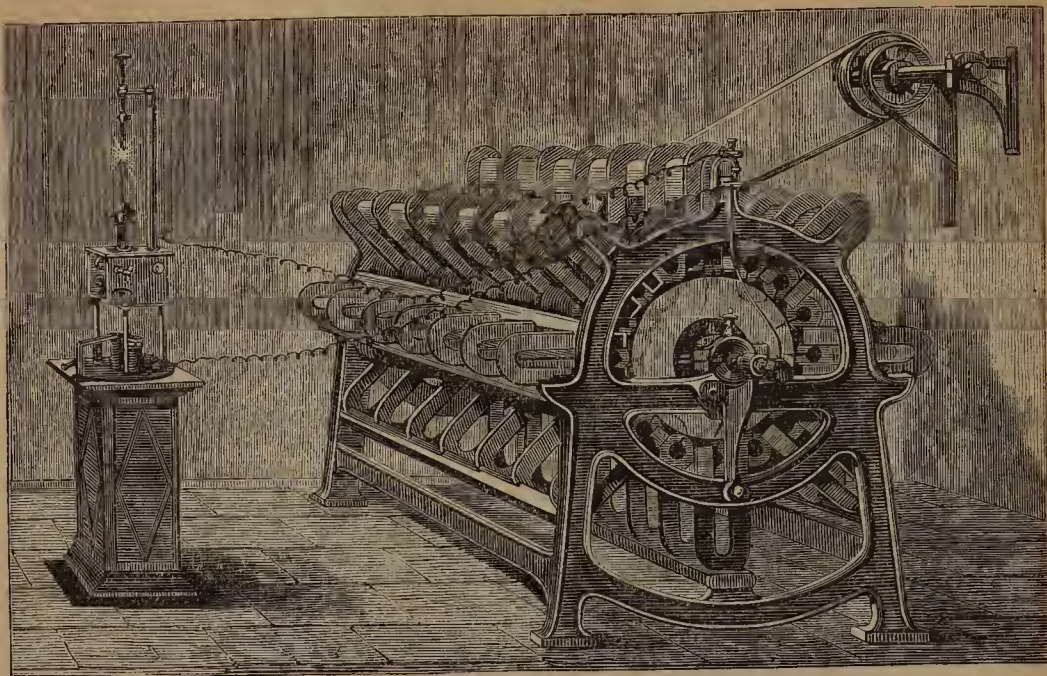
Difficult as it might seem to be to accomplish this end, the above engraving gives, in a simple form, an illustration of the possibility of doing it. The principle involved is that the nearer the charcoal points are to each other the more abundant is the flow of electricity across the interval. Now, the more abundant the flow of electricity along a conducting wire, the more powerful will be the magnetism which it will develop in an iron rod or bar which it is made to encompass. It is obvious that this gives us the power to regulate the distance between the points, by connecting one of them with an electro-magnet, and arranging the apparatus in such a manner that the narrowing of the interval shall increase the power of the electro-magnet, and thereby draw the point away, while increasing the interval shall weaken the magnet, and so allow the point to be brought up nearer by means of a counterpoise.

In the engraving we see the lower charcoal cylinder held in an iron tube, which is seen passing into an electro-magnetic coil near the base of the instrument. This tube plays freely up and down within the coil, being in equilibrium between the attractive force exerted by the coil and the weight passing over the pulley and acting as a counterpoise. The result of this arrangement is that, on an increase of the distance between the points, the magnetic force, which tends to draw the lower cylinder down, is diminished, and the counterpoise raises it up. But as soon as it approaches the upper point again, the flow of electricity is increased, the electro-magnet receives a fresh accession to its power, and the cylinder is drawn down again.

In describing this contrivance, inasmuch as we are obliged to speak of these two forces separately, and to describe the operation of each in its turn, the impression might easily be left on the mind of the reader that the result would be a series of oscillations, which would be any thing but indicative of steadiness in the light. But it is found in practice that these forces are so nicely balanced, and each follows so instantaneously in its action the least deviation in the conditions, that the result is a steadily main-



THE CHARCOAL POINTS—MAGNIFIED.



MAGNETO-ELECTRIC MACHINE.

tained equilibrium. In other words, the mechanism acts, practically, not in bringing the charcoal point back to its place when it gets out of it, but in preventing it from getting out of its place at all.

The regulators actually employed are much more complicated than this, but this illustrates the general principle of their action, in the most simple form.

The necessity for a constant regulation of the distance of the charcoal points arises from the fact that the action of the current causes a gradual consumption of the substance of the charcoal at the positive pole, occasioned partly by the combustion of it, and partly by the transmission of incandescent particles through the air to the negative pole. The engraving (p. 355) represents the appearance of the points after the process has been for some time continued. The luminous globules seen attached to the cones are the results of the fusion of earthy impurities contained in the charcoal. This gradual wasting of the points, especially of that connected with the positive pole, would gradually increase the distance between them, and so bring the process to an end, were it not for the action of the regulator.

To produce this light there must be a constant and powerful electric current, and to induce and sustain this requires the constant expenditure of *force* in some other form. In the case of an ordinary galvanic battery, the force is supplied by the consumption of the *zinc*; but, by means of a magneto-electric arrangement—that is, an arrangement for the development of electricity by means of a rapid succession of magnetic changes produced through the revolution of a series of electro-magnets within a system of permanent magnets—the force is supplied by

a steam-engine, or by the muscular power of a man; that is, by the consumption of the *coal* burned to drive the engine, or of the *food* digested in vital organs to supply the strength to the man. The light can be generated only by the expenditure of an equivalent force in some other form.

The above cut represents one of the forms of the magneto-electric machine, as constructed by a French company called The Alliance—a company established for the purpose of perfecting and manufacturing apparatus and machines of this character. It is only a general idea of its form, and of the principle on which it operates, that can be communicated by an engraving.

The principle on which it is constructed is this, that when a bar of iron changes its magnetic state, a current of electricity is instituted, during the moment of the change, in a conducting wire passing across the bar at right angles. Thus if a short, round bar of iron is wound with an iron wire, the two ends of the wire being left free, and the coil or *bobbin*, as the French call it, thus made is brought suddenly up to any strong magnet, an electric current is for the instant induced in the wire, which may be made manifest through proper observations, by means of the two ends. If now the bobbin be as suddenly withdrawn, another current in a contrary direction will be produced in the wire.

Of course the *actual production* of this effect does not depend upon the strength of the magnet, nor upon the suddenness of the approach and withdrawal of the bobbin. These circumstances only affect the result in respect to *degree*. The magnet must be powerful and the motions rapid to make the effect manifest.

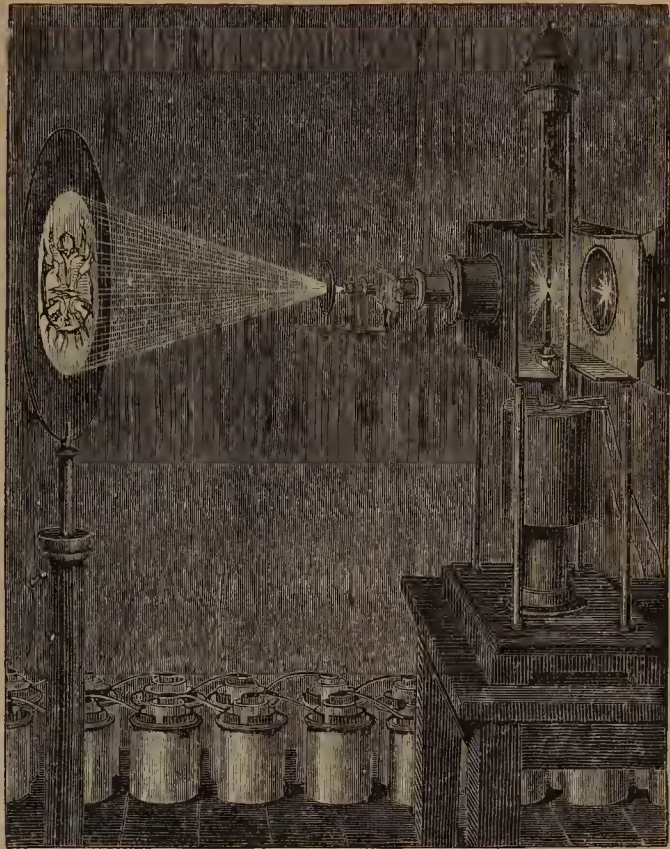
The machine, then, is simply a mechanical

arrangement for causing a great number of such coils as are above described alternately to approach to and recede from the poles of powerful magnets, in very rapid succession. The electric force is so prompt in its action that no possible rapidity of motion that can be given to the bobbins will confuse it or interfere with its sending two distinct currents through the wire in contrary directions, as the bobbins advance or recede. This is wonderful, but it is in harmony with the other wonder somewhat analogous to it, that a telegraphic message may be sent along a wire through this same agency, by means of a series of separate signals following each other in very rapid succession, without confusion, and moving at the rate of many thousands of miles in a second.

The machine illustrated in the engraving (p. 356) consists externally of eight ranges of powerful horseshoe magnets arranged around a hollow cylinder, with the poles turned toward the axis of the cylinder. There are seven of these magnets in each range, making fifty-six in all. This whole system is fixed to the frame of the engine so as to be immovable.

In the centre is a revolving cylinder which nearly fills the opening left between the poles of the magnets, and upon this cylinder are fixed a set of double coils or bobbins, making one hundred and twelve in all. The ends of some of these bobbins are seen in the engraving. The precise arrangement of the mechanism connected with these coils can not be fully explained. All that it is necessary, however, for the reader to understand is that they are so placed that on causing the inner cylinder to revolve, the ends of the bars which form the cores of the bobbins are brought in rapid succession into close proximity to the poles of the magnets, alternately approaching to and receding from them with great rapidity. The consequence is that a series of electrical impulses is given in the wires coiled around the bars, each impulse being in the opposite direction from the one preceding it. These currents, almost instantaneous in respect to duration, succeed each other with inconceivable rapidity—the rapidity depending, of course, on the speed of the rotation of the cylinder bearing the bobbins.

It is necessary that the speed should be great, for as the light, at the break between the charcoal points, only shines while the current is passing, and, moreover, as it changes its action somewhat according to the direction in which the current flows, it is plain that a slow motion



THE ELECTRIC MICROSCOPE.

of the coils over the poles of the magnet would produce only a series of flashes, with perceptible intervals between them. It is found that by giving the cylinder a speed sufficient to produce about *two hundred electric impulses in a second*, the eye can no longer take cognizance of the interruptions, and the result is a uniform and continuous emission of a most intense and brilliant beam.

Such a machine may be driven by means of any convenient mechanical power. In the engraving it is represented as impelled by a pulley and band from a steam-engine in an adjoining apartment, as shown on the right. On the left is the stand containing the charcoal points, showing the light developed between them, and the apparatus for regulating the distance which separates them below.

One of the most curious and striking illustrations of the modern doctrine of the correlation of force is shown in this instrument by the fact that, although the central cylinder, bearing the bobbins, the turning of which seems to be all the work which is required to be done, is so nicely mounted, and on bearings so delicate as to call apparently for the exercise of only a very slight force to make it revolve, namely, that resulting from an almost inappreciable friction, it really requires a *two-horse power* to work the machine. The resistance comes from certain influences of the magnetic and electric agencies in their action upon each other, which influences have to be overcome by force, and this

force is precisely that represented by the light developed at the break in the circuit. The machine is thus a contrivance for converting mechanical force into electricity, and then from electricity into light.

The intense brilliancy of the electric light, and the extreme concentration of the radiant point, render it remarkably suitable for the microscope and the magic-lantern. The engraving (p. 357) represents the manner of employing it for the microscope. The electricity is produced in this case by a galvanic battery, as shown by the jars on the floor, instead of by a magneto-electric machine—that is to say, the source of the power is the consumption of *zinc*, and not the consumption of coal.

The first attempt to employ the electric light in the construction of public works was in the building of the bridge of Notre Dame, at Paris. The experiment was perfectly successful in enabling the workmen to continue their labors through the night, and in thus greatly diminishing the time required for the work. This trial was made, however, when the only mode of procuring the necessary electric power was by a battery, and the light was accordingly found to be quite expensive.

Since then the much more economical mode of employing magneto-electric machines, to be worked by mechanical power, has been discovered, and the emergencies in which this light can be advantageously used are rapidly multiplying. It has been tried in mines, in caverns, on board ships, and in light-houses, and also in the construction of such works on land and in the open air as are of an urgent character requiring night labor.

Although the electric light rivals in brilliancy

that of the sun, the appearance is very different when employed for purposes of general illumination, on account of the extreme concentration of the radiant point, which makes the contrast of light and shade so sharp and decisive as to produce a very peculiar effect. The light of the sun, besides radiating in the first instance from a comparatively wide surface, is greatly diffused in passing, for so great a distance, through the earth's atmosphere. Every minute globule of water which floats in the air, every mote, every particle of dust, every microscopic insect and seed and spore, intercepts a portion of his beams, and becomes a new centre of radiation. The result is a general illumination of the whole sky, and a diffusion of the light before it reaches the abode of man, which adapts it far more perfectly to his various wants.

The electric light has already begun to be practically employed, not only for the purposes above referred to, but also for light-houses and signal lights on board ship, for both of which it is admirably adapted on account of its great penetrating power in misty and foggy states of the atmosphere. It is also found to be well fitted for the production of stage effects in operas and theatres. It is used for this purpose in Paris, and to some extent in this country. It has also been employed as a signal light from the mast-head of a ship, in one of the steamers of the French line, and has thus been displayed in New York Harbor, attracting great attention from all who beheld it. The probability is that the employment of it for these and other uses will greatly increase; and it is by no means certain that it may not in the end be found to be the most effective and economical mode of illuminating large public halls.



NIGHT-WORK BY ELECTRIC ILLUMINATION.

A VISIT TO BANGKOK.



THE KING OF SIAM PROCEEDING IN STATE TO VISIT A TEMPLE.

THE Asiatic squadron of our navy has within its limits some of the most remarkable places in the world; extending from Singapore on the south to Siberia on the north, it has the extremes of climates, and almost the extremes of peoples; for Singapore is English, and Siberia is almost savage.

Our government had sent out three gunboats to aid in the suppression of piracy in the China seas, and to one of these it was my fortune to be attached. Our station comprised the southern waters of China, and a stay of ten months in "Hong-Kong and the adjacent waters" found us quite ready for a change. We preferred to go to Japan and spend our summer there; but our wishes were as nothing, and we were sent to Siam as the bearers of a present of arms and ammunition to the Prime Minister from our Navy Department, with a letter from the Secretary of State and the other necessary accompanying documents.

Our passage of ten days had nothing of unusual interest in it; it was simply steaming slowly (for we could do no more) against the southwest monsoon, under a cloudless sky and a burning sun.

The coast of Siam, about the mouth of the river Menam, on which Bangkok is situated, at

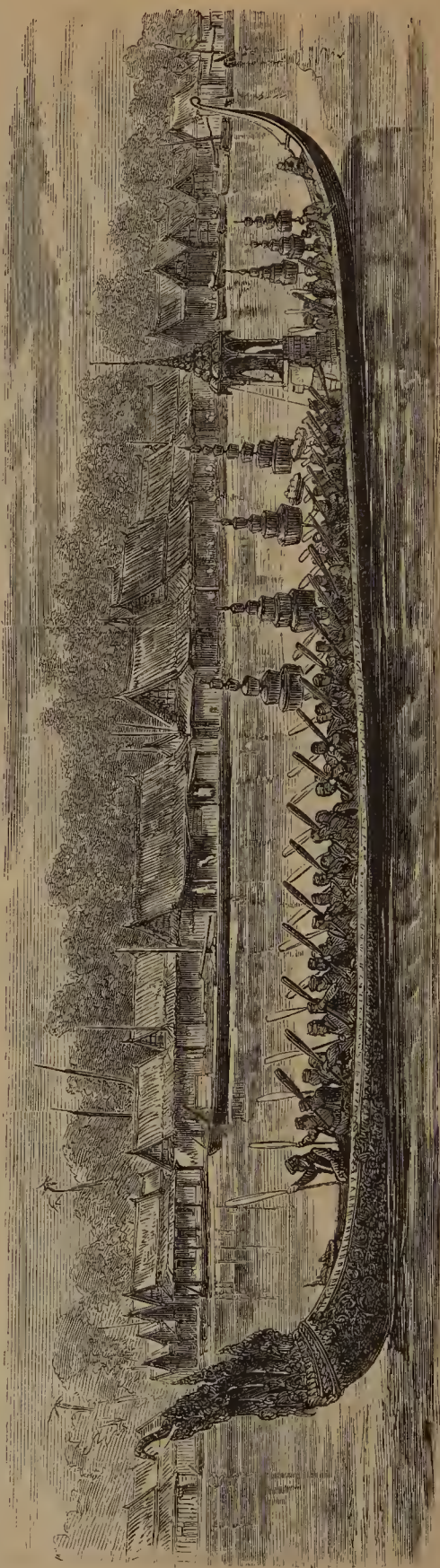
a distance of forty miles from the sea, is very low—so low, indeed, that the first trees and shrubs grow in the water, the land being visible only at low tide.

As we crossed the bar and entered the river, just before sunset, a most beautiful sight met our gaze—an island covered with a temple of unique architecture, glowing like burnished marble, and looking more like a creation of fairy-land than I supposed any thing of mortal building could look. So tortuous was the channel that we passed by three sides of this thing of beauty. I can not attempt to describe it; nothing but an engraving could do that. It seemed impossible that any Eastern people of to-day could erect such a structure; but we learned afterward that it was of brick, white-washed. This detracted from the idea of difficulty, but it could not diminish its beauty. The banks of the river were very low; and some of the officers going to the mast-head, reported that nothing could be seen save a vast expanse of green, as far as the eye could reach. As we passed up the stream we saw oranges and bananas in profusion, with here and there a temple with its attendant out-buildings raised on piles, to be clear of any unusual rise of the river. We heard the chattering of monkeys, but could

see none, though the pilot pointed them out to us. We passed numerous boats, some ships, a few houses, and the openings of very many canals, which led to various places in the surrounding country, and which were the only lines of communication. It was dark for an hour before we reached the anchorage; and it was rather unpleasant to be going along with a strong flood-tide among fishing-boats, and possible floating houses; but our pilot knew the way; and keeping in mind the Mississippi expedient of sounding the whistle before rounding a curve, we reached the city in safety, and let go our anchor just in time to avoid swinging into a huge Chinese junk. In the morning the junk moved away from our neighborhood, evidently disliking our company.

The first thing to be done was to advise the Consul of our arrival, and request him to communicate with the Prime Minister the mission upon which we had come. Pending the Consul's appearance, a messenger from the Minister appeared in the person of his nephew, as bright and intelligent looking a young man as one would wish to see. He was neatly dressed in trowsers, jacket, and waist-scarf, but wore neither hat nor shoes. His hair was cut in the Siamese fashion—short, except for a prominence not unlike a shoe-brush, and about as long, extending from the front to the crown of the head. He inquired the reason of our coming, and was told that the Consul would communicate officially with the Prime Minister, or "Kalahome," as he is called in Siam. Whereupon he disclaimed any desire to go beyond the bounds of "red tape," and said that he had been sent merely to welcome us to the capital. The Consul (a missionary) came on board, and soon dispatched his letter, requesting an audience as early as possible. In the afternoon an answer came, appointing the next day at ten o'clock for the reception of the presents.

During the day we had something of an opportunity to look about us; we found that we were anchored some two miles from the King's palace, and about half a mile below the foreign residences. The city extends along the bank of the river, here very narrow, for several miles—ten, I should think—and by no means appears to be as populous as it really is. The river forms the principal highway, and its surface is covered thickly with boats from morning till night. Here may be seen all descriptions of water craft; from the tiny canoe, propelled by one paddle, to the royal barge with one hundred and fifty rowers; from the native sail-boat to the full-rigged foreign ship or the smoky steamer. A canal extends entirely around the city, with numerous cross canals, so that access by water to all portions is very easy. There are but few horses, and these only about the grounds of the King and nobles, and a few at the hotels; there is a road, about a mile or more in length, which the late King constructed for the benefit of the foreign residents. There are but few streets, and these very narrow; but the various palaces



THE ROYAL BARGE.

and temples generally have wide open spaces by which they are approached from the water.

There are about two hundred Europeans in the city, principally missionaries and merchants, with their families. The chief of police, the harbor-master, the pilots, several captains of vessels, and some naval officers are foreigners—chiefly English and American. A Frenchman is at the head of the army. There are very many Chinese, mainly from the district about the city of Swatow, who are by far the most industrious people in the place: they are found in all trades, and the poll-tax levied on them forms no inconsiderable portion of the royal revenue. The entire population is variously estimated at from 50,000 to half a million; from information derived from the missionaries and from some of the natives, I should conclude that it is in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million, or about one twenty-fifth of the population of the entire kingdom.

The boats used by the Europeans are of a form more convenient than any that I ever saw elsewhere; they are about twenty feet long, with a house in the centre to accommodate half a dozen people with ease. Two men standing in the bow, and two in the stern, *push* their oars in the water, the rear one managing the tiller with his feet. The speed which they manage to get with this very original method of rowing far surpasses that of the ordinary style, and the work is accomplished with much less fatigue. They will push for hours at a time, stopping only for an occasional draught of water from the river.

A large number of the people live on the water; the poorer in their boats, those of more wealth in floating houses. These curious edi-



KING OF SIAM.

fices are built upon rafts of bamboos about four feet thick, and are by no means devoid of pretense to architecture. The material of which they are constructed is generally teak-wood, with thatched roofs. They usually have a veranda in front; and here are exposed for sale the wares of the occupant, or it is used as a play-ground by the children. I visited a native photographer's, and was shown over the whole house. In the veranda was a swing for the youngsters; the front room had a bare floor, with a centre-table and half a dozen chairs; several photographs adorned the walls. The bedrooms opened off this, with sliding doors, and the kitchen opened out on a back-yard of water. The river furnishes water for all purposes, and is at the same time the common sewer of the city. The houses are moored with bamboo cables to bamboo piles driven in the bed of the river, so that they can rise and fall with the tide, and yet not be carried away by it. They certainly possess one advantage, that of being easily moved; the occupant desiring to change his location has only to unmoor his cables, take advantage of the tide, and go up or down stream as he chooses. It is a novel sight to see one of these edifices come drifting down the stream at night, brilliantly illuminated, and with no noise or confusion apparent. Most of the houses are built upon piles, near the river bank, only the palaces being built of brick or stone.

During the afternoon we received a present of a very large quantity of fruits, sweet-cakes, etc., from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, "by direction of his Majesty the King;" and nearly every day some such attention was paid us by some of the dignitaries of the court. During the day we were called upon by several of the



PRIME MINISTER OF SIAM.



A THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE IN BANGKOK.

foreign residents; the ship was surrounded by native boats, but none of the occupants ventured on board. It was quite a sight for them, as this was the first American man-of-war that had ever ascended the river, and the ship was much larger than the English and French gun-boats that had been there.

It was too far from our anchorage to the landing for our boats' crews to pull in the burning sun and against a strong tide; so we were provided with three of the house-boats, each with an American ensign at the stern, that I have described, and as many of the officers as could be spared from duty accompanied the presents. After an hour's ride we landed (?) on the veranda of a floating house, where we were met by the Kalahome's nephew, and invited to walk in. We sat down in a room furnished in the fashions of the West, and waited a few moments while horses were procured. On going ashore I declined to ride; so the Consul walked with me while the rest rode. The boxes containing the presents were carried by a number of coolies, the rear being brought up by two of our petty officers, who kept guard over the property. Our way lay through very narrow streets, mostly on the banks of a shallow canal, and I was very glad that I had chosen to walk, for the horses were rather wild, and one of the officers had his leg badly squeezed against a wall. We found the Kalahome's palace to be situated about fifteen minutes' walk from the river, and surrounded by a high, whitewashed brick wall. The gateway was rather a grand affair of columns and arches, and gave entrance into the court-yard. The main entrance to the building was a high portico opening into a large

hall paved with stone. Here we found a number of servants busily engaged in cleaning the arms with which the Kalahome had been presented at various times, and some of which were kept here. On either side the main building was a row of small edifices for business and other purposes.

We had hardly deposited the arms when the door at the head of the hall opened, and the Kalahome made his appearance. He walked up to each one of us and shook hands, bowing us toward the inner room. Here we had an opportunity of observing the manner which each class of Siamese uses toward any of higher grade. The attendants who were cleaning the arms ceased their occupations, and, with bended knees and bowed head, waited until their master had left the room. This custom is universal, the highest princes in the land yielding this obeisance to the king, the nobles yielding it to the princes, and so down through all grades. Servants act thus in presence of their masters, performing all their commands in this abject attitude, presenting a most curious sight to the eyes of foreigners.

We entered the reception-room by a short flight of stone steps, and were motioned to seats about a table, at the head of which the Kalahome sat. He was dressed in a thin jacket, with a waist-cloth of silk reaching just below his knees; on his bare feet he had a pair of grass slippers. This room had a stone floor, and was furnished with chairs, sofa, and tables of European manufacture. There were many ornaments in the shape of marble vases, mirrors, and several specimens of fire-arms.

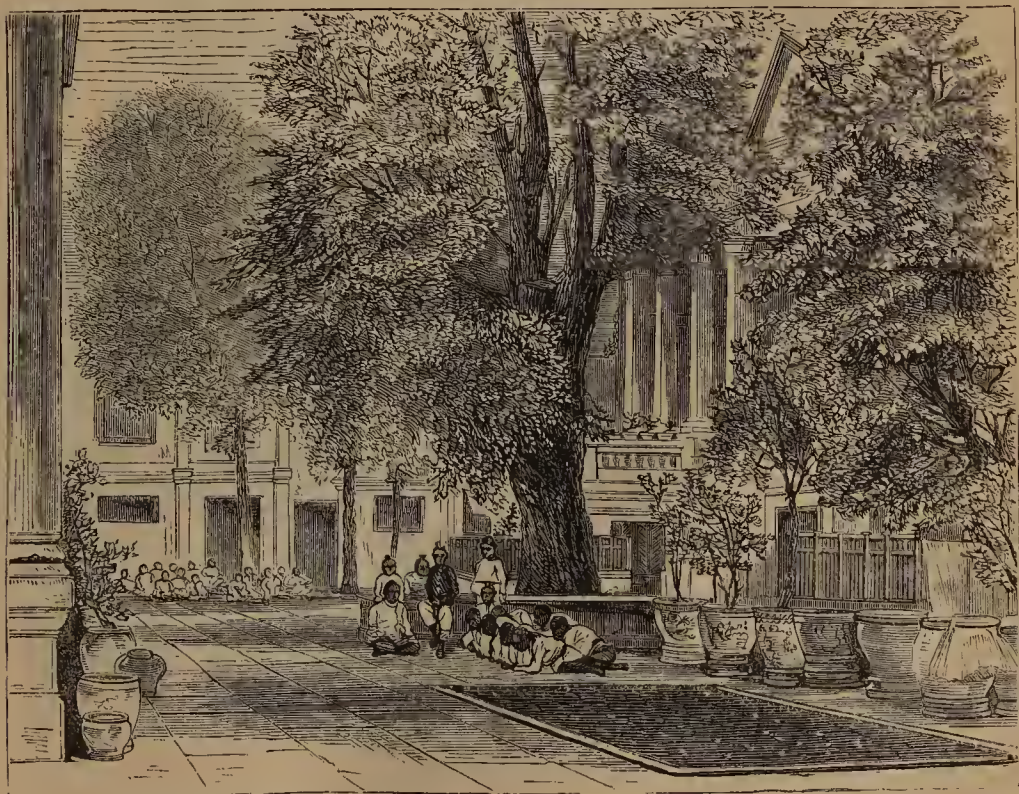
The Captain delivered the letters from the

government, together with a short address from himself, and they were translated by the Private Secretary (an Englishman). The arms were then brought in and examined, and it was not until then that the Kalahome spoke any English. He began to make some remarks about the visit of former ships to the outer anchorage at the mouth of the river, and of his visits to them; spoke of the new improvements in small-arms, and evidently understood what he was talking about. Coffee was served, and after considerable desultory conversation we came away, the Kalahome having accepted an invitation to visit the ship. We also made arrangements as to a salute, the harbor regulations forbidding it; but in consideration of our special mission the rules were relaxed. On our return to the ship we fired a salute of twenty-one guns, the Siamese flag at the fore, which was returned at once, gun for gun, from a fort on shore.

The next morning, about ten o'clock, the Kalahome came on board with his suit, among them Prince George, son of the late second King, who is the Kalahome's assistant in naval affairs. We had ascertained that he desired to see the guns worked, so gave him the salute of seventeen guns as soon as he came on board. The old gentleman evidently meant business, for he asked to have our Parrott gun exercised, and its construction explained, watching every detail with great interest; he explored the whole ship, from stem to stern, and inspected her thoroughly. He was not at all averse to the Champagne with which he was treated, and expressed himself highly pleased with his visit,

particularly so with regard to the guns. He invited us to visit the new vessels that he was building, and departed in high good-humor. We were most favorably impressed with him, and the more I saw of him the more I liked him. From his position as Prime Minister he is one of the most powerful men in the kingdom; add to this that he is the head of the most powerful, wealthy, and numerous family in the country—that to his personal endeavors the King owes his seat upon the throne, that through his instrumentality the trade of Siam has increased tenfold, that the taxes have been greatly reduced, that ship-building after the models of Western nations has become a very important industry, and that he is the most far-seeing and enlightened of the nobles, and that he is gradually leading the mass of the people up to his stand-point—it may safely be said that he is the actual ruler of the kingdom, though he does not wear the crown.

In the afternoon we went to the palace to a private audience with the King, he having sent word to us that he would be pleased to have us call at three o'clock of this day. He is notoriously unpunctual; but we couldn't count upon that, so were on hand at the hour, accompanied by two of the missionaries as interpreters. We went to the landing in the same way as before, and were there met by an officer of the royal household, who desired us to wait until conveyances were provided. Soon horses were brought, and sedan-chairs, which latter were only a shade better for riding than the horses. We pursued our way through narrow streets for some dis-



COURT-YARD OF THE KING'S PALACE.



A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD.

tance until we came upon the road of which I have spoken before, which passes in front of the palace. The palace grounds are of vast extent (we were told that they contained one square mile), and are entirely surrounded by a high wall. Within the wall are not only the palace itself, but several private chapels, numerous buildings for horses (and carriages) and elephants, barracks for soldiers, and the forbidden ground devoted to the habitations of the royal ladies, with their surroundings. The gateway itself was very simple, closed with two massive doors, a sentinel on either side. We were met here by the Kalahome's nephew (to whom seemed to be assigned the duty of seeing to our wants), and desired "to wait the royal pleasure." While so doing we were regaled with quite good music from a brass band, under the leadership of a Frenchman. We were also invited to see the royal white elephant, the sacred animal of the Siamese. We found him in a building apart from the rest,

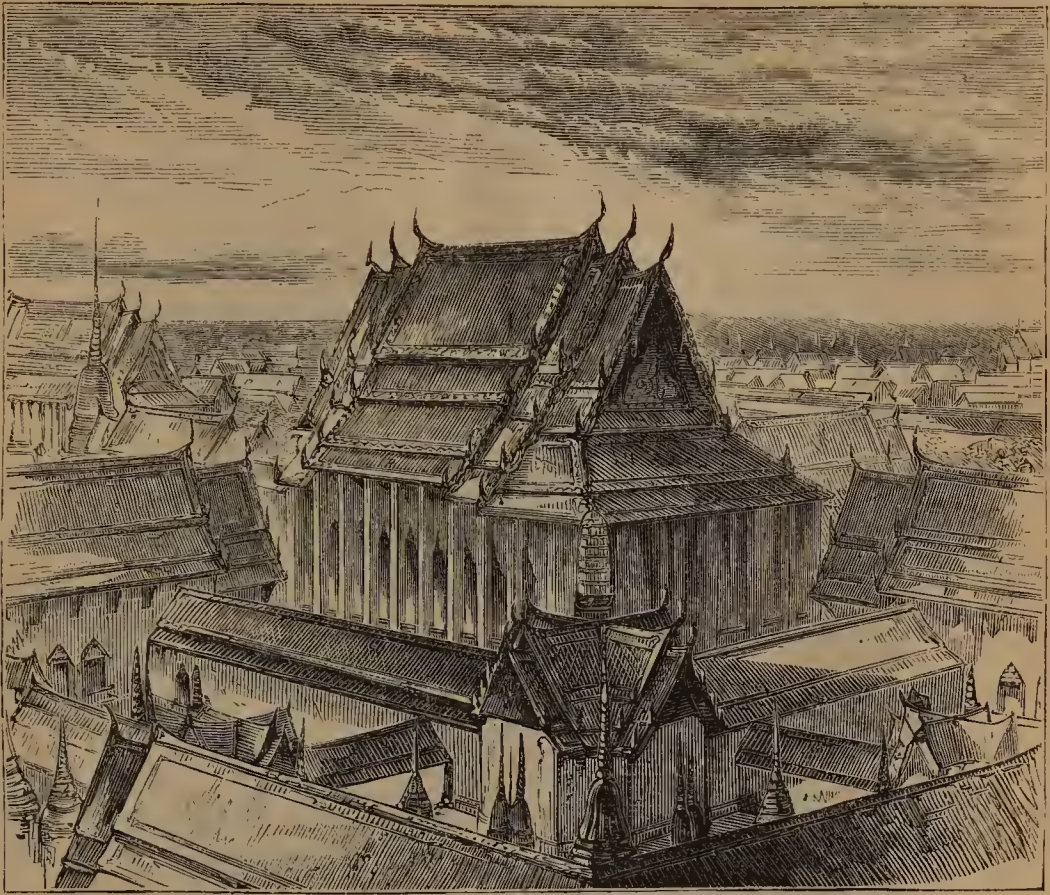
his fore-legs chained to a huge post in the centre, a gilded canopy over his head, and an attendant to keep watch of him continually. This attendant fed him for our benefit, and he seemed to enjoy his food quite as much as those of his kind that we see in traveling menageries at home.

Presently a messenger informed our conductor that the King was waiting; the guards fell in, and we passed through their ranks into three distinct court-yards before arriving in that portion of the palace inhabited by the King.

This was a large edifice, with a fine flight of steps leading up to a noble portico in front of the public audience-hall. We passed along the sides of the building by a path through a well laid out and neatly decorated flower-garden, until we reached the stairs leading to the private audience-room. Our conductors had hitherto been walking, but on ascending the stairs assumed the posture of humility before described, and so crawled into the royal presence. We were ushered into a room some thirty feet square, elegantly furnished in Western style, and found the King advancing to meet us. He shook hands cordially with each one of the party, inquiring as to the rank of each, and then asked us to sit down at the centre-table, he taking the head, and we sitting at the sides in order of seniority, the Captain on the King's left. I had a fine opportunity of observing this remarkable specimen of Asiatic royalty. He was, I should



THE HEIR-APPARENT.



A SIAMESE TEMPLE.

judge, about sixty or sixty-five years old, and about as unprepossessing in appearance as can be imagined. His eyes were nearly closed, and he had a sort of sleepy look and drawling voice, which did not at all accord with the words he uttered. He was constantly chewing betel, supplied him by a servant prostrate at his side, and the juice ran down his chin, rendering his whole appearance almost repulsive. He was dressed in crimson silk, with a huge star of diamonds on his breast, but with no other ornament whatever. His conversation was addressed principally to the Captain, and during our stay of over an hour he showed himself to be possessed of an amount of information astounding in a person in his situation. After asking as to our mission, and discussing the qualities of various arms, he asked if we had seen the steamer that the Kalahome was building for his use on the occasion of the eclipse of the sun soon to take place. He then went on to speak of his calculations of the eclipse, and gave us quite a lecture on the various objects to be looked after in observing the phenomenon—all of his conversation being in well-chosen English. Several of the young princes came into the room, and seemed very much attracted by the glitter of our uniforms: one of the officers had quite a conversation with them through the eyes. Coffee was served in French china cups, inscribed, "Royal Palace of Siam," with an elephant as

crest. The Crown Prince was introduced to us, a youth about fifteen years of age, and made quite a favorable impression upon us; he spoke English quite well. The King closed the audience very abruptly (as is his custom), by extending his hand to the Captain, and saying, "Good-afternoon," when we withdrew. We were then shown into the public audience-hall—a fine room, with a row of columns through the centre, and a latticed private gallery on the sides for the ladies of the harem. The throne was elevated some eight feet from the floor, carpeted with velvet, and overhung by a velvet canopy somewhat like a huge umbrella, of several stories, each one decreasing in size toward the top. There was a private entrance from behind for the use of the King alone. There were very many portraits, busts, and various other ornaments about the room; conspicuous among the portraits were those of President Jackson and Queen Victoria, with the American and English colors intertwined over them. There were busts of Napoleon and Eugénie, together with several articles of French manufacture—notably a fine clock presented by the Emperor. While we were looking about us the King came in, and calling the Captain to him, gave him a pamphlet containing information as to the Siamese custom of having two kings, written by himself, and published at the American mission press. He also called attention to



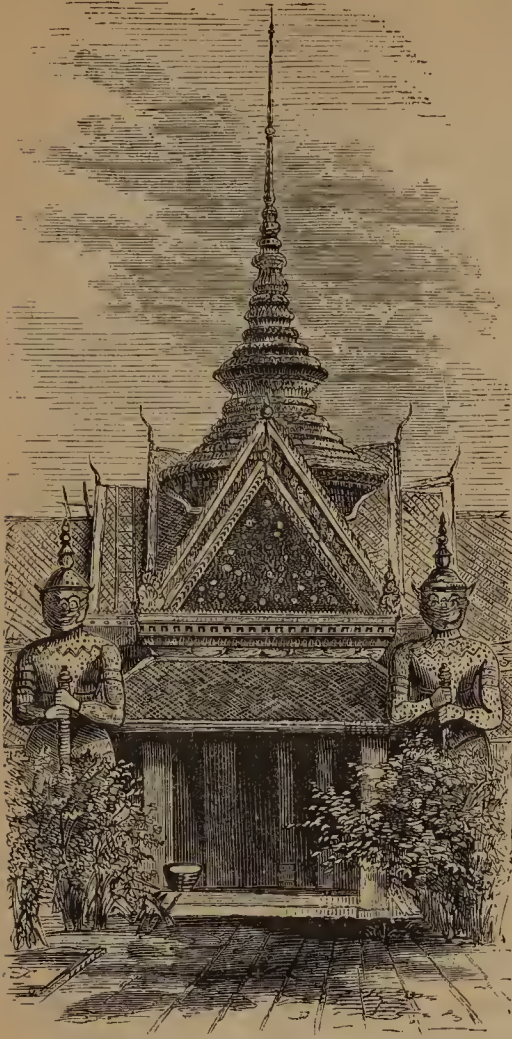
PAGODA.

a copy of Bowditch's "Epitome," which lay upon a table, and said that the Crown Prince was studying it. He declined an invitation to visit the ship on the score of ill health, but said that he would send the Crown Prince; and we came away quite well pleased with our visit.

On our way back we visited the temple of the great idol of Bangkok. An immense inclosure surrounds the temple itself, filled with houses for the priests, and with various other out-buildings, among them a beautiful library, where are contained the sacred books. The temple is about two hundred feet long by fifty broad, with a high-peaked roof about one hundred feet from the ground. It is surrounded by a colonnade, which adds materially to its beauty. The windows are simply oblong apertures, closed with heavy ebony shutters; the doors are also of massive ebony; both shutters and doors being finely inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Before reaching the building we passed through three rows of corridors, which surround the temple on all sides, and are filled with life-size gilded images of Buddha. There are in all between nine hundred and a thousand of these idols. But the chief

attraction of this great edifice is the reclining image of Buddha: it is 165 feet in length, representing the god as lying on his side, his head supported by his hand. This image is built of brick, and is thickly gilded through its whole extent. The soles of the feet are sixteen feet in length and nearly four feet broad; they are inlaid with mother-of-pearl in the most exquisite manner, representing the various fruits and flowers that are fabled to have sprung in the footsteps of the god wherever he walked on earth. The arm at the elbow is about six feet thick; the head is elevated about fifty feet in the air, and is covered with gilded snail shells instead of hair—the snail being a sacred animal. The expression upon the features of the image is a remarkably successful attempt to convey the idea of perfect rest and composure, that being the Buddhist idea of the last state of man; and, indeed, this same absolute stillness is successfully depicted on the countenances of all the many idols that I saw. Even the old images of the ancient capital have it in the same degree.

The next morning was devoted to a tour among the more prominent temples with some



GATE OF TEMPLE.

of our missionary friends. The general characteristics of these edifices are similar; only in their internal adornments do they differ. The roofs are covered with colored tiles, and at the gable ends is a gilded horn. In all the temple grounds are scattered pagodas of two classes: one class of brick, whitewashed, shaped somewhat like a succession of compressed globes, and terminating in a pinnacle, making as beautiful monuments as can be found any where; the other class are square at the foot, rising gradually in terrace fashion, and terminating in four columns surmounted by a dome. Generally there is a statue of an elephant beneath this dome; but sometimes the whole edifice is entirely solid. The exterior of the pagodas of this class is covered with colored porcelain, and the effect, from a distance, is striking in the extreme: a nearer inspection, however, shows the work to be rather coarsely executed.

The largest of these pagodas is situated in the grounds of the second temple in the city (in size): it is one hundred and fifty feet square at the base, and is two hundred feet in height. There is a pair of stairs on each face, by which

the ascent is made to the highest terrace, at the foot of the dome, nearly one hundred and fifty feet. This huge pile is entirely covered with colored porcelain, and has many statues of griffins, elephants, and the like scattered over it. The dome contains four colossal statues of three-headed elephants, each facing toward one of the cardinal points. The view from the top of this pagoda was beautiful in the extreme: at our feet were the spacious grounds of the temple, with its chapels, its habitations for the hundreds of priests who perform the services, and its extensive pleasure-grounds. Farther away the river spread before us its varied panorama, more easily imagined than described; as far as the eye could see over the country it was one vast plain rich in all vegetable life—on the whole, a scene never to be forgotten, and needing to be seen to be fully appreciated. In the main building of the temple itself was a huge idol representing Buddha as sitting with crossed legs. Its height from the altar was estimated at seventy-five feet; one of us stood at the knee, and his head did not reach the top of it. This was also profusely gilded; and the doors and shutters of the building were adorned more elaborately than any others that we saw. We were fortunate enough to go into a private chapel where worship was being conducted by about one hundred priests. Each was clad in yellow, with shaven head. The service appeared to consist merely of the continued repetition of a monotonous chant, the words of which meant, "Let it be so." There was no music, but all followed the leader in most admirable time, and it was pronounced by some of the musical members of the party to be superior to any operatic chorus that they had ever heard.

I never realized before what the "vain repetitions" of the Bible meant. Our time was limited, so that we visited only two of the more important of the temples, and then hastened to the ship to prepare for the reception of the Crown Prince. He made his appearance in a magnificent gilded barge, with fifty rowers, seated in a chair of state at the stern, with the gilded nine-storied umbrella over his head. His personal suit was small, but we noticed that he had the usual complement of servants, with the betel-boxes, cuspidors, pipes, etc., all of pure gold. He was received by all the officers in full dress, conducted all over the ship, and finally sat down in the cabin, evidently pleased with his visit. He was much interested in some pictures of China and Japan; and evinced such a decided admiration for a Burnside rifle that the Captain told him he might have it, and had it sent into his boat. He conversed quite fluently in English, but preferred to use an interpreter when many of us were about. On leaving we manned the yards, and saluted him with a royal salute of 21 guns, the Siamese flag at the main.

During our stay Prince George, whom I have mentioned before, came to see us several times: we found him to be a quiet, unostentatious in-

dividual, but possessing an amount of knowledge of naval and military matters which would be by no means contemptible in a person of a more enlightened race. He was very eager in the pursuit of more intelligence on these subjects, however, and was particularly pleased with a text-book on gunnery which the Captain presented to him. On his first visit he spoke at once to the Captain about a salute (to which, of course, he was entitled), and desired that it should not be fired, as he came in a private, friendly, and entirely unofficial manner; and his frequent visits were all paid in the same unambitious style. He was engaged in superintending the construction of a gun-boat for the Kalahome; the work being done by Siamese carpenters from designs by an English ship-builder. The engines and boilers were constructed in England, and were being placed in the ship by natives under the superintendence of an English engineer. The interior arrangements of the vessel were analogous to those of our own and other vessels of war; and the whole ship was a decided credit to these people, whom we are accustomed to look upon as half-civilized.

One day the Minister of Foreign Affairs requested us to call, and came to the "court-house" to receive us, as "it was too hot to ask us to come to his palace." While waiting his arrival we had a chance to see some Siamese justice administered; there are no lawyers, so the plaintiff and defendant each pleads his own case, and a nice noisy time they had of it, too. The judge sat grave and silent, as became his office, occasionally throwing in a word or two to quiet the disturbance. The Minister at length made his appearance, accompanied by the usual array of betel-boxes, etc. He is a brother of the King—a quite good-looking specimen too, though inclined to obesity. We conversed by means of interpreters, the Prince inquiring particularly as to our ship and mission. He gave us a lunch of fruits and confections, and we soon after left. We called to see another of the King's brothers, a retired Minister; his infirmities were such that he no longer mingled in public affairs. His palace was much less of a building than the Kalahome's, and the audience-hall bore as much resemblance to a furniture auction-room as to anything else. He is the possessor of a diploma granted by a medical college in Philadelphia, I think, and of it he is very proud.

We were the recipients of many courtesies, both from the natives and the foreigners, during our stay of ten days. To the American missionaries we were indebted for guidance to the principal sights of the city, and for many other kindnesses. We left the city with regret, wishing that our stay might be prolonged; but our time was limited, and we were obliged to go to sea, arriving in Hong-Kong ten days afterward.

Since the first part of this article was written the King with whom we had our interview has

died, and the Crown Prince has ascended the throne, chiefly through the influence exerted by the Kalahome.

Prince George has been elected Second King, an institution peculiar to Siam.

Although the late King belonged to the party of progress, he was behind the Kalahome in his ideas. The young King, being more under the influence of his powerful vassal, has already inaugurated a policy which can not fail to be of benefit to his country. He has recently made treaties with Belgium and other European powers, and seems to invite foreigners to his domains. There is ample opportunity for Americans there, more than for others, for the government is already strongly prepossessed in their favor, and meets them more than half-way in their advances.

THE AUTO DA FÉ OF 1755.

THE first day of November, 1755, broke fair and bright over the sunny land of Portugal. The sun rose up from behind the Sierra in unclouded brilliancy, and shed a flood of golden light over the vine-clad hills, and the silvery waters of the Tagus danced and sparkled as they rolled lazily on to the broad bosom of the bay. The churches and palaces of Lisbon seemed roofed with gold, and soon the hovels and courts of the poor and wretched gave back a smile of joy as the bright sunshine, the common property of high and low, found its cheering way to their squalid retreats. Though the hour was early, the streets were thronged with the populace, dressed in holiday attire, and evidently in a high state of excitement. Laborers and serfs seemed to forget, on this occasion, their usual reverence and servility, for they jostled and shouldered the titled nobles who were scattered here and there among the crowd. The mitred bishop and highest functionaries of the Romish Church forced their way with difficulty through the excited throng.

This was the appointed day for the auto da fé, and streets, balconies, and windows were already alive with eager faces to witness the procession of condemned heretics. The execution was to take place at high noon, and as the fatal hour drew near the excitement became intense. The populace gave vent to their impatience by loud shouts, while all eyes were turned to the gloomy prison of the inquisition, whence the procession was to emerge. Though the proceedings of the dread tribunal, then at the height of its power in the kingdom of Portugal, were generally shrouded in secrecy, which none dared pry into or scrutinize, yet it had somehow transpired that an unusually large number of victims were this day to seal their fidelity to conscience by the baptism of fire.

At last the long-expected signal was given, and, as the deep-toned bells tolled the hour of noon, a hoarse murmur of satisfaction broke from

the anxious and inhuman crowd. The frowning portals of the prison were thrown open, and a strong guard of halberdiers opened a lane through the dense throng, and formed in close order on the right and left. Then a procession of robed priests, bearing a crucifix and chanting a *Te Deum*, issued from the doorway, followed by the victims who were doomed to be burned at the stake for daring to worship God according to His revealed will. Last of all came a group of nuns with veils over their faces and muttering *Aves*, and some of them, perhaps, prayers for the wretched beings in their front. There were a dozen or more of these unfortunates, of both sexes, and of various ranks. They were all dressed alike in the fantastic and hideous garb prescribed for such occasions.

There was a quiet composure about most of the prisoners; and some wore even a cheerful and triumphant expression of countenance. One of the party, however, seemed to attract most of the attention, and all the sympathy of the spectators. She was a young girl, scarcely sixteen years of age, whose wondrous beauty even the rude garb in which she was clad could not disguise. Her large dark eyes were raised imploringly toward heaven, and, at times, a low sob of agony would burst from her lips. She looked anxiously, now and then, into the surging crowd that inclosed the procession, as if searching for some loved and familiar form; but her gaze only encountered the strange faces of those who had come to gloat over her sufferings. And in this dark and dreadful hour had she, so young and so lovely, no friend on whom her tearful eyes might rest ere they were closed in death?

Far from the scene which we have just depicted, in the aristocratic quarter of the city, fond hearts were breaking for her sake, and crushed spirits were pouring themselves forth in prayer to the Holy Virgin that she might escape her terrible doom. Father and mother, fond brothers and sisters, had shut out the sunlight from their palatial mansion, and in darkness and despair were bewailing their utter inability to rescue their beloved Leonora. They knew, too, they would be courting a like fate were they to show even sympathy for her sufferings, and hence they had not dared to visit her since she had been condemned by the court of Inquisition.

As the procession moves on to the place of execution, just beyond the city limits, we will briefly acquaint the reader with the story of Leonora De Castro. She was the eldest daughter of Albert De Castro, one of the most accomplished noblemen of the kingdom, being a younger scion of the ducal house of Yavora. His house adjoined that occupied by Lord Effingham, the British Minister at the court of Lisbon, and though the father of Leonora was a Romanist, and Lord Effingham a zealous Protestant, they entertained a high regard for each other, and there was a frequent interchange of civilities between them. The children of the

two families became very intimate, and Leonora, in particular, spent much of her time at the house of the Minister. She even obtained her father's consent to study the English language with the children of that nobleman. Now, the tutor of Lord Effingham's children was a retired curate of the Church of England, with fully as much zeal for his faith as any Jesuit.

Being much pleased with the intelligence and capacity of his new pupil, the worthy curate, little dreaming of the dreadful consequences that would result from his interference, lost no time in pointing out to poor Leonora the errors of her faith. So assiduous was he in his efforts to "snatch a brand from the burning," that in a very short time she became as anxious to investigate the real truths of the Gospel as he could wish. He supplied her with a copy of the Scriptures, in English, and bade her consult its sacred pages to learn the way, the truth, and the life.

Leonora soon became satisfied that the faith of her fathers was not the true faith, and, being of an ardent temperament, she determined no longer to yield obedience to the absurd requirements and idolatrous practices of the Church of Rome. As soon as her parents became aware of the change in her religious sentiments, they resorted to every means in their power to reclaim her, but in vain. The family confessor, becoming apprised soon after of her apostasy, tried by reason and argument to convince her that she had been misled; but, finding all his efforts to bring her again into the bosom of the Church ineffectual, he advised her father to send her at once to the Ursuline convent at St. Ubes. He did so, hoping that the society of the holy sisterhood would be able to eradicate the seeds of heresy implanted by the "arch heretic" to whose charge he had so thoughtlessly committed his daughter. In vain did the lady superior of the convent exhaust all the ingenuity of which she was capable to bring back Leonora to the faith of her fathers. Every engine at the command of the Church was brought to bear upon her in vain. Her delicate limbs were subjected to torture, but she clung unflinchingly to her new faith. The lady superior, enraged at finding all her efforts at conversion vain, denounced her to the officers of the inquisition as a dangerous and obdurate heretic. She was removed from the convent to the prison, and with undaunted resolution, and with a faith that defied both danger and death, in the very presence of the Inquisitor-General, she gloried in the sufferings she was called on to endure for the sake of Jesus.

She was condemned to be burned on the first day of November, with others who had refused to recant and stifle their consciences by again returning to the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church. In accordance with this sentence Leonora was now on her way to the plaza, where every preparation had been made for its execution.

From the moment that the cortége had started from the prison a young man of noble mien, dressed in a garb that bespoke his high rank, had been struggling to force his way through the dense mass to the side of the captives. Though no deference was shown on this occasion to persons of quality, yet the prepossessing appearance of the young grandee, and the unmistakable anguish expressed in his face, operated in his favor, and the clamorous crowd allowed him to draw near the victims. This personage, seemingly so intent on beholding the dreadful sentence carried into execution, was the young Marquis of Elvas. A short time before Leonora had placed herself under the spiritual guidance of the English curate he had made her an offer of his hand and heart. The two families had been on terms of intimacy for years, and the prospect of a matrimonial connection was highly satisfactory to all parties. The lovers were passionately attached to each other, and were looking forward to a happy consummation of their betrothal when the terrible circumstances we have detailed broke in upon their dream of bliss.

The powerful families of the Marquis and De Castro had both exerted all their influence to have the punishment of Leonora mitigated, but the stern ecclesiastics had refused the slightest relief. A petition for a respite had met with the same fate. The young nobleman in his distraction and despair had cursed the pitiless rigor of the dread tribunal, and even dared to question its authority. By this course he had drawn upon himself the secret but certain vengeance of the Church. Though aware of the close espionage to which all his words and acts were subjected, he resolved to see and, if possible, offer some words of comfort to Leonora before she reached the plaza. He would at least assure her of his sympathy and unchanged affection, and then, rushing from the fatal scene of her suffering, which for worlds he would not witness, would forever turn his back on the priest-ridden land of his fathers.

Before he could reach her side, however, the procession had reached the goal that was, as he thought, to end forever his dreams of happiness. The captives had been drawn up in a line facing the bishop, who, on this solemn occasion, officiated as the representative of the Church. According to the usual custom, each of the condemned was urged to recant, while the direst pains of hell were denounced against such as should persist to the end in their abominable heresy. The evident distress of Leonora had induced the priest to believe that she, at least, would not prove to be finally obdurate. He even held out to her hopes of a respite, and perhaps of ultimate pardon. He alluded to her tender youth, her beauty and accomplishments, and hinted at the joys that life might yet have in store for her. He spoke of the distress of her heart-broken relatives occasioned by her apostasy, and the joy with which she would fill their hearts by a recantation, even at the elev-

enth hour. "And now, Leonora De Castro," continued the bishop, "will you retrace your erring steps? Will you discard the heretical opinions implanted in your youthful mind by that son of Belial? Our holy Church, ever lenient to the faults of her erring children, ever disposed to deal mercifully with such as confess their sins and repent, would receive you again to her bosom. Will you come?" He paused, while every sound was hushed to hear her response. Her agitation was now gone, and in a calm, clear voice, that was audible to many an ear in that anxious throng, she replied: "I can not acknowledge the authority of the Church you represent. I believe the faith I now profess to be the true one. There is but One who can forgive sin, and in His mercy do I trust. If I am called to die for His dear sake, I will try to bear my sufferings cheerfully, knowing that 'our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'"

The astonished churchman, enraged at the unexpected reply of the fair captive, and fearing its effect on the populace, ground his teeth in fury, and ordered the fires to be lighted at once, and the prisoners to be bound to the stakes, adding, in a stern tone, to the brave young girl, "Obdurate wretch! this day shalt thy soul writhe in the fiery torments of the damned; thou shalt soon enjoy a foretaste of thy doom." Leonora, whose nerves had been greatly weakened by the long trial to which they had been subjected, shocked at the barbarity of the prelate's rude address, staggered, and would have fallen to the ground, but the young Marquis now rushed forward and caught her in his arms. "Inhuman monster," he exclaimed, addressing the bishop, "she is fitter for heaven than such as thou. If there is an angel in the presence of God, she will soon be one."

"Ha, my lord Marquis," cried the prelate, "these are bold words, but they have sealed your doom!"

"Arrest the Marquis of Elvas," he said to the provost; and that officer was just stepping forward to obey the order, when a low, rumbling sound was heard, followed by a sudden shaking of the earth that cast every one prostrate on its face. An immense wave, towering in its might, came rolling on from the Tagus, and quenched the impious fires that had been kindled to consume those who trusted in Him "who heareth the young ravens when they cry." In a few seconds the shock was repeated, and cries of terror and dismay came rolling up from the doomed city, mingled with the appalling crash of falling buildings.

All was consternation and universal panic. The mad multitude so lately clamorous for the inhuman sacrifice, and who had come out from the quiet city to gloat over the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, now terror-stricken at the rebuke of their great Creator, fled aghast, pale with apprehension for the fate of dear ones who

were perhaps crushed beneath the falling domes and towers. The condemned heretics had been saved by a miracle, and perhaps the awful visitation had fallen with crushing weight on the heads of those who had been most eager for their blood. The prisoners, indeed, were forgotten in the dreadful crisis. When the crowd had dispersed the Marquis of Elvas caught up Leonora in his strong arms, and bore her, by a circuitous route, to the city, and, threading his way through the wild debris of the city, reached in safety, with his precious burden, her father's house, which had in a great measure escaped the general wreck.

Words can not express the joy with which the whole household welcomed back their darling, rescued so unexpectedly from the very jaws of a horrible death. But their feelings of unalloyed pleasure at her deliverance soon became mingled with apprehension lest the officers of the Inquisition might institute a search for the persecuted victims who had, for a time, escaped their vengeance. Preparations were commenced for immediate flight. The Marquis, whose situation was now as full of danger as even that of Leonora, was soon ready for any road, no matter where it might conduct him, so it placed him outside of his native kingdom. He had resolved to accompany Leonora, who would also be attended by a faithful servant of the family, none of her immediate relatives daring to bear her company through fear of the consequences that would attend such a step. It was determined to push rapidly across the country to the neighboring kingdom of Spain; and the Marquis felt satisfied that if they could reach the mountains in safety the danger of arrest would be slight. Should the authorities, however, be on the alert, he knew there would be great danger in attempting to leave the city.

Their situation, at best, was full of peril. Notwithstanding the terrible catastrophe that had befallen the city, and had so miraculously preserved Leonora from the stake, it was vain to suppose that the Church, foiled in its attempt at present punishment, would fail to bring the condemned to the flames if rearrested. While preparations were going forward for their flight, Lord Effingham, who still represented his government at the court of Lisbon, called to condole with his friend on the terrible calamity that had visited the city, and which he supposed must have quite overwhelmed a family so terribly afflicted by the dreadful fate of a beloved daughter. He was soon informed of the escape of Leonora, and of the hasty preparations that were making for their flight. After listening attentively to the proposed arrangement, Lord Effingham shook his head and remained silent for a few moments, and then expressed his fears

lest the project would miscarry. "I feel quite certain," he said, "that by attempting to leave the city you will bring destruction upon yourselves; indeed, I am surprised that your house has not already been searched. So soon as some degree of quiet is restored, active measures will be taken to arrest the fugitives. You must not attempt to leave the city just yet. Nor will it do to remain here. You, my lord Marquis, and Leonora, must take up your abode for a short time with me. They will hardly dare to search the house over which floats the broad flag of England. And now I think of it," continued the Minister, "some members of my family and suit will soon return to England, and we can perhaps manage it so that you can leave the country in their company."

This proposal was embraced with eagerness, and our hero and heroine returned with Lord Effingham to his own residence just in time to escape the officers, who came to the house they had just left almost immediately after their departure. The father of Leonora expressed the greatest surprise at the visit of the officers, and, to carry out the deception, seemed to be plunged in the deepest sorrow, protesting to be ignorant of her escape. As no one had seen her return to her father's house or leave it, no clew was obtained to her present whereabouts. Some days were spent in quiet and security in the asylum generously furnished by the English nobleman. Leonora had ever been a favorite with the whole family, and all strove to banish from her mind every remembrance of the terrible ordeal to which she had been exposed. The bright color of youth came back to her cheeks, and the glad smile of hope lighted up her countenance. The worthy curate, whose successful effort at proselytism had been so nearly fatal, wept over his beloved pupil as one raised from the dead.

It was a glorious evening, about the middle of November, when the waters of the bay of Lisbon, lying tranquil in the declining sunlight, reflected the form of a British man-of-war that was gliding majestically over its smooth surface. It was the ship that was to convey the Minister's family to England, and which had been anxiously looked for for some days. The day after her arrival she took on board her passengers, among whom were the Marquis of Elvas and Leonora De Castro, disguised as servants. Immediately after they reached the deck the anchor was upheaved, the sails were hoisted, and, with the flag of St. George flying at her peak, the gallant ship bore away for the open sea. Just before the ship reached England the good curate, who was one of the passengers, joined together in the holy state of matrimony John, Marquis of Elvas, and the lovely Leonora De Castro.

EARLY HISTORY OF COLORADO.

NEARLY three hundred years ago the Spaniards who peopled Mexico extended their settlements far to the northward, reaching over New Mexico and Arizona and into what is now Utah and Colorado. Their chief industry was mining for gold and silver, and traces of extensive though rude works, and ruins of large towns, are found all over the region named. The earliest historians of the Great Plains and Rocky Mountains speak of the "Old Spanish Trace" (trail or road) that reached northward through the mountains to Great Salt Lake. Generations ago there were populous Spanish settlements along the Arkansas Valley in Southern Colorado, and their *acequias*—canals for conveying water—can yet be traced along the prairie bottom lands and slopes. The ruins of cities and remains of extensive water-works are yet seen in the exceedingly rich gold and silver bearing region of the Uncompahgre in Southwestern Colorado.

The Spanish, or Mexican, frontier was gradually beaten back by the savages. The territory now covered by Colorado and Arizona was entirely depopulated, and foothold was maintained in New Mexico only along the larger valleys, where population had become very dense and self-supporting. The mines were all abandoned, and the mining frontier driven back to the centre of Chihuahua and Sonora. The farthest point north where any traces of old mining operations have been found is in the mountains northwest of Boulder, not far from the base of Long's Peak. In the winter of 1859 some hunters from Denver found there a number of shafts and the remains of houses. They also brought in a portion of a large copper vessel, not unlike the body of a still. Inquiries made at the time of Arapahoe Indians elicited a tradition that many years ago a party of Portuguese adventurers came north through Mexico and engaged in mining at the point indicated. In course of time they disappeared, and all trace of them was lost. The inference conveyed was that they were killed.

The first reliable history pertaining to the region of Colorado, to which we can now refer, is in 1805, and is in the journal of Captain Zebulon M. Pike, of the United States army. In the spring of 1804 two important expeditions were fitted out at St. Louis—the then frontier military post—for the exploration of the country west and north: that of Lewis and Clarke, who ascended the Missouri and descended the Columbia to its mouth; and Captain Pike's, for the Upper Mississippi. The latter returned in about a year, after having endured great hardships and met with many adventures, and reported that he had traced the great river to its source—an opinion that time has proved erroneous. Upon reaching St. Louis he found a new duty awaiting him: the return of some rescued Indian captives to their tribe—the "Kans;" the mediation of peace be-

tween that tribe and the "Kioways;" and a tour of observation along the Mexican border—the Arkansas River—westward to the mountains. He started late in the spring of 1805, ascended the Missouri to the Osage, and that stream as far as he could with boats. Then striking to the northwest he completed his Indian mission at their villages on the tributaries of the Kansas River. Leaving there he crossed over to the Arkansas and followed up that river to the mountains. Before reaching the present site of Puebla, Captain Pike discovered a lofty snowy mountain, and soon after passing the mouth of the Fontaine-qui-Bouille he went into camp, and, leaving most of his command, set out with eight or ten men to ascend it. He supposed it ten or fifteen miles distant, and started on foot in light marching order and with three days' rations. It was then autumn, and the mountain was covered with snow. After forty or fifty miles' travel, and much suffering from exposure and for want of water, they reached the mountain-foot and began the ascent, thinking their labor now certainly almost at an end; but after struggling for many hours through thick brush and fallen timber, the snow constantly becoming deeper, they at length reached the summit of an open ridge, from which the lofty peak seemed, says the Captain, almost as distant as when they left their camp on the Arkansas days before. Several of his men were badly frozen, and all suffering severely from hunger, that was partially allayed by finding a storm-bound poor old buffalo, which they killed. The snow was from two to three feet deep, and the Captain was obliged, very reluctantly, to give up the ascent of the mountain, and was never any nearer to it. After a rest they retraced their steps to the main camp, having probably been within twelve or fifteen miles of the summit that subsequently and very appropriately took the gallant Captain's name.

The command, about thirty men, then marched up the Arkansas and made a second dépôt camp, where is now Cañon City. The Captain had tired of land marching, and thought if he could only strike Red River he could float easily back to the Mississippi. So he turned all his attention to that search. Again leaving most of his men, he with the remainder set out, curiously enough, toward the northwest, following the route of the present road from Cañon City to the South Park. Reaching the Park he called the first considerable stream he crossed the Platte. A little further on he found another, and supposed it was the Saint Jaun—probably meaning the Spanish San Juan, which rises in Southwestern Colorado and flows into the Colorado of the West. A few miles more and he found another, which he supposed to be a branch of the Yellowstone. In this neighborhood he found signs of large numbers of men and horses, and supposed they were both Indians and Mexicans. He seems to have had some fear of a hostile meeting, and turned off square to the south. Before long he came to a

large stream, and rejoiced in the belief that it was Red River. Turning down it, he soon found himself in the midst of rugged mountains, and the river cutting its way through stupendous cañons. The mountain-sides were frozen and covered with snow, and the river with ice. More men were frost-bitten, and the horses were all disabled and abandoned but one. The party became scattered, but at last all came together again at their old camp at the Arkansas gate of the mountains; and his first dream of Red River was at an end. But the Captain was irrepressible. With such men as were able to travel, he was soon again on the march, this time all afoot, because their animals were used up. Crossing the Arkansas into Mexican territory, he moved up the Wet Mountain Valley straight toward the rugged Sangre-de-Christo range. More than once he was obliged to back out, the snow getting too deep for their strength. Frost-bitten and disabled men were left behind in improvised shelter, with such supplies as could be spared. The journey was one of most intense suffering and hardship; but at last they stood upon the summit, and looked down into the San Luis Park. The Captain rejoiced at the discovery of Red River, though he looked upon the Rio Grande del Norte. Descending, he traversed the plain, and at the confluence of two considerable branches of the stream established a fortified camp. Having completed his works so that himself and two or three men could defend themselves against the Indians, he sent the remainder back to the main camp, and to pick up stragglers.

Meantime the Mexican authorities were not ignorant of the expedition. They looked upon it with suspicion; and all the previous season a squadron of cavalry had been scouting the plains east of the mountains to cut it off, fortunately without success, and entirely unknown to Captain Pike. But a few days after he had got settled down in his new quarters, while walking out one bright winter day, he was surprised by a patrol of Mexican soldiers; and, though it was long before he fully realized the fact, he became from that time forward, for a year or more, a close prisoner. He was hurried to Santa Fé, and subsequently to El Paso, and thence to Chihuahua; his men following the same road, but never again all coming together. In course of time they were returned to the United States through Texas; but most of the Captain's notes, maps, and other valuable papers were never recovered.

While a prisoner in New Mexico, he saw an American who had in his possession lumps of gold that he had gathered in the South Park, on the head waters of the South Platte, and learned that the traces of Mexicans he had found upon the Platte, Saint Jaun, and Yellowstone—as he called them—had connection with the finding of gold in that region. This is the first authentic report of actual gold gathering in what is now Colorado. The next is in 1832 to 1836, after Bent and Vasquez and

Sarpy had established their chain of trading-posts all along the foot of the mountains, on the Arkansas, six miles above where is now Puebla; on the South Platte, at the mouth of Vasquez Fork, six miles below the present site of Denver; and on the North Platte, at Fort Laramie—then Fort St. John. In trading with the Indians and Mexicans who came into Fort Vasquez, they frequently obtained lumps of coarse gold, which had doubtless been picked up in the streams and gulches of the mountains. We come down next to 1849. In that year of the great rush to California many emigrants from the Southwestern States traveled up the Arkansas, thence north along the foot of the mountains, the entire breadth of Colorado, and through the South Pass to the Pacific. They found gold in Cherry Creek, the Platte, and other streams, but kept on toward California. Among the number who made these discoveries was W. Green Russell, a Georgia miner, from the vicinity of Dahlonega. After some years in California, he returned to his old home, still with recollections of the traces of gold he had seen here, and the determination, at some favorable time, to prospect the country. In 1856 a column of troops marching between New Mexico and Utah found gold in Cherry Creek near their camp. Another command passing in 1858 did the same. In the spring of the same year W. Green Russell found himself able to undertake his long-delayed exploration. Leaving Georgia with twenty or thirty followers he reached Cherry Creek, and followed it down to where Denver now stands, in July. A party of Cherokee Indians and half-breeds from the Indian Territory, west of the State of Missouri, came out about the same time, and upon the same errand, but they made no permanent location nor lengthy stay. The Georgians found gold in small quantities all along the Platte, Vasquez Fork, Cherry Creek, and other streams and gulches on the plains, but did not penetrate the mountains at all. The deposits they found were not sufficiently rich to support a large population, nor to pay largely even a few, but they served to stimulate further search and to create an intense excitement throughout the Western States. Several hundred men from the border, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Missouri, crossed the plains late in the fall of 1858, and spent the winter in and about Denver. Several towns were started, and a great number of log-houses built. Little parties went back to the States, and carried with them samples of the gold found; bright, smooth scales of exceeding fineness. By spring the excitement was at fever heat, and before the snows were over long lines of tented wagons were stringing out from every starting-point along the Missouri River. Early in April the moving column reached the site of Denver, and the arrivals sometimes reached thousands per day. The mines thus far found could give work to but a few hundred, and the best of them yielded scarce more than two dollars per day. Dis-

appointment followed, and almost a panic ensued. Three-fourths of all that came went back, turning about thousands more that they met on the way. The more determined, and those who had nothing to lose and all to gain, or who left nothing behind to go back for, remained.

As soon as the snow disappeared from the lower mountain slopes the more adventurous began pushing into the mountains, cautiously feeling their way. But few of them had ever before seen mountains, and a still less number knew how to search for gold. In the latter part of April gold was found, almost simultaneously, at several points in the mountains; at Gold Hill, eight miles west of Boulder City; at Deadwood, on South Boulder Creek; at Gregory Point, near where Central City now is; and at the junction of Vasquez Fork and Cook (now Chicago) Creek, near the present beautiful town of Idaho. The first heavy rush was to the latter point, but the tide soon turned toward Gregory. For days in succession the arrivals there exceeded three thousand per day. Exceedingly rich mines were found, and gold was gathered rapidly. Other discoveries followed, and the season was a succession of excitements and "stampedes" to each new point of attraction. With the approach of winter most people left the mountains, and a large majority returned to the States. The few who remained in the mines provided themselves with provisions for the winter, and prepared for months of isolation. It was expected that snow would fall to a great depth and the cold be very severe. In this they were disappointed.

The nearest post-office in the first settlement of Denver was at Fort Laramie, two hundred and twenty miles distant, and it cost half a dollar to send or receive a letter. On the 7th of May, 1859, the first express coach arrived, and the cost for transmitting letters was reduced to twenty-five cents. It was not until the spring of 1860 that a United States mail and post-offices at Denver and Mountain City were established, nearly two years after the first settlement of the country.

TWO HEARTS.

I.

PERHAPS in the little town of Warehurst the lives of no people presented a more vivid contrast than those of the heiress Jessie Warehurst and of the young seamstress known as Emeline—for one of these lives might verily seem nothing but the black shadow cast by the other in full sunshine.

The one of these people was the child of a family that gave their name to the village a hundred years ago, and had always maintained their traditional superiority to other families in the place by means of a style of living that was little short of splendor in that secluded region, by their lofty acquaintance in the outside world, and by their constant charities—charities, how-

ever, of a kind into which money freely enters and personal contact stays without.

Jessie, the last of her name, and the inheritor of a handsome fortune, lived with her aunt and mother, the latter a gentle and placid woman, and Jessie's adoring slave, in the old and spacious mansion, the dark halls and drawing-rooms and sunny morning-parlors of which a troop of young guests kept overrunning with merriment. She was but a year or two escaped from the dominion of schools and governesses, a thralldom that had never been severe; she enjoyed every luxury that the little world of Warehurst knew about; her dress was sumptuous; the ponies of her phaeton were as fleet as Arabs; she was the pet and admiration and delight of all who knew her—the unspoiled mistress, as it seemed, of all who came within her magic sphere; her life was an unbroken scene of festivity, and she was light-hearted, innocent, and joyous with the whole inspiration of the spirit of youth. They used to say that her name was given her because she was as sweet and white and spotless as the jessamine itself; kind to all who met her, for vice instinctively kept out of her way; a sunbeam in the path of poor and rich; and utterly unsoiled by sin, so far as any creature knew.

Emeline, on the other hand, had known poverty from her birth; she was but Jessie's age, yet her life had traveled a stretch of sin and wretchedness and repentance before which the other would have recoiled could she have seen so much as the first footprints and have understood their meaning, people said. She had been born in the alms-house, and knew the bitterness of such birth; ambitiously she had learned to read and to write; and as soon as it was found that she knew how to sew, and had, moreover, a certain genius of the needle, so to speak, she was kept constantly at work, leaving the place at last when still scarcely more than a child, and being bound out in the position of seamstress in a wealthy family of the city. Working there in her mistress's sewing-room, or going and coming on errands in hall or parlors, her dark young face, not without a gipsyish comeliness of its own, had been so unfortunate as to attract the gaze of a guest of the house, one who admired after his way the gloss of her black hair, the carnation of her cheek, the lustre of her eye, the curve of her lip. She gave him the whole passion of her young life and heart; he gave her, at sixteen years, ruin and betrayal and the world's scorn. Then there came a season of desperation—a season too dark for Emeline to remember. She would not remember it, and could only maintain to herself in after years that it was another person, not Emeline, who had suffered that. But out of its foulness she rose one night, when, seeing a face flash like an apparition out of the night, as Jessie Warehurst, visiting the great city, crossed the pavement from door to coach—a face all white and radiant and perfect, its golden hair a nimbus of glory round about it, its beauty

something heavenly. The face smiled on Emeline without seeing her in the shadow, a deep, sweet smile, searching as sunshine cast off from happy thoughts. It seemed to Emeline then that all was not lost while such a smile as that could be shed upon her, could be in the world, and she allowed to see it; and all at once the brilliancy of face and smile together lighted up like morning the black gulf between the two, and made it more odious and reeking to Emeline than words can say. A few weeks or a few months later, whichever it may have been, Emeline went back to Warehurst, and hired a room and put out a modest sign expressing a desire to obtain fine sewing to do; and curiosity, and remembrance of old marvels of her needle shown at the county fairs, having tempted one and another to examine her capacity, she soon had work enough and to spare, and hired a better room and enlarged her fare of crackers and cold water to a more healthy diet, and changed her tallow dip for kerosene. But she made no secret of what her way of life had been; she knew, perhaps, that rumor of it would travel on the wings of the wind; she felt that it would be worse torture to live with a sword suspended over her head than to meet and live down the open shame. But she wasted no words on the matter; and so, when they asked her where she had gone when deserting her apprenticeship, she answered, briefly, "To the bad," and was silent for the rest. Her existence was wan and overcast—laborious, solitary; there was not a soul in the world to whom she was dear, or who was dear to her, not a soul who cared whether she lived or died; and her heart, a wild and stormy heart, ached with its loneliness. The people employed her because her fingers were deft and dainty; but they spoke of her among themselves as a thing that had known shame, and might know it again; that was not to be trusted with companionship, lest the trust should be abused; a smile on her lip would have been construed a sign of levity and lapse into fresh sin—and Emeline never smiled, but lived from year to year ostracized, sad, and dark with a cloud of hovering suspicions.

Lovers came and went round Jessie—some enraptured with her loveliness, some with her temperament, some with her riches—but among them not the right one; and, smiling coldly on them all, they passed before her like ephemera. And so her years went by, till presently they were numbering twenty-two—twenty-two, which leaves an innocent and isolated country girl still very young. Emeline, also, was twenty-two; yet her years left her not young, but old, and on none of them could she look back and endure the glance, save the last four since her return to Warehurst; for the want and misery of the alms-house was sore, but sorer yet was that sudden burst of love and rapture which the shame and the desertion following made it only torment to recall; and that, in turn, was darkened by shadows rising from that abyss of horror into which it plunged her. The first bright

thing in all those years on which her remembrance could dwell was Jessie Warehurst's face shining on her, as she stepped along the carpeted pavement, and let the whiteness of that smile overlay, for a moment, all her smirch and soil. Since then, four dull, monotonous years—weary return of spring, and blaze of summer, melancholy falling of the leaf, weary, dreary chill of winter—and the only happiness in them all was such time as the face of Jessie Warehurst had again illumined the way, and given her anew that thrill of hope which once had told her she was a living soul, and not mere carrion, and had made Jessie Warehurst a type to her of the spirits that stand before God. She had never spoken with her; she worshiped her as the publican and sinner worshiped, standing afar off. She was as full of thankfulness to her for rescue from that slough in which she wallowed as if Jessie had consciously put out her white hand and helped her thence; and there was no sacrifice in life or death which Emeline would not have made for her—indeed, hardly any sacrifice, could there have been for her to make, since life held not a single charm for Emeline, except the trust of ending it at last. But of all this feeling on the other's part Jessie was totally unconscious, and neither she nor any other earthly being offered the girl one incentive to virtue; of herself, and simply, she had sickened of sin.

Emeline was happiest—if happiness could ever be a condition of such a darkened life as hers—when employed on sewing for the family at the Great House, as the people of the village, in a mild derision, sometimes called the Warehurst mansion. On whatever she had to do for Jessie, or her mother, or her friends—who sometimes sent their work down from town to this fabulous seamstress—she expended her whole skill and invention. The plain sewing was done with a precision which counted every thread to the stitch; tucking, and ruffling, and inserting, she combined in every sort of quaint device, till each decorated garment was as perfect in its way as a quilled daisy; and on the embroidery she lavished her hours, her eyesight, and her fancy, with flowers and ferns and vines running riot over the fine fabrics, like the wintry wraith of blossoming to come.

When, then, Emeline heard that one of the lovers had at last broken the hedge round that sleeping heart, and that Jessie was to be married, her own heart beat with a sort of pleasure; not for the young girl, her hopes, or her future—with that she felt she had nothing whatever to do, and she kept her dreams away, as if angels with flaming swords barred that Eden; her heart beat with only a poor and personal pleasure, in expectation of the sewing she would have to do in assisting to prepare the wedding garments, of the way in which she would weave petal and stem and leaf in the embroidery there, in imagining herself already tracing new complications and intricacies of lace stitch and satin stitch, in counting the errands that might take her to the Great House, and give her new guises

of that face shining out of its clond of happiness—that face which once had been a revelation of heaven to her in hell. She did not dream of herself as unfit to work upon these garments: sorrow and grief and shame had purified those hands of hers. Humbly as she walked now, she had planted her feet on heights where martyrs had walked before her; and though she made no outward profession of religion—fearing it would be but scoffed at as hypocrisy—yet she felt forever wrapped about her, as if she might not fall away from them, the clasp of forgiving and eternal arms.

But when Emeline learned that she was to go in person to the Warehursts and remain with them all through the ordeal of the wardrobe, she could hardly believe herself. Not only to see Jessie every day, but to be herself among the influences that had made Jessie what she was, it seemed in the anticipation too much bliss for her poor cup of broken delf to hold; in the realization, perhaps, she may have found it a less intoxicating draught. The bridal dresses, she was told, were to be fitted in the city; but Emeline's own fingers were to finish them all, and the delicate under-clothing's last touches were to be given by no one but herself. An artist receiving orders to decorate a temple was never in more ecstasy at serving the ideal than Emeline.

Many a good gossip of the little burgh remonstrated with Mrs. Warehurst for her imprudence in introducing among the members of her household a person of Emeline's acknowledged antecedents, a person who made no secret of having led an evil life; and though Mrs. Warehurst responded that it would be impossible that any harm should come of it, for the seamstress would have no opportunity of communication either with Jessie or any of her friends, except she herself or her sister, a staid and starched piece of prim propriety, were present in the flesh, and that she felt it wrong not to encourage one who was trying to do right, yet the others responded in effect that, for all that, a foul heart must emit a mephitic moral atmosphere that was poisonous, and though they themselves encouraged Emeline by giving her employment in her room as convicts in their solitary cells do work, yet her presence and her touch must be only contaminating to youth and innocence; in spite of which counsels Mrs. Warehurst had her own way, possibly because her nature was superior to theirs, but still more possibly because no one else could do the things that Emeline could on work which she desired to have under her own daily inspection.

So Emeline went to the Great House, and, sitting at her work-table and her window there, she stitched and wrought the hours away from morning to night, seldom moving from her seat, seldom glancing up when addressed, only now and then satisfying her eyes with one long unheeded look at the happy Jessie, delaying over one matter or another in her flitting from room to room—only now and then, as if she feared to

gaze too often lest she were dazzled with the sight.

It might have been a pathetic thing to any one who knew of the girl's life, to see her sitting there so silently, so patiently, and so contentedly, toiling to bring about a happiness in which she could have no part, the like of which she could never know—an outcast looking into heaven, but without one pang of envy or of longing for the bliss within. All that, indeed, was forever denied to her—she never gave it a thought; even when sitting there and seeing Jessie wandering through the gardens surrounded by troops of friends, beloved by a lover who was presently to give her his name before the world, watched by a mother with a tender affection following every footstep, surrounded by the sunshine of this world's favor and the halo of the next world's promises, it did not occur to Emeline that of all these things, friends, lover, good name, and home-affection, she herself was destitute—that she was deserted, desolate, and alone. She had trained herself to become as impersonal as a shadow. These were the things natural to Jessie as the perfume to a rose; hers were the things natural to her as the deadly juice to the night-shade; only sometimes as she heard the chorus of cheery laughter rising to her window from the flower-beds below, and caught glimpses of the airy draperies, bright as the flowers themselves, fluttering from alley to alley, of the sunny smiling faces, then a great hollow ache seemed to pervade her being, a sense of void and empty existence, which she did not construe into longing for any thing to love, but merely into acknowledgment that she was of a different race from these careless and innocent ones—she, born in an alms-house, bred to labor, abandoned to sin, and with but one blessing in all her life to thank Heaven for—that she had been snatched out of that sin.

Emeline, of course, asked no questions, and had heard nothing of Jessie's chosen husband. It was one of the things she took for granted, that he must be perfection, or, in the eternal fitness of things, he would not be chosen. Once, indeed, she chanced to hear his name, and started—but not because that same name had brought ill to her: many men might wear that name. The thought crossed her mind no more than any other utter impossibility that this man Devlin could be the same Devlin with whom she once had fled, or, rather, to meet whom she had fled, from white and open life into the darkness where he left her. One day, at length, she heard that he had come; and at sunset, as she folded up her fine work to take out that needing less dainty stitches, Emeline paused a moment, resting her arm on the window-sill, and leaning out to enjoy the hush, the dying color, the smell of the dewy mould, the rapture of that hour when heaven and earth are meeting, and she saw Jessie and her lover walking in the garden. A sudden pain struck Emeline like a stab as she beheld that shape—the old-

remembered guise, the gracious bending way, the turn of head, the false fair face—and with a low and smothered cry, that it was profanation for him to breathe beside her, she dropped upon the floor, and there, shortly afterward, Mrs. Warehurst found her. “I must go home!” sobbed Emeline, as they laid her on the bed. “I must go home. This is no place for me.”

“My poor girl,” said Mrs. Warehurst, “you have been sewing too steadily. Instead of going home, you must take a little exercise in the grounds, you must drive down to the village on the shopping errands, and have wine sent up with your dinner” (for Emeline’s dinner was always sent up to her, since it would have been insulting to ask housekeeper or servants to sit at the table with such a creature as that); “but, indeed,” added Mrs. Warehurst, “you must not go home; for here is the work to be done, and no one in the world but you to do it.”

So all night long Emeline lay there, with remembrance of the old passion and the old misery fighting the old fight over again in her heart till the hot battle-place seemed bursting. Not the old passion, she said, since thought of the man was pain—only a remembrance of it; oh! not the old passion, but the old misery indeed, and a new one almost as keen: a misery that grew and doubled itself as she recognized it; for—was it possible—that she, a wretch, an outcast, was jealous of Jessie Warehurst? And if jealous, then it must be—could it be?—that she still loved the man. Her very soul was lacerated by all these pangs of doubt and fear and memory. It was only when the first faint purple flush of day began to filter through the deep and dewy dark, and the stillness of the prime was broken by a fluting bird’s note and another, till the heavens were overflowing with tune, and morning was ushering in another joyous day for so many, another burdened and tormenting one for so many more, that Emeline imprisoned all her wild emotions beneath the strong bars of the last four years’ habits again. It was true, she confessed, that she still loved Devlin. She had thought the fire burned out, and so it was; this love was but the white ashes of that old one scattered over all her life, and making the bitter lees of every cup she drank. She loved him. Helpless to serve him, there was but one thing she could do for him: suffer him, without a word, to make Jessie his own—him, of the earth earthy, to desecrate a shrine. Doubtless he was the same Devlin still; the same winning, insinuating, captivating manner; the same false, worthless heart; the same self-indulgent voluptuary, weak before temptation, cowardly before exposure. With all that, she loved him yet—loved a strange wraith in him, not him; a vacuum; an identity, not his, but that of the qualities and traits which he had not—loved what she had once believed him to be, and never could dissociate from him—loved him so that, after that first tumult, she could surrender him to another woman without a murmur (though no murmur of hers might

avail to hinder)—loved him so that she could give him this girl, her ideal, to help him, to purify him, to make him worthy of heaven hereafter through having tasted something of heaven here with her; a heaven in which Emeline must be all forgotten, a wretched stain forever washed away. For it might not be that he could serve the wealthy ward of powerful friends as he had served a poor sewing-girl, nor even that he should wish it. Jessie, that winged soul, could be to him what the untaught, groveling Emeline could never dream of; and as he could love, plainly he loved her now; and she would open depths in his nature that had always slumbered darkly. This, then, was the service she could render Devlin, the sacrifice she could make for Jessie; no sacrifice, in fact, since Devlin was none of hers; but, in Emeline’s bleeding heart, a willing sacrifice of more than life; and there shone on her face that day a lustre as if thrown from the wings of a dove forever flying upward into the light.

But at sunset, once more, as she saw the two walking in the garden again—arms interlaced, heads bent together, one breath, one smile, one word—fresh queries, fresh counsels, came to Emeline. So that gracious head had bent to her; so, doubtless, to others. Might Jessie be the last? Was she, after all, so sure that he loved Jessie with all the strength he had for loving? Was it just for her to keep silent, to hazard Jessie’s welfare on the chance, to try the doubtful venture if there were power enough in that young girl’s clean hands to hold him and help him and save him at last, when a brief word, a swiftly told story, and Mrs. Warehurst would put an end to all, nor suffer her daughter’s life-long happiness to encounter the risk of wreck among such shallows and quicksands? Emeline was too weary to lie awake a second night with her trouble; it only came to her in disjointed and fearful dreams, and woke with her, and kept with her all day, and day after day. Which was her duty—to be quiet, or to tell her tale and let the responsibility leave her own shoulders for others? If she were going to tell it at all, it should be quickly—ere the preparations reached such a height that mortified pride might mildew any harvest of the truth. Which was her duty—to tell her tale and rescue Jessie from possible injury, or to hold her peace and let Devlin’s good angels, if he had any, work with his wife for his salvation? Emeline could not decide—at one moment the marriage seemed a mockery and a sacrilege to Jessie, at another its prevention seemed eternal ruin to Devlin.

And thus the trouble drifted in Emeline’s mind, only slowly and more slowly, and always painfully, setting toward the fact that the truth must be told, and the consequences left in the hands of God; that it would not do for Jessie that things should take their course; that she should marry Devlin at the cost of certain sorrow to herself, at the mere chance of bettering him—it was like sacrificing an angel on an

earthly altar. And yet, was sorrow the worst thing in the world? had she not heard that it was better to be plowed with a harrow than to remain a hard, unbroken clod? Was the good in this life not born of sorrow? Sorrow, of some kind, must she not know, being mortal? and was this worse than another? Might she not, marrying him, lead him upward so insensibly that she would never discern the evil in him? But, on the other hand, in the children of future years the stains of a father's nature must be brought to light; and there might be a bitterer sorrow to be borne than all the rest. Whether it were want of courage to speak with Mrs. Warehurst, want of will to do it, or want of power to arrive at a decision, Emeline still waited, and stitched, and looked about her in the intervals, taking observations from a new point of view; for suddenly some gleam of light, or else some inspiration—the shock, perhaps, felt on finding that Jessie had no instinct of truth able, like Ithuriel's spear, to detect the evil thing—had made it seem worth while to test this maiden, of whom she had imagined so much, to be sure that she was altogether lovely to the core, and not a mere outside of beauty only unflecked because no wasp had ever touched it. Before she abandoned Devlin to the lonely fate to which he had once abandoned her, she would see if Jessie were so utterly unfit for him by reason of ascribed perfection, or if she were not omnipotent enough in that perfection to encounter every chance successfully. Providence must help her to some clew to it all—and she prayed and waited.

Sometimes, when the prim and proper aunt was in the sewing-room, the young girls who visited in the house came and sat down there, and handled the pretty garments, and took a needle for a little while themselves. Emeline liked to have them; it was like being outdoors among the flowers and birds and bees when this parcel of gay, glad things laughed and chirped and chattered along the frills and laces. Emeline never remembered then that she was a young thing too; she was not, she was a mature and weary woman, and they were beings of another world than hers. They were too innocuous and merry—perhaps, indeed, too good-natured—ever to taunt Emeline, in any shadowy manner, of what was past with her, ever to worry her with questions, much as they might wonder at the silent and mysterious thing plying her needle from dawn till dark, and concerning whose history doubtless each one of them knew all that had ever been told; but many a heedless word of theirs cut Emeline to the quick. And something that pained Emeline more than any words that could be said was to catch sight of the clew to which Providence was helping her, and to find that Jessie, this radiant creature whose whiteness had once pointed a contrast with her own vileuess, and ever since had done the same, whose beauty was so dazzling that it made an aureole of holiness about her to the beholder's eye, might, aft-

er all, be only like that fair-skinned fruit which is at the heart nothing but a pinch of dust. Possibly less frivolous than the others—possibly not more kind-hearted, but better bred—yet it was not good for one who had followed her with a sort of adoration to see now the trifling pleasure that she took in these wedding garments; to see that she was not entering marriage as a sacrament of great mysteries with the Creator, as a state of lofty emotion and sacred experience, but as a career of freedom and pleasure and fine clothes. A young girl, for instance, was allowed no such toilets as these the bride should wear, nor such jewels shedding light as if from inner sources of flame. She arrayed herself in them, and turned and twisted before the glass like any common school-girl, and rubbed the bloom off herself in Emeline's fancy so much that Emeline could see that it would not have been of the slightest consequence to her if she had known she did.

Yet, she was assuredly a beautiful thing, in that shimmer of satin, that frost of lace, and all the glow of the great white-hearted diamonds around her throat and in her hair, standing there and smiling at the enchanting vision in the glass that smiled back at her. So Devlin thought, most likely, at first glance, being beckoned into the room by Mrs. Warehurst, after a hasty word of preparation to the rest, and stealing up to slip an arm about her; when suddenly his eye caught that of Emeline's—Emeline stiffened, if not prepared, by Mrs. Warehurst's exclamation; but dark and pale, and her heart almost ceasing to beat—and at the sight of this death's-head at his feast, startled into gazing a moment, then he shuddered out of the room without a word; while Jessie, seeing his reflection in the glass, and forgetful of her frippery and all else, flew after him in a terror, lest sudden illness had overtaken him—leaving Emeline to regain unheeded the composure she had lost, but no one had missed.

When Emeline, in the dead of the night, thought of that scene, it argued to her that Devlin had not yet lost all sensibility—that, therefore, he was not past saving. That in Jessie, even were she stripped of all the impossible perfections with which her own diseased imagination had once gilded her, there was yet enough to lift him to a level he had never trodden—and it might be that no such sacrifice as she had dreaded was involved.

It was three weeks yet before the wedding; and the sewing was all done. That was Emeline's device; in her idolatry, when first going to the house, she determined that there should be a season, ere the wedding, when gauds and gewgaws should be out of sight and out of mind, and other better things should have their day; she had thought then that that would be a pleasant thing to Jessie; afterward she meant to have it so perforce; and she had risen in the night, unknown, and finished many a piece of work, to have her way. On the morrow now, she would go back, out of the splendor and the

bustle, to her lonely, dreary room—lonelier and drearier it seemed to her now than ever. If she were going to tell Mrs. Warehurst the secret she had to tell, she must speak to-night or else be silent for all the future: in the three weeks yet to come it was unlikely that there would ever be a better chance than at the moment when Mrs. Warehurst sent for her to the drawing-room, to pay her at her desk there, for her months of work, and take her receipt for the same.

It was a tempestuous evening, with one of the fierce and sudden September gales of the region, working havoc in the gardens, lashing the branches against the casements, and howling round the house like an army of angry spirits, before which all flesh was powerless—a shivering night that made one think of malignant things abroad and at their work.

A gay group of the girls, whose numbers were always full with fresh arrivals, was in the great front drawing-room, clustered round the hearth on which, more for cheer than warmth, a handful of pine knots had been kindled, and was now sending fitful flashes to dance about the alcoves and ceilings, and in among the heavy pieces of dark and polished furniture, a century old. They were telling each other such ghost stories as they happened to remember, or were able to invent, and had wrought their blood into a curdling condition before Devlin and Frank Warehurst, Jessie's cousin, came in from the billiard-room.

Mrs. Warehurst had sent for Emeline to come down to the back drawing-room, which was, in fact, that rather methodical lady's peculiar apartment for the transaction of any business; a silken screen—the dim lamp lighting the desk, but no more—partially obscuring them, while none of the laughing tribe in the other room gave a thought or glance in that direction as Emeline wrote her signature, and took the money which Mrs. Warehurst handed her, and was folding it up before she realized that it was five times the stipulated amount, and was a sum to be laid away for a bulwark against the want of any dark day. Then she suddenly turned with wide, wet eyes, flushed cheeks, and parted lips. "No, no, my child," said Mrs. Warehurst, gently; "it is quite right. I want my daughter's marriage to be an occasion for you to remember. If you put this sum at interest, some day it will buy you a little cottage. No, indeed, you must not thank me any more," as Emeline's quivering lips opened again; "you have earned it; the work could not have been bought for the sum—"

"Oh," said Emeline, "how kind you are to me! You are kind to every one! I never knew what a mother can be till I saw you with her! And she deserves it—so good—so lovely—"

"Yes," said Mrs. Warehurst, warming a little at these natural expressions of emotion from the girl whose hand her pure and haughty blood could never let her bring herself to touch;

"my child is all the world to me. An only child is apt to be. See!" said she, with a sudden impulse. "Here is a handkerchief of hers, and it shall be yours for a keepsake." She paused then, regretting her words, and yet the little shred of lace and linen might be a talisman some day to keep the girl from a temptation, and she put it into her hands.

"How kind you are!" repeated Emeline, dissolving in tears; "and I must pay you so poorly." And she bent to kiss the fingers; but they had been withdrawn—for those were not the lips to press Mrs. Warehurst's white hand; and just then there came a peal on the hall bell that rang through the rooms, and rattled in the rafters, followed by a blast of the tempest, shaking the very house, and making the chimneys groan. There was a shriek, of course, from the giddy girls about the hearth in the other room, and a burst of laughter, and then listening, followed by a patter of questions and wonderment, till the door opened, and old John appeared, holding in his arms a parcel, which he set upon the table, having first spread a paper beneath, for the parcel was wet with the rain.

"Indeed, miss," said he, "when I answered that fireman's peal there was no one at the door at all, and nothing but this bundle, dripping with the wet."

"The express man," said Frank; "of course he didn't wait in the rain."

"Another wedding present, Jessie!" cried the chorus.

"I suppose so," said Jessie, eagerly. "Bring some scissors, John, please. Oh, thank you!" as the old servant, with his jack-knife, ripped up the slight covering, stretched tent-wise across an open wicker basket, and then started back in dismay to see the injury his knife might have done, while taking with him a sheet of cotton-wool, and disclosing another one beneath, where lay a little, rosy, sleeping baby.

With the cry of surprise and anger that came from Jessie Warehurst's lips—unmistakable anger, whether that of disappointment, or bewilderment, or of interpretation of the affair as an insult to her house and name—the child opened its eyes, not as some children wake, in terror and tears, but with a smile that might have melted any one's heart, and lifting both its little, dimpled, naked arms toward her. Certainly it touched Jessie, in the midst of her anger; for the water sprang to her eyes, partly in pity, and partly in a vague, wild fear. "The poor thing!" she exclaimed; "the poor thing! Deserted by its dreadful parents—a little bunch of sin. Oh, how can people be so bad!" And she hid her face in her hands to shut out the sight of it.

"What is it? Pray what is all this?" asked Mrs. Warehurst, hastening to the scene of outcries and exclamations, from which the young girls were retreating, in a huddle, to the fireplace, and Jessie with them.

"Left at the door, ma'am—a foundling," said John, respectfully. "Some love-child that

its mother seeks a good home for, and drops it on your door-stone, and pulls the bell, and runs;" adding his mite of pleading for the little object whose helplessness already touched his old affections.

Mrs. Warehurst bent over the basket—a new one, that might have been purchased at any corner store—seeking something by which to trace or identify the child, cooing and gurgling to itself, before disturbing it; but there were no words, no clothing, and absolutely nothing there, save the strip of new cloth that had covered the basket, and the cotton-wool:

"Poor little dear!" said Mrs. Warehurst, as the child grasped her finger; "I suppose it has no right in the world; a poor little wretch with shame for its birth-right"—saying, perhaps, more than she would have said just there if Emeline had not been at hand to profit by the occasion.

Jessie was trembling in every limb, as she stood holding on the mantle-shelf, by Devlin's side. "Oh, we never came so near such evil before!" she cried.

"It is nothing but the consequence of having Emeline here sewing," said the aunt, ignorant or regardless who heard her in the next room; "the people think if we forgive one, we will another."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Jessie; "it makes the house dark; it seems to fill it full of wickedness and horror. It makes me creep; it makes me feel as if there were a great crime among us! Oh, send the loathsome little thing away!"

"Certainly," said the aunt, beginning to bustle about; "no one would dream of any thing else. Certainly; we shall dispatch it to the alms-house directly!"

"Why," murmured Mrs. Warehurst, "I hardly—hardly like to do so; for—it is such a pretty baby—and it seems as though it had been sent here—"

"By sinful wretches!" exclaimed her sister.

"And I'm sure John's wife would be glad—"

"Indeed she would, ma'am," answered John.

"Mamma!" ejaculated Jessie, perfectly white and faint, and forgetting that Devlin or any others were in the room, for the instant. "You won't think of keeping it? You can't! It would drive me wild! I should feel it always like something unclean in the house—I should shudder every time I heard it cry! Every time I saw it it would make me remember all the sin and sorrow in the world—would make me feel as though I were a part of it!"

"Be quiet, Jessie," said her mother, gently. "This is nothing to excite you so—a helpless baby."

"But it turns me sick with the disgust of it! It makes me afraid! Oh, I can not endure it! Don't you see how I am shaking? I don't know why. You must send the poor miserable thing away—you must, mamma!" And she was flinging herself out of Devlin's arms, and rocking to and fro on the ottoman in the recess, in an hysterical of sobs and tears.

"Of course, of course, my child," Mrs. Warehurst hastened to say—"if you will be still—of course. John shall put the filly in at once. Never mind the storm, John; the poor-house is only a mile away; and I have no doubt they will take the proper care—" She paused in a horror of astonishment, as Devlin swiftly drew Jessie further into the shadow of the great chimney-jambs—not seeing Devlin, but only Emeline, who glided down the room, and lifted the child and threw her apron round it; while it commenced, with the strength of its six months, to jump and crow in her arms.

For, standing alone in the dim obscurity of the unlighted room, listening, wondering, while the scene went on before her, Emeline had remembered that, five minutes since, Mrs. Warehurst said her child was all the world to her; and the thought had leaped into Emeline's mind, like sudden sunshine into gloom, that this child, rejected by the rest, might possibly be all the world to her, might be something to live for, to work for, to love—to love, and to love her back again. And all at once, in a tumult of fear, lest being abandoned to the town authorities it should pass beyond her reach forever, she found herself able to enter that room where Devlin was, to pass him, to be untouched by his nearness, to forget even that that dark and slender shape trembling in the dusk was his, and that he had ever been more to her than any passing shadow. "No, Mrs. Warehurst," said Emeline, in her clear low voice. "I was a child in that alms-house myself. This one can not go there while my hands have strength to work for him. If you can not take him, I will. God made you give me, a little while ago, the means to make it easier. I can teach this little child to care for me—there is no one in all the world who does. I shall have some one to love me, some one to love me!" said Emeline, with a glowing face, as beautiful that moment as a saint's. "God gives it to me!" said she. "A sign, a seal of his forgiveness—because I have suffered so!" and loving him already she hid her face against the little child, who seized her hair in both his tiny fists and laughed and leaped in pleasure at the warmth and the caress.

No one else spoke for a moment. Jessie could hear Devlin's heart plunging with a slow heavy stroke, as he stooped over her in the dark recess; if she thought of it at all, it was only to consider it a mark of sympathy with her own distress, never to imagine the burden of remorse, the fear of detection, the agitation at confronting the ghost of an old unbridled passion, with which it labored so.

"Emeline," said Mrs. Warehurst, driven behind the breast-works of her severity perhaps by an assaulting conscience, "I can not expect you to shrink from contact with such things, as my daughter does."

"I used to think your daughter perfect too, Mrs. Warehurst," said Emeline, pausing on her way, and her back turned to all the oth-

ers. "But if she had been she would have seized the chance to save this child from the sin there is always in the world, and not have left it to such as I to do. She is so perfect to look at, I should have liked to think her too perfect to imagine evil so clearly. She did me once so great a service—so great a service—though she never knew it, that I thank her with my whole soul, and I pray that her heart may soften before little children of her own shall come to find it so hard a place!" And with her eyes open at last to see that water finds its level, and Jessie was equal to her fate, and that not a word from her concerning Devlin was needed, and scarcely any longer aware even of the presence of the man in person, while her heart was warm and bubbling with joy and thankfulness, she passed quietly from the room.

"It is only her natural instincts," said the aunt, complacently, recovering from her amazement before the door had closed behind Emeline. "How can she recoil from the neighborhood of evil the way our Jessie does?"

"It is the difference between the two hearts!" said Mrs. Warehurst.

And for my part, I think it was.

II.

And so, half a dozen years later, Jessie Devlin, sitting in sackcloth and ashes, had come to think for herself—had come to think through a process like the disintegration of a flint, were the flint but sentient, a process turning all her substance to the enrichment of the region round her; and, in coming to think that thing, perhaps the difference between the two hearts had lessened, so that any vivid emotion might make them part and parcel with each other.

There had been children born to Devlin's wife in those half-dozen years—two of them. She had not desired the first; she had not welcomed it; life was pleasant enough to Jessie in that first year of her marriage, adored and adoring, without bringing into it a burden for every moment of the day and night, a burden that must rob her of many an hour with Devlin, many a stroll and ride, of half her gayeties of opera and ball and the wonderful new city life, that must cling and never leave her thoughts elastic and free again. She did not care greatly for the child till she saw that Devlin did, and till, with the touches of its own little hands upon her breast, it groped its way into that hard heart, and began to soften it through the sunshine of its presence there; and after that she did not know how she had loved the child—selfishly, indeed, and as a part of herself, but still tenderly—till it lay dead and cold before her before half of its first year had closed. As if in answer to the yearning grief that implored for the pressure of those little arms again, her other baby came—longed for and prayed for, ere its birth, so keenly that Jessie understood what before had seemed mere jargon when one had said there was no music in the world, to any

mother's ears, like that first cry with which a little being wails its way into the world.

Many a time after Jessie had laid her first-born under the sod did remembrance of that stormy September night before her bridal recur to her; and the sight of the laughing, dimpled baby that she would have sent out into the storm but for Emeline rose like an accusing angel, denouncing her merciless nature. Every day she meant to send and see about that child; but every day brought other things to fill her time and thoughts.

For they were days, by that time, that her husband did not make any brighter for Jessie—since Devlin was but fulfilling the promise of his youth—by no means curtailing his pleasures because his wife could no longer share them, but merely, being at liberty in that regard at last, changing their character to one that she could not at any time have shared. He used to say that his wife was so innocent as to be incapable of pity or forgiveness, he had discovered; so good as to be inhuman; and, for his part, he loved the society of his kind. So he sought that society, and kept it, and days and nights were often solitary and sad stretches of suffering to Jessie.

But in all her amazement and grieving over this she found a species of compensation in her child, a splendid, violet-eyed cherub, full of life and love and laughter—the image of his father, perhaps, before temptation had tainted him. She relied on him some day to bring back that father to the holiness of home, thinking, in her unsuspicion, that Devlin had always been before marriage what he seemed in that first year of it, ignorant that he was but returning to his wallow. Always with that end in view, she became wrapped in the boy, her little apostle, who had such work to do! Her very breath seemed to hang on his, she trembled or reposed as the color came or went in his cheeks; and if the possibility that she might lose him flashed across her it made the whole world seem a dark and cruel place, full of evil and oppression against which she was powerless. Often when she bent over his crib at night, and kissed the great, rosy limbs he had thrust out from his laced and silken coverlets, she thought of Emeline and the child she had taken to illuminate her wretched home with love, and desired then to see her and assist her and confess her own fault. But she had not been at home since the second year of her marriage; for the little burgh of Warehurst had now no attractions for Devlin, and Jessie would not go alone, since, in the battle waged against her, she was not willing to give her enemy the advantage of her absence from the scene. When her mother went home from her visits, though—visits growing less frequent as Jessie's need of them grew more bitter, since, for all her need, she would not expose to any the dark places of her life—she had sent Emeline sewing and gifts and good wishes; and year by year, receiving these, Emeline understood them, and felt that nature had been work-

ing with Jessie sternly but to fair ends, and found all her old idolatry returning on her.

One day this boy of Jessie's, who could toddle round alone now, ran into the dining-room where his father sat, his mother having been some time before dismissed from table, according to a foreign fashion aped by Devlin. No one ever knew all that happened there. Whether the boy teased the father or disobeyed him, whether it were in a fit that he fell, or at a blow—whatever it was, if it was the latter it was not Devlin but absinthe that struck the child—and Jessie, hearing the fall, and darting to the spot, carried out a little form that, insensible from concussion of the brain, left her arms only for the final casket. Within the twelvemonth she became a widow: her heart was as empty as her arms, and her life desolate.

"You were too good for me, Jessie," said Devlin, dying. "God would not let you be dragged down to my level; perhaps I shall be fitter in some future—" And grown to be content now with small things, the few words solaced Jessie for much she had endured, and made a long existence less dreary than it would have been without them; for they seemed to her signs of the knowledge of better things than he had followed, and she believed that God would give him to her, purified and stronger, in another world. She had rather he were dead than living the life he had been leading; she had rather her children lay beside him than grow to develop the germs that a father's sins might have implanted, that a mother's aid might have given them no strength to destroy. "I had a hard and selfish heart. I had no right to bring children into the world to inherit such an evil. I do not know how far it helped in the ruin of my husband," she said. But, for all that, the heart agonized after children and husband—no longer hard, since it could mourn so; no longer selfish, since for its own satisfaction it desired back nothing that had been taken away.

Jessie still kept her home in the city, in the lofty and spacious mansion, peopled only by ghosts, and where her silent footfalls echoed behind her, so great was the hush, for there was a sort of fascination to her in the scene of all her troubles. Troubles or not, it was there, she thought, that she had really begun to live, that she had broken through the splendid shell of her youth, and entered into the mutual life of all creation. She read the fable of Undine with a new comprehension: to her also marriage had given a soul. But the loneliness of the house was something appalling—appalling in the night when she woke out of dreams with her children's voices ringing in her ears, and found the dead, still vacancy; and she went to Warehurst one day to see if the home there could not be transferred to the city house.

But that might not be. The mother and aunt were too old for transplanting; their root was struck too deep in the ancestral place, and Jessie was to go as she had come.

She went down, one summer afternoon before departure, to see Emeline, her pretext of work in her hand. She had long since ceased to think that there was any pollution in that presence or that touch; and as she sat there explaining her wishes, one word led to another, and she had told the other of her contrition, something of her grief, much of her loneliness, all her longing. "Oh, Emeline," she said, "the child you have was sent to me! If I had only taken the trust, if I had only taken the boy and left him with my mother, I should have him now—I should not be so utterly alone to-day." As she spoke she glanced up at the open window, and there, swinging in a hammock of the wild smilax that had been strongly twined from bough to bough, the roguish face of a six-years-old boy, framed in close-curling yellow locks, and in a glory of the late afternoon sunshine, was peering in upon her—but little older than her own child would have been had he lived; and she gazed back in a long, forgetful gaze.

But as Emeline listened to those words something turned her pale and cold. What Jessie said was true, she knew; the child had been sent to her, Providence had meant it for her, but yet—

She turned and looked at him herself, and he met the glance with such a broad, true smile of honest love upon his happy face that her heart leaped now, as it always did, to see it and to feel it. Down what a depth of desolation and despair that heart dropped again with the recurring thought! "Oh, why do you come here to torture me?" she cried. And then, at Jessie's wondering look, gathering her faculties to their old self-denying pitch, and bethinking herself of all she might deprive the boy if she thought of herself, "Do you mean," said she, "that if you had him now you would bring him up as a Devlin, educated, respected, well started in the world, as your son?"

"I will educate him any way, Emeline," said Jessie, simply, with no idea of what was struggling in Emeline's heart and soul, "if you will let me—if you will give me back that little share in him."

Then Emeline looked up at her, at the sweet, pale, chastened face, with the golden hair beneath the widow's cap around it—the tremulous lips, the tearful eyes; and, with the glance, she remembered and felt anew all that that face had been to her. Was there anything she could deny Jessie Warehurst—deny Jessie Devlin?

"He is yours—he is yours!" she whispered; "absolutely yours! Take him. Only take him at once, before I can repent, before I have time to think that all my sunshine goes with him."

"And without you?" said Jessie.

So it came to pass that shortly after Jessie's return to town the key of Emeline's rooms was surrendered, her little property disposed of, and she and her boy had disappeared from Warehurst; while a quiet, dark-eyed woman, singularly young in face for one with hair so gray as hers, moved up and down in Jessie's home on

as equal terms with Jessie as any one not the mistress of the house could be; and a healthy, happy boy romped among the rooms as unawed by all their splendor as though he had been born to them—a boy who had no mother in the world, though two guardian angels spread their wings between him and all harm. Shadows never fell into that home from the day those two people entered it. It was a perfectly harmonious place, where every thing was in tune; for though Emeline had not Jessie's accomplishments, yet the habits of the high-bred households where she had worked had formed her language and her manners, and her sorrows had matured her mind to a wisdom that supplied deficiencies. Sometimes a sort of twilight, yet not quite a shadow, spread there when the maiden aunt brought her severe austerity on a visit to the town; and, while coldly evil, contrived to express what she considered a merited contempt for the companion of her niece—a contempt which Emeline humbly received as merited indeed, but nevertheless felt thankful

and relieved when its giver had departed, and the mild and gentle Mrs. Warehurst had arrived in her stead. But whether approving or disapproving, they kept the secret, and none in the little burgh knew what had become of Emeline and her boy, or ever suspected that Mrs. Devlin's adopted son had any such ignominious origin as Emeline's. A quiet and subdued happiness reigned beneath that roof. The two women, so young in years and yet so old in griefs, had each their sacred memories, unbreathed, and forever to remain unbreathed, even to each other. But a single thing occupied their hearts and thoughts in the present—a single love in which they had absolute communion; and they lived absorbed in the boy—the boy, often wild and wayward in his advancing years, with the moods of depression and fits of exuberant joyousness that a child born as he was born could hardly be without, but always controlled and led by the affection that surrounded him, and that proceeded from two hearts now grown into one.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

IX.—THE CAMPAIGN OF MORAVIA.

IT was on the 11th of November, 1741, that Frederick, elated with his conquest of Silesia, had returned to Berlin. In commencing the enterprise he had said, "Ambition, interest, and the desire to make the world speak of me, vanquished all, and war was determined on." He had, indeed, succeeded in making the "world speak" of him. He had suddenly become the most prominent man in Europe. Some extolled his exploits. Some expressed amazement at his perfidy. Many, recognizing his sagacity, and his tremendous energy, sought his alliance. Embassadors from the various courts of Europe crowded his capital. Fourteen sovereign princes, with many foreigners of the highest rank, were counted among the number. The king was in high spirits. While studiously maturing his plans for the future, he assumed the air of a thoughtless man of fashion, and dazzled the eyes and bewildered the minds of his guests with feasts and pageants.

On the 7th of January, 1742, Frederick's eldest brother, William Augustus, was married to Louisa Amelia, a younger sister of the king's neglected wife, Elizabeth. The king himself graced the festival, in gorgeous attire, and very successfully plied all his wonderful arts of fascination. "He appeared," says Bielfeld, "so young, so gay, so graceful, that I could not have refrained from loving him, even if he had been a stranger."

But, in the midst of these scenes of gayety, the king was contemplating the most complicated combinations of diplomacy. Europe was apparently thrown into a state of chaos. It was Frederick's one predominant thought to see what advantages he could secure to Prussia

from the general wreck and ruin. Lord Macaulay, speaking of these scenes, says:

"The selfish rapacity of the king of Prussia gave the signal to his neighbors. His example quieted their sense of shame. The whole world sprang to arms. On the head of Frederick is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years, and in every quarter of the globe—the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the brave mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by this wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown. In order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the great lakes of North America."

As we have stated, Frederick had declared that if any rumor should be spread abroad of the fact that he had entered into a secret treaty with Austria, he would deny it, and would no longer pay any regard to its stipulations. He had adopted the precaution not to affix his signature to any paper. By this ignoble stratagem he had obtained Neisse and Silesia. The rumor of the secret treaty had gone abroad. He had denied it. And now, in accordance with the principles of his peculiar code of honor, he felt himself at liberty to pursue any course which policy might dictate.

Frederick, in his *Histoire de mon Temps*, states that, in the negotiations which at this time took place in Berlin, France pressed the king to bring forward his armies into vigorous co-operation; that England exhorted him to make peace with Austria; that Spain solicited his alliance in her warfare against England; that

Denmark implored his counsel as to the course it was wise for that kingdom to pursue; that Sweden entreated his aid against Russia; that Russia besought his good offices to make peace with the court at Stockholm; and that the German empire, anxious for peace, entreated him to put an end to those troubles which were convulsing all Europe.

The probable object of the Austrian court in revealing the secret treaty of Schnellendorf was to set Frederick and France at variance. Frederick, much exasperated, not only denied the treaty, but professed increased devotion to the interests of Louis XV. The allies, consisting of France, Prussia, Bavaria, and Saxony, now combined to wrest Moravia from Maria Theresa, and annex it to Saxony. This province, governed by a marquis, was a third larger than the State of Massachusetts, and contained a population of about a million and a half. Moravia bounded Silesia on the south. Frederick made a special treaty with the king of Saxony, that the southern boundary of Silesia should be a full German mile, which was between four and five English miles, beyond the line of the river Neisse. With Frederick's usual promptitude, he insisted that commissioners should be immediately sent to put down the boundary stones. France was surprised that the king of Saxony should have consented to the surrender of so important a strip of his territory.

Frederick paid but little regard to his allies, save as he could make them subservient to the accomplishment of his purposes. He pushed his troops forward many leagues south into Moravia, and occupied the important posts of Troppau, Friedenthal, and Olmütz. These places were seized the latter part of December. The king hoped thus to be able, early in the spring, to carry the war to the gates of Vienna.

On the 18th of January, 1742, Frederick visited Dresden, to confer with Augustus III., king of Poland, who was also elector of Saxony, and whose realms were to be increased by the annexation of Moravia. His Polish majesty was a weak man, entirely devoted to pleasure. His irresolute mind, subjected to the dominant energies of the Prussian king, was as clay in the hands of the potter.

"You are now," said Frederick, "by consent of the allies, king of Moravia. Now is the time, now or never, to become so in fact. Push forward your Saxon troops. The Austrian forces are weak in that country. At Iglau, just over the border from Austria, there is a large magazine of military stores, which can easily be seized. Urge forward your troops. The French will contribute strong divisions. I will join you with twenty thousand men. We can at once take possession of Moravia, and perhaps march directly on to Vienna."

Frederick, in describing this interview, writes: "Augustus answered *yes* to every thing, with an air of being convinced, joined to a look of great

ennui. Count Brühl,¹ whom this interview displeased, interrupted it by announcing to his majesty that the Opera was about to commence. Ten kingdoms to conquer would not have kept the king of Poland a minute longer. He went, therefore, to the Opera; and the king of Prussia obtained at once, in spite of those who opposed it, a final decision."²

The next morning, in the intense cold of mid-winter, Frederick set out several hours before daylight for the city of Prague, which the French and Bavarians had captured on the 25th of November. Declining all polite attentions, for business was urgent, he eagerly sought M. De Séchelles, the renowned head of the commissariat department, and made arrangements with him to perform the extremely difficult task of supplying the army with food in a winter's campaign.

The next morning, at an early hour, he again dashed off to the east, toward Glatz, a hundred miles distant, where a portion of the Prussian troops were in cantonments, under the young prince Leopold. Within a week he had ridden over seven hundred miles, commencing his journey every morning as early as four o'clock, and doing a vast amount of business by the way.

It will be remembered that, in the note which M. Valori accidentally dropped, and which Frederick furtively obtained, the minister was instructed by the French court not to give up Glatz to the Prussian king, if he could possibly avoid it. But Frederick had now seized the city, and the region around, by force of arms, and held them with a gripe not to be relaxed. Glatz was a Catholic town. In the convent there was an image of the Virgin, whose tawdry robes had become threadbare and faded. The wife of the Austrian commandant had promised the Virgin a new dress if she would keep the Prussians out of the city. Frederick heard of this. As he took possession of the city, with grim humor he assured the Virgin that she should not lose in consequence of the favor she had shown the Prussians. New and costly garments were immediately provided for her at the expense of the Prussian king.

On the 26th of January, Frederick set out from Glatz, with a strong cortège, for Olmütz, far away to the southeast. This place his troops

¹ Count Brühl was, for many years, the first minister of the king. He was a weak, extravagant man, reveling in voluptuousness. His decisions could always be controlled by an ample bribe. His sole object seemed to be his own personal luxurious indulgence. "Public affairs," he said, "will carry themselves on, provided we do not trouble ourselves about them."

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in his letters from Dresden, writes: "Now, as every thing of every kind, from the highest affairs of the state down to operas and hunting, are all in count Brühl's immediate care, I leave you to judge how his post is executed. His expenses are immense. He keeps three hundred servants and as many horses. It is said, and I believe it, that he takes money for every thing the king disposes of in Poland, where they frequently have very great employments to bestow."

² *Histoire de mon Temps*.

had occupied for a month past. His route led through a chain of mountains, whose bleak and dreary defiles were clogged with drifted snow, and swept by freezing gales. It was a dreadful march, accompanied by many disasters and much suffering.

General Stille, one of the aids of Frederick on this expedition, says, that the king with his retinue, mounted and in carriages, pushed forward the first day to Landskron. "It was," he writes, "such a march as I never witnessed before. Through the ice and through the snow, which covered that dreadful chain of mountains between Böhmen and Mähren, we did not arrive till very late. Many of our carriages were broken down, and others were overturned more than once."¹

Frederick, ever regardless of fatigue and exposure for himself, never spared his followers. It was after midnight of the 28th when the weary column, frost-bitten, hungry, and exhausted, reached Olmütz. The king was hospitably entertained in the fine palace of the Catholic bishop, "a little, gouty man," writes Stille, "about fifty-two years of age, with a countenance open and full of candor."

Orders had been issued for all the Prussian troops to be rendezvoused, by the 5th of February, at Wischau. They were then to march immediately about seventy-five miles west, to Trebitsch, which was but a few miles south of Iglau, the point of attack. Here they were to join the French and Saxon troops. The force thus concentrated would amount to twenty-four thousand Prussian troops, twenty thousand Saxons, and five thousand French horsemen. With this army—forty-nine thousand strong—Frederick was to advance, by one short day's march, upon Iglau, where the Austrian garrison amounted to but ten thousand men.

In the mean time, on the 24th of January, Charles Albert, king of Bavaria, through the intrigues of the French minister and the diplomacy of Frederick, was chosen emperor of Germany. This election Frederick regarded as a great triumph on his part. It was the signal defeat of Austria. Very few of the sons of Adam have passed a more joyless and dreary earthly pilgrimage than was the fortune of Charles Albert. At the time of his election he was forty-five years of age, of moderate stature, polished manners, and merely ordinary abilities. He was suffering from a complication of the most painful disorders. His previous life had been but a series of misfortunes, and during all the rest of his days he was assailed by the storms of adversity. In death alone he found refuge from a life almost without a joy.

Charles Albert, who took the title of "the emperor Charles VII.," was the son of Maximilian, king of Bavaria, who was ruined at Blenheim, and who, being placed under the ban of the empire, lived for many years a pensioner upon the charity of Louis XIV. Charles

was then but seven years of age, a prince by birth, yet homeless, friendless, and in poverty. With varying fortunes, he subsequently married a daughter of the emperor Joseph. She was a cousin of Maria Theresa. Upon the death of his father, in 1726, Charles Albert became king of Bavaria; but he was involved in debt beyond all hope of extrication. The intrigues of Frederick placed upon his wane and wasted brow the imperial crown of Germany. The coronation festivities took place at Frankfurt, with great splendor, on the 12th of February, 1742.

Wilhelmina, who was present, gives a graphic account, with her vivacious pen, of many of the scenes, both tragic and comic, which ensued.

"Of the coronation itself," she writes, "though it was truly grand, I will say nothing. The poor emperor could not enjoy it much. He was dying of gout, and other painful diseases, and could scarcely stand upon his feet. He spends most of his time in bed, courting all manner of German princes. He has managed to lead my margraf into a foolish bargain about raising men for him, which bargain I, on fairly getting sight of it, persuade my margraf to back out of; and, in the end, he does so. The emperor had fallen so ill he was considered even in danger of his life. Poor prince! What a lot he had achieved for himself!"

While these coronation splendors were transpiring, Frederick was striving, with all his characteristic enthusiasm, to push forward his Moravian campaign to a successful issue. Inspired by as tireless energies as ever roused a human heart, he was annoyed beyond measure by the want of efficient co-operation on the part of his less zealous allies. Neither the Saxons nor the French could keep pace with his impetuosity. The princes who led the Saxon troops, the petted sons of kings and nobles, were loth to abandon the luxurious indulgences to which they had been accustomed. When they arrived at a capacious castle where they found warm fires, an abundant larder, and sparkling wines, they would linger there many days, decidedly preferring those comforts to campaigning through the blinding, smothering snow-storm, and bivouacking on the bleak and icy plains, swept by the gales of a northern winter. The French were equally averse to these terrible marches, far more to be dreaded than the battle-field.

Frederick remonstrated, argued, implored; but all in vain. He was not disposed to allow considerations of humanity, regard for suffering or life, to stand in the way of his ambitious plans. For two months, from February 5, when Frederick rendezvoused the Prussians at Wischau, until April 5, he found himself, to his excessive chagrin, unable to accomplish any thing of moment, in consequence of the lukewarmness of his allies. He was annoyed almost beyond endurance. It was indeed important, in a military point of view, that there should be an immediate march upon Iglau. It was cer-

¹ *Campagnes de le Roi de Prusse*, p. 5.



THE YOUNG LORDS OF SAXONY ON A WINTER CAMPAIGN.

tain that the Austrians, forewarned, would soon remove their magazines, or destroy them. The utmost expedition was essential to the success of the enterprise.

The young officers in the Saxon army, having disposed their troops in comfortable barracks, had established their own head-quarters in the magnificent castle of Budischau, in the vicinity of Trebitsch. "Nothing like this superb mansion," writes Stille, "is to be seen except in theatres, on the drop scene of the enchanted castle." Here these young lords made themselves very comfortable. They had food in abundance, luxuriously served, with the choicest wines. Roaring fires in huge stoves converted, within the walls, winter into genial summer. Here these pleasure-loving nobles, with song, and wine, and cards, and such favorites, male and female, as they carried with them, loved to linger.

At length, however, Frederick succeeded in pushing forward a detachment of his army to

seize the magazines and the post he so greatly coveted. The troops marched all night. Toward morning, almost perishing with cold, they built enormous fires. Having warmed their numbed and freezing limbs, they pressed on to Iglau, to find it abandoned by the garrison. The Austrian general Lobkowitz had carried away every thing which could be removed, and then had laid in ashes seventeen magazines, filled with military and commissary stores. The king was exceedingly chagrined by this barren conquest. He was anxious to advance in all directions, to take full possession of Moravia, before the Austrians could send reinforcements to garrison its fortresses. But the Saxon lords refused to march any farther, in this severe winter campaign. Frederick complained to the Saxon king. His Polish majesty sent an angry order to his troops to go forward. Sullenly they obeyed, interposing every obstacle in their power. Some of the leaders threw up their commissions and went home. Fred-

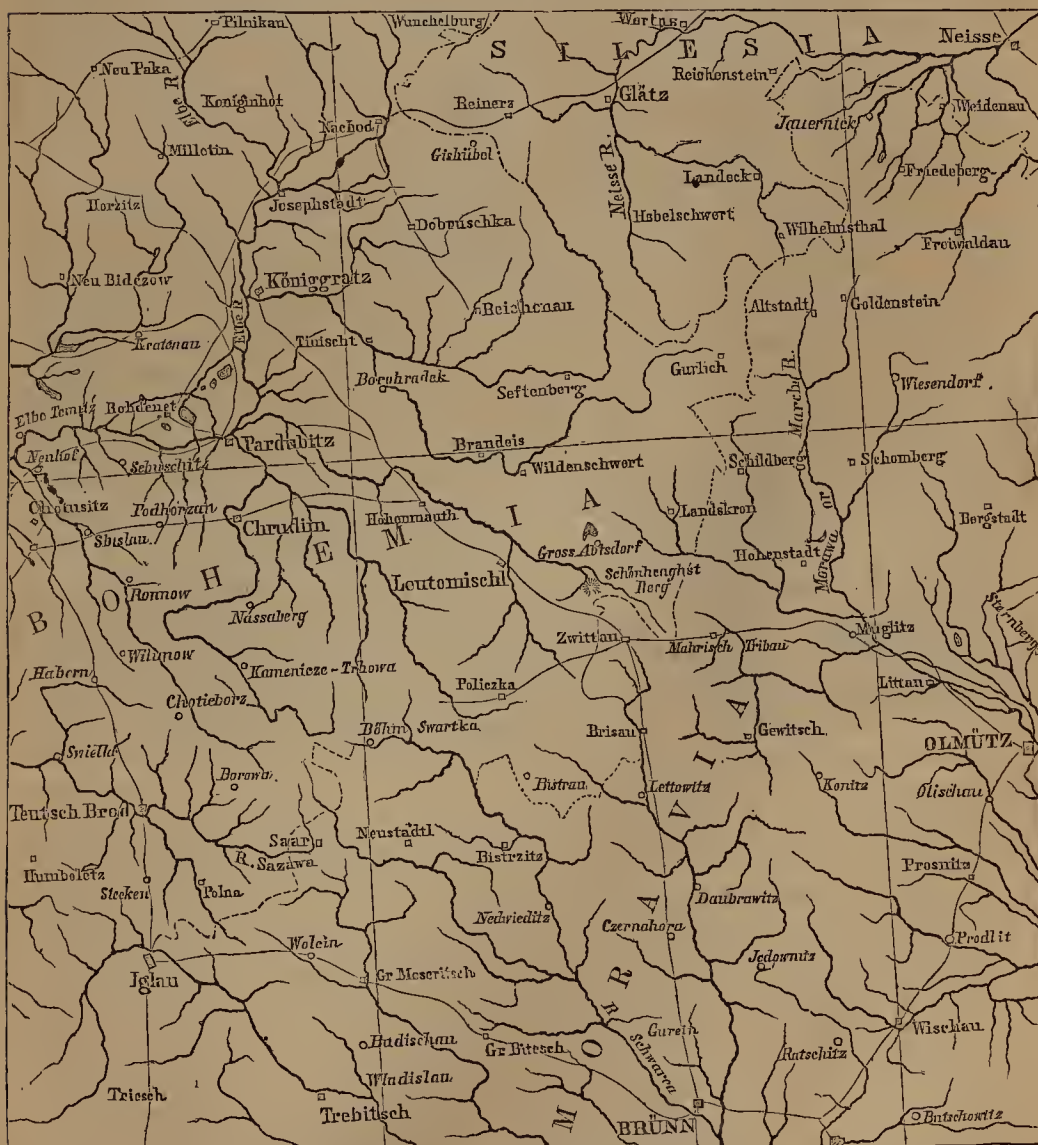
erick, with his impetuous Prussians, and his unwilling Saxons, spread over Moravia, levying contributions and seizing the strong places.

The Saxons, much irritated, were rather more disposed to thwart his plans than to co-operate in them. The Austrian horsemen were vigilant, pouncing upon every unprotected detachment. Frederick marched for the capture of Brünn, the strongest fortress in Moravia. It had a garrison of seven thousand men, under the valiant leader Roth. To arrest the march of Frederick, and leave him shelterless on the plains, the Austrian general laid sixteen villages in ashes. The poor peasants—men, women, and children—foodless and shelterless, were thus cast loose upon the drifted fields. Who can gauge such woes?

Frederick, finding that he could not rely upon the Saxons, sent to Silesia for reinforcements of his own troops. Brünn could not be taken without siege artillery. He was capturing Moravia for the king of Poland. Frede-

rick dispatched a courier to his Polish majesty at Dresden, requesting him immediately to forward the siege guns. The reply of the king, who was voluptuously lounging in his palaces, was, "I can not meet the expense of the carriage." Frederick contemptuously remarked, "He has just purchased a green diamond, which would have carried them thither and back again." The Prussian king sent for siege artillery of his own, drew his lines close around Brünn, and urged chevalier De Saxe, general of the Saxon horse, to co-operate with him energetically, in battering the city into a surrender. The chevalier interposed one obstacle, and another, and another. At last he replied, showing his dispatches, "I have orders to retire from this business altogether, and join the French at Prague."

Frederick declares, in his history, that never were tidings more welcome to him than these. He had embarked in the enterprise for the conquest of Moravia with the allies. He could not,



MAP ILLUSTRATING THE CAMPAIGN IN MORAVIA.

without humiliation, withdraw. But now that the ally in whose behalf he assumed to be fighting had abandoned him, he could, without dishonor, relinquish the field. Leaving the Saxons to themselves, with many bitter words of reproach, he countermanded his order for Silesian reinforcements, assembled his troops at Wischau, and then, by a rapid march through Olmütz, returned to his strong fortresses in the north.

The Saxons were compelled to a precipitate retreat. Their march was long, harassing, and full of suffering, from the severe cold of those latitudes, and from the assaults of the fierce Pandours, every where swarming around. Villages were burned, and maddened men wreaked direful vengeance on each other. Scarcely eight thousand of their number, a frost-bitten, starving, emaciate band, reached the borders of Saxony. Curses loud and deep were heaped upon the name of Frederick. His Polish majesty, though naturally good-natured, was greatly exasperated, in view of the conduct of the Prussian king in forcing the troops into the severities of such a campaign. Frederick himself was also equally indignant with Augustus for his want of co-operation. The French minister, Valori, met him on his return from these disasters. He says that his look was ferocious and dark; that his laugh was bitter and sardonic; that a vein of suppressed rage, mockery, and contempt pervaded every word he uttered.

Frederick withdrew his troops into strong cantonments, in the valley of the upper Elbe. This beautiful river takes its rise in romantic chasms, among the ridges and spurs of the Giant Mountains, on the southeastern borders of Silesia. Here the Prussian army was distributed in small towns along a line following the windings of the stream, about forty miles in length. All the troops could be concentrated in forty-eight hours. The encampments faced the south, with the Elbe behind them. At some little distance north of the river, safe from surprise, the magazines were stationed. The mountains of Bohemia rose sublimely in the distant back-ground. In a letter to M. Jordan, under date of Chrudim, May 5, 1742, Frederick expresses his views of this profitless campaign in the following terms:

"Moravia, which is a very bad country, could not be held, owing to want of provisions. The town of Brünn could not be taken, because the Saxons had no cannon. When you wish to enter a town, you must first make a hole to get in by. Besides, the country has been reduced to such a state that the enemy can not subsist in it, and you will soon see him leave it. There is your little military lesson. I would not have you at a loss what to think of our operations, or what to say, should other people talk of them in your presence."

Elsewhere, Frederick, speaking of these two winter campaigns, says: "Winter campaigns are bad, and should always be avoided, except in cases of necessity. The best army in the

world is liable to be ruined by them. I myself have made more winter campaigns than any general of this age. But there were reasons. In 1740 there were hardly above two Austrian regiments in Silesia, at the death of the emperor Charles VI. Being determined to assert my right to that duchy, I had to try it at once, in winter, and carry the war, if possible, to the banks of the Neisse. Had I waited till spring, we must have begun the war between Crossen and Glogau. What was now to be gained by one march would then have cost us three or four campaigns. A sufficient reason this for campaigning in winter. If I did not succeed in the winter campaigns of 1742, a campaign which I made to deliver Moravia, then overrun by Austrians, it was because the French acted like fools, and the Saxons like traitors."¹

Frederick, establishing his head-quarters at Chrudim, did not suppose the Austrians would think of moving upon him until the middle of June. Not till then would the grass, in that cold region, afford forage. But Maria Theresa was inspired by energies fully equal to those of her renowned assailant. Undismayed by the powerful coalition against her, she sent prince Charles, her brother-in-law, early in May, at the head of an army thirty thousand strong, to advance by a secret, rapid, flank march, and seize the Prussian magazines beyond the Elbe.

The ever-wakeful eye of Frederick detected the movement. His beautiful encampment at Chrudim had lasted but two days. Instantly couriers were dispatched in all directions to rendezvous the Prussian troops on a vast plain in the vicinity of Chrudim. But a few hours elapsed ere every available man in the Prussian ranks was on the march. This movement rendered it necessary for prince Charles to concentrate the Austrian army also. The field upon which these hosts were gathering for battle was an undulating prairie, almost treeless, with here and there a few hamlets of clustered peasant cottages scattered around.

It was a serene, cloudless May morning when Frederick rode upon a small eminence, to view the approach of his troops, and to form them in battle-array. General Stille, who was an eyewitness of the scene, describes the spectacle as one of the most beautiful and magnificent which was ever beheld. The transparent atmosphere, the balmy air, transmitting with wonderful accuracy the most distant sounds, the smooth, wide-spreading prairie, the hamlets, to which distance lent enchantment, surmounted by the towers or spires of the churches, the winding columns of infantry and cavalry, their polished weapons flashing in the sunlight, the waving of silken and gilded banners, while bugle peals and bursts of military airs floated now faintly, and now loudly, upon the ear, the whole scene being bathed in the rays of the most brilliant of spring mornings — all together presented war in its brightest hues, divested of every thing revolting.²

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvii. 196.

² *Campaigns of the King of Prussia*, p. 57.



FREDERICK CONCENTRATING HIS ARMY AT CHRUDIM.

There were nearly thirty thousand men, infantry and cavalry, thus assembling under the banners of Frederick for battle. They were in as perfect state of drill as troops have ever attained, and were armed with the most potent implements of war which that age could furnish. The king was visibly affected by the spectacle. Whether humane considerations touched his heart, or merely poetic emotion moved him, we can not tell. But he was well aware that within a few hours not merely hundreds, but thousands, of those men, torn by shot and shell, would be prostrate in their blood upon the plain. And he could not but know that

for all the carnage and the suffering he, above all others, would be responsible at the bar of God.

"The king," writes Stille, "though fatigued, would not rest satisfied with reports or distant view. Personally he made the tour of the whole camp, to see that every thing was right, and posted the pickets himself before retiring."

It was the aim of prince Charles to get between Frederick's encampment at Chrudim and his French allies, under marshal Broglio, at Prague. When discovered by Frederick, the Austrian army was on the rapid march along a line about fifteen miles nearly southwest of

Chrudim. It thus threatened to cut Frederick's communication with Prague, which was on the Moldau, about sixty miles west of the Prussian encampment. The forces now gathering for a decisive battle were nearly equal. The reader would not be interested in the description of the strategic and tactical movements of the next two days. The leaders of both parties, with great military sagacity, were accumulating and concentrating their forces for a conflict, which, under the circumstances, would doubtless prove ruinous to the one or the other. A battle upon that open plain, with equal forces, was of the nature of a duel, in which one or the other of the combatants must fall.

On the morning of the 17th of May Frederick's army was drawn out in battle-array, facing south, near the village of Chotusitz, about fifteen miles west of Chrudim. Almost within cannon-shot of him, upon the same plain, near the village of Czaslau, facing north, was the army of prince Charles. The field was like a rolling western prairie, with one or two sluggish streams running through it; and here and there marshes, which neither infantry nor cavalry could traverse. The accompanying map will give the reader an idea of the nature of the ground and the position of the hostile forces.

The sun rose clear and cloudless over the plain, soon to be crimsoned with blood and darkened by the smoke of battle. The Prussians took position in accordance with very minute directions given to the young prince Leopold by Frederick. It was manifest to the most unskilled observer that the storm of battle would rage over many miles, as the infantry charged to and fro; as squadrons of strongly mounted cavalry swept the field; as bullets, balls, and shells were hurled in all directions from the potent enginery of war.

About seven o'clock in the morning the king ascended an eminence, and carefully scanned the field, where sixty thousand men were facing each other, soon to engage in mutual slaughter. There were two spectacles which arrested his attention. The one was the pomp, and pa-

geantry, and panoply of war, with its serried ranks, its prancing steeds, its flashing armor, its waving banners, its inspiring bugle peals—a scene in itself beautiful and sublime in the highest conceivable degree.

But there was another picture which met the eye of the king, very different in its aspect. We know not whether it at all touched his heart. It was that of the poor peasants, with their mothers, their wives, their children, hurrying from their hamlets in all directions, in the utmost dismay. Grandmothers tottered beneath the burden of infant children. Fathers and mothers struggled on with the household goods they were striving to rescue from impending ruin. The cry of maidens and children reached the ear as they fled from the tramp of the war-horse and the approaching carnage of the death-dealing artillery.

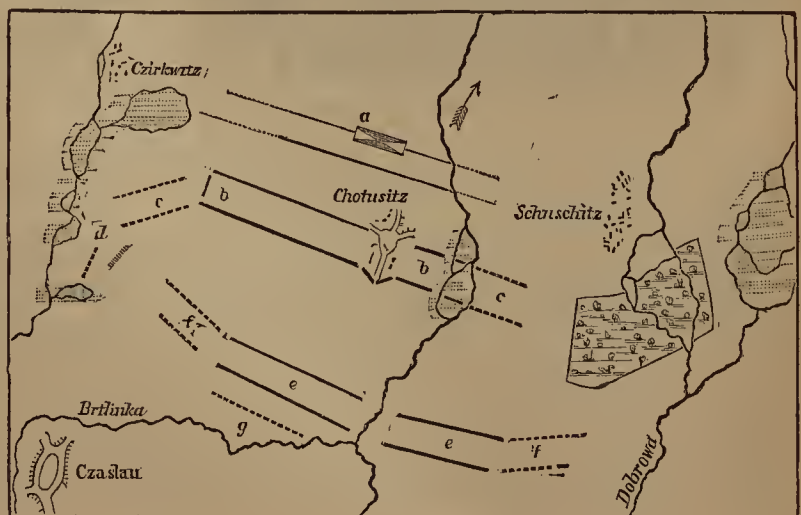
Frederick, having carefully scanned the Austrian lines for an instant or two, gave the signal, and all his batteries opened their thunders. Under cover of that storm of iron, several thousand of the cavalry, led by the veteran general Bredow, deployed from behind some eminences, and first at a gentle trot, and then upon the most impetuous run, with flashing sabres, hurled themselves upon the left wing of the Austrian lines. The ground was dry and sandy, and a prodigious cloud of dust enveloped them. For a moment the tornado, vital with human energies, swept on, apparently unobstructed. The first line of the Austrian horse was met, crushed, annihilated. But the second stood as the rock breasts the waves, horse against horse, rider against rider, sabre against sabre. Nothing met the eye but one vast, eddying whirlpool of dust, as if writhing in volcanic energies, while here and there the flash of fire and the gleam of steel flickered madly through it.

The battle, thus commenced, continued to rage for four long hours, with all its demon energies, its blood, its wounds, its oaths, its shrieks, its death; on the right wing, on the left wing, in the centre; till some ten or twelve thousand, some accounts say more, of these poor peasant

Battle of CHOTUSITZ,

May 17, 1742.

- a. Prussian Camp.
- b b. " Infantry.
- c c. " Cavalry.
- d. Position of Buddenbrock.
- e e. Austrian Infantry.
- f f. " Cavalry.
- g. " Hussars.



soldiers lay prostrate upon the plain, crushed by the hoof, torn by the bullet, gashed by the sabre. Many were dead. Many were dying. Many had received wounds which would cripple them until they should totter into their graves. At the close of these four hours of almost superhuman effort, the villages all around in flames, the Austrians slowly, sullenly retired from the contest. Prince Charles, having lost nearly seven thousand men, with his remaining forces breathless, exhausted, bleeding, retired through Czaslau, and vanished over the horizon to the southwest. Frederick, with his forces almost equally breathless, exhausted, and bleeding, and counting five thousand of his soldiers strewn over the plain, in death or wounds, remained master of the field. Such was the famous battle of Chotusitz.

In the following terms, Frederick, the moment the battle was over, announced his victory, not to his wife, but to his friend Jordan :

"FROM THE FIELD OF BATTLE OF CHOTUSITZ,
"May 17, 1742.

"DEAR JORDAN,—I must tell you, as gayly as I can, that we have beaten the enemy soundly, and that we are all pretty well after it. Poor Rothenburg is wounded in the breast and in the arm; but, as it is hoped, without danger. Adieu. You will be happy, I think, at the good news I send you. My compliments to Cæsarion."¹

Frederick did not pursue the Austrians after this victory. Nine acres of ground were required to bury the dead. He rented this land from the proprietor for twenty-five years. His alienation from his allies was such that, without regard to them, he was disposed to make peace with Austria upon the best terms he could for himself. England also, alarmed in view of the increasing supremacy of France, was so anxious to detach Frederick, with his invincible troops, from the French alliance, that the British cabinet urged Maria Theresa to make any sacrifice whatever that might be necessary to secure peace with Prussia. Frederick, influenced by such considerations, buried the illustrious Austrian dead with the highest marks of military honor, and treated with marked consideration his distinguished prisoners of war.

Secret negotiations were immediately opened at Breslau, in Silesia, between England, Austria, and Prussia. Maria Theresa, harassed by the entreaties of her cabinet, and by the importunities of the British court, consented to all that Frederick demanded.

The French, who, through their shrewd ambassador, kept themselves informed of all that was transpiring, were quite alarmed in view of the approaching accommodation between Prussia and Austria. It is said that Frederick, on the 6th of June, in reply to the earnest remonstrances of the French minister, marshal Belle-

isle, against his withdrawal from the alliance, frankly said to him :

"All that I ever wanted, more than I ever demanded, Austria now offers me. Can any one blame me that I close such an alliance as ours all along has been, when such terms are presented to me as Austria now proposes?"

On the 15th of June, Frederick gave a grand dinner to his generals at his head-quarters. In an after-dinner speech, he said to them :

"Gentlemen, I announce to you that, as I never wished to oppress the queen of Hungary, I have formed the resolution of agreeing with that princess, and accepting the proposals she has made me, in satisfaction of my rights."

Toasts were then drank with great enthusiasm to the health of "Maria Theresa, queen of Hungary," to "the queen's consort, Francis, grand duke of Lorraine;" and universal and cordial was the response of applause, when the toast was proposed "to the brave prince Charles."

The treaty of Breslau was signed on the 11th of June, and ratified at Berlin on the 28th of July. By this treaty, Silesia, Lower and Upper, was ceded to "Frederick and his heirs for evermore," while Frederick withdrew from the French alliance, and entered into friendly relations with her Hungarian majesty. Immediately after the settlement of this question, Frederick, cantoning his troops in Silesia, returned to Berlin. Elate with victory, and accompanied by a magnificent suit, the young conqueror hastened home, over green fields, and beneath a summer's sun. Keenly he enjoyed his triumph, greeted with the enthusiastic acclaim of the people in all the towns and villages through which he passed.¹ At Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where a fair was in operation, the king stopped for a few hours. Vast crowds, which had been drawn to the place by the fair, lined the highway for a long distance, on both sides, eager to see the victor who had aggrandized Prussia, by adding a large province to its realms.

"His majesty's entrance into Frankfort," writes M. Bielfeld, who accompanied him, "although very triumphant, was far from ostentatious. We passed like lightning before the eyes of the spectators, and were so covered with dust that it was difficult to distinguish the color of our coats and the features of our faces. We made some purchases at Frankfort, and the next day arrived safely in Berlin, where the king was received with the acclamations of his people."²

If we can rely upon the testimony of Frederick, an incident occurred at this time which showed that the French court was as intriguing

¹ Huge huzzaing, herald-trumpeting, bob-major-ing, burst forth from all Prussian towns, especially from all Silesian ones, in those June days, as the drums beat homeward; elaborate illuminations in the short nights, with bonfires, with transparencies; transparency inscribed "Frederico magno (To Frederick the Great)," in one small instance, still of premature nature.

² BIELFELD, 251.

and unprincipled as was his Prussian majesty. It is quite evident that the Austrian court also was not animated by a very high sense of honor.

After the battle of Chotusitz Frederick called upon general Pallant, an Austrian officer, who was wounded and a prisoner. In the course of the conversation general Pallant stated that France was ready at any moment to betray his Prussian majesty, and that, if he would give him six days' time, he would furnish him with documentary proof. A courier was instantly dispatched to Vienna. He soon returned with a letter from cardinal Fleury, the prime minister of Louis XV., addressed to Maria Theresa, informing her that, if she would give up Bohemia to the emperor, France would *guarantee to her Silesia*. Frederick, though guilty of precisely the same treachery himself, read the document with indignation, and assumed to be as much amazed at the perfidy as he could have been had he been an honest man.

"The cardinal," he said, "takes me for a fool. He wishes to betray me. I will try and prevent him."

The French marshal, Belleisle, alarmed by the report that Frederick was entering into a treaty of peace with Austria, hastened to the Prussian camp to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the rumor. Frederick, emboldened by the document he had in his pocket, was very frank.

"I have prescribed," he said, "the conditions of peace to the queen of Hungary. She accepts them. Having, therefore, all that I want, I make peace. All the world in my situation would do the same."

"Is it possible, sire," marshal Belleisle replied, "that you can dare to abandon the best of your allies, and to deceive so illustrious a monarch as the king of France?"

"And you, sir," responded the king, with an air of great disdain, at the same time placing in his hand the cardinal's letter, "do you dare to talk to me in this manner?"

The marshal glanced his eye over the document, and retired, overwhelmed with confusion. Thus ended the alliance between Prussia and France. "Each party," writes Frederick, "wished to be more cunning than the other."¹

In the following terms, Frederick correctly sums up the incidents of the two Silesian campaigns:

"Thus was Silesia reunited to the dominions of Prussia. Two years of war sufficed for the conquest of this important province. The treasure which the late king had left was nearly exhausted. But it is a cheap purchase, where whole provinces are bought for seven or eight millions of crowns. The union of circumstances at the moment peculiarly favored this enterprise. It was necessary for it that France should allow itself to be drawn into the war; that Russia should be attacked by Sweden;

that, from timidity, the Hanoverians and Saxons should remain inactive; that the successes of the Prussians should be uninterrupted; and that the king of England, the enemy of Prussia, should become, in spite of himself, the instrument of its aggrandizement. What, however, contributed the most to this conquest was, an army which had been formed for twenty-two years, by means of a discipline admirable in itself, and superior to the troops of the rest of Europe. Generals, also, who were true patriots, wise and incorruptible ministers, and, finally, a certain good fortune which often accompanies youth, and often deserts a more advanced age."¹

There was no end to the panegyrics which Voltaire, in his correspondence with Frederick, now lavished upon him. He greeted him with the title of Frederick the Great.

"How glorious," he exclaimed, "is my king, the youngest of kings, and the grandest! A king who carries in the one hand an all-conquering sword, but in the other a blessed olive branch, and is the arbiter of Europe for peace or war."

Frederick, having obtained all that, for the present, he could hope to obtain, deemed it for his interest to attempt to promote the peace of Europe. His realms needed consolidating, his army recruiting, his treasury replenishing. But he found it much easier to stir up the elements of strife than to allay them.

His withdrawal from the French alliance removed the menace from the English Hanoverian possession. George II. eagerly sent an army of sixty thousand men to the aid of Maria Theresa against France, and freely opened to her his purse. The French were defeated every where. They were driven from Prague, in one of the most disastrous wintry retreats of blood and misery over which the demon of war ever gloated. The powerless, penniless emperor, the creature of France, who had neither purse nor army, was driven, a fugitive and a vagabond, from his petty realm of Bavaria, and was exposed to humiliation, want, and insult.

Maria Theresa was developing character which attracted the admiration of Europe. She seriously contemplated taking command of her armies herself. She loved duke Francis, her husband, treated him very tenderly, and was anxious to confer upon him honor; but by nature vastly his superior, instinctively she assumed the command. She led; he followed. She was a magnificent rider. Her form was the perfection of grace. Her beautiful, pensive, thoughtful face was tanned by the weather. All hearts throbbed as, on a spirited charger, she sometimes swept before the ranks of the army, with her gorgeous retinue, appearing and disappearing like a meteor. She was as devout as she was brave, winning the homage of all Catholic hearts. We know not where, in the long list of sovereigns, to point to man

¹ *Histoire de mon Temps.*

¹ BIELFELD, 251.



MARIA THERESA AT THE HEAD OF HER ARMY.

or woman of more imperial energies, of more exalted worth.

The loss of Silesia she regarded as an act of pure highway robbery. It rankled in her noble heart as the great humiliation and disgrace of her reign. Frederick was to her but as a hated and successful bandit, who had wrenched from her crown one of its brightest jewels. To the last day of her life she never ceased to deplore the loss. It is said that if any stranger, obtaining an audience, was announced as from Silesia, the eyes of the queen would instantly flood with tears. But the fortunes of war had now triumphantly turned in her favor. Aided

by the armies and the gold of England, she was on the high career of conquest. Her troops had overrun Bohemia and Bavaria. She was disposed to hold those territories, in compensation for Silesia, which she had lost.

In the mean time, during the two years in which Maria Theresa was making these conquests, Frederick, alarmed by the aggrandizement of Austria, and the weakening of France, while unavailingly striving to promote peace, was busily employed in the administration of his internal affairs. He encouraged letters; devoted much attention to the Academy of Arts and Sciences; reared the most beautiful

opera-house in Europe; devoted large sums to secure the finest musicians and the most exquisite ballet dancers which Europe could afford. He sought to make his capital attractive to all those throughout Europe who were inspired by a thirst for knowledge, or who were in the pursuit of pleasure.

One incident in this connection, illustrative of the man and of the times, merits brief notice. His agent at Venice reported a female dancer there of rare attainments, Señora Barberina. She was marvelously beautiful, and a perfect fairy in figure and grace, and as fascinating in her vivacity and sparkling intelligence as she was lovely in person. Frederick immediately ordered her to be engaged for his opera-house at Berlin, at a salary of nearly four thousand dollars, and sundry perquisites.

But it so happened that the beautiful dancer had in the train of her impassioned admirers a young English gentleman, a younger brother of the earl of Bute. He was opposed to Barberina's going to Prussia, and induced her to throw up the engagement. Frederick was angry, and demanded the execution of the contract. The pretty Barberina, safe in Venice, made herself merry with the complaints of the Prussian monarch. Frederick, not accustomed to be thwarted, applied to the doge and the senate of Venice to compel Barberina to fulfill her contract. They replied with great politeness, but did nothing. Barberina remained with her lover under the sunny skies of Italy, charming with her graceful pirouettes admiring audiences in the Venetian theatres.

In the mean time a Venetian ambassador, on his way to one of the northern courts, passed a night at a hotel in Berlin. He was immediately arrested, with his luggage, by a royal order. A dispatch was transmitted to Venice, stating that the ambassador would be held as a hostage till Barberina was sent to Prussia. "A bargain," says Frederick, in his emphatic utterance, "is a bargain. A state should have law courts to enforce contracts entered into in their territories."

The doge and senate were brought to terms. They seized the beautiful Barberina, placed her carefully in a post-chaise, and, under an escort of armed men, sent her, from stage to stage, over mountain and valley, till she arrived at Berlin. The Venetian ambassador was then discharged. The young English gentleman, James Mackenzie, a grandson of the celebrated advocate, sir George Mackenzie, eagerly followed his captured innamorata, and reached Berlin two hours after Barberina. The rumor was circulated that he was about to marry her.

It is said that Frederick, determined not to lose his dancer in that manner, immediately informed the young gentleman's friends that he was about to form a *mesalliance* with an opera girl. The impassioned lover was peremptorily summoned home. Hatred for Frederick consequently rankled in young Mackenzie's heart. This hatred he communicated to his brother,

lord Bute, which subsequently had no little influence in affairs of national diplomacy.

The king himself became much fascinated with the personal loveliness and the sparkling intelligence of the young dancer. He even condescended to take tea with her, in company with others. Not long after her arrival in Berlin, she made a conquest of a young gentleman of one of the first Prussian families, M. Cocceji, son of the celebrated chancellor, and was privately married to him. For a time Barberina continued upon the stage. At length, in the enjoyment of ample wealth, she purchased a splendid mansion, and, publicly announcing her marriage, retired with her husband to private life. But the mother of Cocceji, and other proud family friends, scorned the lowly alliance. A divorce was the result. Soon after Barberina was married to a nobleman of high rank, and we hear of her no more.

Though Frederick, in his private correspondence, often spoke very contemptuously of Voltaire, it would seem, if any reliance can be placed on the testimony of Voltaire himself, that Frederick sedulously courted the author, whose pen was then so potential in Europe. By express invitation, Voltaire spent a week with Frederick at Aix la Chapelle, early in September, 1742. He writes to a friend from Brussels, under date of December 10:

"I have been to see the king of Prussia. I have courageously resisted his fine proposals. He offers me a beautiful house in Berlin, a pretty estate, but I prefer my second-floor in madame Du Châtelet's here. He assures me of his favor, of the perfect freedom I should have; and I am running to Paris, to my slavery and persecution. I could fancy myself a small Athenian refusing the bounties of the king of Persia; with this difference, however, one had liberty at Athens."

Again he writes, under the same date, to the marquis D'Argenson:

"I have just been to see the king of Prussia. I have seen him as one seldom sees kings, much at my ease, in my own room, in the chimney-corner, whither the same man who has gained two battles would come and talk familiarly, as Scipio did with Terence. You will tell me I am not Terence. True; but neither is he altogether Scipio."

Again he writes, under the same date, to cardinal De Fleury, then the most prominent member of the cabinet of Louis XV.:

"MONSEIGNEUR,—I am bound to give your excellency some account of my journey to Aix la Chapelle. I could not leave Brussels until the second of this month. On the road I met a courier from the king of Prussia, coming to reiterate his master's orders on me. The king had me lodged in quarters near his own apartment. He passed, for two consecutive days, four hours at a time in my room, with all that goodness and familiarity which form, as you know, part of his character, and which does not lower the king's dignity, because one is duly

careful not to abuse it. I had abundant time to speak with a great deal of freedom on what your excellency had prescribed to me, and the king spoke to me with an equal frankness.

"First he asked me 'if it were true that the French nation were so angered against him, if the king was, and if you were.' I answered 'that there was nothing permanent.' He then condescended to speak fully upon the reasons which induced him to make peace. These reasons were so remarkable that I dare not trust them to this paper. All that I dare say is, that it seems to me easy to lead back the mind of this sovereign, whom the situation of his territories, his interest, and his taste, would appear to mark as the natural ally of France. He said, moreover, 'that he earnestly desired to see Bohemia in the emperor's hands, that he renounced all claim on Berg and Jülich, and that he thought only of keeping Silesia.' He said 'that he knew well enough that the house of Austria would one day wish to recover that fine province, but that he trusted he could keep his conquest. That he had at that time a hundred and thirty thousand soldiers perfectly prepared for war; that he would make of Neisse, Glogau, and Brieg fortresses as strong as Wesel; that he was well informed that the queen of Hungary owed eighty million German crowns (\$60,000,000); that her provinces, exhausted and wide apart, would not be able to make long efforts; and that the Austrians for a long time to come could not of themselves be formidable.'"¹

Frederick was accustomed to cover his deep designs of diplomacy by the promotion of the utmost gayety in his capital. Never did Berlin exhibit such spectacles of festivity and pleasure as during the winter of 1742 and 1743.

¹ It would seem that Voltaire was sent to Frederick as the secret agent and spy of the French minister. "Voltaire," writes Macaulay, "was received with every mark of respect and friendship. The negotiation was of an extraordinary description. Nothing can be conceived more whimsical than the conferences which took place between the first literary man and the first practical man of the age, whom a strange weakness had induced to change their parts. The great poet would talk of nothing but treaties and guarantees; and the king of nothing but metaphors and rhymes. On one occasion, Voltaire put into his majesty's hand a paper on the state of Europe, and received it back with verses scrawled on the margin. In secret they both laughed at each other. Voltaire did not spare the king's poems, and the king has left on record his opinion of Voltaire's diplomacy, saying, 'He had no credentials, and the whole mission was a mere farce.'"

As a specimen of the character of the document above alluded to, we give the following. Voltaire, in what he deemed a very important state paper, had remarked:

"The partisans of Austria burn with the desire to open the campaign in Silesia again. Have you, in that case, any ally but France? And however potent you are, is an ally useless to you?"

The king scribbled on the margin

"Mon ami,
Don't you see
We will receive them
A la Barbari!"

There was a continued succession of operas, balls, fêtes, and sleigh-parties. Frederick's two younger sisters were at that time brilliant ornaments of his court. They were both remarkably beautiful and vivacious. The princess Louise Ulrique was in her twenty-third year. The following letter to Frederick, from these two princesses, will be keenly appreciated by many of our young lady readers, whose expenses have exceeded their allowance. It shows very conclusively that there may be the same pecuniary annoyances in the palaces of kings as in more humble homes.

"BERLIN, 1st of March, 1743.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER,—I know not if it is not too bold to trouble your majesty on private affairs. But the great confidence my sister and I have in your kindness encourages us to lay before you a sincere avowal of our little finances, which are a good deal deranged just now. The revenues, having for two years and a half past been rather small, amounting to only four hundred crowns (\$300) a year, could not be made to cover all the little expenses required in the adjustment of ladies. This circumstance, added to our card-playing, though small, which we could not dispense with, has led us into debt. Mine amounts to fifteen hundred crowns (\$1125); my sister's, to eighteen hundred crowns (\$1350). We have not spoken of it to the queen-mother, though we are sure she would have tried to assist us. But as that could not have been done without some inconvenience to her, and as she would have retrenched in some of her own little entertainments, I thought we should do better to apply directly to your majesty. We were persuaded you would have taken it amiss had we deprived the queen of her smallest pleasure, and especially as we consider you, my dear brother, the father of the family, and hope you will be so gracious as to help us. We shall never forget the kind acts of your majesty. We beg you to be persuaded of the perfect and tender attachment with which we are proud to be, all our lives, your majesty's most humble sisters and servants.

LOUISE ULRIQUE,

"ANN AMELIA.

"P.S. —I most humbly beg your majesty not to speak of this to the queen-mother, as perhaps she would not approve of the step we are now taking.

ANN AMELIA."¹

About this time Frederick was somewhat alarmed by a statement issued by the court of Austria, that the emperor, Charles Albert, was no legitimate emperor at all; that the election was not valid; and that Austria, which had the emperor's kingdom of Bavaria by the throat, insisted upon compensation for the Silesia she had lost. It was evident that Maria Theresa, whose armies were every where successful, was determined that her husband, duke Francis,

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, XXVII., i. 387.

should be decorated with the imperial crown. It now seemed probable that she would be able to accomplish her design. Frederick was alarmed, and deemed it necessary to strengthen himself by matrimonial alliances.

The heir to the Russian throne was an orphan boy, Peter Federowitz. The Russian court was looking around to obtain for him a suitable wife. Frederick's commandant at Stettin, a man of renowned lineage, had a beautiful daughter of fourteen. She was a buxom girl, full of life as she frolicked upon the ramparts of the fortress with her young companions. Frederick succeeded in obtaining her betrothal to the young prince of Russia. She was solemnly transferred from the Protestant to the Greek religion; her name was changed to Catherine; and she was eventually married, greatly to the satisfaction of Frederick, to the young Russian czar.

Adolph Frederick was the heir to the throne of Sweden. Successful diplomacy brought a magnificent embassy from Stockholm to Berlin, to demand princess Ulrique as the bride of Sweden's future king. The course of love, whether true or false, certainly did in this case run smooth. The marriage ceremony was attended in Berlin with such splendor as the Prussian capital had never witnessed before. The beautiful Ulrique was very much beloved. She was married by proxy, her brother Augustus William standing in the place of the bridegroom.

All eyes were dimmed with tears as, after a week of brilliant festivities, she prepared for her departure. The carriages were at the door to convey her, with her accompanying suit of lords and ladies, to Stralsund, where the Swedish Senate and nobles were to receive her. The princess entered the royal apartment to take leave of her friends, dressed in a rose-colored riding-habit, trimmed with silver. The vest which encircled her slender waist was of sea-green, with lappets and collar of the same. She wore a small English bonnet of black velvet with a white plume. Her flowing hair hung in ringlets over her shoulders, bound with rose-colored ribbon.

The king, who was devotedly attached to his sister, and who was very fond, on all occasions, of composing rhymes which he called poetry, wrote a very tender ode, bidding her adieu. It commenced with the words:

"Partez, ma Sœur, partez;
La Suède vous attend, la Suède
vous désire."

Go, my Sister, go;
Sweden waits you, Sweden
wishes you.

"His majesty gave it to her at the moment when she was about to take leave of the two queens. The princess threw her eyes on it and fell into a faint. The king had almost done the like. His tears flowed abundantly. The princes and princesses were overcome with sorrow. At last Gotter judged it time to put an

end to this tragic scene. He entered the hall almost like Boreas in the ballet of "The Rose"—that is to say, with a crash. He made one or two whirlwinds, clove the press, and snatched away the princess from the arms of the queen-mother, took her in his own, and whisked her out of the hall. All the world followed. The carriages were waiting in the court; and the princess in a moment found herself in hers.

"I was in such a state I know not how we got down stairs. I remember only that it was in a concert of lamentable sobbings. Madame, the marchioness of Schwedt, who had been named to attend the princess to Stralsund, on the Swedish frontier, this high lady, and the two dames D'Atours, who were for Sweden itself, having sprung into the same carriage, the door of it was shut with a slam, the postillions cracked, the carriage shot away, and disappeared from our eyes. In a moment the king and court lost sight of the beloved Ulrique forever."¹

Frederick was far from being an amiable man. He would often cruelly banter his companions, knowing that it was impossible for them to indulge in any retort. Baron Pöllnitz was a very weak old man, who had several times changed his religion to subserve his private interests. He had been rather a petted courtier during three reigns. Now in extreme old age, and weary of the world, he wished to renounce Protestantism, and to enter the cloisters of the convent in preparation for death. He applied to the king for permission to do so. Frederick furnished him with the following sarcastic parting testimony. It was widely circulated through many of the journals of that day, exciting peals of laughter as a capital royal joke:

"Whereas the baron De Pöllnitz, born of honest parents, so far as we know, having served our grandfather as gentleman of the chamber, madame D'Orleans in the same rank, the king of Spain as colonel, the deceased emperor Charles VI. as captain of horse, the pope as chamberlain, the duke of Brunswick as chamberlain, the duke of Weimar as ensign, our father as chamberlain, and, in fine, *us* as grand master of ceremonies, has, notwithstanding such accumulation of honors, become disgusted with the world, and requests of us a parting testimony;

"We, remembering his important services to our house, in diverting for nine years long the late king our father, and doing the honors of our court through the now reign, can not refuse such request. We do hereby certify that the said baron Pöllnitz has never assassinated, robbed on the highway, poisoned, forcibly cut purses, or done other atrocity or legal crime at our court; but that he has always maintained gentlemanly behavior, making not more than honest use of the industry and talents he has been endowed with at birth; imitating the ob-

¹ Letters of Bielfeld, i. 188.

ject of the drama—that is, correcting mankind by gentle quizzing—following in the matter of sobriety Boerhaave's counsels, pushing Christian charity so far as often to make the rich understand that it is more blessed to give than to receive; possessing perfectly the anecdotes of our various mansions, especially of our worn-out furnitures, rendering himself by his merits necessary to those who know him, and, with a very bad head, having a very good heart.

"Our anger the said baron Pöllnitz never kindled but once.¹ But as the loveliest countries have their barren spots, the most beautiful forms their imperfections, pictures by the greatest masters their faults, we are willing to cover with the veil of oblivion those of the said baron. We do hereby grant him, with regret, the leave of absence he requires, and abolish

his office altogether, that it may be blotted from the memory of man, not judging that any one, after the said baron, can be worthy to fill it.

"FREDERICK.

"POTSDAM, April 1, 1744."

No man of kindly sympathies could have thus wantonly wounded the feelings of a poor old man who had, according to his capacity, served himself, his father, and his grandfather, and who was just dropping into the grave. A generous heart would have forgotten the foibles, and, remembering only the virtues, would have spoken words of cheer to the world-weary heart, seeking a sad refuge in the glooms of the cloister. It must be confessed that Frederick often manifested one of the worst traits in human nature. He took pleasure in inflicting pain upon others.

THE OLD LOVE AGAIN.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE WOMAN WHO HESITATES?"

THAT letter of Gerald Barrington's was only one of the many mistakes the man had been in the habit of making all his life. When Miss Delany had gone out of his path at the great gates of the Vicarage grounds, he ought to have bowed his head and accepted her exit as final, and his wife's presence as inevitable, and so a thing to be borne philosophically. Instead of doing this, however, he must needs write to the one and remonstrate with the other—wronging them both a little by the tone he took.

Ardleigh End was some little distance from the Vicarage entrance. On ordinary occasions Mrs. Barrington would have deemed it too far to walk. But she was spared all sense of fatigue this day by her strong sense of wifely injury.

She maintained a blighting silence for a minute or two after Miss Delany left them—and, be it remembered, a minute or two is a very long time when two angry people are walking together in a country lane. In any amusing street—that is, in any street that is well supplied with shops—a savage wife can get over the time with an apparently unconcerned air. But between Ardleigh Vicarage and Ardleigh End there was nothing to be bought. At last she spoke; and though she was a boisterous, underbred woman, who had never touched his heart or his taste, there was something pathetic in her eyes and her voice and her manner. He could not help acknowledging this to himself.

"I believe I suffered more than either of you did, Gerald, just now, when I came upon you in that wood."

¹ In Pöllnitz's memoirs and letters he repeated the rumor that the great elector's second wife, an ancestress of Frederick, had attempted to poison her stepson.

"A self-sought punishment. How could you bring yourself to wrong yourself and me by coming 'upon us,' as you term it, in that way?" he said, coldly.

"Why didn't you say outright you knew her? Why didn't she say it? Why did you both try to deceive me, Gerald?"

"Be careful what you say."

"You can't wonder at my speaking the truth, however careless I may be of my own comfort in doing it. You think I am always to be without feeling because I have had to bear coldness from your grand friends. You forget that I am your lawful wife, it seems to me."

"Would to Heaven I could forget it!"

"Oh, Gerald, those are cruel words!"

"And your words were cruel, when the way you became my lawful wife is considered. Was I not put by you and yours in a position that no honorable man could extricate himself from honorably? You were cruel to me, Harriet. Have I ever reproached you with it?"

"Not in words, certainly," she said, drying the tears that had sprung into her eyes.

"No, not in words, nor in act either. I have given you every comfort and luxury that money can command. You married for them, and you have had them."

"I wanted something more, Gerald—I did, indeed; frivolous as you think me, and empty-headed, I would give all the comforts and luxuries for your love and respect."

"Such an appeal from you to me degrades us both still more than we are already degraded," he said, coldly. "When you forgot your maiden modesty, and forced yourself upon an unwilling man, you could not have cared for his love or respect."

"But, as a wife who has always done her duty, I have a right to your confidence," she said, recovering her spirit and her color. "And I ask you now what I have done that both Miss

Delany and you should stoop—yes, stoop—to deceive me? I ask you, too, which of us looked the guilty, faulty, ‘unmaidenly’ woman when I came upon you just now? I ask you—”

“You have asked too many questions already, Harriet,” he interrupted; and by this time they had come into the Ardleigh End grounds, and he was able to turn away to the stables.

He sauntered about among his horses for some little time, and then he went in and rang for some luncheon to be brought to him in his own study. Mrs. Barrington was not gifted with reticence. He knew, from fatal experience, that she would go on, before the servants, reproaching and recriminating and reviling; and he shrank from public mention being made of Miss Delany’s name.

At last he decided that it was simply his duty as a man, simply what was due from him as a courteous gentleman, that he should write to Nina, and apologize to her for “any thing that might have transpired that morning to annoy or wound her.” He would cast no more open blame upon his wife than was conveyed in those quoted words. If he never saw Nina again, she should not have such a painful last impression of him as she must have now.

Accordingly, he wrote a few discreet, blameless words to Miss Delany, and then, before he signed his name, he paused. There was something else he longed to say, but he hesitated much about saying it. At last he scribbled it down hastily, signed, sealed, and sent the letter, and then tried to think that he had acted wisely.

The last few words were an urgent request that she would see him “once more—when, and where, and how she pleased—but once more, alone, he prayed her to see him.”

Until dinner-time that day Nina Delany sat by herself and debated as to the advisability of doing as he, the only man she had ever loved in all her life, requested her to do. By dinner-time she had advanced a stage, and had begun to question concerning the possibility of doing so. “Shall I attempt it?” had been her first question to herself. “Shall I succeed in doing it without compromising him at all?” was all she asked herself now.

Miss Delany quite made up her mind to consult Mrs. Eldon on the subject. “Gertrude is very sensible and very kind-hearted,” she said to herself; “it will be better for me to take her advice.” But when she went down to dinner, it seemed to her that it would be a very hard thing to open her heart to her friend. Gertrude evidently thought that there had been want of wisdom shown by Miss Delany in the Barrington affair. “How you can give a second thought to a man who was found to be worthless once, and who has consoled himself with such a commonplace woman, I can’t imagine,” Mrs. Eldon said, speaking with that little air of astonishment and suppressed censure which is so very hard to endure.

“Perhaps not; but then you see, Gertrude, you never gave your first love-thoughts to Gerald Barrington,” Miss Delany replied; and at the same moment she resolved that Gertrude was not a fit and proper person in whom to confide this further difficulty of hers.

“And really, Nina, to be quite outspoken and just, I can’t wonder at Mrs. Barrington being less than civil when she came upon you this morning.”

“Came upon us! What a phrase to use!”

“Well, when she met you; there had been secrecy observed against her,” Mrs. Eldon said, patting her own hand rather vehemently with a paper-knife. This conversation took place when the two ladies were alone in the drawing-room, after dinner, and were, therefore, unfettered in the expression of their thoughts by Mr. Eldon’s presence.

“There has been no secrecy observed against her. I can not feel that it was due to her for me to analyze, in her presence, the likelihood of the Gerald Barrington whom she married being the same Gerald Barrington I was once going to marry; I can not feel that I owed it to her to rake over the ashes of that past to which he belongs.” Miss Delany said these words warmly; and simultaneously with her warm speech was born the resolve to write and appoint a last meeting with Gerald Barrington that same night.

“Then he ought to have told her,” Mrs. Eldon persisted; “yes, Nina, indeed he ought to have done so. You would agree with me if you gave yourself time to think. She’s neither a nice, nor a lady-like, nor a particularly good woman, I should think, but, for all that, she is his wife.”

This last assertion was unanswerable, and the former part of the speech was unflattering in its air of reprobation and resolution. Miss Delany therefore said nothing, but sat looking out through the open window, away into the deepening shadows that were hanging over the wood where she had been strolling with Gerald Barrington in the morning. “He shall always be my very dear friend, though he can never be more now,” she thought; “no one shall teach me to shun him—no one shall guide my hand, and cause it to stab him any more;” and in her heart, as she said this, she forgave him freely all that “unworthiness” of which he had been accused, and of which she had once believed him capable.

The next morning she walked down into the village and posted a note to him. “In common courtesy, I must grant your request,” she wrote, and then she had hesitated a good deal as to where she would say she would see him. “It’s Gertrude’s fault that I don’t say here,” she said to herself, as her pen halted. Then, after the pause of a few moments, she went on quickly and firmly, “I can not invite you here, as would be seemly; but I will meet you on the platform of the Sedgwick Station, at twelve o’clock to-morrow.”

CHAPTER V.

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

THE Sedgwick platform was a very natural place for Miss Delany to be on at the hour of twelve. Sedgwick itself—an aspiring country town—was broad awake and in full dress by that time, as the numerous country ladies who thronged its clean streets, and gazed admiringly into its shop windows, could testify. Miss Delany had selected her hour advisedly. She knew that there would be so many people upon the platform then that the presence and the meeting of Mr. Barrington and herself would be in nowise remarkable.

The girl was sorely harassed in her own mind about this which she was doing, though she told herself over and over again that she was quite right in doing it. There was a loyalty to the man whom she had married to be observed, as well as toward the woman he had married. There should be nothing light, frivolous, and volatile about the tone of their talk. "It shall be like a funeral service—as solemn and as sad," she said to herself; and, indeed, she looked upon it as the funeral service to be read over the ashes of the past.

So she ordained; but alas! she could not act thus, in spite of so ordaining. She was too unlike a mourner come to bury forever solemnly the ashes of the past, as she stepped out of the carriage on to the platform—far too unlike a mourner in her bright summer dress and brighter beauty for Gerald Barrington to be penitential about her and the past. While as for her, he looked far too heartily rejoiced to see her for any woman to strike the right key-note of sadness which was to pervade the whole melody of the meeting.

There were dozens of people upon the platform. The majority of them were ladies, the wives of priests and deacons and squires and farmers from the neighboring villages. They were nearly all of them intent, wholly and solely intent it appeared, upon getting away from the platform, and up into the Sedgwick streets and shops, as soon as possible. Still for all this a few of them had time to bow to Mr. Barrington, and glance suspiciously at his companion, as they hurried along to the wicket of exit.

"Where shall we go?" Mr. Barrington said, as they gave up their tickets and got out into the road. Eager as he had been to see her, delighted as he was to see her, still he was beginning to feel, and to feel keenly, the awkwardness of their position.

"I have shopping to do," Nina said, hurriedly; "we had better walk up to the shops at once."

"And meet all those women again?" he said, complainingly.

"I care very little whether I meet 'those women' again or not," Miss Delany said, haughtily; but though she spoke haughtily, she paused in her path to the town, and evidently expected him to propose another.

"Of course it's a matter of very minor importance whether we see them again or not," he said, with affected carelessness and real confusion; "still I thought it would be better to have a few quiet words than a disjointed conversation subject to continual interruptions from passing acquaintances."

"I will walk whichever way you like for half an hour," she said then, though her reason told her that she was unwise in not going into the watchful, gossiping little town at once. So then they turned and sauntered along an unfrequented lane for half an hour, and then retraced their steps into Sedgwick, and had the pleasure of seeing themselves curiously surveyed from every shop door and window as they passed.

And all this for what? for what, indeed? Just for the sake of testing the vague expectation each had that the other had something to say which would make their past relations pleasanter to look upon. A vague expectation which was not realized, for they spent the solitary walk in saying little things which had a deep meaning to the utterer and none at all to the hearer, and in trying to counteract the impropriety of having met at all by rendering the meeting unsatisfactory by an air of too late prudence and caution.

As for what they said, every word of it might have been written down and read by Mrs. Barrington without causing her one jealous pang. Nina began by saying that the road was very dusty, but that, for her part, she preferred dust to mud, and, indeed, preferred every attribute of summer to any one of winter. When Gerald had assented to this harmless proposition the ball of conversation ceased to roll for several yards. The solitude they had sought so rashly and eagerly was too much for them, in fact. At last Miss Delany tried again.

"I think you will find the Eldons a great acquisition to your society," she said; "indeed, they are both so absolutely charming by nature and habit, and from cultivation and custom, that they would be an acquisition to any society."

"I am not sure that I shall stay at Ardleigh End. I hate the place now."

She did not ask him why he hated it now; but she blushed with a consciousness she hated herself for betraying; and the folly she had been guilty of in coming here at all was more vividly before her than ever.

"Where do you think of going when you leave Ardleigh End?" she said.

"Where? Out of the world soon, I hope," he said, deplorably.

"But as you can't go out of the world till your appointed time, where do you think of living in the interim?"

She said this spiritedly, meaning to rouse him; for it struck her that there was something pusillanimous in his last words.

"Abroad, I suppose. Situated as I am, I shall meet with fewer mortifications abroad."

And to that she could say nothing; for now



THE PRIVATE ROOM.

she dared not sympathize with him about the mortifications he was subjected to on account of his wife.

"I am longing to go abroad too," she said, after a pause. "And if papa hadn't married, he meant to take me to Spain this summer. But Lady Delany shrinks from the idea of Spanish travel, or, indeed, of any travel that is not perfectly easy and unadventurous and luxurious."

"I was surprised to hear of Sir Arthur marrying again."

"Were you? Well, I must say I was always fully prepared for any eccentricity on papa's part."

"Is your new step-mother congenial to you?"

"My new step-mother is—my step-mother; and I have no doubt that she is quite as congenial to me as I am to her. She's very young and pretty, and I am in her way—and she shows that I am in her way. But you must not imagine from that statement that she either beats me or starves me," she added, laughing.

Then the half hour was up, and they left off sauntering, and hastily retraced their steps into Sedgwick.

It was past one when they entered the little town, and during the whole hour that they had been together not a word had been said between them that would not just as satisfactorily have been left unsaid. Their being together had been such a poor pleasure that the proceeding was already robbed of all its criminality in Nina's eyes; while as for Gerald Barrington, by reason of being baffled, he was feel-

ing more infatuated, more in love, more hopeless and miserable than ever.

Moreover, now that it had come to the point, he felt the full awkwardness of meeting a lot of people whom he knew, in the street, after that hour's solitary stroll with Nina. "Why didn't I do as she wished, and come here straight from the station?" he thought, self-reproachfully. "If I hear her gabble about, it will be all up with my peace of mind."

"I must do my shopping now," Nina said. "I want to go to a glass shop and a bookseller's."

"You must have luncheon. We may as well go and have it before your shopping," he said.

"I don't care for luncheon," Nina replied. But, in truth, she was very hungry, and she only said she did not care for luncheon because she did not know where it would be well for her to go, and what it would be well for her to do.

"Here; we can go to this confectioner's," Mr. Barrington said, pausing at the door of a pastry-cook's shop. But even as he spoke there was borne out upon the air such an odor of rancid butter, greasy pastry, strong soup, and burned sugar that Nina revolted and refused to enter.

"No—that's impossible," Gerald Barrington said, hastily; "there are dead flies about on every thing. But you must have some luncheon; you're looking pale and worn out. Come on; I know another place." And he led her on to the corner of the High Street, and pulled up at the entrance of a comfortable inn.

"But this is an—an hotel," Nina said, hesitatingly.

"I needn't assure you that it is a thoroughly respectable one, Miss Delany," he said, ushering her in. And then he called for a private room, and Nina, with burning cheeks, walked in and took possession of it.

He ordered luncheon, and, there being the customary delay, in about a quarter of an hour he went out to hurry it. Presently Nina, anxiously listening to every sound, heard his voice in the passage.

"Yes, I came in by the twelve o'clock train. I fancied I saw you on the platform, Mrs. Simcox, but I was not quite sure."

"That was not Mrs. Barrington with you, was it?" a shrill female voice, pitched in a high key, replied.

"No. I came alone."

"But you were not alone. I said to Mrs. Verney, 'Look! that is not Mrs. Barrington—that lady standing by Mr. Barrington?' But before Mrs. Verney could look you had passed out of sight."

"Really, there were so many ladies standing near me on the platform that I am at a loss to identify the one you mean," Mr. Barrington said, good-humoredly. And Nina, who heard him say it, almost groaned as she muttered to herself, "He has to prevaricate, in order to shield me."

"I am worn out with the heat, and the fatigue of going from shop to shop," Mrs. Simcox then said, in a dilapidated tone. "You would scarcely believe what I have to do, Mr. Barrington, when I come into Sedgwick. Fortunately for you, you don't know what providing for a large family means."

Miss Delany heard Mrs. Simcox utter this sentence, and experienced intense relief from so hearing. Poor Nina thought that the excellent lady with the inquiring mind was ceasing from her quest of the "something" which Mr. Barrington was concealing from her. Alas! Mrs. Simcox was only the more surely on the track.

"I mustn't keep you standing any longer," Gerald Barrington said, courteously.

"I shall be glad to go and sit down while I'm waiting for the train," Mrs. Simcox said, piteously. "I came here for some luncheon, but I can't get a room; has any one got that room you came out of?"

"Yes," Gerald said, boldly; "it is already taken."

"And have you failed in getting a private room—not that it matters for a gentleman?"

"Yes, I have a room," Gerald said, getting himself into a deplorable difficulty through speaking the truth.

"Then let me—I'm an old woman, and it doesn't matter, you know—join you, Mr. Barrington. I'm sure your wife would be the first to advise me to do it; where have you ordered luncheon?"

A waiter coming up at the moment, with a

tray full of viands in his hands, heard the interrogation, threw the door of the room in which Nina was sitting open, and stepped back, in order to let Mrs. Simcox walk in. Mrs. Simcox was in the room before Gerald could remonstrate. And Miss Delany was surveying the intruder with flashing eyes and flushing cheeks, but with a confused, agitated air, without, that looked like guilt.

"I beg your pardon Mr. Barrington," Mrs. Simcox said, with offensive emphasis, looking quickly from Nina to Gerald. "I wouldn't on any account—exceedingly awkward, I am sure." And the lady turned in the midst of her condemnatory, affectedly apologetic mutterings to leave the room.

"You need not apologize to me," Mr. Barrington said, boldly. Then he remembered that the fine-eared waiter was present, and that if he said the room was not his (Gerald's), but Miss Delany's, that the truth would be questioned and canvassed in the hotel kitchen, bar, and stable-yard. So he paused, and Mrs. Simcox took advantage to bustle, with awfully significant haste, out of the room. Then the waiter withdrew—merely to the other side of the door—when something interested him at the hinges, and Miss Delany spoke:

"The first links of a chain of unpleasantness formed by my own folly; that woman will see that I suffer for my indiscretion."

"Don't speak so bitterly," he said, imploringly. "In blaming yourself you blame me so heavily. Who could have foreseen this? and, after all, it is nothing."

"No; nothing," she said, shaking her head slowly, and looking at him. "But it's just one of the nothings that bud into such mischief and misery. It's all nothing. We came here for nothing definitely; we have said and done nothing satisfactory; and now—well, it's no use moralizing." She rose up hastily, drew near to the table, and commenced eating her luncheon; but he saw that her eyes were full of tears, and that her hand trembled.

While he sat gazing at her, dejectedly, she lifted her eyes to his face, and, seeing the pain depicted there, she pitied him more than herself, and so said.

"Whatever comes of this outbreak of mistaken judgment on our—on my part, Mr. Barrington, you shall find that I have a heart for any fate, and that I don't much care for misrepresentation; still, if I may venture to advise you—" She paused; and he said, quickly:

"Do! Whatever you suggest I will do only too gladly."

"Then, I say, tell your wife, as soon as you get home, that you met me here, and that you looked after my comfort. The simple truth often takes the sting out of the most subtle mischief-making. Promise me you will tell her."

He had promised her that whatever she suggested he would do gladly; but this suggestion of hers was, as it happened, just the very one that was peculiarly unpalatable to him. He

would willingly do any thing save tell his wife that Nina, in order to oblige him, had been guilty of an error of judgment. Accordingly, he hesitated to give the promise she asked for; and, at length, gave it conditionally.

"I will tell her, if I think it necessary," he said. And it was borne in upon Nina that there was an element of weakness in the nature of this old love of hers. She was stung suddenly by a feeling that she had loved something less than herself—always an unpleasant conviction.

The time came for them to walk down to the station to catch the train that should carry them back to Ardleigh, and they walked down and caught the train, and were carried back to Ardleigh; still without saying one word that they might not just as easily and properly have said before a concourse of people; still without arriving at any thing like a satisfactory conclusion concerning the mystery of that parting in the past which they had come out avowedly to solve. When they took leave of each other at Ardleigh, Nina looked weak, weary, and worn-out, and disgusted with herself and every one else; and she felt as she looked.

It was late in the afternoon when Miss Delany reached the Vicarage. Mr. and Mrs. Eldon were out riding, but they had left word that, if she liked to go and meet them, they were gone to Cranborough, and on the Cranborough road she would surely find them. A horse was standing in the stable ready to be saddled for her use. "Cranborough! I don't know which is the Cranborough road," she said to the servant who gave her the message. "What is Cranborough—a village or a town?"

"It's Mrs. Simcox's place, please, Miss," the servant answered, promptly. "Mrs. Simcox is a widow lady, and Cranborough is a most beautiful place, Miss, if you haven't chanced to see it."

Miss Delany hadn't chanced to see it—did not care to chance to see either it or its owner, at the mention of whose name her heart sickened with a dread that she scarcely dared to own.

"The saddle needn't be put on," she said; "I'm tired. Bring a cup of tea to my room, and then let me be undisturbed until it's time to dress for dinner."

She went up stairs and threw herself upon her bed, and wrestled with a devil of unjust indignation. The Eldons would see that prying, intrusive, narrow-minded, inquisitive Mrs. Simcox, and would hear her garbled account of the meeting at Sedgwick, and Gertrude would be influenced by it, and would hold her (Nina) to blame! It was altogether unfair and uncalled for. "I should be wanting in what is due to myself if I pandered to a taste for idle gossip by offering up a confession to Mrs. Eldon as soon as she comes home," Miss Delany thought, hotly. "I have done nothing that I would not do again to-morrow" (this was untrue). "If Gertrude is capable of listening to any thing against an old friend of her husband's

that is uttered by a recent acquaintance, she does not deserve that I should confide in her in the smallest degree." So, for a while, the devil of unjust indignation had it all his own way with Miss Delany.

She was still hot, weary, wrathful, and exhausted when the maid came to tell her that it was time to dress for dinner. "Missus was home, and nearly ready," she added; so she could stay and help Miss Delany, if Miss Delany required her services. So Nina's toilet was soon made, and then she went down to face the Eldons.

Mrs. Eldon was very much engaged with a spray of luxuriant rebellious roses that had crept in at the open window as Nina entered the room. Frank, who was standing near his wife, ceased speaking, and turned and smiled at Miss Delany as she came near to them; but his smile was less free and unrestrained than usual, and Nina felt the change keenly.

"Have you had a pleasant ride, Gertrude? I was too tired to come and meet you," she said, as unconcernedly as she could.

"The ride was not unpleasant," Mrs. Eldon answered. "Oh, dinner! I'm so glad," and Nina felt that she had been maligned by Mrs. Simcox.

CHAPTER VI.

AN EXPLANATION.

THERE was a something, distinctly, there was a something; but what that something which had risen up between them was, Nina was far too indignant with Fate and her friends to inquire. What if she had untowardly gone out in the heat of the day, and wearied herself by buying things which she did not want, and rekindling the nearly burned-out embers of that faintly flickering romance which had sparkled up again at sight of Gerald Barrington? What if she had done these things? Was Gertrude, safe, sound, newly married Gertrude, to be her (Nina's) judge and executioner? "She has neither the moral, nor the mental, nor the social right to assume that she knows better than I do what is proper and discreet," Nina said to herself, as she sat out the sad, stiff, slow dinner in silence. "And she shall not be able to meanly avail herself of her hostess-ship much longer," the girl went on thinking, irritating her soul against her friends by the thought, and spoiling her appetite.

That dull, dreary dinner came to an end at last, and then, contrary to his usual custom when they were alone, the vicar of Ardleigh allowed the two ladies to go away into the drawing-room by themselves. "While Gertrude maintains her 'dignified reserve,' as I have no doubt she calls it to herself, I shall follow her example," Miss Delany thought. So the aspect of affairs promised ill for a social evening; and the promise was not belied by the performance,

though Mrs. Eldon speedily showed that she had no intention of maintaining reserve of any kind.

Nina had settled herself down before a frame, and was apparently intently occupied in counting stitches in a most elaborate and difficult bit of scroll wool-work, when Mrs. Eldon broke the almost oppressive silence:

"You will be surprised to hear, Nina, that I have had a letter from Lady Delany to-day."

"No; I'm not surprised. Lady Delany is in the habit of doing uncalled-for and out-of-the-way things. Her doing one more does not startle me." But, though Miss Delany said this, it was evident that she was both surprised and startled, and a little curious too.

"There is nothing uncalled for or out of the way in a mother writing to the mistress of a house in which her daughter is staying."

"Certainly not, in a 'mother' doing it; but please don't degrade that relationship by trying to make out that it exists between Lady Delany and me. Angry as you are with me about something, Gertrude, don't be so unjust, so foolishly unjust as that."

Miss Delany had lost her temper, and given out the challenge to open combat in this speech. The definite accusation that would wring from Nina a definite defiance would surely be made now.

"I am not 'angry.' I have no right to be that," pretty Mrs. Eldon said, blushing a good deal; "but I do feel that you have treated me as a half foe instead of a whole friend. Lady Delany, in her letter to-day, tells me of something you have never even hinted at—your engagement to a Mr. Manners. She—"

"Tells you an untruth," Nina said, speaking with that air of calm deliberation which betrays so surely excitement and wrath.

"Do you mean to say that there is nothing?"

"Nothing where?"

"Nina, what is this between Mr. Manners and you?"

"More than a hundred miles at present," Nina said, laughing. "That is to say, if he is where I believe him to be—in London."

"And you are not engaged to him?"

"Decidedly not," Nina said, with her eyes flashing; "does Lady Delany dare to say that I am."

"Well!" Mrs. Eldon paused, pondered, then went on with a shade of hesitation in her face and voice and manner. "She does not make use of the word 'engaged;' but she says she 'hopes you have told me of the understanding which exists between Mr. Manners and yourself, as she thinks any concealment on such a subject tends to evil;' what could I suppose after reading that, but that you were engaged to him?"

Miss Delany made no answer for a minute, at least. She sat leaning forward on the work-stand, her chin resting on her hand, her eyes fixed on Mrs. Eldon's face. At last she said:

"And what brought this letter and this caution, just now, Gertrude?"

"No word or hint of mine, I assure you," Mrs. Eldon said, warmly.

"She was prompted to the interference by her own nasty, malicious little mind, then," Nina said, quietly.

"And by a half truth which has reached your father," Mrs. Eldon said, deprecatingly. "Sir Arthur has heard that Mr. Gerald Barrington is living in our neighborhood, and he has not heard that he is married. I believe it is by your father's desire that Lady Delany wrote, to caution me not to aid in throwing you together. You see it is all well meant; and now, Nina, may I say a word or two more?"

"Yes."

"You will not be offended?"

"I don't promise you that," Nina said, shaking her head. "If nothing is said to offend me, I will not be offended; but I'm not a patient Griselda—I'll not bear unjust rebuke, or aspersion, or suspicion."

"Now I'm afraid to speak."

"Then you must feel that what you were going to say was unjust; and therefore it is better left unsaid," Miss Delany remarked, coolly.

"No; I will risk your wrath, and say it; because I feel it to be the reverse of unjust or unkind. Tell me about Mr. Manners—do, Nina."

"He is a very nice fellow—a friend of papa's, which is saying little for him—a friend of mine, which is saying a great deal for him."

"And is he not more than a friend?"

Nina dabbed at the pattern before her with the point of her needle as she answered:

"No; nothing more. Is not being 'a friend,' being owned and valued as a friend, a great thing in this hollow, pleasant, deceitful world?"

"And he is not to be more than a friend, even in time? You can't care for him—love him, I mean: won't you tell me, Nina?"

"I have never even told you that he wanted me to try," Nina said, frowning a little. "He would be grateful to Lady Delany, if he knew she made him the theme of her fluent pen and wild speculations."

"Then you mean me to understand that it's all a fable about there being even an understanding between you," Mrs. Eldon said, in a disappointed tone; and then Nina colored and looked confused, and Mrs. Eldon shrewdly divined that there was something, after all.

By-and-by, when the daylight died and the moon got up, they sauntered out into the garden, and there, in the sweet soft light, and amidst the tender silence that hung over every thing, Nina relaxed a little from her reserve.

"I always feel that John Manners would make me happier than any other man in the world, if he did marry me," she began, abruptly; and Mrs. Eldon encouraged this phase of feeling by taking Nina's arm and pressing it within her own affectionately.

"Why don't you marry him then, dear?" she asked.

"I said if he married me—not at all implying that it was optional with me whether he did so or not," Nina said, quickly. "He's such a good fellow, Gertrude—such a determined, clever, good fellow; his wife, whoever she may be, will have reason to be proud of him—and will be proud of him." She spoke very seriously now—almost as if she revered her subject.

"And has he what even the most determined, the cleverest, and best of men can't do without?" Gertrude asked. "Has he money enough to marry on without coming down a round of the social ladder?"

"Yes, I believe so," Nina said, carelessly. "He's just the sort of man that one feels at first sight never has had to, and never will have to, shift and shuffle, and study ways and means."

"And have you known him long?"

"Only about two years; and, to make a clean breast of it, Gertrude, in a month from this time I have to give him my definite answer as to whether I will be that proud and happy woman, his wife, or not."

"I fervently hope your answer will be Yes," Mrs. Eldon said, warmly. "Dear Nina, it's late, but thank you for having given me your confidence; thank you for having given me the right to say, 'Consult your honor and safety and happiness by marrying the man who loves you, and whom you respect so warmly and truly.'"

"Ah!" Nina said, sorrowfully, "obligations are hard to endure; and I should feel under a heavy one to the man who gave me his heart and had to take what I render just as freely to Church and State, my 'respect,' in return. No; time was, time is; but I need not say No for a month." And when her willful friend said that, Mrs. Eldon grew severe in her soul again, and approached what had been her real object throughout the conversation.

"Nina, I can't help feeling sure that you are going to throw away the substance for a shadow—for worse than a shadow, for a snare and a delusion; what good can come of the renewal of your intercourse with Gerald Barrington—a man with a great, hale, hearty, healthy wife; who I really believe to be too good for him—who, at any rate, is far too good for him ever to get freed from her by a divorce?"

"Really there is something absurd in your reprobating my weakness and Mrs. Barrington's strength in the same breath," Miss Delany said. "As to the renewal of my intercourse with Mr. Barrington, it was accidental, and it will be brief; he has nothing whatever to do with the No that will be spoken."

"Was your meeting with him to-day at Sedgwick accidental?"

"I suppose you heard of it from an obtrusive woman, whose want of breeding put us all in a false position, for which I refuse to be considered accountable," Nina said, quickly. "I foresaw all this—this pettiness, as soon as I heard you were gone to Cranborough—at least as

soon as I heard who lived at Cranborough; still, you ought to know me well enough to feel quite sure that I should not have done what I have done without good cause. Mr. Barrington had a right to demand that I should listen to him. I thought to save you all anxiety and responsibility by listening to him in Sedgwick."

"It did look so like an assignation," Mrs. Eldon urged.

"Well, you may say the same of every meeting by appointment. Assignation is an ugly word, though. After all, he might have shouted out all he had to say to me in the open marketplace."

"You actually appear to regret that."

"Of course I regret that," Nina said, boldly. "I went hoping to hear some words from him that should make me think the man I did love so much less weak than I have thought him since I have seen his wife; instead of that, as I say, the words I did hear every one might have heard—he had nothing to say for himself to me."

"You could not have listened to words framed for your ears only from a married man."

"Yes, I could," Nina said; "I went to hear them—I wanted to hear them."

"It is well for you that you did not hear them—well for you both that he was too weak a sinner to speak them," Mrs. Eldon said, with the scorching warmth that the subject is apt to engender in the minds and mouths of young wives; "now, at any rate, if any thing uncharitable is said about you, in consequence of your rashness, you will have the satisfaction of feeling that it is partly undeserved."

"There will be no satisfaction to me in that; it's not my vocation to be a martyr. Let us go in, Gertrude; the longer we speak of this, the farther we get away from each other's meaning and motives." Then they went into the lamp-lighted room together; and Frank Eldon, who was sitting there, saw at a glance that matters were very wrong indeed with them.

The subject was discussed once more that night—this second time between Mr. and Mrs. Eldon.

"She never attempted to conceal it, or to excuse herself," Mrs. Eldon began, angrily.

"My dear Gertrude, according to my idea, she would not have improved the case by evasion or falsehood."

"But it would only have been natural for her to show a little shame or contrition, after having been guilty of such folly; now, wouldn't it, Frank—wouldn't it have been natural?"

"Not at all natural for Nina."

"You ought not to vindicate her, Frank; I am very, very fond of her, and entirely fascinated by her; but I'm not blinded by her into believing that she is justified in striving to render that wretched man more disgusted than he is already with his wretched wife." Then Mrs. Eldon would not say any thing more on the

subject, for her husband would not treat it quite as she desired, and Nina deserved.

But other people said a great deal about it in a short time. That ill-advised walk, before going up from the station into gaping Sedgwick, was fruitful in strengthening evil report. Mrs. Simcox, who disliked Mrs. Barrington as a woman and a neighbor, was a violent partisan of the mistress of Ardleigh End as a wife. "It was audacious, and indecent, the way in which that Miss Delany went flaunting about Sedgwick, after being found by me in that very queer position—in a private room in an hotel, with a married man!" Mrs. Simcox would say this to every one she saw, and then compress her always compressed lips, and declare that she would say no more; but that, still, she must say, if she were in Mrs. Barrington's place, she should let Mrs. Eldon know what was thought of her friend by all right-minded people! For a clergyman to countenance such goings on was scandalous; and how could Mr. Eldon think that people would attend, etc., etc.

And all this because Mrs. Eldon was too loyal to publicly blame and censure Nina. In private, as has been seen, she was capable of rebuking the wrong, and pointing out the right; but she would not join the herd in throwing stones and mud at Miss Delany. So, as was natural, some of the freely cast stones and mud fell upon her, the blameless one, and the neighborhood shook its head, and said that, "really, it behooved a woman situated as Mrs. Eldon was to be very circumspect."

"People seem to fight shy of you here, Gertrude," Miss Delany said, one morning, abruptly throwing down a local paper, in which she had been reading an account of a series of festivities which had taken place at the neighboring seat of some county magnate. "Frank and you ought to have been at Balderton; all the neighboring clergy seem to have been given a taste of the dear delights of worldliness and sin, by being present at some private theatricals there."

"Oh, I don't know," Mrs. Eldon said, speaking with some embarrassment; "we don't go in for visiting, you see."

"But you don't go in for not visiting? No, Gertrude, I'm not blind, or stupid, or ill-natured, or indifferent to the comforts of my friends, though I have seemed to be all these things lately. The fact is, it was useless talking about the unpleasantness until I could relieve you from it; people don't like my presence in your house, and so they try to punish you for it."

"I hope that you are not forced to say this from any thing in my manner, Nina."

"Indeed not; you have behaved—well, just as Frank's wife ought to have behaved, and that's the highest commendation I can give any one; for if I could be in love with a hu-

man being just now it's your husband; but I can't be; I'm out of love with humanity altogether, its representatives in Ardleigh have been so hard upon me. But this is what I have to tell you: my father has written to ask me to go to them again, to go at once and stay with them in town till the third week in August, and then to accompany them to a place he has hired near Boulogne—a dull hole, I fancy it to be, in which Lady Delany would never consent to bury herself but for a purpose."

"What do you think that purpose is?" Mrs. Eldon asked.

"To make me fully appreciate the blessings and advantages which might be mine if I married Mr. Manners," Nina said, carelessly. "Don't mistake me though; don't imagine for an instant that I think him capable of being a party to such a scheme. However, to save trouble, I have agreed to it; and so I'm going, Gertrude, and you won't be tabooed any more." She got up and went over and put her hands on Gertrude's shoulders as she spoke; and as she stood so looking down her beauty was so great that Mrs. Eldon felt that it would be well to be tabooed by any neighborhood to any extent for Nina Delany.

"My dear Nina, granted that it is as you say, and that foolish people act foolishly, stay with us while you can be happy; honestly, I was angry with you just at first when you—when I thought it would have been just as well if you hadn't gone to Sedgwick," Mrs. Eldon said, deprecatingly; "but now other people have proved themselves so egregiously wrong in their conclusions and deductions about you that I can't consent to consider your mite of share of wrong in the matter at all."

"'Two wrongs don't make a right,' to be strikingly original," Nina said, sadly; "honestly (as you spoke), I own to feeling that I was weak, weak, weak as the weakest of my sex in going there that day to meet Gerald Barrington, in half feeling, half affecting to feel, and wholly showing that I had an interest in him still. Well, I suppose I looked my last at him that day, and I shall think my last of him when I leave here the day after to-morrow."

"You have quite resolved upon going, then?" Mrs. Eldon said.

"Yes, I have made up my mind to go; after all, as I have said before, Lady Delany is no greater bore to me than I must be to her."

"And you won't let yourself be coerced by circumstances and dullness into marrying? Do promise me that, Nina. It would be dreadful, both for you and the unfortunate man, if you were," Mrs. Eldon said, sympathetically.

"No," Nina said, decidedly; "I like the man I could marry too well to do him such an unkindness—I shall remain as I am. I have outlived my romance, and I can find no good substitute for it: I am only like many others."

BY-PATHS TO PROSPERITY.

THERE are two ways of making money. They differ *in toto*. The one is better exemplified in this country than any where else in the world, and may be called the grand style. The other is less represented here than in older countries, and seems petty by contrast as well as in actual fact. In the first method the amount of business and the variety of undertakings are accounted as evidence and means of success; in the second, prosperity is dependent upon the development of a single form of industry. In the grand style, much of the business must be done simply for the sake of reputation. Lines of unprofitable goods must be kept in store, large transactions must be made, and extensive operations must be conducted in order to keep custom, or as a mode of advertising display; although an immediate loss thereby is probable, and ultimate gain is problematical. The large houses in New York, who unhesitatingly sell at certain seasons heavy amounts of goods, of produce, or of stocks, are not always in immediate want of cash; they hope on the one hand to damage their rivals, and on the other to secure new customers.

These processes attract particular attention when practiced by dry-goods houses, but they are confined to no one form of trade. They have become a feature in all departments of commerce and manufacture; and it seems to many of our citizens, as they express themselves, that "the business of this country is falling into the hands of a few." The dream, the ambition of a New York business man is to be at the head of a "big house," to "swing a heavy line," to control a "market;" and a similar infatuation is noticeable in other cities.

Every one of these large fortunes acquired in trade at the present day, upon this system, is of necessity built upon the ruins of a number of less fortunate undertakings. Every year it requires a longer purse and a more unscrupulous pertinacity to obtain a foothold in business, and compete with those who already possess such formidable advantages.

It is, therefore, interesting, if not profitable, to consider the other mode of making money. True, it is not so much in accordance with our national tendencies, nor does it hold out flattering hopes of the great prizes in the lottery. Simultaneously with the accumulation of large fortunes, and the control of widely extended interests by a small number of individuals, there has been the growth of fair competency slowly attained by men who have devoted themselves to single and peculiar lines of business. This class embraces many foreigners and adopted citizens. They have the advantage of economical habits, and live strictly within their means, having narrow notions in regard to display either in their trade affairs or their mode of living. Between the rich old houses, who grind him with the weight of their wealth and power, and the "skimmers," who are contented to make

transactions at an insignificant profit, the tendency of an average American, who feels his capacity for doing a variety of work, or for conducting almost any business that may afford opportunity, is to fritter away his exertions upon too many different undertakings, and to verify the proverb that "a rolling stone gathers no moss;" or to freight his vessel too heavily, and extend his sails too widely, so that he is the first to founder in a financial storm.

The subdivision of mere labor has been carried to a much greater extent in English factories than here, and, although it results in work that is in some respects more perfect, it seems sometimes to stultify the workingman. Our Commissioners of Emigration mention, as an instance of the difficulty of procuring for immigrants employment of the kind to which they have been accustomed, that a woman past middle age arrived in their charge, who, from childhood, had been constantly employed in sorting files, and had no knowledge whatever that fitted her for any other occupation. But if a manufacturing establishment be devoted to a single purpose, the perfection of its work thence resulting will ultimately enable it to distance competition. Although we are assured that, so far as poetical products are concerned,

"The man who means success should soar above
A soldier's feather or a lady's glove,"

it is yet a prosaic fact that two of the most noted French manufacturers are exclusively engaged in making those trifles. Nor is there of necessity a connection between a petty business and a narrow mind. The Fabers, who represent a family and a lifetime devoted to wooden lead-pencils, are alike distinguished for the excellence of their products and their hearts, having liberally provided homes and education for their work-people; nor is there any evidence that the European manufacturer who has acquired a million of dollars in making dolls' eyes is himself peculiarly wanting in breadth of view.

The extraordinary number of patented articles in this country furnishes numerous instances where men, by devoting themselves to the business which a single one of these inventions may originate, have met with singular success. The sewing-machine may properly head such a list. For, although vast manufacturing industries are founded upon the improved varieties of its mechanism, the original invention, patented by Elias Howe, Jun., in 1846, was a practical machine; and the business which originated with it enabled the patentee not only to meet the heavy expenses of a score of legal contests respecting the validity of his title, but also to carry on his own manufacture, and accumulate the substantial rewards of industry. The washing-machines and wringers of recent invention, especially the latter contrivance, have become the basis of extended and exceedingly profitable business. In an enumeration of instances of American manufactures which com-

pete successfully with Birmingham goods in British markets, an extract from an English Parliamentary report was recently read before our House of Representatives, exhibiting in the strong light of facts the success of our industries in particular lines. Thus, American axes have no equal in the world; horse-nails, "beautifully made by machinery in the United States," supersede all others; and American pumps not only take the place of foreign articles, but one of them is recorded as *the* pump that found water for the Abyssinian expedition.

But in the line of what are sometimes designated as Yankee notions, fortune seems to follow small manufactures with peculiar favor. A small garden roller made a handsome competence for the owner of the patent; certain petroleum lamps supplanted the English manufacture in the East India markets. There was a churn, operated by means of gearing, that connected it with weights suspended outside the building, patent rights for which, for three States only, were sold for \$12,000. Patent rights, in fact, are sometimes more profitable to sellers than buyers, and there is a famous instance in the case of the sorghum manufacturing patents, said to have been disposed of for \$200,000 to parties who never succeeded in bringing their costly purchase into practical use.

Locks, bolts, catches, and latches, if their histories were written, would show a large proportion of successes. An instance is mentioned where a window-catch yielded a profit of \$50,000. A padlock to fasten dog-collars fixed the foundations of a small fortune. Of toys, the "return-ball" is most frequently alluded to, on account of its extreme simplicity and the suddenness with which it found popular favor. There was a fortnight during which it was a feature on the stock exchange. Prominent operators varied the excitement of calling stocks by slinging red balls at each others' faces, not always controlling the missile sufficiently to make it return before striking the object of such demonstrations, who perhaps assisted the sport by an endeavor to catch the ball before it was pulled back to its owner. The stock-brokers of New York are among the best customers for ingenious mechanical toys. An air-pistol which exploded a piece of paper with a loud report found ready sale in Wall and Broad streets. The jumping-jack contrivance, by which a small wooden figure of a darkey danced "break-downs" with unlimited suppleness, had a long run of custom among them; and the various improvements upon it, which have all been of great profit to their inventors, met attention and investigation from men accustomed to manipulate puppets and pull wires where the success or failure of the merest trick might involve large amounts of money.

The sugar-dealers, among others, once took a fancy to purchase ingenious fly-traps, and assisted in securing a satisfactory business to an

individual who at that time made these contrivances a specialty. Although his shop contained nothing but fly-traps, it was a veritable curiosity-shop, and the diversity and intricacy of these contrivances gave interest to the eloquence with which the proprietor was wont to expound their separate merits.

There are instances of ingenious devices being extensively used for purposes entirely foreign to the intention of their inventors. Thus the spring clothes-pins, of which there are two or three varieties, attained considerable sale for use as letter-clips, and to secure papers. A peculiarly shaped knife, originally made to be sold as an "eraser," to scrape ink from writing-paper, found a more extended demand as an instrument for trimming toe corns and finger nails.

In certain trades long apprenticeship is required to confer by practice the requisite taste and skill. But when there is added to the necessity for experience and practice to insure good handiwork the restriction of a small demand for the product of such labor, the craft can comprise but few members, and it may become a monopoly. A branch of the industry over which Saint Crispin presides has recently come into existence, to meet the separate requirements of a class itself widely removed from saintly patronage. There is now in almost every important city in this country a "theatrical bootmaker;" and if the statements that have appeared are reliable, the price obtained for the adjuncts to the elegance of "the buskined stage" is about five times that of the ordinary calf-skin foot-coverings.

The addition of genius to the dexterity which is acquired by training may in some occupations convert the artisan into the artist, and by the perfection of handiwork secure the meed of fame. Of these, type-cutting and hand-printing, in the early days of those arts, tapestry-work and line-engraving, present familiar examples, and the names of John Baskerville, William Caxton, the Gobelin family, and Albert Durer are not likely soon to be forgotten.

There is an artist in New York who has developed a peculiar skill in the rare art of cutting cameos. Do you wish the stone to represent your own lineaments or those of your most loved one? is there a scene, a device, an emblem that is dear to your memory? name your desire, and he will reproduce the likeness in high or low relief, perpetual, in stone. From the actual sitter, from the bust, the photograph, the painting, or perhaps even the pencil-sketch with a few words of description, this man of genius can construct the counterfeit presentment. He, and the admirable artist who has recently furnished the public with silhouettes of marvelous delicacy and singular beauty of outline—the original cuttings of black paper being now copied as engravings and popularized through the agency of the printing-press—are probably not much troubled by competition.

The manufacture of artificial noses is a unique business in which rivalry is not apt to be excessive; and should we pity the person who makes this his specialty at a season when his trade is dull, we must yet hesitate to accord him such sympathy as to wish him an increase of customers. A certain studio in the fifth story of a building in Broadway used to be better known to the "fancy" than any other rooms in the city where the painter's skill may give to fancy shape. The artist who occupied those premises rarely had in daylight an idle hour: sitters thronged upon him, and waited for their turn with their faces in their handkerchiefs, their hats drawn down over their eyes, or, if of the gentler sex—and there were many such—closely veiled. His especial skill and constant occupation was in painting to a natural tint the human countenance, when its divinity was obscured by bruises or by a "black eye."

Of a humbler grade is the "artist" who confines his efforts to repairing the injuries and fractures of meerschaum pipes. There are professional destroyers of vermin who contract by the month or quarter to remove rats, mice, and roaches from hotels, restaurants, etc. Some of these hunters of small deer also furnish live rats in large numbers within twenty-four hours from order, for the exhibitions of dog-pits. They do not keep the rats on hand, but catch them as required. It is generally believed, and is perhaps true, that they use some bait or attractive scent in trapping the vermin. Such is not, however, the explanation as the writer heard it from the lips of one of the most skilled in this vocation.

"I never use bait or drugs. I have studied the animal." Here he drew himself up in the consciousness of superior knowledge, and proceeded with a lofty air. "No man that understands the rat needs such things; nor are fancy rat-traps of any account. Look at a rat's nest! It is hid behind a wall. It is near a chimney or a heat flue, so that it is kept warm. It is lined with soft stuff—rags, hair, lint, torn paper. Would you catch rats? Make a nest for them. Use a box having a sliding door to a small aperture. Put rags in the box, or saw-dust, or both, and leave it in the warmest part of a room that the rats frequent, covered with an old carpet, the aperture left open. No one must disturb the room; the longer things are thus left the better. There will be a time when you can walk in quietly, drop the sliding door, and carry off the box under your arm with every rat inside that was in the building."

"At what hour of the day or night do you find all the rats in?" we inquired.

"You would not ask the question if you had studied the rat," was the somewhat evasive reply.

About once a week a man puts his head into our office, and says "Wanchewredinkmister?" and, not receiving any reply, departs. Some

months elapsed before we succeeded in discovering the intent of his inquiry. He is presumably a German, and vends carmine writing fluid to those who apprehend and affirmatively answer his question, "Want you red ink, mister?" A man well known in engraving establishments seems to make his rounds about once a month. The whole point of his existence is to sell diamond points for engravers' use—one lasting the best part of a lifetime. An industrious individual makes barrel-bungs for a living. A Boston gentleman feathered his own nest by producing wooden nest-eggs. A new commercial business is confined to furnishing oil to be used only on sewing-machines. In Paris an "International Exhibition of Fans" is announced. In New York there is a house exclusively engaged in the manufacture and sale of church furniture. In Boston there is a shop devoted to the sale of glass chimneys for kerosene lamps.

With patience, success in a retail business devoted to a single article is almost certain in a large city. Thus, let a man sell nothing but dolls' heads, keeping his prices well down, and remaining in the same store for years, and although, perhaps, for a long while unnoticed, and strongly tempted to expand his business into a toy-shop or a variety store, if persistent in the one idea, he will eventually attract an exclusive trade, and draw customers for dolls' heads from distant quarters; for it is alike the observation of buyers and sellers that the best place to buy an article is that where only that article is dealt in. But if the dealer in the case supposed were to include the bodies, the garments, and the furniture of dolls, he might procure a larger business in the first few years, but with no such prospect of ultimate increase or permanency.

The specialties of scientific knowledge give occupation to men possessed of thorough knowledge of peculiar departments. To enumerate these special callings is but to give the designations appropriate to the divisions of science. The professions are similarly pursued in individual lines; and we have patent lawyers and divorce lawyers, cancer doctors, and chiropodists. Of the last there was one who went traveling from house to house, before the days when citizens hired a "corn-doctor" by the year to operate monthly, whose reputation was founded upon an alleged capacity for extracting the roots of corns. After nicely trimming the afflicted feet, he would affect to pull out the said roots with tweezers. He bored a small hole in the corn, and his legerdemain was very neat; but a gentleman on whom he operated kept a "root," and examined it under a microscope. It was a piece of a fish-bone.

With special reference to human frailty, there is a business reduced to a system in Paris, employing a number of discreet deputies, who go around to liquor shops and places of public resort at night, and accompany, or otherwise assist to their homes, for a consideration, inebri-

ated gentlemen, who would otherwise fall into the hands of the police. In that city there is also, at almost every alternate street corner, that most valuable of messengers, the *commis-sionnaire*. Licensed, and amenable to strictly enforced penalties if he overcharges, defaults, or even blunders, he is yet your servant for the occasion, capable, for a reasonable compensation per hour, of the greatest variety of service. He can procure for you a ball-ticket; order your dinner, and summon your company; ascertain the whereabouts of a book in the public libraries or the shops; perhaps even collect a bill, or prepare the preliminaries of an *affaire du cœur*. He is frequently employed by a jealous husband or wife to follow, and report upon the movements of the suspected party; and occasionally the same agent is hired by both the partners in a domestic infelicity.

A business has grown into formidable dimensions within a few years in London which it is impossible to regard with complacency. The nearest approach to it in this country is the Association for the Suppression of Gambling, which, with a worthier motive, adopts somewhat similar means. "Private Inquiry" offices are an invention to the credit of which England is perfectly welcome; and we devoutly hope that nobody on this side of the water will either copy or infringe upon their peculiarities. Employing great numbers of young men and women apparently engaged in other pursuits, as house-servants, clerks, etc., to collect and communicate to a central office all the gossip, scandal, and personalities that they can pick up and acquire in the families or firms where they have such opportunities, these establishments obtain information in vast quantities, which is carefully recorded and tabulated. This information, these family secrets obtained by infamous bribery and espionage, are for sale. To these offices a husband or wife proceeds in search of evidence when thinking of applying for a divorce. Thither, also, go morbid wretches in search of food for jealousy; partners who doubt each other; employers who suspect their agents. And so widely spread are the ramifications by which this institution has penetrated the privacy of British households, that it is said that an applicant rarely calls at an office without finding that there are at least some details already "booked" respecting the object of his inquiries. But no profit which may accrue to employers or employed can compensate for the utter loss of self-respect involved in such an occupation.

When in literature the subdivisions of industry are placed upon a mere trading basis, singular effects follow. Experience in a restricted avocation results in peculiar skill, and the work of the expert in some branch of literary pursuit is not apt to want dexterity or finish. Yet, whenever the produce of one man's brains is sold to be fathered as another's, whatever benefit each may receive pecuniarily, morally both must be injured. Although for years it has

been customary to sell sermons in England, and the practice is alluded to by the poet Cowper, we can not admire it. More recently their newspapers advertise to furnish either sermons or the mere skeletons of sermons, with illustrations, on subjects selected by the purchaser, or from a general assortment; to be sent by mail on receipt of price.

Lecturers also can be similarly supplied with "original MS. lectures." Some of the subjects are thus enumerated in an advertisement: "Coincidences. Freemasonry—its history, secret rites, and mysteries. Superstitions. Social and Humorous Sketches. Swiss History. Inventors and their Opponents." There is in England a class of reporters who do not themselves write any thing for the journals, and are not known as connected with them; they simply collect incidents for others who write descriptive reports.

The French capital is famous for providing literary wares adapted to all exigencies. At the time of the *Exposition Universelle*, there were scribes to be found who could produce light or solid essays upon any topic, division, or article illustrated or exhibited therein, in any language required. One of these literary hacks furnished the complete and exhaustive report upon industries represented in the Exhibition which a commissioner from a foreign nation presented to his government as the result of his own investigation. And this elaborate report, upon which the commissioner was generally complimented, was not only written in his native tongue, but was also an accurate imitation of his usual handwriting. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the Pascal-Newton forgeries may be accounted the ripe fruit of so dangerous a vocation.

Edgar A. Poe, the poet, had acquired a facility in imitating handwriting which he once turned to account as a practical joke. A lady in Washington left with him her book of autographs, containing those of a large number of celebrated individuals, with the request that he would add his own. The autographs in the book were scattered through it without any arrangement. Poe kept the book a few weeks, and when he returned it there appeared a duplicate of each autograph upon the page opposite or nearest adjoining. Neither the owner of the book, nor any one else, was able afterward to decide which were the genuine autographs, and which Poe's fac-similes.

The recent evidence made public in Philadelphia, respecting the operations of a dealer in medical diplomas, has revealed a danger that may require special legislation. It seems that he furnished the degree of M.D. to any person who chose to pay for it, and that the sheepskins were genuine issues of collegiate institutions, that shared the profits of the sales with this unscrupulous broker. But dealing in diplomas is not confined to this country, though it appears to be conducted abroad with some reference to the mental acquirements of the pur-

chaser. The following advertisement is from a recent London newspaper :

"Degrees. M.A., Ph.D., etc., *in absentia*. Qualified gentlemen, desirous of proceeding to the following honorary degrees, B.A., M.A., Ph.D., Ph.B., LL.B., LL.D., D.D., M.D., receive official instruction and advice without charge, by writing to LL.D., 10 St. Paul's Road, Canonbury, London. N.B. The degrees and diplomas are guaranteed *bona fide*, and they are issued by colleges and universities empowered by charter to grant the same. Only the application of authors and other decidedly qualified candidates will be replied to. Unqualified men and busy-bodies need not trouble themselves to write, and their personal applications will not be attended to."

One of the most extreme instances of concentration upon a single literary pursuit is that related of a German professor of philology, who had spent the whole of a long and laborious life in the study of the Greek article. In his last hours he called his son to his bedside, and said, "Take warning by my fault. Don't attempt too much. I see now that I ought to have confined myself to the dative case."

PLAYED TO THE END.

ONE of the prettiest rooms in one of the prettiest houses in all Fifth Avenue, and, to complete the picture, a lovely woman in a toilet that was a poem, and an attitude which would have served as a study for Meditation, or a new Clytie, or any thing graceful and beautiful that you please.

Certainly that place and that presence were about the last in which one would have expected to find a skeleton intruding itself, noting into the bargain that there was no vulgar closet where it could hide, according to the agreeable habit of its kind. But the skeleton was there, nevertheless; a fine, bony one, admirably articulated, and as lively as if he were galvanized at least twice in the course of every twenty-four hours.

I doubt if he even missed the closet in which an ordinary skeleton is supposed from preference to take lodgings when it is his mission to haunt some lackless bit of mortality; perhaps, as a skeleton accustomed to luxurious quarters in a fashionable part of the town, he would have despised any such confined place. At all events, he made himself entirely at home in the shadowy, perfumed boudoir, sat on the top of the mosaic table, grinned out of the niche where the marble boy reclined, hovered inside the silken window-curtains, tip-toed along the little recess filled with blue and gold editions of the poets and French novelists, showed his ribs and joints in the bay-window where the rare exotics blushed at their own loveliness, and was altogether so agile and disagreeable that he might have taken charge of the whole avenue and had plenty of time on his hands, instead of centring his vigilance on one pretty woman.

He was out in great spirits this morning; one never would have dreamed that he had

been awake and up the whole night through, dancing, grinning, moving, and displaying a skill in tormenting which only a thorough-bred skeleton, educated among the very first families, could possibly show. A blood relation could not have been more persistent in his attentions and scrutiny. A sister-in-law, or an old maid aunt, or any other of the tribe yeilded kindred, whom one is cruelly forbidden by law to put to death, would have been almost preferable as a companion. It was a wonder he was not a little stiff in the knees just now, for he had not only been up all night, but once early in the evening he showed himself in the opera box without so much as a sheet to cover his hideousness, and even then was not content to go home like a Christian and wait till his prey returned. He appeared at the ball—the finest of the season—skipped about among the dancers, and made himself so odious to one pair of eyes that the possessor of them wished the floor might give way or the ceiling come down, or any other unpleasant and unexpected catastrophe occur which would effectually flatten him.

He went away from the ball—probably blasé in regard to amusements, as a modern skeleton ought to be—but he did not lose himself on the road. He was safe in the boudoir when its pretty owner returned—safe, and lively as a bill-collector or a jealous husband, or any other of the monsters with a genius for rendering life insupportable. And here he was now—poking a bone in the chocolate, and spoiling it as completely as the harpies did the feast prepared by the wandering Trojans; bending over the flowers, and withering them by the chill of his presence; and, worst of all, tossing about a vellum and silver port-folio, and holding up the cards and billets and love-letters, one after one, and making each a new mockery or pain by some insulting gesture or impromptu dance that had a language plainer than any words.

I think no woman ever lived who could less easily endure the slightest semblance of authority and control than Violet Livingston, and to be haunted and tyrannized over in this ruthless manner was a realization of purgatory which few people are called upon to suffer in this world. The handsomest widow that Murray Hill could boast; witty as the best style of modern novel; a genius in dress that Eugénie might have envied; mistress of a house, carriage, diamonds; and only twenty-five—certainly, the last person among one's acquaintance whom one would expect to set up a private skeleton. The ghost of a pretty girlish romance, just enough to give an excuse for poetical regrets and a becoming pensiveness, one might have looked for; but there was something anomalous and disgusting in the idea of her being subjected to the espionage of that osseous monster, and his gymnastic tricks, which he performed as easily as if his creaking joints had been steel springs.

Presently there was a tap at the door—the skeleton hid himself in the dressing-room, but peeped out to watch who came and what might be said—the pretty widow saw him plainly enough still. She turned her back on him resolutely, and requested the tapper to appear. It was only the elderly female relative who lived with her, in accordance with the necessity there is for a pretty widow having a Colley; and old Miss Berners made a very good one—she never gave tongue unless she was bidden. “And how did you sleep, my dear? And are you tired? And how charmingly you look this morning!”

And Violet would have liked to fling a slipper at her, or call her bad names, or throw her down and jump on her. Not because the antique servant of Diana had done any thing wrong, but just from sheer nervousness and exasperation with the world in general. However, she was too well-bred, like the rest of us, to follow her inclinations. She answered sweetly, and invented a commission at once which would take the virgin out of the house and out of the way, after she had asked questions enough to make Violet’s head buzz.

When she had gone, back came the skeleton and grinned at her, as if to say, “You’re mighty clever, but you can’t get rid of me—you can’t get rid of me;” and, without the slightest warning, the pretty widow threw up her hands and went off in a burst of hysterical sobs that might have touched the heart of a Borgia, but did not soften her tyrant in the least.

Then another tap at the door, and Violet composed herself as quickly as a conjuror performs one of his mysterious feats. Once more she bade the tapper come in. This time it was her maid, with a card that had a coronet on it. The young widow shook out her gray and garnet plumage before the mirror, noticed the skeleton leaning over her shoulder as she did so, and prepared to go down stairs to greet the Baron Rothmille.

But she was not to go yet. The adorning of beauty had a note in her hand, as well as the card, and presented it, while the skeleton pirouetted in delight. Violet glanced at the billet, made a gesture as if about to tear it, opened and read the few lines instead, and straightway turned so white that the maid cried out in alarm. This brought the widow back to sense, and the color into her cheeks. She recommended the Frenchwoman to leave the room more sharply than she often spoke to any dependent, and Mademoiselle flounced off in a rage such as only a Parisian seraph could get up at short notice.

Violet read her note again, and it was difficult to decide whether fear or anger was the predominant emotion in her mind.

“Will come this morning—Boodle stocks an utter failure.” “Oh, the wretch! That was what he meant last night! If I could kill him—I would myself, only I’m such a coward!”

She did not shriek this, nor mutter it. I believe people only do such things on the stage

or in novels. But she thought it, and a whole volume of bitter, crazy, wicked thoughts, in the short space she stood tearing the billet, as she would have torn Cloudy Forester’s heart, if he had owned one, and she could have got at it. All the while the skeleton grinned and danced before her, and looked at least twenty feet high; he had a pleasant faculty of growing at will a good deal more rapidly than Jack’s famous bean-stalk.

Then Violet saw the coroneted card on the table, and remembered the Baron. She put by her histrionics, or, rather, she began doing high comedy instead of melodrama, and swept down stairs. By the time she reached the reception-room she looked her part to perfection.

The Baron was waiting for her with any amount of smiles, and small talk in such doubtful English as he was master of, and French when that failed, somewhat less elegant than Violet’s own. He had German blood in his veins; and she spoke the language with an ease which nobody born outside of Paris, except an American woman, can ever hope to acquire.

“A thousand pardons, Baron! I have kept you waiting shamefully—but I wasn’t blacking my eyebrows.”

The Baron got off a rather long speech about the delight any man must feel at waiting in the charmed atmosphere of that house; but the speech halted a little, owing to the German phlegm, of which he could not rid himself.

“That’s very pretty, Baron,” returned the widow; “but I dare say you are cross all the same.”

“Yes,” said the Baron, curling his mustache, “because a billet-doux came in when I did.”

“A tender epistle from my dress-maker,” answered Violet, with the most natural laugh. “She disappointed me about my toilet for last night, and throws herself on what she calls my angelic clemency—I wish she may find it.”

“Are you always hard-hearted when people do that?” inquired the Baron, in a very meaning tone.

Straightway she knew what had brought him! He meant to be tender! He was about to give her an opportunity to make every marriageable female on Murray Hill expire of envy. A thousand reflections came in a flash. The chance of wearing a title, a reception at court—for the Baron’s position was good beyond a doubt—dinners at the Tuileries, visits at Compiègne, new dresses without stint, ease, splendor, a whirl of pleasure, friendship with Eugénie, successful rivalry of Madame Metternich—no end of delightful things! And the impossibility of snatching at the future thus opened, bound hand and foot, the lines in Clondesley Forester’s note swimming before her eyes—great Heavens! the skeleton, too, crept in while she reflected, and stood grinning behind the Baron’s chair.

Time—she must have time! Queen Elizabeth at the last pinch had not greater need of it, and, more fortunate than the vestal monarch,

Violet held the matter somewhat in her own hands. The Baron was a person of importance, of course, and nearly as stupid as Death, but easier to circumvent and put off.

She rattled on in the most bewitching and bewildering way; she dazzled the Baron's eyes with her smiles; she confused and fluttered him strangely; and all the while she was praying that the door-bell might ring, somebody come in—any body, from the bishop to the devil! But, praying or talking, she was haunted by visions of a Parisian heaven, Cloudy's letter, and the grinning face of the skeleton, all mixed up in the most sickening and incongruous fashion. And the Baron growing more tender, more hopelessly imbecile every instant, as a man with matrimonial proposals on his lips is doomed to do; her crazy thoughts coming swifter, the skeleton jumping higher, and she so mad with pain and rage that she had much ado not to make a tragic end to the comedy by dancing at the Baron, choking him black in the face, beating her brains out against the wall, and singing for a dust-brush and pan to clear up the litter! The Baron was drawing his chair nearer; his face lost the last gleam of reason—it was coming! She must take leave of her senses now. She would not refuse; she dared not say yes; the skeleton warned her not. No way of averting the finale; the man was utterly dazed, and bent on speaking! She saw Paris and the court and that odious Metternich away off on the other side of the gulf which blackened between her and that fruition of worldly hope, and knew that she could never reach them. The Baron's mouth opened, but the door opened at the same instant. She was saved; she came near springing to her feet, and shouting the word at the top of her voice. Saved by her spinster relation, two old tabby cats of her friends, and Helen Morgan from across the street. Helen had seen the Baron enter, and followed as quickly as she could get into her newest walking dress, for fear of the consequences if the foreign bird of price was exposed to the solitary effects of the widow's fascinations.

It was dear and love, and billing and cooing without stint. The old maid's jaws creaked ominously in their longing to make the kisses bites. Helen Morgan did astonishment, and Violet looked "lies, lies," sweetly in her face, and kissed her again. Finally, stunned by the noise, the Baron went off in a huff—if a Baron may be supposed to indulge in a state of feeling so vulgar.

More chatter—more laughing—jests in regard to the Baron from the spinsters, pointed by bitter-sweet innuendoes from Helen Morgan. The virgin relative looking remorse for having intruded so inopportunist—every thing under heaven that was tiresome and irritating. Violet rang the bell for luncheon; she would have been glad to ring for an ogre to eat them; but there was none at her beck, unless it might be Cloudy Forester, and he meant to eat her—

indeed, he might come and attempt it before she could get the gorgons away.

The meal was seasoned with the newest scandal. The spinsters would have made respectable vultures, beaks and all; but Helen Morgan was a regular hyena—I mean an irregular one—with a morbid love of feeding on human reputations instead of human flesh.

Violet laughed and joined in the talk; but it all sounded very far off. There was nothing real, nothing tangible, but the skeleton—he was in the dining-room first of any body, and never left his stand by the side-board. Sometimes she lost the thread of the discourse completely, and had to strain every faculty to catch it again. After one of those lapses, she heard her venerable relative exclaim:

"It isn't possible! Back, after all these years—why, I thought he was dead! Did you ever hear the like, Violet?"

"Never," said Violet, and had not the least idea what or who was meant.

"She is proof against surprise," said one of the spinsters, with a giggle that she had kept by her so many years it had turned into a croak. "Yet, I remember—oh, well, that's all over!"

Violet took refuge in a smile—she felt that it must be the very essence of imbecility.

"Yes, yes," chorused the other tabby cat. "I remember too."

"Try these pickles," exclaimed the virgin relative, violently, afraid that Violet might be annoyed.

"What do you all mean?" groaned Helen Morgan, conscious that there was a secret withheld from her. "Who is Fred Townley? Seems to me I remember the name."

Violet felt herself collapsing into a state of coma. That name to come up now! Why, she had not heard it pronounced in seven years.

"Mrs. Livingston does not speak," said the first tabby.

"Yet, Violet Berners knew him, I think," croaked the second.

"Suppose we go up stairs, if every body has done luncheon," interposed the virgin relative, glancing at her cousin.

"Wait a moment, Elizabeth dear," spoke Violet, and gave no sign of the new blow. "Is Mr. Townley back, Miss Everett?"

"Yes, indeed," spoke both tabbies at once, each trying to drown the other's voice. "And rich as Cræsus—been in Australia—found dozens of gold mines."

"How glad I am!" interrupted Violet, in her most drawing society voice, the while she saw the skeleton loom taller than ever. "Who is he, Helen? An old, old friend of mine—ages ago—while you were in pinafores! Dear me! people used to say we flirted dreadfully, didn't they, Miss Everett? I had forgotten all about it, to be sure."

She led the way back to the reception-room, and on the road Miss Everett whispered to the eager Helen, just in time to save her from dying of curiosity:

"People said they were engaged. She broke it off, because they were both poor, when old Livingston popped. Oh, she treated him dreadfully. She never had any more heart than a stone."

Helen felt that the story was not worth hearing, after all; only another proof of the widow's conquering powers. No man any where that did not come under her spells. Miss Morgan would have liked to bite her, then and there. As that was impossible, she waltzed up to Violet, and said, with a rather overdone childishness:

"I remember all about it now! I was a child at the time; but I used to hear mamma and the older girls talk—little pitchers have large ears."

Violet took the close of the remark in a literal sense, in the most delicious way. She looked straight at Miss Morgan's auricular appendages, which were large, and glanced at her form, which was slight.

"Yes," she said, in pleasant assent; and Helen Morgan wished that she and the widow were two cats, with no fence between them.

"Suppose I tell the Baron?" she exclaimed, roguishly.

Violet drew her down and arranged the bird on her bonnet.

"Suppose I tell your step-mother you went masked to the Liederkrantz ball?" whispered she.

The little wasp could not even buzz! Any female insect with a sting was liable to get itself sadly mutilated if it meddled with Violet Livingston. She despised her sex too deeply to get much in earnest, though; she had done that for seven long, weary years, beginning by contempt for herself when she allowed the family council to sell her for old Livingston's money-bags.

Seven years ago—oh, a whole life!—she had been engaged to Fred Townley—though that was a secret. He was poor, and the relatives broke off the affair, in a truly religious spirit, for her own good. They told her lies, always in the same proper spirit, when they found that she was likely to prove rebellious. They made her believe Fred repented, and yearned after the shekels of a certain hideous heiress. Fred's mother helped—likewise animated by an heroic sense of duty—and, on her side, assured Fred that Violet wanted a pretext to escape. Of course the pair quarreled. Off flew Fred, nobody knew where; and Violet buried her romance, and married old Livingston. She lived it all over in the few seconds of quiet she obtained after her last scratch to Helen Morgan. Now he was back, he was nothing to her—she said over and over—not even a ghost. It was not his fault that she lost her faith in humanity—she learned that years ago—but she would not tell him so. Elizabeth Berners had let out the whole story since they two lived together. Violet knew what her relations and Fred's sanctimonious old mother had done to

part herself and her lover; but the knowledge came much too late. She had wasted her dream—lost her youth! Fred Townley was nothing to the woman she had become; and he might as well go on hating the girl she had been to the end of the chapter; only it was like having a phantom come up out of the past, and she wanted none. It was enough to be dogged and persecuted by a tame skeleton, without having any other horror thrust into her life.

But her guests were leaving; she must return to her part. More talk, more noise—certainly they never would get off.

"Dear Mrs. Livingston, don't be vexed with me—I only wanted to tease," whispered Helen Morgan, effectually subdued by Violet's whisper.

"My dear child, as if I ever took the trouble!" returned she, rather too carelessly to be agreeable. "I'll chaperon you to Mrs. Rossmore's reception to-morrow, if you like."

Tangible proofs of forgiveness like that Miss Morgan could appreciate. It was always pleasant to go out under the widow's wing; one was sure of plenty of masculine support; for Violet had a legion at her beck nearly as large as the Emperor Napoleon's standing army.

The two departed, and Miss Elizabeth followed in their wake. She was a conscientious soul—interested in hospitals, great at begging for charities, had any quantity of poor people whom she helped and harassed—in short, went about doing good till every body hated her in the most approved style.

"I am going out too," Violet said; "tell Martin so, if any body comes." She got up to her room, and locked the door. Mademoiselle had asked the day to herself, and was gone; so there was no one to reveal her whereabouts. In consequence, when Miss Elizabeth went down stairs, and Martin let her out, she said:

"Mrs. Livingston has gone already."

She meant to ask a question, but Martin took it for assertion; so when, shortly after, the door-bell rang, and a handsome, wicked-looking man demanded the pretty mistress of the mansion, Martin answered truthfully enough:

"She is out, Sir—she and Miss Berners both."

Cloudesley Forester went down the steps, and got into his brougham and drove away, cursing the widow, and vowing that she should pay dear for this bit of insolence. Violet peeped out from behind the curtains and saw him, and congratulated herself even on this brief respite; then up skipped the skeleton, and asked her what she expected to gain thereby—she was only a fool for her pains.

If Cloudy had written the truth, she had nothing to hope or gain in any quarter—she was ruined. That was bad enough, in all conscience; but there was worse than money losses behind: she was in Cloudy Forester's power, and he meant to make love to her. She had known for days that if this last speculation proved a failure, and she could not relieve herself from her pecuniary obligations to him, he

intended this; and it was the crowning degradation which made life utterly unendurable. And just now, when she dared not accept it, the chance of becoming a baroness—Fred Townley back, besides! She certainly must go mad! Hours and hours before it would be time to dress and go out for the evening; if she could only obtain temporary forgetfulness—get away from herself even for a while! She found a bottle of laudanum that mademoiselle had brought up to use for a sprained wrist; she drank of it as carelessly as if it had been water. Luckily, not being accustomed to the taste, she could not swallow much, after all, so ran no risk. She went to bed, and fell into a sleep so deep that it brought no dreams.

When she woke it was long after dark; mademoiselle was back—dinner over. Miss Berners thought she needed rest, and would not allow her to be disturbed.

"Who would have dreamed Elizabeth could develop sense at this late day?" quoth Violet, ungratefully. She was shivering and unsteady from the effects of the narcotic. "Bring me some black coffee, Pauline, and I'll dress."

The powerful stimulant made her alive again, to her very finger tips. An hour later she joined Miss Berners down stairs; and the virgin fairly squeaked with surprise. In all her experience of Violet she had never seen her so beautiful as to-night.

"Never mind admiring me," said the widow; "there's the carriage. Two parties and a ball! I wish I was a caterpillar under a green gooseberry bush! Come along, Elizabeth."

"Such spirits!" tittered the virgin; and Violet longed to make her a martyr as well.

She was gorgeous, and her dress perfection—fresh from Paris, and the bill with it. That was paid; so were not scores and scores beside; and, in consequence, the door-bell sounded at all hours like the shriek of a fiend.

At the second reception she met the Baron; and the Baron forgot his huff, and worshiped.

"Those dreadful women!" she said, softly; "they sent you away. Do you hate me outright?"

The Baron was so agitated that he could only sputter. Violet took him off with her in triumph to the ball; and appearing late, on his arm, drove every female creature on promotion out of her senses at once.

But they were avenged presently, though they did not know it. The first waltz with the Baron was over; he was just begging her to go into the conservatory for a breath of air, when up came Cloudy Forester, handsomer, wicked, more insolent-looking than ever, and dared to say:

"You promised me this galop, Mrs. Livingston;" and hurried her away almost before she could whisper an apologetic word to the Baron.

He dared to do this, when she had never danced with him or promised to in her whole life. Oh, his letter must be all true! She ought to have taken a larger dose of laudanum.

There was no other escape from her troubles. She let him whirl her half a dozen times up and down the room, then she could bear no more.

"I must sit down," she said. "I got your note, Mr. Forester."

"But you would not see me," returned he.

"The letter was enough for one day! Did you mean what you wrote?"

"Every word! I am so sorry—"

"Never mind! How much have I lost?"

"You don't mean to talk business here?"

"I mean you to answer me."

He made some figures on a card and showed them to her. She only bowed, smiling still. The world had come to an end; at least the world she had shone in. She must go down, down from her dazzling eminence. She might be a governess, a sewing woman—or she might starve. She could only hold her own in this sphere for a little while; not for a day if Cloudy Forester got angry with her; and there was only one means of preventing that—let him be tender. No, not if she died in the streets! People called her a reckless flirt; but life could not bring her to a pass when she would tolerate this man's presence in other than the merest show of acquaintance—not while there was any laudanum left in mademoiselle's bottle, she thought.

Then, standing there opposite him, with the crowd floating before her eyes, the music sounding in her ears, her quick fancy conjured up a vision of herself found cold and white on her bed—mademoiselle shrieking—Elizabeth in hysterics—friends pouring in to look at her and ferret out the truth. Perhaps this was her last night of triumph; at least she would make it memorable. Never, in all the years which had made her beauty and wit famous, had she been so dazzling as this evening; and every where she moved she felt Cloudy Forester's eyes on her, and shivered under the last words he had whispered:

"I shall come to-morrow."

Dancing, jesting, coquetting—the Baron quite imbecile with adoration—a score of men ready to fall at her feet—troops of women wishing their eyes were basilisks, to strike her dead—she growing more insane each instant—that odd feeling, that this was the culmination of her success, waxing each instant stronger. Then, in a pause of the dance, as her adorers gathered about her, a new-comer appeared at her side. She looked up, and saw Fred Townley, so little changed by these years of separation that it might have been yesterday they parted. Straightway the one beautiful dream of her life mocked her with its loss, and her heart cried out as it had done in the first weeks, while her grief was fresh and real.

"Do I need to be introduced to you?" he asked, quietly.

"Unless you feel the necessity on your own account," she answered, holding out her hand. "I am very, very glad to see you."

He had wanted to meet her, to assure him-

self that it was true he had entirely recovered from his old disappointment; that even anger had died out, and he felt nothing but indifference toward this woman who had desolated his youth. But, behold, at the touch of her slender fingers, the sound of her marvelous voice, the glance and smile, he heard his heart flutter till he mentally cursed himself for a triple idiot, and tried to believe it was only the power of memory which moved him.

Whatever it was, he could not shake off the spell. Presently he forgot that he wanted to do so. Violet talked, and made him talk—not ordinary ball-room nonsense—getting out on the dangerous ground of the past. She did not mean to do it, but she was born a flirt, and could not resist using her power; and after a little she grew so much interested that she might as well have been in earnest.

Of course this was the work of a brief space—up came more men.

"Please ask me to dance," Violet said, with her softest laugh, "else one of those wretches will carry me off before you have finished; and I want to hear how it ended."

Something he was relating connected with his Australian experience; but they both forgot it in the pleasure of whirling away to the measure of the waltz which used to be their favorite in the old days. Cloudy Forester watched and glared; but for a time Violet forgot even him. The Baron watched and glared, as well as his watery blue eyes would permit. He began to think he had not made his august intentions plain enough to the widow. She could not know the honor in store for her, or she would give him an opportunity to speak.

The waltz came to an end. Violet caught sight of Forester and the Baron, and her senses returned. Fred saw the change in her face, and once more felt vexed with himself for having been momentarily softened. He said something as sharp as politeness would allow, and she relapsed into the fine lady at once. He went away, and she was glad. This sort of thing must not be repeated. She recollected the skeleton awaiting her at home, and knew that she should die if Fred Townley, of all men, ever suspected its existence.

Cloudy Forester was waiting for her—so was the Baron—so were a dozen men. Her head was whirling, the room was unsteady as a ship at sea; but all the while dancing, talking, conciliating Cloudy, or keeping the Baron up to concert pitch, without an opportunity to free his mind, her restless thoughts never ceased to torment her. This was her final triumph—tomorrow the deluge! If it were not for that—if she had been less mad—what chances of life would be open before her!

Perhaps a happiness like the girlish dream, for Fred Townley had not turned to marble—she saw that. Or if no such sweet romance were possible, at least the Baron and Paris were in her reach. But, with all his devotion, the Baron was practical; he would want time to

be certain that the fortune of which she had the credit was secure—and that fortune was a wreck. There had never been any where near the amount supposed, and for several years she had spent more money than any woman ever heard of, unless it might be Eugénie.

She knew nothing about business, she took money right and left, not her dividends, but the principal, and sped along in her mad chase. Finally she had arrived at mortgages and unpleasant straits of all sorts. A few months before, she had become infected with the mania for stock-jobbing. Ever so many women made delightful sums by getting friendly Bulls or Bears to take them "flyers"—why, with good luck she might free herself from her embarrassments. In an evil hour she allowed Cloudy Forester to be the means whereby she was to work these wonders.

In spite of his doubtful reputation—no, of a reputation unfortunately not in the least doubtful—Cloudy maintained a certain position in society. So many men were deep in his Wall Street schemes that they dared not allow their wives and daughters to give him the cold shoulder. As long as his lucky star was up—his schemes successful—he must be tolerated. Though six months ago his wife left him and buried herself in the country, the world insisted on believing it her fault—she had been a stupid, nagging woman, and very likely was to blame for half his follies.

Violet had always detested the man, and it could have surprised nobody so much as it did her, to find herself mixed up in his projects and gradually falling into his power. But he had been at hand at the moment when she was most worried—had taken a "flyer" for her just as a joke, and it brought in such a golden harvest that she went crazy, as people always do. She had not stopped to think, she rushed on, and he helped her. When it was too late to retreat, there came losses. Cloudy encouraged her—she was not to be troubled—no need to advance more money yet—he should get hers back quadrupled. She had waited and waited, and now the end had come! Not only the risk of pecuniary ruin, but her secrets in Forester's hands, and he, during the past fortnight, showing plainly enough for her quick wit to understand what use he meant to make of her position.

The night culminated and waned. Violet was enduring the tortures of the damned, but they were better than home and the society of the skeleton. She lingered still, and her eyes waxed brighter, her reckless tongue more unmanageable, and men worshiped and women reviled, and she grew so mad that she longed to shriek her story out in full hearing of the crowd, and make a tragedy of herself on the spot.

Fred Townley was going—she saw him looking darkly at her—she could not let him go in that way. She brought him to her side by a gesture with her fan.

"I wanted to say good-night," she said,

softly. "Don't come near me any more—it makes my heart ache for an old friend to see me as I am. Ah, Fred! Fate has been hard on me—good-by!"

It was partly earnest, partly acting; she would have been mortally afraid to have him in love with her again, but she could not bear to think her power was wholly lost, and the old dream looked so beautiful! He went away puzzled by his own emotions—cursing himself for an ass—but not able to forget the mournful eyes raised beseechingly to his, the timid, fleeting smile that for an instant had made her so like the Violet Berners of former days.

The lights in the ball-room were out—the Baron was safe in his bed, dreaming of the pretty widow and her half million of dollars, which would make so charming a fortune joined with his income of fifty thousand francs. Fred Townley was rushing up and down his rooms in the same hotel, smoking his biggest meerschaum, vowing that on the morrow he would quit New York forever and not see that woman's face again, yet conscious that he could not go till he had looked once more in her eyes. Cloudy Forester had gone to finish his night at a gaming-table; always, during the intervals of thought given by the card-dealing, swearing to himself that he would reach the goal he had tried so hard during the past weeks to attain. With each and all, the thought of that beautiful woman was persistent and engrossing; and she was at home—if they could have seen her then! She was shut in her apartments—the communicating doors of the whole suit thrown open to give her space for the weary march she kept up the whole night through. The skeleton marched by her side, not to be tired out or shaken off—gibing, muttering, pointing to the laudanum bottle—whispering a thousand mocking recommendations—reminding her over and over that the world had come to an end—that she had better kill herself and be done—better be found cold and stiff, and leave at least a mystery, than to drag out a few more days or weeks of suspense and have the final blow fall.

No way out—nothing left—neither money nor friends—even her good name attacked. She knew well enough that when the pack of hounds once opened mouth there would be no limit to their ferocity. She must share the fate of any dethroned idol—nothing too bad to be said or believed: "*Perle avant de tomber, fange après sa chute!*"

Morning—noon—the new day had come! Mademoiselle, tired of waiting, managed to upset a chair in the dressing-room, and so waked her up to meet it. Then a visit from the virgin Elizabeth; half an hour to herself, more purgatorial than Pauline's chatter or Miss Berners's commonplaces; then the announcement she expected—Cloudy Forester was waiting to see her.

It was a relief that the moment for action had come. She was actress enough to rise to the excitement of her part. She had dressed

herself admirably for the scene—I can not describe how; a marvelous blue and white combination of silk and soft cashmere that floated and fell in graceful folds such as no other woman's dress ever would assume. It gave her an indescribable look of purity and distance from ordinary mortals, which would have made it difficult for the most hardened men to hold very base thoughts in her presence. I don't suppose Cloudy Forester was that—bad enough in all conscience—but I never saw any body so wicked that I did not hear of somebody worse. However, Cloudy had gone raving with this new fancy that he called love—was such to him—and he would not have been awed by the devil, or, what is more to the purpose, by an angel.

"How good of you to be punctual," said she, with her most unconcerned smile; "and admire the business habits I am acquiring; I have not made you wait."

"I am sure I should be repaid if you had," returned he, and overdid the matter, as he always would an attempt at gallantry, and so made it unpleasant. "I never saw you look so charming in my life."

"But we are not in a ball-room now," said she, laughing; "we are down in Wall Street, and Wall Street knows nothing about pretty speeches."

"How nicely you put me on the footing you might a business agent," said he, flushing angrily, though making an effort to control his impossible temper. "I was not aware that I occupied that precise position toward you or any body."

"Not toward me, certainly," she replied, apparently undisturbed. "You have been a very patient, kind friend, and allowed me to bother you dreadfully."

"You never could do that—where business is concerned."

She altogether ignored the speech and its double meaning. She was busy fastening a little bunch of scarlet flowers in her belt.

"Yes, dreadfully," she went on, in a voice that never quavered, though there was a mortal chill at her heart, and she was growing horribly afraid. "But it's all over; I retire from the Stock Exchange. I'm quite satisfied with my little lesson."

He admired her pluck hugely, for he knew exactly the position in which she was placed; but his admiration only made the hot passion in his heart more violent.

"It never answers to get discouraged," he said; "one never knows when matters may take a turn."

"Mine did that weeks and weeks ago—only they took a wrong turn," retorted she; and, self-controlled as she was, she could not help saying it bitterly.

"I hope you do not blame—"

"Any body, but luck or circumstance—or whatever god may be worshiped or rebelled against in Wall Street," she interrupted, laughing again.

"I want you to let me talk frankly about the bad luck, and tell you what I think the wisest and best thing to be done," he said, gravely.

A gleam of hope sprang up in her heart. Perhaps she had wronged him; he might prove less ungenerous and mean than she had expected.

"Tell me," she said, turning her beautiful face toward him with a new brightness in her eyes, and a soft tinge of color in her cheeks. "You know I am any thing but a business woman."

"For that very reason I don't wish you to trouble yourself about what has happened," he answered, slowly.

"What nonsense!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "I owe you thousands of dollars; of course you want them paid, and I want to pay them. I have been an idiot, and must suffer the penalty."

He tried to look grave as ever, but she saw a sudden triumph shining in his eyes. She knew that, whether she succeeded or not in freeing herself, she should have to listen to the insulting secret which he had made visible in his face for weeks; and it was the first time in her life that any man had dared bring such trouble near her. A shiver of sickening fright, fierce anger, a fiery pang of shame and remorse, shot through her soul in the brief instant of silence that followed her words. Then he spoke so rapidly that there would have been no opportunity to interrupt him, even if she could have got back her breath and strength.

"You need not think of that, or be troubled," he said. "There is not the slightest occasion. What loss there is nobody knows or needs to know. It is a matter entirely between you and me."

If he had struck her in the face it would have hurt less than his words; but she could not articulate a syllable. Besides, there was no escape; she had got to hear him through; she who, in spite of her untold flirtations, had always been able to boast to herself that no man had ever ventured upon so much as a look beyond the rôle she laid down for him.

But the skeleton had not grinned at her for weeks without reason in his malice, and she had come upon the most bitter humiliation of her life. Another instant, and Cloudy Forester was holding her hands fast, and pouring out the story of his love and suffering in high-flown words that might have been effective with a young girl, but which reminded her so much of a scene in some French play that, angry and frightened as she was, they made her long to laugh.

She allowed him to finish; by that time she was too angry to care or think of the consequences of offending him, desirous only of punishing his insolence in the most effectual manner. She knew very well that open expressions of wrath would only give him courage—that tears would be considered a theatrical display. She drew her hands away from him, as he half

knelt before her, and said, in the quietest, most delightfully insolent voice:

"Perhaps you will have the goodness to get up now. This little stage business was thrown in, I suppose. Well, a bit of practice never comes amiss."

He was on his feet before she concluded her sentence. She saw a legion of devils looking at her from his handsome, wicked eyes; but she would not have taken back her words if she could. She knew he would have liked to make his nervously working fingers meet about her throat and choke her until she was black in the face; but he mastered his anger, and, still clinging to the theatricals that he had so often found effective, he burst into an eloquent tirade against her cruelty, and renewed protestations of his earnest devotion.

"When did you hear from Mrs. Forester?" she asked, quietly, when he paused.

He kept himself from uttering bad words. In the midst of her trouble, Violet enjoyed the difficulty he had. After a little he said, reproachfully:

"From any body else the question would be an insult; from you it is cruel."

"It occurred to me that you had forgotten there was such a person," returned she, coolly. "Suppose we go back to the business in hand."

"You shall not put me off in this way," he said, in a tone that was fierce in spite of his efforts to subdue it. "I will not be trifled with—"

"And I!" she interrupted, too angry now to remember any prudence. "You dare to come to me with words of love on your lips—you, a married man! You venture to insult and outrage me because you believe me helpless. But there, tragedy would be wasted! Mr. Forester, I am in a hurry to go out."

"I am the same as free," he exclaimed. "The divorce will be arranged in a few weeks. I ask you to be my wife. Violet, no man will ever love you as I do—"

She was standing before him, white as death, her eyes blazing with a light which, callous as he was, he found it hard to meet. But she controlled herself, made a gesture with her hand as if dismissing some importunate servant, and said:

"That will do. Allow me to bid you good-morning; we will settle our business by letter."

He was furious now, and uttered menaces which roused her temper to a pitch nearly equal to his. Then he dared again to plead his love, and at last she cried:

"Either leave this house, or I will ring and have you put out."

With a man who had only the thinnest possible varnish of gentlemanly breeding over the animal coarseness of his nature, of course after such words a terrible scene was unavoidable. He absolutely threatened her with exposure—a suit to recover his money—and, to add to her anger and fright, showed her that something she had put in his hands by way of security

only made her position worse. It was a claim on property already mortgaged to its full value, which, in her delightful ignorance of business, he had induced her to make use of. But she bore even that gallantly.

"No matter what comes," she exclaimed, "at least I shall be free from your society. Any thing would be better than meeting you, and being forced to treat you civilly."

He left her. It was almost the first time in his life that Cloudy Forester had failed in a scheme on which his heart was set, and he vowed to revenge himself at any cost.

Violet remained in the reception-room—not thinking, scarcely feeling—dazed and stunned by the blow which had fallen at last. The world had come to an end! She caught herself repeating the words again and again, and laughed aloud at her own idiocy. What was to follow? She asked herself that; but she could not think, she was too tired. Ruin—disgrace—she knew that both hovered near; but it was no matter—oh, nothing was any matter!

People were coming in—a whole army, she thought—and wondered in a feeble way if the story was already known, and they had come to stare at and revile her. Then she managed to recover an outward show of civility, saw that it was only the old maid and her spinster relative, and got rid of them soon on some pretext. She would have liked to give orders that nobody else should be admitted; but no, let whoever would come—perhaps it was the last time. So the Baron was next, and the Baron offered his title for her acceptance, and proposed uniting their fortunes, besides telling, in very pretty French, that his whole heart was offered too.

"My dear Baron," said she, laughing anew, "I should like it of all things! Unfortunately, it is out of the question. I have lost all my money."

He could not believe his ears at first; when he did, he vowed that it was of no consequence, and for the moment he thought so. But his German phlegm came to his aid, and he was greatly relieved when she persisted in her refusal. He departed in his turn; but as he was a gentleman, in spite of his dullness, of course her confession remained a profound secret.

Violet sat there and wondered whether it was real, or if she had dreamed it all, and could not decide. Then Helen Morgan and one of her companion gigglers appeared, along with a youth who seemed bent on giving himself an indigestion by devouring his seal ring. While the girls tittered and the youth nibbled, and Violet shut her lips tight to keep from astonishing them by dreadful words, Fred Townley found his way in, and Violet knew that she must go mad, but she did not.

Fred had tried to harden his heart during his sleepless night by the recollection of her falsehood, yet he could not resist coming to look at her once more; and when he left the

house he hated and despised himself, because he knew that the old spell was still strong upon him.

When he was gone Helen Morgan told Violet that he was engaged to some girl in Washington, and was to be married shortly. Violet was left to herself, and could shed a few tears for the first time in weeks. Not over her present trouble—not over the knowledge that Fred Townley had found happiness apart from her—just over the beautiful dream of her girlhood that had been so ruthlessly murdered by such cruel hands.

Two days passed—they were like a horrible nightmare to Violet. There was not a moment unoccupied. It was near Lent, and all the amusement possible was crowded into these last weeks. She went from breakfast to concert, from there to dinner, parties and balls after, and in looks and spirits she surpassed herself.

Cloudy Forester haunted her like a ghost, but would not speak; he knew that this dread in which she lived was the most horrible revenge he could take. Fred Townley watched her afar off; the spinster Elizabeth watched her too, but did not dream what was amiss. She formed her own theory—being a woman, she must have one—and, dating the change in Violet from the time of Townley's arrival, believed that she had found a clew.

So the third day at a reception she waylaid Fred and told him a long story; he did not astonish propriety by hugging her on the spot, but he came near it.

And Violet, unable to endure her torture longer, had at this time walked straight up to Cloudy Forester and taken his arm.

"I want to speak to you, and I will," she said, recklessly. He bowed, and the sneer on his face showed how thoroughly he enjoyed his triumph. They went into the conservatory; he stood nonchalantly smelling of the flowers.

"This mustn't go on," she said, hoarsely. "Whatever you mean to do, do it at once; I'll not live like this."

"My dear friend," returned he, fastening a rose-bud in his button-hole, "don't be in such haste to be sued; matters may right themselves yet."

"I want my freedom!" she exclaimed; "let me have it at any cost."

"Think of the paragraphs in the Sunday papers," sneered he. "I am sure you have adulation enough; you don't want notoriety."

In that instant Violet comprehended how it was that women went mad and committed the deeds of which she had shuddered to read. If she could have laid hold of any weapon with death in it, Cloudy Forester would never have tormented any other unfortunate.

"I tell you this shall end," she said, quietly enough—people don't do theatre at a moment like this. "I am desperate now."

"My dear creature," returned he, "let me

settle your difficulties. I'll advance you any amount of money you may need."

"Don't you speak one insulting word more," she said, with a composure at which she could even then marvel, "or, at any cost to myself, I'll tell my story out for the whole world to hear; at least some man would show humanity enough to kill you before my face."

He looked at her and knew that she meant the words, insane as they were. He could not answer, for Fred Townley was close beside them; Forester was certain by his look that he had caught her last words.

"Mrs. Livingston will excuse you," said Fred.

"She can say so," retorted Forester.

"She does," exclaimed Violet, roused to a sense of what might happen between the two men. "Mr. Forester, please call my carriage. Mr. Townley, I must beg you to find my aunt and say that I wish to go home."

She took Forester's arm and walked toward the drawing-room; both men obeyed her.

Every thing else was a confused dream until she found herself seated in her carriage, and the virgin Elizabeth silent as usual by her side.

The dinner hour passed; night came. Violet was dressed to go out, and sitting in her library waiting for Elizabeth. She knew that some horrible news was close at hand. She could not even tremble or be afraid. She was cold and dead; even the capability of suffering acutely was gone.

The door opened, she did not lift her head from its resting-place on the table.

"I am ready, Elizabeth," she said, dreamily. "I think I died hours ago, but don't tell any body."

"Violet!"

She looked up on that utterance of her name and saw Fred Townley.

"I thought it was Elizabeth. I had forgotten you were to call for us," said she.

He stared at her in alarm. It was not, however, that her brain was disordered; she only thought there must have been an arrangement for him to come, and that she had forgotten it.

"I have had no opportunity to congratulate you," she went on. "I think you might have told me; we were old friends. I hope you'll be happy. Don't ever tell her about me, Fred."

Miss Elizabeth had made him acquainted with Helen Morgan's romance, so he understood this speech.

"I have to congratulate you too," he answered.

"If I am really dead," she could not help muttering.

"But I have to scold you first," he continued,

cheerfully, afraid that she was ill, and wanting to break his news as gently as possible.

"You used to scold me, and I liked it," she answered, still with the feeling that the whole scene was one of her odd dreams. "What have I been doing?"

"When fate brought an old friend near you ought to have trusted him," he said, "and so spared yourself the trouble and danger of these past weeks."

"So you know," she said, slowly. "Is it in the papers? Don't you blame me, Fred! We sha'n't see each other any more. There'll be enough to speak harshly of me."

He took a paper out of his pocket and showed her Forester's signature on it.

"That is his receipt," he said; "the whole matter is settled. I have been to your lawyer also. I think I told a fib—he thought you sent me. I know all about your affairs. You are by no means ruined, if you will let matters be sensibly managed."

"I'll go away," she said; "let them take every thing! I can live. Elizabeth must stay with her brother."

"Violet! Do try to understand—"

"Yes, I do! I want to thank you, you know! So you paid Forester? Thank you, Fred. I'm not even ashamed that you know. I think I'll not go to the ball—I wonder if I could have some water—"

She leaned back in her chair and fainted away. When she came to her senses Fred Townley was dancing about like a mad hare. Her dress was wet with the water he had thrown over her. Somehow, the first thing she remembered was the story of his engagement.

"I want to hear her name," she said. "Let me write and tell her how good you have been to me."

Fred Townley was kneeling at her feet, pouring out the old story of his love, and crying:

"Only own that you care for me, Violet! Blot out these years—come back to the old dream! I love you better than in the dear old days—trust me. Violet, come!"

She could neither expostulate, nor think of her unworthiness to be so loved and trusted. She went straight into his open arms, and the dull world faded, and left them alone in their regained Eden.

Society was charmed with the news of the engagement the next day, and Cloudy Forester was a fortnight in his room with a blackened eye—no, a pair of them—he said from a fall down stairs; and it was true that he had had one.

The skeleton betook himself to his grave. Violet Livingston recovered from a brief illness to realize that she had expiated her follies by the suffering of the past months, and that a new effort at life was mercifully granted her.

AMERICAN ARTISTS IN ITALY.

NOT the least of the impressions of an American traveler in Europe comes from the mark made by his own country and countrymen there. He finds every where the stamp of America, as decidedly, if not always as definitely, as in the Five-and-twenty bonds that he sees in the windows of the bankers of the great cities. The American is regarded as belonging to a nation of his own, and as having a character of his own; and "America and the Americans" means as much in the great centres of European travel as "England and the English." I did not find the prevailing caricature of my countrymen that I expected; and although in certain dainty social circles there was a disposition to make light of our travelers for their loud talk and laugh, and their vulgar dash and extravagance, the common people, and also the quiet intellectual class, seemed to look upon our countrymen as a well-educated, independent, unpretending, kindly, and plucky set, who liked to see and have the best things, and pay fairly, but not foolishly, for them. Our people certainly are not behind the Europeans in susceptibility to what is beautiful; and I am sure that they are more familiar with the grand scenery and fine galleries of Europe than with the haunts of dissipation or the castles of indolence. As yet this susceptibility is deficient in culture, and we abound more in amateurs than in artists; yet of these we have furnished a good share; and the American who goes to see the old art of Italy is sure to find his own countrymen hard at work studying its secret and catching its inspiration.

I made a little tour among the studios of our countrymen at Florence, and was surprised and delighted with the result. I went chiefly among the sculptors, and found enough among them to prove that genius is no mere tradition of the age of the Medici, and that invention is alive now as then. Sometimes a man is nearer his readers by not being ashamed of his ignorance; and I am willing to stand upon a par with my readers by honestly confessing that I am no expert in Art criticism; and I looked at pictures and statues with a child's curiosity, and write about them very much as other novices would do in my place. The first visit was to Gould's studio, near the Porta Romana. He is from Boston, and has in his eye and build the sensitiveness and strength of the old Puritan stock. He is young, yet he has done good things; and his "Cleopatra," in her dreamy ease, his "West Wind," in her airy movement, his head of "Christ," in its godly sanctity and blessed humanity, and his head of "Satan," in its blasted cunning and infernal pride, show a scope of invention and skill that give him a good name among the new claimants to the honors of the chisel. His head of "Christ" struck me as his best work, and, so far as expression is concerned, it satisfied me more than the "Christ" of Tenerani at Rome, who is set by Romans at the

head of their living sculptors, while the Roman sculptor has a stronger hand, and gives more of the antique grandeur to his work.

I next went to Powers's studio, and was glad to find him so handsomely established in his new villa. It is interesting to know that artists can earn money, and how much they can buy for it abroad. Powers has a fine piece of ground of over an acre, I think, with a nice house of brick and stone, with large studios adjacent, and the whole inclosed with an iron fence—in fact, an ample and beautiful estate, that should satisfy any man of taste. The cost of the whole was only 80,000 francs, or \$16,000 in gold. I could not but think how little that sum would do toward giving one of our artists a similar villa within a mile of the heart of one of our best American cities. Before he had begun to build his house he would find that his grounds and his fence had taken up about the whole of his money. I believe that the stairs and floors of the house are of brick and stone, and that it is thus, after a fashion, fire-proof. It is well for an artist to have a firm pedestal to build his creations upon; and I do not believe that poverty and anxiety are the only or the essential inspirations of genius. A young man may need the spur of want to make him work; but when habits of thought and labor are established, there is a certain power as well as peace in the assurance that the artist is not out of doors, but has at once in his home a retreat from trouble and a fortress of strength. Poverty may compel him to work enough to keep the pot boiling from day to day; but if he would do great works through months and years, he must borrow some patron's house, and means to keep him, if he has none of his own.

Powers is in every respect a remarkably well-balanced man, and in his looks, his ideas, and habits, as well as in his works, he is a man of the *golden mean*. There is nothing *too much* in his make or manner. He is a good specimen of a well-formed man, and his own statue would make a good sign for the front of his studio, or frontispiece for a photograph album of his works. The fact that so many persons see no genius in his designs comes from this absence of excess, and this perfect balance of proportions and features. He does not seek startling effects or strike out into salient points. His "Greek Slave" and his "Eve" soothe and charm you by their exquisite harmony, instead of surprising you by any bold strokes. I saw with astonishment Bernini's "Daphne" at the Villa Borghese in Rome, with its amazing rendering of the process of transforming the beautiful nymph into the laurel-tree. It was clear to me that Powers was not Bernini, and the two were the antipodes of art. How Powers would handle that same subject I can not say; but I am quite sure that the nymph would have been presented by him as sweetly blooming into a fair laurel, and not as if changed by a ruthless force into that rugged wood. His busts partake of the character of his original creations, and are more

memorable for harmony and repose than for flashing expression or striking attitude. It is praise enough of him to give him this credit and to call him the sculptor of the *golden mean*, alike because he seeks the medium path and turns all his work into gold. His second "Eve" may be a step in the other direction, and there is certainly a dramatic purpose in the attitude of the woman toward the serpent, and in her look of mingled penitence and triumph; yet loveliness predominates over the whole, and Eve's victory does not much disturb her Eden tranquillity.

Powers is full of work, and his studio is one of the resorts of our countrymen. He has quite a gallery of American heads, and he has lately added the most remarkable of them all in his bust of Longfellow, which gives our poet, with his fine beard, an antique grandeur. It would be a relief to see one feature of his studio disappear—I mean the shelf of busts marked "Delinquent," whether by having the delinquents pay their arrears or by the sculptor forgiving the debt, or at least keeping it out of sight.

Near to the house of Powers we find the house of the sculptor Ball, who welcomed us graciously to his studio with its rich treasures. He has some memorable new works, such as his noble statue of John A. Andrew, his group of "Faith and the Angel of Death," being a most lovely monument for Mount Auburn, and a figure of Eve just awake to the wonders of creation. There is no more pleasing sculptor than Ball among our Americans, and he has, with a good deal of vigor, a certain freshness of feeling and tenderness of sentiment that give him a ready place in the affections. How far he is master of the anatomy of the human figure I am not able fully to judge; but the impression made upon the eye is favorable to the correctness as well as the beauty of his designs.

Pierre Connelly is quite an artist by himself, and a poet in his sculpture, perhaps too much so to meet the stern conditions of the marble in which his fancies must speak. His heads of some of Shakspeare's heroines are exquisite, and show his poetry without overtaking the chisel to give them expression, while the groups of "St. Martin and the Beggar," and of "Death and Honor," are subjects better suited for the painter, especially the latter of these, which never should have been attempted in clay, even if it was worth attempting at all, which I must doubt. He has most enthusiastic admirers in Florence, and some of these rank him above Powers in genius, or at least in originality.

Hart is a kind of monastic artist, a philosopher and poet as well as a sculptor, who thinks even more than he works, and who seems to concentrate the thought of years upon a few tasks. He has a charming little design of a child with a morning-glory, which sets childhood before us in the glee of dawn and with heart all alive to the joy of nature. His great work is

what he calls "Woman's Victory," an admirable figure of a beautiful woman, who holds an arrow aloft, and looks down upon love at her feet as if to say, "If I am to be won it must be by one who can rise to my standard of faith and purity, and not by my being dragged down to the earth." It is a noble work, and one that tells its story in marble for the mind of our time on the great question of woman's destiny. Hart is something of a mechanic, too, and he has invented a machine for copying form, as the pentagraph copies drawing, and which allows the operator to copy any figure that he will. This machine may fitly be called the morphograph or form writer, and is likely to be useful in various ways.

Larkin Meade is doing the largest piece of work among our Florentine sculptors, and his group of "Isabella and Columbus" was nearly completed in October. It is a very effective composition, and presents our great navigator as receiving his commission from the Queen, who is seated in royal state. The details are carefully studied, and the whole work is a chapter of history as well as a study in art. It is intended for the house of one of our merchant princes in Connecticut, and will reward many a pilgrim for a journey thither. Meade's statue of Abraham Lincoln, for the Springfield monument, was not completed; yet what I saw of it was very promising, and looked as if it might fulfill the two difficult conditions of combining gentle humanity with rugged, and perhaps ungainly, simplicity. The artist has shown much force in the accessories of the monument, and it remains to be seen how far the result will be an harmonious composition, and not a collection of fragments. His works impressed me far more than when I saw them some years ago, and gave me the idea of strength, and not chiefly of ingenuity. He has evidently gained much by treating historical instead of fanciful subjects, and has risen from pretty conceits to high design.

The Florentine artists seem to have a wholesome neighborly feeling with each other, and with the society and culture of the city. They find there a good deal of sympathy in the generous thought of the best people, and they can visit and worship to their mind in a pretty large circle of friends. It struck me that their social life was more domestic and elevating than that of their brother artists of Rome, who live more by themselves, and for the most part aside from the society, and especially from the religion, of the city. Florence is in many respects very English, and full of mental and religious liberty, while Rome is intensely Roman, and the native society has little or nothing to do with foreigners who are non-conformists. At Florence our artists have so many houses of their own that they have much of the home feeling and character, while at Rome all live in hired lodgings, and seem to have something of the tone of hotel life. They make up for the deficiency of home accommodations at

Rome, however, in a measure, by the attractions of the American Club at the Palace Gregori; and while it was hard to keep warm in the great hotels and houses, there was always a good fire blazing there, and a genial company, mostly of our artists, around the blaze. American travelers will find it well to win a place there by due election, and at the moderate cost of fifty francs a month for the full range of those spacious apartments, with their ample supply of books, newspapers, and creature comforts.

I looked in upon Randolph Rogers first of all at Rome, and was startled at the extent of the work going on there. In several large rooms workmen were busy upon statues and pedestals, and two stately monuments were developing their proportions—one a Lincoln monument for Philadelphia, the other a State monument for Michigan. Rogers seems to me to have the boldest, strongest hand of any American sculptor, and to do things upon a grander scale. He is himself full of muscle and animal spirit, and there is a dash of vigorous life in all his statues that makes him an especial favorite with American committees. His statue of Lincoln is full of power, combining strength with dignity, while his colossal figure of Michigan has memorable grandeur with its unquestionable grace. It may be this sculptor's danger that he is tempted to sacrifice delicacy to force, and to be content with being large instead of great; but he certainly has his share of gentle sentiment as well as fine thought, and his statues of Nydia, the blind girl of Pompeii, and of Isaac, and his bass-relief life of Columbus, on the bronze doors of our Capitol, illustrate characteristics that he will do well carefully to cherish in these days of his prosperous name, instead of dismissing them as dreams of his youth.

Mozier, whose studio is next door, if I remember rightly, is in quite a different vein, and deals chiefly with subjects of feeling, such as the Prodigal Son, the Wept of the Wish-ton-wish, Rizpah, etc. He designs somewhat in the tone of Thomson's "Seasons;" and there is a tranquil beauty over his works that makes them such favorites in so many American homes. He studies faithfully, and is content with completing one statue each year. He is one of the American fathers at Rome, is interested in social and public affairs, and is a conspicuous figure at the American Club, where he occupied the chair at the pleasant social reunion of Americans on Thanksgiving evening, November 18, 1869.

Ives has his well-known statue of Pandora in sight, and the model of his admirable colossal statue of Bishop Brownell. He has done nothing better than his charming design of a playful child, "Sans Souci."

Haseltine is a sculptor of much versatility and most fertile brain and ready hand, perhaps too eager to press his fancies into marble embodiment; yet evidently encouraged by ready patrons, and abounding in home affections and

patriotic sentiments, such as win favor with our people. His statue of "America Victorious" is full of spirit, with perhaps overmuch of symbolism in its details, while his groups of "Love" and "Youth" are poems as well as statues, and perhaps more so. He is quite unique among American artists in his tendency to work in couplets, and to set off joy and grief, love and hate, good and evil, against each other in contrasted groups. He is making good with his chisel the patriotism which he proved by his sword as officer in our army; and he is a fine specimen of a true American gentleman, who does not forget country and friends in the luxury of his Roman home.

Rinehart, in the Via Sistina, is a close student and indefatigable worker, and his studio is full of the fruits of his thought and toil. "Latona," "Hero," "Woman of Samaria," "Thetis," "Penserosa," "Endymion," "Antigone," prove the compass and power of his art, as his execution of the designs of Crawford for the bronze gates at our Capitol proved the fidelity of his hand and eye. He was at work on a statue of Clytie when I visited him, and was modeling the arm from that of a woman before him, who was one of the six different living models that he employed in completing this figure, which promised great excellence. He is a Southerner, who submits with good grace to the results of the war, and wishes well to our flag with a characteristic honesty which makes him apparently a favorite with his brother artists.

Franklin Simmons, who is sometimes known as the Maine Sculptor, is, in his way, unique, and with as accurate an eye and touch as any other. He has an ideal power that in no other man is more closely united with faithful and exact detail. His statue of Roger Williams for our Capitol is a master-piece of invention and work; and the leading sculptors of Rome concurred in naming it one of the very best works that had been done there. As there is no portrait of Williams, the sculptor was compelled to think out the Rhode Island reformer into form, and the result has been most happy in its combination of Miltonic intelligence and dignity with rugged simplicity. In portraits, Simmons is remarkable; and no man in Florence or Rome puts more of a man's life into the marble bust than he.

Enough has, perhaps, been said, in a general way and often, of our lady sculptors at Rome, with Miss Hosmer at their head; and they deserve an article by themselves, if the writer would fairly present their designs and works, and illustrate their success in leading a life of social satisfaction and professional profit in that peculiar city. Miss Hosmer is in herself a fact of the new womanhood of our time; and whether seen in her palace-like studio, the most spacious and elegant of any that I saw in Rome, or in her drives along the Piazza or the Pincian Hill in her handsome coupé, generally with no more exacting company than a beautiful hound, she gives you the impression that the coming woman

is on the way, and men must have something more than their sex to boast of if they would keep the track of honor and wealth to themselves.

Story's statues took me quite by surprise, and I had no idea of his having such great and versatile genius. He is known here in America most by his portrait statues, which are not his best works. Critics are sometimes hard upon him for showing more of the man of letters than the sculptor in his designs, and making them more literary than sculptural; and there is probably some truth in the statement. Yet it is by no means to his discredit. Is it not clear that our nineteenth century must make its own mark in sculpture as well as in painting, architecture, music, and the drama, and that the thoughtful, interior spirit of our age must record itself in marble and brass as well as in colors and tones? I do not profess to be able to criticise thoroughly Story's knowledge of anatomy and the fidelity of his designs, but he surely gives marvelous life to his figures, and his ideal studies walk forth in realistic form and action. I may as well frankly own that I saw no modern sculpture that so instructed and delighted me as his. He seemed to me to put our best New England thought into marble; and to be doing for our new intellectual Puritanism in sculpture what Channing, Emerson, Parker, Lowell, Longfellow, Bryant, and others have been doing in words. He is modeling nature and history from within outward, and proving that marble, as well as canvas and paper and voice, can speak from within outward, and record its protest against all mere formalism, whether of the bigot's symbol or the pedant's rule. He is by eminence our spiritualist in art, as Simart is sometimes called the spiritualist of French sculpture, on account of the intellectual expression in such master-pieces of his as his "Minerva," his figures of "Poetry," "Philosophy," "Agriculture," "Justice," "Painting," "Sculpture," "Architecture," his "Orestes," his colossal "Napoleon," and his "Virgin and Christ." Story's "Saul," "Cleopatra," "Delilah," "Sappho," and "African Sybil" are all grand spiritual studies, and are as much born out of his thought as any poem is born out of the poet's soul. Yet he has much to do to fulfill his mission; and he has not yet reached what Simart so well calls the true aim of modern sculpture, "to make the Christian sentiment live under the beautiful form of antiquity." His study of history has great defects, and he lacks the true conception of the highest spiritual life, in common with the whole transcendental school to which he belongs. He is too intensely subjective, and his muse is rather seeker than apostle, and rather looking after the divine life than calmly rejoicing in its exalted peace. His "African Sybil" is to me his most inspired work, and she speaks out of that eloquent marble the prophecy of the redemption of her race which sober history is now fulfilling; yet even she does not tell the great secret of Africa's uprising, and her face glows more with the aspira-

tion of the human soul than with the inspiration of the Divine Spirit. The statues of Saul and Delilah are remarkable statues of Hebrew history. Saul is king in his madness and in his health, and his melancholy and his joy come from his sense of unseen powers. The artist tells us at once his struggle and his triumph, and the gleam of light on the moody monarch's face shows from what a depth of gloom he was called by the music of the shepherd boy. Delilah is wholly an original study of the subject; and the wanton girl, instead of gloating over the purse of gold in her hand, holds it in contempt and hate, with a look that seems to say, "I would give that money and all the gold on earth, and this whole crew of savage Philistines, if I could only save that young hero from their clutches, and have him in my arms again."

Story has had a remarkably varied, yet uniformly successful life, and when I saw him at his work in Rome many scenes of his previous career came to mind. I remember him as a playful boy about his father's house and the streets of Cambridge, with his down-turned collar, merry eye, and, if I mistake not, with clustering curls of hair; then a college youth taking his part at foot-ball on the Delta, and on the platform at exhibition with an original poem, I think. Then he was law student and lawyer and maker of law books, with a word of poetry now and then in the magazines and at the Phi Beta Kappa anniversary. Then he astonished the public more than his friends by dabbling in clay with the moulding-stick; and he is now one of the most pronounced facts of that old Rome whose rubbish he has so celebrated by his pen. He looks well and strong, with a touch of a soldier's toughness in his make, as if he kept muscle as well as mind in full play. He talks well, and said more that is worth remembering for original thought than any man that I met at Rome. They scold about him a good deal there, and accuse him of turning the cold shoulder toward Americans and currying favor with the English, especially with the aristocratic class. He did not seem to me to be of that temper, but rather to be a lover of culture wherever he finds it; and it was this, and not time-serving, that led him to have Browning spend part of the summer with him. If there is any coldness between him and Americans, it is probably as much their fault as his, and they prefer less intellectual work and less exacting society than his, while perhaps he makes too much a luxury of his gifts, and does not wholly keep up his republican loyalty.

It seemed to me that Dr. Stone has done some excellent work quite in a unique way, and his series of bronze vases, that represent the course of ages in cycles of heroes and sages, is an original and valuable contribution to American art. The vase that presents the masters of Greek genius as preparing the way for Christ is a noble composition, and would grace any gallery or palace in the Old World or the New. His head of Harvey and his statue

of Hamilton are good specimens of what he can do with portraits in marble.

I saw less of the painters than the sculptors in Rome, yet enough of them to know that they represent American art well, if not as conspicuously as sculpture is represented. There is a reason for their limited number and power in the fact that the painter needs comparatively little foreign help in his work, and can set up his easel and find subjects every where, while the sculptor must have his models, his marble, and his marble-cutters, which are found so much more readily and cheaply abroad. Buchanan Read has most charming studies in his room, and his "Star of Bethlehem" was coveted by all beholders, and there was eager competition as to who should carry away the prize. His "Will-o'-the-Wisp" and "Aurora" were in the same poetical vein, and proved that the poet can help out the painter by putting something of the life of the pen into the dash of the brush. Freeman is the patriarch of our painters at Rome, and remembers the day when Crawford, Terry, and himself were the only representatives of American art there. He has many careful and interesting studies. He was busy with a sad face from a model whose special value was in the look of grief that seemed to come from a tried life, and to show that we can put into picture as well as song what we learn by suffering. He had some good studies of children and birds, with a rich collection of works of former years that he is having copied into a photographic album for friends, a worthy exhibition of his faithful labors for so many years. Inman's fine studio had some new designs of flower pieces, and some most valuable studies from the haunts and shrines of St. Francis of Assisi, which he had taken from careful sketches made on the spot, and which were most instructive contributions to Church history as well as specimens of art. C. C. Coleman was busy with some very elaborate studies of Italian scenery and architecture, and his picture of an interior of a chapel at Perugia was the most careful work that I saw on any artist's easel. William Haseltine had not fully begun to work, but had just made his arrangements for his winter campaign, in which he will be sure to add to his well-won honors by land and sea.

So I have glanced at our artists at Florence and Rome in a very hasty manner, yet with enough thought and good-will to call attention to them and their good works. They certainly do us much credit, alike by their industry, their talent, and sometimes by their genius. They work hard, and I was much impressed by the time and labor that they give every day to their tasks. They stimulate each other to fidelity, and the art circle is so large and so sympathetic as to create a public opinion and habit in favor of industry. The artists have, indeed, their play days and pastimes, as we must all have them; and they are perhaps more given to easy manners and free conversation in their seasons

of recreation than other men of equal culture. May it not be that we all like to throw up our especial work when we play; and if school-boys jump and scream after school, and clergymen sometimes smoke and laugh when they are dismissed from church restraint, may it not be that artists who are busy all day with trying to make things appear well, and literally doing their prettiest, may be moved in quite the other direction when they play, and may delight in putting things out of joint, and setting them upside down and topsy-turvy? It seemed to me that the artists of Rome tended in their fun to a very inartistic view of things, and that they might have more wisdom and refinement with quite as much sociality and humor.

Their models seem to occupy much of their thought, and be the butt of much of their remark. Yet I was led to think that the relation between them is free from the evils that one tends most to suspect, and that the artist keeps toward his models purely the professional relation. I was led to believe that a woman can be a professional model without losing character or reputation, and that the whole spirit and rule of the art profession are fixed and severe in this respect. The models are certainly a remarkable feature of Rome, and the steps of the Pincian Hill are often a living picture with picturesque faces, forms, and costumes. These Italians seem to tumble into the picturesque; and men, women, and children, who are any thing but clean, or, on a near view, attractive, are quite charming at a distance. It is really wonderful to see how they are made up for the effect. That little boy has his shoes tied round and across his legs up to his knees with an amount of string that would almost fly a kite; and that girl with ruddy brunette cheeks wears her head-dress and skirt with a queenly art quite in contrast with the coarseness of the material, and quite fascinates you as she walks along the Piazza di Spagna. The Italians are the most graceful people that I have seen; and they seem to be so by not minding how they look, and especially by being wholly unconscious of ever being ridiculous. They not only let the world alone, and take things very easy, but they *let themselves alone*, and so are very natural, free, and easy. I saw a fellow on Sunday afternoon, in a very conspicuous rig, march by our hotel blowing a bagpipe, with most sonorous blast, in what would be with us a most absurd way; but he had not the least idea of being laughed at, and he actually won my admiration for his sublime simplicity and repose. Again, a little fellow, not much above my knee, brought me a cup of coffee in a sculptor's studio with a wonderful grace; and when he received his two soldi in addition to the price, he said, "Grazia, Signor," and "Addio," with princely dignity; and marched off with his little tray as if the cup held the priceless pearl of Cleopatra. An old man came in to see if he was wanted as a model, perhaps for some antique head; and he was an odd combination of

gravity and fancy in air and dress; yet he kept his dignity perfectly, so that you could not laugh at his odd hat and strange belt if you would. Here is a lesson for us, who are thinking of ourselves so much that we are likely to lose the ease we covet by being uneasy lest we shall not win it. We are much like the boy whose new coat takes all his thought; and we Americans wear our new coat less gracefully than the Italian wears his threadbare garment.

How far American art is telling our characteristic ideas to the mind of Europe it is not easy to say, sure as we may be that it has made its decided mark, and that our sculptors and our landscape painters are equal to any in the world. I visited the studio of Tenerani at Rome, and saw his two master-pieces, the "Angel of the Resurrection" and the "Psyche," yet did not find in them the expression that Crawford and Story have in their best works; and he seemed to me a copyist of the old classic forms, rather than a master of our present inward life. He has died since I left Rome, and his good works live after him—and many of them there are, alike in palaces, museums, and churches. He was the last of the Romans in the strength of his art, and the leading Roman sculptors who survive him, Giacometti, Benzonzi, and Rinaldi, will do well to rise above their delicacy, if not their prettiness, into something of his majesty.

One is much struck with the new connections of our American history with American art, and the number and magnitude of the works that are making the marble of Carrara speak of our times and our men. The largest groups that I saw in progress were monuments of our war for the life of our nation, and at Florence and Rome more is doing to perpetuate the name of Abraham Lincoln than that of any of the Napoleons or the Cæsars. It is evident that our people have heart and money enough for art whenever it touches their actual life, and that not merely public-spirited individuals, but neighborhoods, towns, and cities, can order first-class works from the sculptor as soon as there is any thing that they really wish to have ever before their eyes in stone. The trouble with most of what we are doing and loving is that it is not of such a nature as to be easily brought within the conditions of sculpture or painting. War and royalty are easily carved and painted in a few conspicuous characters or representatives; but peace and popular government and the people are too general, and perhaps prosaic, to be as good material for art. The Colosseum took its name from the colossal statue of Nero near its gate, and republics do not care to have a Nero, or to spend money to magnify his pride. That building was the Flavian Amphitheatre for keeping alive the passion for war. We have no such buildings, but our favorite arena is the school and the play-ground. There is some comfort in knowing that, if the Colosseum goes far beyond any of our structures in size and strength, we can beat old Rome and new in the number, if not in the magnitude, of our arenas;

and if our school-houses were brought together in one grand circle they would girdle the eternal city with a mighty bulwark of intelligence, and represent more millions of bright and aspiring children than ever bowed there to the sway of the Cæsars or the popes. When those children are duly schooled in knowledge and trained in virtue there will be no want of artists or subjects for art in America. I said this in substance at Rome, at the social festival of Americans on last Thanksgiving-night, and I now write it here with not diminished faith. Shame on the American who gives his hand or voice against those schools, and who will help to act over here the sad old story of ignorance and servility which has for ages been repeated from the hills of Rome!

AS EASY AS LYING.

FROM my youth upward I always had an extreme reverence for truth, with a corresponding contempt for falsehood. This admiration for truth was not an innate virtue, but was one carefully inculcated by my respected father, who, as soon as my understanding was ripe enough to grasp his meaning, constantly repeated this celebrated maxim: "Tell the truth and shame the devil." I am not sure that the mere reiteration of these words would have had the desired effect upon my infantile mind had not any slight divergence on my part from the principles they are supposed to teach been invariably followed by severe flagellation.

As I grew older, and thought more, two things about this maxim and its enunciator occupied much of my meditations: Firstly, why telling the truth *should* shame the devil (a point upon which even now I have arrived at no satisfactory conclusion); and secondly, why, when such admirable precept was always on my father's lips, he did not enforce it by example; for he certainly was the greatest—well, exaggerator, to put it respectfully—it was ever my fate to encounter. Be this as it may, I grew up the very embodiment of truth; and never did any, even the slightest, deviation from its path sully my lips or my thoughts until after I was engaged to be married. Circumstances which I shall relate then hurried me into a very whirlwind of falsehood, the result of which was nearly to destroy my fair name, and all my hopes of happiness.

I resided in the country town of X—, where my father, and my grandfather, and Heaven knows how many generations of my ancestors, had resided before me; in truth, in a true spirit of conservatism, I continued to reside there simply because they had, not from any particular advantages held out by the place itself; and I became, at the age of twenty-four, matrimonially contracted to the sister of my college chum, Charles Darley. To enter into a description of the charms of my intended would be foreign to my story. Be kind enough to take it for granted that she was perfection in

every particular, but one—she told fibs; and on this point we had many disputes—she, as a general rule, acknowledging her fault, and promising better behavior for the future.

One day, after some graver peccadillo than usual of this description, I read Annie a long and severe lecture on her evil propensity. I pointed out, first, its immorality, then its meanness, its uselessness, as being invariably discovered. There was nothing clever in it; for any body, however weak his intellectual powers, could tell a lie with the greatest ease. "Dean Swift," said I, waxing oratorical, "has himself made many caustic remarks on the futility of falsehood. Did he not say that, considering how easy lying was, it was a wonder people did not do it better?"

"Yes," said Annie; "but how can he judge of the fibs (I don't like the word lies—it is harsh) which have never been detected?"

Strange this hadn't struck me before; and was rather a poser. While pausing to recover from its effects, Miss Annie arose, and thus held forth:

"Now just listen to me a few moments. I utterly and totally deny the justice of any of your strictures upon white lies. The practice is neither mean nor useless. Mean! How many friends do we save from pain, danger, or mortification by a harmless fib? Useless! Why, what a world to live in this would be if our thoughts were always freely expressed, uncloaked by what you are pleased to call lying, but what is generally termed *courtesy*! And as to its being easy, just you try it—just you see whether you can, at a moment's notice, forge a fib so probable as to be accepted as truth, and be devoid of disapproval hereafter; so naturally spoken as to raise no suspicion, and yet of such a nature as to screen you from any difficulty into which the outspoken truth would have led you; and lastly—this is the most important of all—implicate nobody but yourself. I say just try it."

So saying, she left the room. I sat speechless. Lying recommended to me as an amiable virtue! It took me some time to recover. At last I rose and walked home, revolving what she had said in my mind. "Not easy to tell a fib!" thought I. Rubbish! Nothing so easy. I'll prove it by taking her advice. So I resolved to tell an untruth, just to prove the soundness of my principles. What should be the subject of it? It then struck me that the proper and fairest way to test the matter was to wait until the occasion presented itself, and invent the story on the spur of the moment. To give some color to my lie, I staid away from Annie one whole evening, and went, not without trepidation, to call on her on the ensuing morning. I was not a little bothered to find Charlie with his sister, as well as one or two other people of my acquaintance. (There was no mamma in the case, for Darley and his sister were orphans.)

"Why, where were you last night?" chanted a general chorus.

"I—why, I—I went out for a ride!"

"A ride!" sung out Charley. "Why, I thought you were no equestrian. Which way did you go?"

I hadn't bargained for this sort of thing. I found myself under the necessity of backing up my miserable attempt at falsehood by other fibs. I felt half inclined to draw back; but no. I wanted to read Annie a lesson; so I floundered on.

"Where did I go? Why, let me see. I went—"

"Why, surely," said Annie, "you didn't ride with your eyes shut; although from what you have told me of your horsemanship, I shouldn't wonder if you had."

This taunt aroused me. "I rode into Mr. Ford's park."

"No, did you?" said one of my friends present. "I walked that way myself yesterday evening. Strange I didn't see you. I entered by the gate nearest to the town."

"Oh, that accounts for it," answered I, boldly. "I rode on and entered by the southern gate."

"The deuce you did!" said Charley. "Why, man, it has been nailed up for the last seven months: but I suppose you *mean* the gate near the house."

"Ah, just so," acquiesced I, for fear of again putting my foot in it.

"Well, I declare," said Annie, "I am astonished. Whose horse did you ride?"

"Whose horse? Oh, Gardiner's."

"What, the white mare?" asked Charley, with a strange grin.

"Yes," returned I, rushing desperately on my fate, "the white mare."

Master Charley looked at me for a few moments in a way I didn't much like, and then left the room, whistling melodiously. Delighted at his departure, I attempted to turn the conversation into other channels, but in vain. I had set the ball rolling, and nothing could now curb the curiosity of my friends.

"About what time did you start?" asked one.

"Just at dusk," answered I, as I thought, with deep diplomacy, for this would account for no one having seen me in the streets and recognized me.

"At dusk!" exclaimed Annie. "What an extraordinary creature you are! You have never ridden at all within the memory of any body here; and when you do go, you choose a horse known to be restive, and set out at dusk along a lonesome road. Was the old misanthrope's house looking as dull and gloomy as ever?"

"The—eh? oh yes! certainly; very dark—quite doleful; but, pray let us change the subject. Surely it is nothing so strange for a man living in a country town to take an evening ride?"

"No," answered one of my friends (confound him!); "but when one goes at dusk in the direction of a house known to be almost the prison of a very pretty girl—well, if you were

not engaged, I should say it was decidedly suspicious."

I saw Annie change color; and, though I felt that my experiment had plunged me into unforeseen difficulties, I was determined to carry the thing through; but I didn't see my way as clearly as I could have wished. While trying to talk indifferently on other subjects, the door burst open, and in rushed Charley, holding a printed notice in his hand, and apparently intensely amused at something or other.

"Well," said he, "you certainly are a most wonderful fellow when you *do* once get on horseback. Just listen to this:

"NOTICE.

"If the individual on a white horse, who last night, after issuing from Mr. Ford's park gate, feloniously leaped over the fence of the undersigned, and after prowling near the house, the alarm having been given, made his escape through the flower-garden, doing damage to a large amount, does not wish to figure in a case of justifiable homicide, let him in future keep on the high-road, and a decent distance from the residence of

WILLIAM TRELAWNEY."

"Oh, Frank!" exclaimed Annie, clasping her hands, "what have you done?"

"Done! why, who says it was I?"

"Not you!" said Charley. "Did you not say you rode out yesterday evening on a white horse?"

"I did."

"Did you not say you entered Ford's park by the gate near the house?"

"I certainly said so."

"Well, if you entered by that gate at dusk, you must have also made your exit by it, for all the others are locked after sunset invariably."

"Yes," added Annie, "and you evidently *did* go near Trelawney's house, by your confusion when asked about it. I believe that there is more in this escapade than appears on the surface."

"Why, you surely don't doubt me?"

"I don't go quite so far as that, but the whole affair is an excessively strange one. When asked where you were yesterday evening, I remember you hesitated, as though trying to do violence to your truthful principles" (this was rather too bad), "and though you *did* speak the truth, you did it reluctantly."

At this moment the servant ushered in a Mr. Morton, a lawyer of the town with whom I was acquainted. I saluted him, and wondered what could have brought him away from his business at such an unusual hour. I did not long remain in ignorance.

"While I congratulate you, Mr. Charlton, upon the reputation you have so suddenly acquired as an equestrian, my pleasure in doing so is somewhat lessened by being engaged by Mr. Trelawney to claim on his behalf a considerable sum of money as compensation for the damage you, in your rather eccentric course, did last night to his flower-garden—"

"But—" interrupted I.

"Listen to the end, if you please," said the long-winded old lawyer. "While my client is,

on the one hand, determined to have recourse to the utmost rigor of the law to punish you as a trespasser, should you refuse to meet him in his view of compensation, he is not, on the other hand, averse to a compromise, provided it be immediate."

"I refuse to do any thing of the kind. Let him prove that I was the trespasser, and the law will give him his rights; but I rather fancy he will find it difficult to do that."

"Not at all," said Morton; "and it is for this reason that I advise your accepting his conditions. It appears that the old gentleman, whose jealous guardianship of his daughter is doubtless known to you, was going his evening rounds when you leaped over the fence. Startled at such an extraordinary apparition, he allowed you to approach the house without giving the alarm. It was too dark to recognize the face of the rider, but he described the animal to me as all white. Knowing of only one horse of the kind, I went with him to Gardiner, to whom it belongs, to seek information."

"Ah!" said I, jubilant, seeing a way out of all my troubles; for, of course, the stable-man would *know* that I was not the man. "And what did he hear from Gardiner?"

"Unfortunately Gardiner had been out on the previous evening, and could tell us nothing. The stable-boy, however, who prepared the horse, described a gentleman of your size and general appearance, rendering the matter more positive by describing the gray great-coat which I knew you to possess. On our return through the stables we found your ride of last night a topic of general conversation. Trelawney therefore pressed me to call on you at once. I did so, and discovered that you had already come here. I then took the liberty of asking your housekeeper to show me your gray coat. The old lady did so, and I found it torn in two places, apparently by brambles, and the skirts bespattered with mould. After transacting some business of importance I came here to see you—a liberty which I know, Madam, you will pardon" (this to Annie)—"so as to settle this disagreeable affair as soon as possible." Here was a pretty kettle of fish! Was I dreaming? Had I been out for a ride without knowing it? Of course it struck me more than once to deny the whole affair, and relate how I was only joking when I said I had been out riding; but I had been alone the whole previous evening. I hadn't seen or spoken to a soul. How to prove an alibi?—for it was necessary with this evidence against me, combined with my own confession. I hadn't much time for meditation; for no sooner had Morton finished than Annie rose and had her say.

"Well, I think the evidence is pretty conclusive; in fact, you have attempted no denial. I should advise you to settle this claim at once, and in future to avoid excursions, which, believe me, do not reflect too creditably upon your reputation." This, with a toss of the head, an exit, and a bang of the door.

I saw only one way out of my difficulties; this was to pay the compensation required by the abominable old Trelawney. And, after allowing the excitement which had been raised by the affair to subside, explain all the circumstances, and show my friends that I had been *amusing* myself (God save the mark!) at their expense. I therefore accompanied the lawyer to his office, and paid into his hands what he considered a fair amount for the damage I was supposed to have done. I own I was puzzled. I certainly had *not* been out for a ride; but *somebody* had; *somebody* must have used my coat; *somebody* must have galloped over Trelawney's garden—perhaps made love to his daughter—and I, miserable victim, paid the damages. I returned home, worried to death. Here was the whole town discussing my disdeeds—misdeeds that I had confessed, that I had paid a certain sum of money to hush up, and which I was perfectly certain I had had no hand in. How I cursed the moment when I had determined to tell a lie! Annie was right about the difficulties surrounding a fib; however, as far as detection was concerned, I was safe enough from *that*; but the consequences! Friend after friend dropped in to hear the details of the affair, and I soon discovered that the prevailing impression on the public mind was, that I had tried to steal an interview with Trelawney's daughter!

Horrified at this slur upon my character, I hurried off to Gardiner's, to try and obtain some clew to the real culprit. What was my disgust at being presented with a bill for the use of a white mare three and a half hours! Nature could bear this no longer. "My good man," said I, as calmly as I could, "I do assure you that it was not I who rode your horse."

"Sir!" said the stable-man, astounded. "Not you? Why, the whole town is ringing with it. You are joking, Mr. Charlton. Why, surely you paid Mr. Trelawney for the damage the horse did; and now you be a-going to refuse payment for the horse, saying as how it warn't you! Oh, Mr. Charlton, you so truthful too" (the deuce take the fellow!); "you must be dreaming."

In truth I thought so myself; either that or mad. I paid the money—what else could I do?—and then determined to walk out to the scene of my supposed transgressions and study the locality. Being already steeped in falsehood, and having paid the expenses of the expedition, I thought I might as well carry it with a high hand, and so I went to look around me and be prepared to answer all the questions which for the next ten days would doubtless shower upon me.

I arrived about sunset, and commenced my observations. Trelawney's house was situated exactly opposite the park gate, some way back from the road, and almost hidden from sight by immensely high fences. Ye gods! thought I; and am I supposed to have jumped over these? I wonder who the fellow was! what a rider he must be, to be sure! I then ap-

proached the fences, and separating the interlacing branches scanned the inclosure. I didn't look long, for I perceived a young lady walking near, in any thing but that mood which Shakspeare describes as

"Maiden meditation, fancy free."

I no sooner caught sight of her than I cautiously withdrew, fearing that if she were to perceive me she might raise an alarm, and really place me in the predicament which every body supposed me to have been in on the previous evening. As I turned round, to my intense disconcertion and confusion I saw two ladies issue from the park gate, whom I immediately recognized as Annie and Aunt Julia. Now I had a wholesome dread of Aunt Julia; conscious of an uninterrupted rectitude of conduct during her whole life, she had not the slightest leniency for the errors of others, and though my presence there was innocent enough in fact, to their minds it must have been suspicious. I determined now to tell the truth, the whole truth, etc., etc.

"Why," said Annie, stopping short, "what are you doing here *again*?"

"Studying the locality."

"Upon my word you take this remarkably coolly; you first of all commit a gross outrage upon propriety, leaving out of the question the want of respect shown to me, and then follow it up by deliberately insulting me. 'Studying the locality,' indeed! and pray, if I may ask, with what object?"

"Yes, Sir," said my aunt, in her turn taking up the eudgels; "has not your extremely eccentric and extraordinary breach of all laws, human and divine" (good Lord! how some people will exaggerate!), "satisfied you—have you not dragged the name which you bear, stainless until now, sufficiently in the mud? Has not—"

"Really, my dear aunt, I do *not* think your violent reproaches are justified by the facts. As to breaking all laws, human and divine, even were I guilty of the slight misdemeanors attributed to me—"

"Which are 'attributed' to you!" broke in Annie. "Did you ride out here or not? Did you confess to have jumped Trelawney's hedge, Heaven knows for what purpose, except, perhaps" (here she began to sob), "perhaps—"

"To make love to his daughter," added my aunt, sternly. "I can not doubt it, let us leave him, my dear; he is beneath your contempt."

"Stay, Annie; my dear aunt, one word. This story of the ride—this trespass on Trelawney's ground—I give you my word that as far as it implicates me there is not one word of truth in it. I never rode out here. I never was on horseback in my life, I do assure you."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Charlton," said Annie, "that you were not speaking the truth, when you spoke of this excursion only this morning?"

"I confess to my shame that, for the first time in my life, I descended to falsehood."

"With what motive?"

"Merely to prove to you that telling fibs was easy, and that the merit you attached to the faculty was fictitious; but I yield the point now; in fact, I am inclined to agree with you."

"But if this be true—the stable-boy's description—your coat too—and then here again, 'studying the locality'—what for? what is the locality to you? No, no; I must be on my guard. If you spoke falsely then, you may be doing so now; and if you spoke the truth then, you *must* now be deceiving me. I have a right to demand clear and ample proof that what you now state is true; and until then it is, perhaps, as well that we should not meet. Good-evening. Come, aunt."

Aunt Julia examined me through her eyeglass, as though I were some peculiar animal unknown to her zoology, and passed on, leaving me, as may be imagined, in a nice, comfortable, I may say, elysian state of mind. As soon as they were out of sight I strolled back into the town, reflecting upon what had taken place.

Now the thing was becoming serious. I must take some action in the matter. So thinking as I went, I resolved upon seeking out Charley, making to him a full confession, and enlisting his services to discover the real culprit.

I found Master Charley in my housekeeper's room, indulging in a *tête-à-tête* with the worthy old dame's grand-daughter, learning crochet, seated on a stool.

"Halloa, my friend!" said he, on perceiving me, "here I am installed, you see, the charming Rose teaching me to read love in her eyes!"

"Lor, Mr. Charles! How can you say such things? I was teaching him crochet, Sir," she said. "I must either stay with him or be kissed before I went, and so—"

"You staid!" said Charley, laughing; "and now that you are going, here's the kiss."

But the young lady was too sharp for him, and all he got for his motion was the door in his face.

"Charley," said I, "can you be serious a moment?"

"Well, I'll try, if it is to oblige you, old fellow. What's up?"

"What's up? Nothing is up! Every thing is down; my hopes are down; my spirits are down."

"Then send for some wine, and when that is down I shall be as grave as a judge."

"Yes, but not as sober. So just 'lend me your ears' a minute." It is needless to recapitulate all that the reader already knows. I told him every thing—how I had determined to try the experiment of lying; that I had left the subject until the last moment; that some extraordinary coincidence had, by the aid of my falsehood, identified me with the trespasser in Trelawney's grounds, etc., etc.

Charley's astonishment knew no bounds, and found vent in such exclamations as, "Lord bless me!" "You don't say so!" "Extraordinary, indeed!" "Wonderful!" "I never heard the

like!" and at last, bursting into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, he threw himself into an easy-chair and rolled with the emotion. I bore it patiently for some time. At last, however, I exclaimed, "Really, Charley, I see nothing to laugh at; your sister is very angry, and, as to my aunt, I fear I have lost her good-will forever, though that is of less consequence; and I think, instead of rolling about there in that idiotic way, you might suggest some plan of tracing out the abominable villain who has taken so much pains to cast a slur upon my name."

At this he only laughed the more. Seeing, however, that I was becoming very angry, he gasped out:

"One moment—one moment—I shall recover. Ha! ha!" (Another burst of laughter.)

I turned to leave the room, disgusted, but he caught hold of me, saying:

"Stay, my dear Frank. This rascal, this villain, this 'abominable' villain, who has so terribly misused you, was—"

"Who?"

"I—I—myself! Ha! ha!" *ad libitum*.

"You?" said I, in amazement.

"Never a soul else. Just listen. On the memorable evening I came here to ask the loan of your coat, as the weather was chilly, and I wanted particularly to see Fanny Trelawney. I could find you nowhere. I suppose you had hidden yourself to meditate on your lie that was to be. I therefore took your coat, hired Gardiner's mare, and was the real trespasser on Trelawney's premises. When, on the ensuing day, you said you had been for a ride, I knew you were fibbing, for I was perfectly aware you had a wholesome horror of mounting a horse. I led you on, till I managed to implicate you in the affair of the evening before, and then stole out and replaced your coat. Really, you behaved most handsomely about those damages. Ha! ha!"

"Oh, laugh away, confound you! But then that idiot of a stable-boy—"

"Idiot? On the contrary, a deuced clever fellow. I knew there would be trouble about my escapade; so on my return I tipped him handsomely to put any questioners on a false scent, and I think he succeeded admirably."

"This may be a joke to you, Charley, but it's death to me. A pretty mess you have got me into!"

"Got you into! I like that. Got yourself into, you mean. If you hadn't taken an insane notion into your head that you could tell fibs, the affair would never have happened. Let this be a warning to you never to swerve from the paths of truth."

"You are a pretty fellow to lecture me about 'the paths of truth!'" answered I; "though I certainly shall take your advice; but I don't let you out of my sight, my friend, until you have explained matters to Annie."

That this explanation took place, and was satisfactory, I can offer no better proof than that Charley's sister is now Mrs. Charlton.

My aunt Julia, however, would listen to nothing. One way or the other I had, in her opinion, disgraced myself; and the only mention made of me in her will was that she had originally intended to make me her sole heir, but could not leave the wealth acquired by hon-

est industry (this referred to the savings of many years) to one who did not speak the truth.

"Take warning by me, good people," and always

"Tell the truth and shame the devil."

TWO POETS.

I.

HE said: "The poet's soul of more hath need
Than meets him in this common life of ours:
Fair shapes and symbols must his fancy feed,
And give suggestion to his waking powers.
And that he may, from things external, win
The deeper sight that is to genius kin,
The beautiful must all around him lie,
And train to finer senses ear and eye."

Rose on his wearied vision, dull and mean,
The level sweep of the low prairie sea;
Tideless and shoreless stretched its billows green,
And mocked him with their still monotony.
"Ah! if some dryad-haunted wood," he said,
"Some noble summit, here might lift its head,
Some minster vast, some crumbling, moss-grown pile,
The heart to dreams of some grand Past beguile—

"Then might I show indeed the gift I hold;
Might songs create whose tones should swell as far
As theirs whose lyrics charmed an Age of Gold
With music that the centuries could not mar.
Shall I these low-hung vapors still endure,
And on these plains Bœotian rest obscure?
Or seek the air that fans the sacred fire—
The distant heights to which my thoughts aspire?"

He left his home, to seek on every shore
The scenes that had inspired those singers old—
The magic of their influence to implore.
But sky nor strand to him its secret told;
Yet every wave of island-studded sea,
And every temple dear to minstrelsy,
Nay, every tree and flower, cried out some name
That love of them had lifted up to fame.

He walked the Attic hills, but dared not praise
The violet mists that o'er Hymettus hung;
By elder voices awed, whose grander lays,
Close as the hues that made their beauty, clung.
Wood, fount, and stream, what could he learn from these
They had not taught their own Euripides?
To him should speech of Homer's vales be plain
Whom his own broad savannas wooed in vain?

The Sphinx, too, chilled him with the silent scorn
Looking from her unfathomable eyes:
"To thee," she cried, "of whom, one little morn,
The shadow swift across my desert flies—
Who never drank the charmed lotus wine,
Nor reverent bowed at Isis' awful shrine—
To thee shall I reveal the spell, in vain
By patient sages sought through years of pain?"

The old Italian cities felt his tread,
By ruined watch-tower and by buried town;
By rugged palace, and by fortress dread,
Whose every stone some legend bore as crown;
In halls where still looked down from tapestry
The triple lily and the golden bee.
But when their tale he would have heard and sung,
It came to him in Dante's native tongue.

He sought, in old cathedrals, to retrace
 The rapturous visions given to poets there
 In times when spire and arch and angel-face
 And every sculptured flower had been a prayer.
 In vain; their ecstasy he could not feel;
 The glittering altars moved him not to kneel;
 His age through other channels would express
 Its aspirations after holiness.

For, while the chanting monks their chorals sang,
 He heard a peal of bells across the sea,
 And all his better self to meet it sprang—
 "Lift up the poor, and let the oppressed go free!"
 How swiftly, through the incense-burdened air,
 His soul went upward with his nation's prayer!
 A gleam of sudden hope came back again
 To quicken lifeless heart and sluggish pen.

He wrote of many a lovely lake and bay;
 Of olive groves and cities strange and quaint;
 Romance enriched with many a pleasing lay
 Of ancient knight and medieval saint.
 Still through his heart some sense of failure thrilled—
 This was not all his early genius willed.
 At last, with scanty sheaves, as gleaners come,
 He turned his restless footsteps toward his home.

II.

"The cloud-capped mountains and the sea," he said,
 "Have had their bards, whom they inspired and taught;
 Perchance their grandeur had my spirit led
 To higher strains, with nobler meanings fraught.
 But thou, O ever-green and ever-blooming sod!
 Thou art, even as the hills, a thought of God;
 Teach all thy varied language unto me:
 From thee I sprang—my fame must spring from thee!"

He learned its every aspect: morning dim,
 With all her cloudy tents encamping there;
 And noon, with fiery splendors, seemed to him
 To lend an equal charm that made it fair;
 Till far the horizon flamed with Tyrian dyes,
 And overhead the deep and solemn eyes
 Of bending constellations came to brood
 O'er its far-spreading world of solitude.

To him its untamed winds their vigor brought—
 A sense of growing freedom and of power;
 Its wreathing mists his finest fancies wrought,
 Feeding his soul not less than blade and flower;
 And not a little bird could sway and sing
 On some tall, wind-swept sheath, and joyous sing,
 But had some note for him, some tender wiles,
 That won for his poor copy tears and smiles.

And when some gorgeous blossom from its green—
 Lily or orchid—sprang, unnamed and wild,
 Magnificent as some barbaric queen,
 Dazzling the eyes that on her beauty smiled,
 He felt a joy akin to theirs who near
 The beckoning shore of some new hemisphere:
 For never bard, with tuneful voice or pen,
 Had praised its perfect loveliness till then.

And soon the prairie loved him—filled his song
 With long-unnuttered dreams of her great heart;
 And cried: "My poet, do me not the wrong
 To think I can no deeper tones impart
 Than those my careless flowers and grasses teach!
 I have a thought as worthy noble speech
 As any mountain trumpet ever blew
 To Greek immortals when the world was new.

"I sweep from northern frost to southern sea,
 And through my broad domain no barriers stand
 To fence from each my cities, mingling free,
 Whom my great river binds with silver band.
 No mountain-locked Arcadia here can keep
 Her festal days, while Sparta's children weep—
 From Minnesota to Louisiane
 One wave must murmur tones American.

"Therefore in me shall broader thought find room,
 Far-reaching sympathies, and tolerance rare;
 All genial impulse come to fuller bloom
 In my indulgent soil, my generous air.
 Here hall and cot shall share my equal sun;
 A nobler type of nations be begun;
 And petty interests, bound to state and clan,
 Shall widen into one—the weal of man.

"Grand were those lays of early poets born;
 The embattled steep, the castle, and the tower,
 Heroes that looked on weaker hearts with scorn,
 Were theirs to sing; theirs was the Age of Power.
 But I, who welcome millions to my breast—
 Who give the hungry food, the homeless rest—
 Can teach thy lyre a song all songs above:
 Mine is the newer day—the Age of Love."

This strain he sang through many changing keys;
 Through him the Plain's unfettered spirit spoke,
 Till, swelling upward on the southern breeze,
 The call to battle on its silence broke,
 When War's swift summons spread its fierce alarms
 Through all its golden harvest-fields and farms,
 And o'er its green phalanxes, prostrate bent,
 The blue-robed legions, lightly marching, went.

Ah! then he thought no more of theme nor rhyme;
 The very echoes taught an utterance grand—
 The indignation, sacred and sublime,
 Of men who rose to save a father-land;
 The glorious youth who laid their youth aside,
 And at the stormy front as veterans died;
 The tender mothers who found strength to say
 The words that parted them and Joy for aye;

And they that, languishing in mortal pain,
 In lonely wards saw day's last sun grow dim,
 Or their life's star in hopeless prisons wane,
 Not less heroic seemed nor fair to him,
 Than Greek to Greek opposed, or Trojan lord,
 Or Roman falling on a stainless sword:
 Their lives no duller shone, their deeds not less,
 That his own time they would illumine and bless.

He did not need to search the mouldy Past
 For names of shadowy heroes long approved;
 Sweet eyes where Roland's fate no gloom had cast—
 That Bayard's story had but little moved—
 Grew dim o'er lines that praised, with mournful pride,
 Him who at Bethel or Atlanta died;
 And full hearts blessed him in whose verse were read
 The shining acts of the beloved dead.

So in his country's love he grew; his life
 Ennobling hers, from her received its crown.
 To thoughts with which her myriad homes were rife
 He gave a voice and answer; his renown—
 The deep, spontaneous homage of her heart—
 Was of her greatness evermore a part;
 And those bright blooms that first he gave to fame
 For evermore went murmuring his name.

CHARLES LANDOR.

ONLY CLODHOPPERS.

"I WISH you wouldn't call the child 'Li,'" said my mother; "it jars upon every nerve in my body. She was christened Lily."

"Lily!" mimicked my father, and laughed uproariously; "a nice-looking lily she is!"

My poor mother made no reply; she could not refuse to acknowledge that the name was entirely unsuited to the gaunt, gawky girl of fifteen that buttered her father's bread with a hand almost as brown and brawny as his own.

"Not but that she suits me well enough," added my father, as he noted a hot flush leap into my face. "I'd rather have you as you are, my girl, than any lily of them all. You know they toil not, neither do they spin, and that kind of thing wouldn't suit a poor farmer like me."

My father patted me upon the shoulder as he went out into the field, but the riotous blood lingered in my face, and while washing the greasy dishes and pans that accumulate so rapidly in a farm kitchen, I declared to myself that the lilies had a good time of it, and no wonder they were so pretty; they had nothing to do, and were arrayed gloriously every day. I decided that nothing could be more unjust than the way things were parceled out in this world, and slammed every individual plate, and rattled every pan, until mother called out that I was "driving her crazy."

Then father came in again; he looked tired and discouraged, and went with a weary step into the sitting-room, where mother lay upon the lounge, and Patience Clark, the dress-maker, droned on incessantly with the small news of the village.

"It's no use talkin'," said father, "I can't manage that team and plow the field alone; it's as much as a man can do to keep the plow in the ground with those stones and stubbles, let alone guidin' that skittish mare."

"Farmin's poor work nowadays, Mr. Ware," said Patience Clark.

"It never was any thing else that I can remember," said my mother.

And my father, heaving a huge sigh, murmured under his breath, "Job's comforters," and came out into the kitchen again.

"Li," he said, "I wish you were a boy."

"For the hundredth time, father."

"And yet I wouldn't change you for a rude lad of your age; but there's that pesky five-acre lot!" Then he sighed again.

"Father," said I, flinging down the dish-towel, "I can drive the horses, and you shall plow; wait a minute, and I'll get my sun-bonnet."

Father laughed at the idea, then he refused outright; but seeing me tie my sun-bonnet and let down my sleeves, a ray of hope lighted up his face; then he said, "What will your mother say?"

"She won't know any thing about it, and Martha'll be through with her washing and

can finish up the dishes." I started out to the field, and father followed me to the furrow, where the skittish mare was quietly chewing a bit of loose harness. I picked up the reins and father the plow-handle, and away we went cheerily. The mare was used to my voice, and was gentle as a kitten. I was thinking what a nice breeze there was, and how pretty the apple-blossoms looked, when suddenly a voice called to us from the fence:

"Hallo, Mr. Ware! That's tough work for a girl."

My father stopped the horses with a jerk.

"I suppose 'tis," he said; "but this pesky field, John, is so mortal full of stones and stubbles, and the eritter knows Li's voice; but run in the house, Li—"

"No, no, father, I ain't a bit tired" (with an indignant look at John Bates).

"Let me try a hand at the plow, Mr. Ware, and do you drive a bit."

"Well, if you will, John," said my father, resigning his plow, and taking the reins from my hand. "Run in the house, Li, and rest." I ran in the house, and this is the way I rested: I finished washing and wiping the dishes, folded down the clothes, mopped up the kitchen, helped to milk six cows, made biscuit for tea, set the table, cleared every thing away again, and helped Martha get things ready for an early breakfast, so that we could commence ironing early in the morning. I murmured to myself, "Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?" and entered the sitting-room just in time to hear Patience Clark say, "She was so glad Lily was a girl; that boys were worked to death upon a farm."

"Dear, dear!" sighed my mother, "it's impossible to make Lily look graceful; but do slope the shoulders a little more, Miss Clark."

"If I do they'll pucker and bag," replied the dress-maker, "for she's as square as square can be."

"She's like her father," said my mother. And finding they were not ready to try on my dress, I went out in the porch, where father was smoking his pipe.

"Softly!" he said. "Look, Li, at that fellow on the clothes-line!" At that moment a flood of music poured from the throat of a belated blackbird that rocked to and fro upon the rope before us; a robin was cheated into taking up the refrain, and the frogs commenced to thud, the moon climbed up in the wan sky, and father and I sat there silently for hours. At last he said, as we went into the house, "It's a pretty place, Li; we must take care of the farm." And on his death-bed, four years later, his last words were, "Take care of the farm, Li."

But how was a girl of nineteen to take care of a farm, an invalid mother, and a lame brother? The place was in wretchedly poor condition; and my father had literally lost his strength and broken his heart in striving to clear off the mortgage. The dear old farm was

a ruin, in fact; and I used to think sometimes the very outside loveliness of it was a bitter mockery. Why were the tangled flowers so beautiful, and the gnarled old trees so fancifully fair? The ground was one mass of stones, and the trees bore the knottiest fruit that ever was seen; and, toil as you might, it seemed impossible to get a living and pay the interest money, let alone the principal. Then the parting with father was a bitter wrench. I felt as if there wasn't much left to live for, until the night of the funeral, when little Dolph stole into my bed, poor little lambkin! Adolphus was a foolish name for him, too; but as I hugged my little brother in my arms, and quieted his wild sobbing, I vowed to myself that it was better, after all, I was not a lily; and that I would take care of mother and Dolph and the farm somehow.

When Patience Clark was making up the mourning I heard her say something to mother about "book-learnin'" and "rooms in the village;" and I knew the meaning of it when mother stopped crying after supper, and grew quite cheerful over her cup of tea.

"Lily," she said, in her languid way, "my poor child, I trust there are happier days in store for us. Thanks to the education which I insisted upon your having, you may be able to take the place of Miss Gibbons at the village school. We will sell this wretched place, dear, and get rooms at the village."

My heart came up in my throat.

"Oh, mother!" I said; "father told me to take care of the farm; and I should die cooped up in that hot room with a lot of dirty children!"

My mother set down her cup of tea, went and lay upon the lounge, and commenced crying again.

"You'd rather be among cows and pigs than among your fellow-creatures!" she said. "You're like your father; and he never had any more sentiment or feeling about him than a—a—cabbage!" Father wasn't cold in his grave! I flung myself out of the room, and walked up to Patience Clark, as she was wiping her hands on the rolling towel in the kitchen.

"Listen here," I said, setting my teeth hard; "don't put any more nonsense in mother's head, if you please!"

"Gracious powers! how you frightened me, Lily! I almost jumped out of my skin!" And she went into the sitting-room with rather a crestfallen air.

But mother always had her way; and I think we should have fallen into the groove Patience Clark had suggested but for a timely codicil that was found to father's will. It left the place to Dolph, with only a life interest to mother, and five hundred dollars to me. The money was left with Lawyer Williams, at Wimbleton; and he rode down the week after father died, and gave it into my hands. "I do not think you will spend it in furbelows," he said; and there was something about him that inspired confidence. I was forlornly destitute of friends,

and completely governed by impulse. I told him all my projects about the farm; and he listened to me with as much gravity as if I were consulting him upon a matter of law. When I had finished, he looked kindly upon my flushed and tear-stained face, and bade me be of good cheer, and not to mind about the mortgage—he would take care I was not troubled about that—and advised me to use my ready money in improving the place, suggesting the improvements in a way that led me to think agriculture was a part of law. Father died in midwinter; and when the spring came the place was busy with the hum of labor. The barn-yard was drained, a great muck-heap made from the refuse of the stalls, six poor cows sold for two good ones—and on the fifteenth of June, when I was twenty years old, the place was blooming like a rose. Had it not been for John Bates, my nearest neighbor, I should not have got along so well.

We went shares with the five-acre lot, John Bates and I, and on this very fifteenth of June the plants were brought down, and every hand about the place busied in setting them out. When we were putting in the last row, Dolph came running out to the field, and said that I was to come in directly, for Lawyer Williams was there, and Miss Gibbons, and they were to stay to tea, as it was my birthday. I started to my feet, and pushed back my sun-bonnet, and there, within a rod or two of us, was the prettiest creature that ever the eye rested upon. I thought, as I always did, when I saw her, that her name—Grace—was as suited to her as mine was unsuited to me, and I did not blame John for staring at her, open-mouthed, as she walked back with me to the house.

"You'll stay too, John?" I said to my fellow-workman. He nodded cheerfully. What an honest, bright, winsome face he had!

But never before had I felt that sudden pang of discontent and envy. It was because I was tired as a girl could be, and felt begrimed with heat and dirt, and I did not blame mother for looking upon me with a sort of disgust, and bidding me go to my room and dress immediately.

The perfume of clean linen mingled with that of the June roses in my room. There was my pretty muslin dress. But I fidgeted before the glass, and tugged at my hair, pulling it out in huge tangles; but, tug as I might, I could not change its sombre brown to a ruddy gold—and a frown between the eyes is no beautifier. I declared inwardly I never would linger so long again over my dirty fields, nor toil so fiercely for what seemed to me then a wretched reward.

This discontent was, however, of short duration. Honest toil brings an even temper, and adds hugely to the cheerfulness of one's nature by promoting a good digestion. Then, when I had put a ribbon about my neck, and smoothed the ugly wrinkle from my brow, I saw in the glass a rather comely face, after all, with nice brown eyes like my father's.

I looked out of the window at my field, and John was putting in the very last plant. Tears of remorse sprang to my eyes. How could I have called it a dirty field, and unprofitable labor? Could any thing be prettier than the rich dark mould, and the rows of tender green? No, not even eyes of heavenly blue, and hair of ruddiest gold! There was something positively beautiful to me about that cabbage-field, and I gazed upon it lovingly from my window, going over again in my mind the profit we hoped to gain from it, John Bates and I. So many thousand cabbages at so much a head. I think there is nothing nicer in the way of building castles than an agricultural one, one takes such a tangible delight in watching the structure grow day by day; then, even if it tumbles down ingloriously, are the delights of anticipation to be reckoned as nothing?

I will not say that my step was light when I went down stairs; but my heart was at ease, and I made some of the lightest and flakiest of French biscuits for tea. Then I went into mother's room to get down the china. Lawyer Williams and Miss Gibbons were sauntering about the garden, and mother looked upon them with a frown.

"You don't think it possible, Lily," she said, "that old fool is caught by her pretty face?"

"I shouldn't wonder, mother," I replied; "it is such a very pretty face."

"And to think of your coming into the parlor with that old sun-bonnet hanging from your head, and your face in a blaze with heat! Why didn't you slip up stairs quietly?"

"It's the fault of the house, mother. I'm too substantial a figure to slip through stones and mortar. You know one has to pass through that way."

"Yes, yes," sighed my poor mother; "it's such a miserably built old barn—not a convenience about it. But who, in the name of goodness, is coming this way? Why, truly it is that John Bates, with his hair all wet and curled, his face shining with soap-suds, and one of those queer linen coats on. What does he want, Lily?"

"He wants his supper, I suppose," I said, boldly, although I quaked inwardly.

"And is he to get it here?" she cried, raising her voice, and a flame of anger darting into her eyes. "Because if he is, please to send in my tea by Martha. I can not, in my state of health, eat with a man fresh from the fields. I endured it long enough with your poor father."

I whispered a kind of prayer in her ear, but she turned such an indignant look upon me that I retreated to the kitchen, and the currant jam wasn't redder than my face when I found John Bates standing in the doorway whistling. I knew he must have heard every word that mother said. And why did she object to him so bitterly? He was surely as good as any of us, with honesty of purpose and manly worth written upon every line of his countenance. There was a flush upon his cheek, and a latent fire

in his eye. I thought he was offended, and I could not say a word; but presently he turned to me with his cheery smile, and said, "Have you any message for Wimbleton, Miss Lily? I'm going down to see about those oxen."

"N-now?" I stammered. Then, as he stepped off the sill, I added, "You'll have supper first, John?"

"I think not, Miss Lily," he replied; "it's a nice ride by daylight, and I don't remember ever seeing things look so fresh and green. There's such a lot of wild roses down that way. I've often thought, Miss Lily, Rose would have been a prettier and better name for you—there's such a bloom and sweetness about a rose; and I never did care for lilies myself," he added, with an involuntary glance at the loiterers in the garden.

"A cabbage rose, John?" I said, laughingly.

"A bramble rose, Lily," he replied, coming close to me and lowering his voice; "such as grew in the garden of Eden." Then he went away without even a biscuit, and out of sheer gratitude I stood looking after him, until the voice of Patience Clark, at my elbow, made me start.

"Good gracious, Lily! why, I thought it was Martha! You'll spile that young man, sure as this world—he'll be as set up as—as—" she added, somewhat at a loss for a comparison—"as a peacock." So Patience Clark took the place at the table that should have been poor John's, and mother was scarcely able to eat a mouthful after all. The summer flitted by; the golden-rods and chrysanthemums were all in bloom. There never was a castle so substantial as the one I built about the cabbages. I have always thought a host of fairies guarded them and tilled them at night; while all about us there was rot and mildew, and the cabbages would neither head nor prosper, our field thrived amazingly; and when all was done, and they were gathered and sold, I had a nice little sum to pay upon the mortgage.

One day in October I went down to Wimbleton, but Mr. Williams had been called to meet a client some distance in the country.

"Tell him Miss Ware called," I said to the boy; and that night Mr. Williams rode up to the farm. Mother had grown weaker of late, and went to bed early, and Dolph and I sat croning over our books in the parlor, when a knock at the door startled us. I do not know why my heart beat so wildly, nor why I called to Dolph to run to the door. It was only Mr. Williams, and we sat down comfortably to chat together. I told him of my intention to pay him a little on the mortgage, and spoke glowingly of my cabbage-fields; he seemed to waive the matter aside, and turning to Dolph, asked, in quite a grave and formal manner, the lad's permission to see me alone. Dolph gathered up his books and went out of the room.

"A fine boy!" cried Mr. Williams; "and not so lame, I think, as he gets stronger."

Then I launched into a panegyric upon Dolph

that lasted half an hour, and still Mr. Williams listened gravely; but when I paused a little, and felt like apologizing for my sisterly warmth, he approached the table near which I was sitting, and laying his hand upon mine, he said:

"I have come here to-night, Miss Ware, to speak to you upon a subject that has lain near my heart for a long time—since I paid into your hands a certain sum of money, and became impressed with the rare dignity of your character, and your nobleness of heart. Can I hope you will not meet with disfavor the affection of one so much older than yourself? Will you be my wife?"

I did not speak for a time, and when I found my voice I could say nothing but that I was very, very grateful, but could not leave the farm.

"Well, but, Miss Lily, if that is your only objection, perhaps there might be a compromise arranged. You know I have already a hold upon the farm. Can we not fit it up for a country seat? You shall have the planning of the improvements," he added, cheerfully; "and your brother, when he is old enough, shall study law."

"Oh, Mr. Williams!" I cried, in affright, "do not speak loud, I beg of you! if my mother, if Dolph, should hear you, they would make me consent, and—and—" here I broke down, and fell into a passion of weeping.

"What is this, Lily, my child?" he said, his face lighting up with a kindly feeling that became it well. "Is there any other reason for your repugnance? Speak frankly, Lily, and let me be your friend, if nothing more."

"I shall be so glad to have you for a friend," I said, reaching out my hands to him; "but I'm so sorry, for Dolph and mother, that I can't be more to you."

"Well, Dolph shall study law, in any case, my dear—"

"And don't tell my mother!" I said.

"No, indeed," he replied, smiling; and bidding me a kindly good-by, he went away. When I heard the door close I laid my head upon the table, only wanting to be alone and think; but suddenly a cold hand was placed upon my shoulder, shaking me with spasmodic energy. I looked up: there stood my mother, her face pale and wild, her great hollow eyes seeking and searching my face.

"Tell me," she gasped; "is it all right—are you—to be—his wife?"

"Oh, mother!"

"Speak!" she cried; "you have not dared refuse him?"

I buried my head in my hands upon the table, and fairly trembled as I murmured "yes."

"The richest man in Wimbleton!" cried my mother, beside herself with rage and disappointment—"a gentleman! And you, selfish, ungrateful wretch that you are—you will see me die in this place when you have it in your power to give me life and happiness. Listen to me, Lily," she cried, coming nearer to me

and looking upon me with savage earnestness; "I will go to my bed and never leave it, I will neither eat nor drink, if you refuse this man."

"But I have refused him, mother!"

"Then call him back again, say that you did not know your mind; he will think it a girlish freak, and be all the fonder of you. Oh, Lily," she cried, sinking on her knees at my feet, "do not throw away your life as I did mine, and regret it ever afterward; do not bury yourself with a clodhopper on a farm, and wear your life out in useless remorse, for I will die, I tell you. Oh, say that you will marry him, that I shall live once more in luxury and ease. I will never get up till you grant my prayer!"

"I will, mother, I will!"

"God bless you, dear!" said my poor mother, and I helped her to bed. How could my mother bid God to bless me? I went to my room, but not to bed. I walked to and fro, thinking, thinking; but think as I might, the clodhopper and the farm resolved themselves into the garden of Eden, a tender manly Adam, and I, the Eve to my husband of all that was desirable in sweetness and bloom; and the days seemed to lengthen themselves before me into a paradise of honest toil and happy pleasure, while that other choice of luxury and ease pictured itself gloomily before me. I remembered well the great dreary house in Wimbleton, the mould-smelling, chintz-covered furniture, the stone-paved yard; I saw myself clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day; and yet, and yet—alas, that women should be so different and fate so adverse! But there was my mother; she had resolved to die if I refused, and she always would have her way. In the early dawn I went down among the sweet-brier that grew about my father's grave; he was only a clodhopper himself, and could understand my sorrow. Dolph had grown fond lately of wearing fine clothes and spending his time in study; then he was delicate—a little lame. Well, it was all over. I went down to Wimbleton that very day and told Mr. Williams all that had happened.

"If you'll kindly forget what occurred last night, I will do my best to please you," I said, as if applying for a situation.

"My dear Lily," he said, "although I seem old to you I have kept a young, warm heart, and I do not know whether to laugh or cry about you."

"Oh, do not laugh, Sir," I said.

"And I will not cry," he replied. "Well, it is settled, then; do you go home, my dear, and I will come up and see you in the course of a week. May God bless you, darling!" He laid his hand caressingly upon my head, and somehow I liked his blessing.

As I rode home I let the reins fall upon my pony's neck, and strove to think that, in making mother and Dolph happy, I should gain contentment for myself; but the day seemed gray and dead, and it was so strange when I reached

the lane that John Bates should be waiting there with such a bright, hopeful smile upon his winsome face.

"Come, Lily," he said, "let the boy take the pony in, and do you come with me a bit—I've something to say to you."

We walked a long way, I think, without uttering a word; then he turned suddenly and spoke:

"You know well what I wanted to say to you, Lily, my darling, my sweet wild rose; I loved you when you were a child, and I helped plow the five-acre lot with your father; and since we've planted it in those dear old cabbage-rows, you have grown unspeakably dear to me. Say, my fellow-worker, my dearest and best, shall we be partners for life?"

"How can you be so cruel?" I cried; "you know my mother would never hear to such a thing!"

"Cruel!" he repeated; "your mother! You don't mean to say you are not to be my wife? Lily, you love me?"

"Oh, John," I said, and clung trembling to his arm.

"Speak, Lily," he said; and I told him all.

"I can not let her die, John," I cried, "I can not let her die."

"There, let us speak no more for a time. I can yet be strong, and hold you for my friend. May I not, Lily?"

"Until death," I whispered, and said no more. We were walking up the woodland path, the wind whistling through the great gaunt trees, and the ground inches deep in fallen leaves; the night was growing wild and chill, and great black clouds hovered in the cold sky. We had scarcely reached home when a tempest of storm swept over the country.

At last I went to bed. "Dolph, dear Dolph," I said, creeping up to his warm little body, "love me, dear, won't you? I am so lonely, Dolph, so lonely and sad!"

"Don't crowd so, sis," said the little fellow, rubbing his eyes; "I say, I'm getting too big to sleep with you, I think."

My poor mother grew weaker day by day; and, strive as she might, she was unable to leave her bed, save for an hour or two in the middle of the day; but the news of my engagement had been industriously spread, and my mother received the villagers' congratulations with haughty satisfaction. There was also a very perceptible change in the relations that had existed between mother and the dress-maker; but Patience Clark insisted upon her old freedom of speech.

"I'm powerful glad," she said, one day, "that Lily's set herself in a butter-tub. I was afraid there one time she'd throw herself away."

"Are you speaking of my daughter?" said my mother.

"Why, of course. Who should I be speakin' about, I'd like to know?"

"Please to speak respectfully, then," said my

mother; "and don't cut those ruffles straight. I see by the fashion-plates they're all made bias."

I thought Patience Clark would have burst with indignation. She looked at my mother, and her pale blue eyes grew almost bloodshot.

"Highly, tightly!" she cried at last; "cut them for yourself!" And she threw scissors and silk on the floor. "And I'll have you to know, Miss Ware, I am as good as you any day in the week, and a deal better on Sundays; and I'll talk as I please, and work as I please, and I'll not be ordered about by any body, let alone a skeleton like you!"

She flounced out of the house, leaving my poor mother disconsolate with her flounces and furbelows.

No dress-maker could be found for a week: and whether it was that the excitement of preparing the wedding finery had kept her up, or the scorn of the dress-maker had preyed upon her mind—whatever might have been the cause, at the end of a fortnight my poor mother died.

"Oh, mother," I cried, reproachfully, "you promised to live!"

"Haven't I tried hard enough?" she said, catching my hands in hers. "Remember your promise, Lily. You won't break it because I'm not here?"

"No, no," I said. And she replied, quickly:

"It'll be a comfort to me to know you and Dolph are gentlefolks. As for me, I never did have things as I wanted them." Then she turned her face to the wall. What difference could it make in heaven, pray? Are they not all gentlefolks there?

The night after the funeral Dolph went home with Mr. Williams, and I was alone walking to and fro in the parlor. Suddenly the door opened, and in walked John Bates, looking thin and gaunt as a spectre.

"Tell me," he said, walking over to me, and looking at me with great wistfulness in his eyes, "did she relent when she was dying? Did she leave happiness to you and to me?"

"No, no, John; I promised her again when she was dying. I promised, and I must obey."

I held up my hands to keep him off, but he caught me in his arms and kissed me savagely.

"Good-by," he said.

"Oh, why good-by? Where are you going, John?"

"I don't know," he said; "to the devil, I think." And kissing me again, he went away.

I sat with my head in my hands for an hour. I never stirred when I heard the tramp of a horse and a knock at the door, nor raised my head when Mr. Williams entered.

"My poor darling," he said, and endeavored to take my hand. I drew it away rudely.

"You can not surely," I said, raising my head, "speak of love to me now, or think of marriage so soon after my mother's death?"

"I do not think of marriage at all, my dear," he replied. "That is all over now between you and me, Lily," he said, suddenly, taking my

hands in his. "Do you love another as I would fain you had loved me? Answer frankly, dear, and do not fear. I am too fond of you to cause you useless pain."

A thrill shot through my heart. Then I remembered my promise to the dying, and grew cold with fear and dread.

"Oh, I must marry you, Sir," I said, and told him all.

"Well, my dear," he said, "mine was a foolish dream at the best, and I will endeavor to make up to you for the sorrow I have unwittingly caused. You shall let the poor rich man go, and marry the rich poor man."

"Oh no, Sir," I said; "I dare not."

"But then, if not your true love, who will you marry?"

"You, Mr. Williams."

"I will not have you. Come, if you persist, I will e'en run away to be rid of you. I will sail for Europe in a week."

"But my mother."

"You have done all that a daughter could. I say I will not marry you, but I will strive and make you and Dolph gentlefolks."

Then the warm, happy tears drenched his hands. I threw my arms about his neck. "My dear, dear friend!" I said.

He grew a little pale, and kissing my brow, he went away.

Now, John's strip of land joined mine, and I could see the glimmer of light from his kitchen window. I ran out the door, and across the cabbage-field, my feet sinking in the damp

earth, my shoes filling with dirt and stones. At last I reached the kitchen door. For a moment my heart failed me. John had no one but his old blind father; but I was afraid some of the workmen might be about. I opened the door softly. Old Mr. Bates sat fast asleep in his chair, and John sat gazing into the smouldering embers on the hearth.

I stole up behind him; but he divined that I was there, and starting up, he met me half-way.

"I was afraid you were gone, John," I said, with a great sob in my voice.

"Gone?" he echoed.

"Yes, gone somewhere; but I—don't choke me, John."

"Speak, then, quickly! My God! what brought you here?"

"Why, Mr. Williams says he won't marry me; that nothing can induce him to; that he'll run away to Europe first. Will you, John?"

"What's the matter, my lad?" said Mr. Bates, awaking. "You'll break my heart, as well as your own, if you go on in that way."

"It's with happiness, father, this time; and here's Lily, mine at last!"

"God bless her!" said Mr. Bates. And He has blessed me. Dolph has become a great swell; but all Mr. Williams could do, he couldn't make gentlefolks out of John and me. Although he gave us the finest place in the county for a wedding gift, and suggested a fancy farm of fruit, and all that, John and I prefer to raise cabbages. You see we are only clodhoppers.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

A LETTER TO THE CHRISTIAN WOMEN OF AMERICA.

Part I.

THE natural position of woman is clearly, to a limited degree, a subordinate one. Such it has always been throughout the world, in all ages, and in many widely different conditions of society. There are three conclusive reasons why we should expect it to continue so for the future.

First. Woman in natural physical strength is so greatly inferior to man that she is entirely in his power, quite incapable of self-defense, trusting to his generosity for protection. In savage life this great superiority of physical strength makes man the absolute master, woman the abject slave. And, although every successive step in civilization lessens the distance between the sexes, and renders the situation of woman safer and easier, still, in no state of society, however highly cultivated, has perfect equality yet existed. This difference in

physical strength must, in itself, always prevent such perfect equality, since woman is compelled every day of her life to appeal to man for protection, and for support.

Secondly. Woman is also, though in a very much less degree, inferior to man in intellect. The difference in this particular may very probably be only a consequence of greater physical strength, giving greater power of endurance and increase of force to the intellectual faculty connected with it. In many cases, as between the best individual minds of both sexes, the difference is no doubt very slight. There have been women of a very high order of genius; there have been very many women of great talent; and, as regards what is commonly called cleverness, a general quickness and clearness of mind within limited bounds, the number of clever women may possibly have been even larger than that of clever men. But, taking the one infallible rule for our guide, judging of the tree by its fruits, we are met by the fact that the greatest achievements of the race in every field of intellectual culture have been the work of

[NOTE.—We have printed this Letter, which will be continued in our next Number, not as an expression of our own views, but simply as the plea of an earnest and thoughtful Christian woman addressed to her fellow-countrywomen.—EDITOR OF HARPER.]

man. It is true that the advantages of intellectual education have been, until recently, very generally on the side of man; had those advantages been always equal, women would no doubt have had much more of success to record. But this same fact of inferiority of education becomes in itself one proof of the existence of a certain degree of mental inequality. What has been the cause of this inferiority of education? Why has not woman educated herself in past ages, as man has done? Is it the opposition of man, and the power which physical strength gives him, which have been the impediments? Had these been the only obstacles, and had that general and entire equality of intellect existed between the sexes, which we find proclaimed to-day by some writers, and by many talkers, the genius of women would have opened a road through these and all other difficulties much more frequently than it has yet done. At this very hour, instead of defending the intellect of women, just half our writing and talking would be required to defend the intellect of men. But, so long as woman, as a sex, has not provided for herself the same advanced intellectual education to the same extent as men, and so long as inferiority of intellect in man has never yet in thousands of years been gravely discussed, while the inferiority of intellect in woman has been during the same period generally admitted, we are compelled to believe there is some foundation for this last opinion. The extent of this difference, the interval that exists between the sexes, the precise degree of inferiority on the part of women, will probably never be satisfactorily proved.

Believing then in the greater physical powers of man, and in his superiority, to a limited extent, in intellect also, as two sufficient reasons for the natural subordination of woman as a sex, we have yet a *third* reason for this subordination. Christianity can be proved to be the safest and highest ally of man's nature, physical, moral, and intellectual, that the world has yet known. It protects his physical nature at every point by plain, stringent rules of general temperance and moderation. To his moral nature it gives the pervading strength of healthful purity. To his intellectual nature, while on one hand it enjoins full development and vigorous action, holding out to the spirit the highest conceivable aspirations, on the other it teaches the invaluable lessons of a wise humility. This grand and holy religion, whose whole action is healthful, whose restraints are all blessings—this gracious religion, whose chief precepts are the love of God and the love of man—this same Christianity confirms the subordinate position of woman, by allotting to man the headship in plain language and by positive precept. No system of philosophy has ever yet worked out in behalf of woman the practical results for good which Christianity has conferred on her. Christianity has raised woman from slavery and made her the thoughtful companion of man; it

finds her the mere toy, or the victim of his passions, and it places her by his side, his truest friend, his most faithful counselor, his helpmeet in every worthy and honorable task. It protects her far more effectually than any other system. It cultivates, strengthens, elevates, purifies all her highest endowments, and holds out to her aspirations the most sublime for that future state of existence, where precious rewards are promised to every faithful discharge of duty, even the most humble. But, while conferring on her these priceless blessings, it also enjoins the submission of the wife to the husband, and allots a subordinate position to the whole sex while here on earth. No woman calling herself a Christian, acknowledging her duties as such, can, therefore, consistently deny the obligation of a limited subordination laid upon her by her Lord and His Church.

From these three chief considerations—the great inferiority of physical strength, a very much less and undefined degree of inferiority in intellect, and the salutary teachings of the Christian faith—it follows that, to a limited degree, varying with circumstances, and always to be marked out by sound reason and good feeling, the subordination of woman, as a sex, is inevitable.

This subordination once established, a difference of position, and a consequent difference of duties, follow as a matter of course. There must, of necessity, in such a state of things, be certain duties inalienably connected with the position of man, others inalienably connected with the position of woman. For the one to assume the duties of the other becomes, first, an act of desertion, next, an act of usurpation. For the man to discharge worthily the duties of his own position becomes his highest merit. For the woman to discharge worthily the duties of her own position becomes her highest merit. To be noble the man must be manly. To be noble the woman must be womanly. Independently of the virtues required equally of both sexes, such as truth, uprightness, candor, fidelity, honor, we look in man for somewhat more of wisdom, of vigor, of courage, from natural endowment, combined with enlarged action and experience. In woman we look more especially for greater purity, modesty, patience, grace, sweetness, tenderness, refinement, as the consequences of a finer organization, in a protected and sheltered position. That state of society will always be the most rational, the soundest, the happiest, where each sex conscientiously discharges its own duties, without intruding on those of the other.

It is true that the world has often seen individual women called by the manifest will of Providence to positions of the highest authority, to the thrones of rulers and sovereigns. And many of these women have discharged those duties with great intellectual ability and great success. It is rather the fashion now among literary men to depreciate Queen Elizabeth and her government. But it is clear that,

whatever may have been her errors—and no doubt they were grave—she still appears in the roll of history as one of the best sovereigns not only of her own house, but of all the dynasties of England. Certainly she was in every way a better and a more successful ruler than her own father or her own brother-in-law, and better also than the Stuarts who filled her throne at a later day. Catherine of Russia, though most unworthy as a woman, had a force of intellectual ability quite beyond dispute, and which made itself felt in every department of her government. Isabella I. of Spain gave proof of legislative and executive ability of the very highest order; she was not only one of the purest and noblest, but also, considering the age to which she belonged, and the obstacles in her way, one of the most skillful sovereigns the world has ever seen. Her nature was full of clear intelligence, with the highest moral and physical courage. She was in every way a better ruler than her own husband, to whom she proved nevertheless an admirable wife, acting independently only where clear principle was at stake. The two great errors of her reign, the introduction of the Inquisition and the banishment of the Jews, must be charged to the confessor rather than to the Queen, and these were errors in which her husband was as closely involved as herself. On the other hand, some of the best reforms of her reign originated in her own mind, and were practically carried out under her own close personal supervision. Many other skillful female rulers might be named. And it is not only in civilized life and in Christendom that woman has shown herself wise in governing; even among the wildest savage tribes they have appeared, occasionally, as leaders and rulers. This is a singular fact. It may be proved from the history of this continent, and not only from the early records of Mexico and Cuba and Hayti, but also from the reports of the earliest navigators on our own coast, who here and there make mention incidentally of this or that female chief or sachem. But a fact far more impressive and truly elevating to the sex also appears on authority entirely indisputable. While women are enjoined by the Word of God to refrain from public teaching in the Church, there have been individual women included among the Prophets, speaking under the direct influence of the Most Holy Spirit of God, the highest dignity to which human nature can attain. But all these individual cases, whether political or religious, have been exceptional. The lesson to be learned from them is plain. We gather naturally from these facts, what may be learned also from other sources, that, while the positions of the two sexes are as such distinct, the one a degree superior, the other a degree inferior, the difference between them is limited—it is not impassable in individual cases. The two make up but one species, one body politic and religious. There are many senses besides marriage in which the two are one. It is the right

hand and the left, both belonging to one body, moved by common feeling, guided by common reason. The left hand may at times be required to do the work of the right, the right to act as the left. Even in this world there are occasions when the last are first, the first last, without disturbing the general order of things. These exceptional cases temper the general rule, but they can not abrogate that rule as regards the entire sex. Man learns from them not to exaggerate his superiority—a lesson very often needed. And woman learns from them to connect self-respect and dignity with true humility, and never, under any circumstances, to sink into the mere tool and toy of man—a lesson equally important.

Such until the present day has been the general teaching and practice of Christendom, where, under a mild form, and to a limited point, the subordination of woman has been a fact clearly established. But this teaching we are now called upon to forget, this practice we are required to abandon. We have arrived at the days foretold by the Prophet, when “knowledge shall be increased, and many shall run to and fro.” The intellectual progress of the race during the last half century has indeed been great. But admiration is not the only feeling of the thoughtful mind when observing this striking advance in intellectual acquirement. We see that man has not yet fully mastered the knowledge he has acquired. He runs to and fro. He rushes from one extreme to the other. How many chapters of modern history, both political and religious, are full of the records of this mental vacillation of our race, of this illogical and absurd tendency to pass from one extreme to the point farthest from it!

An adventurous party among us, weary of the old paths, is now eagerly proclaiming theories and doctrines entirely novel on this important subject. The *Emancipation of Woman* is the name chosen by its advocates for this movement. They reject the idea of all subordination, even in the mildest form, with utter scorn. They claim for woman absolute social and political equality with man. And they seek to secure these points by conferring on the whole sex the right of the elective franchise, female suffrage being the first step in the unwieldy revolutions they aim at bringing about. These views are no longer confined to a small sect. They challenge our attention at every turn. We meet them in society; we read them in the public prints; we hear of them in grave legislative assemblies, in the Congress of the Republic, in the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain. The time has come when it is necessary that all sensible and conscientious men and women should make up their minds clearly on a subject bearing upon the future condition of the entire race.

There is generally more than one influence at work in all public movements of importance. The motive power in such cases is very seldom

simple. So it has been with the question of female suffrage. The abuses inflicted on woman by legislation, the want of sufficient protection for her interests when confided to man, are generally asserted by the advocates of female suffrage as the chief motives for a change in the laws which withhold from her the power of voting. But it is also considered by the friends of the new movement that to withhold the suffrage from half the race is an inconsistency in American politics; that suffrage is an inalienable right, universal in its application; that women are consequently deprived of a great natural right when denied the power of voting. A third reason is also given for this proposed change in our political constitution. It is asserted that the entire sex would be greatly elevated in intellectual and moral dignity by such a course; and that the effect on the whole race would therefore be most advantageous, as the increased influence of woman in public affairs would purify politics, and elevate the whole tone of political life. Here we have the reason for this movement as advanced by its advocates. These are the points on which they lay the most stress:

First. The abuse of legislative power in man, by oppressing the sex.

Secondly. The inalienable natural right of woman to vote; and imperatively so in a country where universal suffrage is a great political principle.

Thirdly. The elevation of the sex, and the purification of politics through their influence.

Let us consider each of these points separately.

First. The abuse of legislative power by man in the oppression of woman.

In some countries of Europe much of wrong is still done to woman, at the present day, by old laws owing their existence to a past state of things, and which have not yet been repealed or modified to suit existing circumstances. But we are writing now to American women, and, instead of the evils existing in the other hemisphere, we are looking at a very different state of society. Let us confine ourselves, therefore, to the subject as it affects ourselves.

To go into all the details which might be drawn together from the statute books of the different States of the Union bearing on this point, and to do them full justice, would require volumes. Such a course is not necessary. The question can be decided with truth and justice on general principles—on generally admitted facts. We admit, then, that in some States—perhaps in all—there may be laws in which the natural and acquired rights of woman have not been fairly considered; that in some cases she has needed more legal protection and more privileges than she has yet received. But while this admission is made, attention is at the same time demanded for a fact inseparably connected with it; namely, the marked and generous liberality which American men have thus far shown in the considerate care and protection they

have, as a general rule, given to the interests of women. In no country, whether of ancient or modern times, have women had less to complain of in their treatment by man than in America. This is no rhetorical declamation; it is the simple statement of an undeniable fact. It is a matter of social history. Since the days of early colonial life to the present hour—or, in other words, during the last two hundred and fifty years—such has been the general course of things in this country. The hardest tasks have been taken by man, and a generous tenderness has been shown to women in many of the details of social life, pervading all classes of society, to a degree beyond what is customary even in the most civilized countries of Europe. Taking these two facts together—that certain abuses still exist, that certain laws and regulations need changing, and that, as a general rule, American women have thus far been treated by their countrymen with especial consideration, in a legal and in a social sense—the inference becomes perfectly plain. A formidable and very dangerous social revolution is not needed to correct remaining abuses. Any revolution aiming at upsetting the existing relations of the sexes—relations going back to the earliest records and traditions of the race—can not be called less than formidable and dangerous. Let women make full use of the influences already at their command, and all really needed changes may be effected by means both sure and safe—means already thoroughly tried. Let them use all the good sense, all the information, all the eloquence, and, if they please, all the wit, at their command when talking over these abuses in society. Let them state their views, their needs, their demands, in conscientiously written papers. Let them appeal for aid to the best, the wisest, the most respected men of the country, and the result is certain. Choose any one real, existing abuse as a test of the honesty and the liberality of American men toward the women of the country, and we all know beforehand what shall be the result.* If husbands, fathers, brothers, are ready any day to shed their heart's blood for our personal defense in

* There is an injustice in the present law of guardianship in the State of New York, which may be named as one of those abuses which need reformation. A woman can not now, in the State of New York, appoint a guardian for her child, even though its father be dead. The authority for appointing a guardian otherwise than by the courts is derived from the Revised Statutes, p. 1, title 3, chapter 8, part 2, and that passage gives the power to the father only. The mother is not named. It has been decided in the courts that a mother can not make this appointment—12 Howard's Practical Reports, 532. This is certainly very unjust and very unwise. But let any dozen women of respectability take the matter in hand, and, by the means already at their command, from their own chimney-corners, they can readily procure the insertion of the needful clause. And so with any other real abuse. Men are now ready to listen, and ready to act, when additional legislation is prudently and sensibly asked for by their wives and mothers. How they may act when women stand before them, armed *cap-à-pie*, and prepared to demand legislation at the point of the bayonet, can not yet be known.

the hour of peril, we may feel perfectly assured that they will also protect us, when appealed to, by legislation. When they lay down their arms and refuse to fight for us, it will then be time to ask them to give up legislation also. But until that evil hour arrives let men make the laws, and let women be content to fill worthily, to the very best of their abilities, the noble position which the Heavenly Father has already marked out for them. There is work to be done in that position reaching much higher, going much farther, and penetrating far deeper, than any mere temporary legislation can do. Of that work we shall speak more fully a moment later.

Secondly. The inalienable natural right of woman to vote; and imperatively so in a country where universal suffrage is a great political principle.

This second proposition of the advocates of female suffrage is of a general character. It does not point to particular abuses, it claims the right of woman to vote as one which she should demand, whether practically needed or not. It is asserted that to disqualify half the race from voting is an abuse entirely inconsistent with the first principles of American politics. The answer to this is plain. The elective franchise is not an end; it is only a means. A good government is indeed an inalienable right. Just so far as the elective franchise will conduce to this great end, to that point it becomes also a right, but no farther. A male suffrage wisely free, including all capable of justly appreciating its importance, and honestly discharging its responsibilities, becomes a great advantage to a nation. But universal suffrage, pushed to its extreme limits, including all men, all women, all minors beyond the years of childhood, would inevitably be fraught with evil. There have been limits to the suffrage of the freest nations. Such limits have been found necessary by all past political experience. In this country, at the present hour, there are restrictions upon the suffrage in every State. Those restrictions vary in character. They are either national, relating to color, political, mental, educational, connected with a property qualification, connected with sex, connected with minority of years, or they are moral in their nature.* This restriction connected with sex is, in fact, but one of many other restrictions, considered more or less necessary even in a democracy. Manhood suffrage is a very favorite term of the day. But, taken in the plain meaning of those words, such fullness of suffrage has at the present hour no actual existence in any independent nation, or in any extensive province. It does not exist, as we have just seen, even among the men of Ameri-

ca. And, owing to the conditions of human life, we may well believe that unrestricted fullness of manhood suffrage never can exist in any great nation for any length of time. In those States of the American Union which approach nearest to a practical manhood suffrage, unnaturalized foreigners, minors, and certain classes of criminals, are excluded from voting. And why so? What is the cause of this exclusion? Here are men by tens of thousands—men of widely different classes and conditions—peremptorily deprived of a privilege asserted to be a positive inalienable right universal in its application. There is manifestly some reason for this apparently contradictory state of things. We know that reason to be the good of society. It is for the good of society that the suffrage is withheld from those classes of men. A certain fitness for the right use of the suffrage is therefore deemed necessary before granting it. A criminal, an unnaturalized foreigner, a minor, have not that fitness; consequently the suffrage is withheld from them. The worthy use of the vote is, then, a qualification not yet entirely overlooked by our legislators. The State has had, thus far, no scruples in withholding the suffrage even from men, whenever it has believed that the grant would prove injurious to the nation.

Here we have the whole question clearly defined. The good of society is the true object of all human government. To this principle suffrage itself is subordinate. It can never be more than a means looking to the attainment of good government, and not necessarily its corner-stone. Just so far is it wise and right. Move one step beyond that point, and instead of a benefit the suffrage may become a cruel injury. The governing power of our own country—the most free of all great nations—practically proclaims that it has no right to bestow the suffrage wherever its effects are likely to become injurious to the whole nation, by allotting different restrictions to the suffrage in every State of the Union. The right of suffrage is, therefore, most clearly not an absolutely inalienable right universal in its application. It has its limits. These limits are marked out by plain justice and common-sense. Women have thus far been excluded from the suffrage precisely on the same principles—from the conviction that to grant them this particular privilege would, in different ways, and especially by withdrawing them from higher and more urgent duties, and allotting to them other duties for which they are not so well fitted, become injurious to the nation, and, we add, ultimately injurious to themselves, also, as part of the nation. If it can be proved that this conviction is sound and just, founded on truth, the assumed inalienable right of suffrage, of which we have been hearing so much lately, vanishes into the “baseless fabric of a vision.” If the right were indeed inalienable, it should be granted, without regard to consequences, as an act of abstract justice. But, happily for us,

* In connection with this point of moral qualification we venture to ask a question. Why not enlarge the criminal classes from whom the suffrage is now withheld? Why not exclude every man convicted of any degrading legal crime, even petty larceny? And why not exclude from the suffrage all habitual drunkards judicially so declared? These are changes which would do vastly more of good than admitting women to vote.

none but the very wildest theorists are prepared to take this view of the question of suffrage. The advocates of female suffrage must, therefore, abandon the claim of inalienable right. Such a claim can not logically be maintained for one moment in the face of existing facts. We proceed to the third point.

Thirdly. The elevation of the entire sex, the general purification of politics through the influence of woman, and the consequent advance of the whole race. Such, we are told, must be the inevitable results of what is called the emancipation of woman, the entire independence of woman through the suffrage.

Here we find ourselves in a peculiar position. While considering the previous points of this question we have been guided by positive facts, clearly indisputable in their character. Actual, practical experience, with the manifold teachings at her command, has come to our aid. But we are now called upon, by the advocates of this novel doctrine, to change our course entirely. We are under orders to sail out into unknown seas, beneath skies unfamiliar, with small light from the stars, without chart, without pilot, the port to which we are bound being one as yet unvisited by mortal man—or woman! Heavy mist, and dark eloud, and threatening storm appear to us brooding over that doubtful sea. But something of prophetic vision is required of us. We are told that all perils which seem to threaten the first stages of our course are entirely illusive—that they will vanish as we approach—that we shall soon arrive in halcyon waters, and regions where wisdom, peace, and purity reign supreme. If we cautiously inquire after some assurance of such results, we are told that to those sailing under the flag of progress triumph is inevitable, failure is impossible; and that many of the direst evils hitherto known on earth must vanish at the touch of the talisman in the hand of woman—and that talisman is the vote.

Now, to speak frankly—and being as yet untrammelled by political aspirations, we fearlessly do so—as regards this flag of progress, we know it to be a very popular bit of bunting; but to the eye of common-sense it is grievously lacking in consistency. The flag of our country means something positive. We all love it; we all honor it. It represents to us the grand ideas by which the nation lives. It is the symbol of constitutional government, of law and order, of union, of a liberty which is not license. It is to us the symbol of all that may be great and good and noble in the Christian republic. But this vaunted flag of progress, so alluring to many restless minds, is vague in its colors, unstable, too often illusive, in web and woof. Many of its most prominent standard-bearers are clad in the motley garb of theorists. Their flag may be seen wandering to and fro, hither and thither, up and down, swayed by every breath of popular caprice; so it move to the mere cry of "Progress!" its followers

are content. To-day, in the hands of the skeptical philosopher, it assaults the heavens. Tomorrow it may float over the mire of Mormonism, or depths still more vile. It was under the flag of progress that, in the legislative halls of France, the name of the Holy Lord God of Hosts, "who inhabiteth eternity," was legally blasphemed. It was under the flag of progress that, on the 10th of November, 1793, Thérèse Momoro, Goddess of Reason, and wife of the printer Momoro, was borne in triumph, by throngs of worshipers, through the streets of Paris, and enthroned in the house of God.

Beyond all doubt, there is now, as there ever has been, an onward progress toward truth on earth. But that true progress is seldom rapid, excepting perhaps in the final stages of some particular movement. It is, indeed, often so slow, so gradual, as to be imperceptible at the moment to common observation. It is often silent, wonderful, mysterious, sublime. It is the grand movement toward the Divine Will, working out all things for eventual good. In looking back, there are for every generation way-marks by which the course of that progress may be traced. In looking forward no mortal eye can foresee its immediate course. The ultimate end we know, but the next step we can not foretell. The mere temporary cry of progress from human lips has often been raised in direct opposition to the true course of that grand, mysterious movement. It is like the roar of the rapids in the midst of the majestic stream, which, in the end, shall yield their own foaming waters to the calm current moving onward to the sea. We ask, then, for something higher, safer, more sure, to guide us than the mere popular cry of "Progress!" We dare not blindly follow that cry, nor yield thoughtless allegiance to every flag it upholds.

Then, again, as regards that talisman, the vote, we have but one answer to make. We do not believe in magic. We have a very firm and unchangeable faith in free institutions, founded on just principles. We entirely believe that a republican form of government in a Christian country may be the highest, the noblest, and the happiest that the world has yet seen. Still, we do not believe in magic. And we do not believe in idolatry. We Americans are just as much given to idolatry as any other people. Our idols may differ from those of other nations; but they are, none the less, still idols. And it strikes the writer that the ballot-box is rapidly becoming an object of idolatry with us. Is it not so? From the vote alone we expect all things good. From the vote alone we expect protection against all things evil. Of the vote Americans can never have too much—of the vote they can never have enough. The vote is expected by its very touch, suddenly and instantaneously, to produce miraculous changes; it is expected to make the foolish wise, the ignorant knowing, the weak strong, the fraudulent honest. It is expected to turn dross to gold. It is held to be the great

educator, not only as regards races, and under the influence of time, which is in a measure true, but as regards individuals and classes of men, and that in the twinkling of an eye, with magical rapidity. Were this theory practically sound, the vote would really prove a talisman. In that case we should give ourselves no rest until the vote were instantly placed in the hands of every Chinaman landing in California, and of every Indian roving over the plains. But, in opposition to this theory, what is the testimony of positive facts known to us all? Are all voters wise? Are all voters honest? Are all voters enlightened? Are all voters true to their high responsibilities? Are all voters faithful servants of their country? Is it entirely true that the vote has necessarily and really these inherent magical powers of rapid education for individuals and for classes of men, fitting them, in default of other qualifications, for the high responsibilities of suffrage? Alas! we know only too well that when a man is not already honest and just and wise and enlightened, the vote he holds can not make him so. We know that if he is dishonest, he will sell his vote; if he is dull and ignorant, he is misled, for selfish purposes of their own, by designing men. As regards man, at least, the vote can be too easily proved to be no talisman. It is very clear that for man the ballot-box needs to be closely guarded on one side by common-sense, on the other by honesty. A man must be endowed with a certain amount of education and of principle, before he receives the vote, to fit him for a worthy use of it. And if the vote be really no infallible talisman for man, why should we expect it to work magical wonders in the hands of woman?

But let us drop the play of metaphor, appropriate though it be when facing the visions of political theorists. Let us look earnestly and clearly at the positive facts before us. We are gravely told that to grant the suffrage to woman would be a step inevitably beneficial and elevating to the whole sex, and, through their influence, to the entire race, and that, on this ground alone, the proposed change in the constitution should be made. Here, so far at least as the concluding proposition goes, we must all agree. If it can be clearly proved that this particular change in our institutions is one so fraught with blessings, we are bound to make it at every cost. The true elevation of the whole race: that is what we are all longing for, praying for. And is it indeed true that this grand work can effectually be brought about by the one step we are now urged to take? What says actual experience on this point? The whole history of mankind shows clearly that, as yet, no one legislative act has ever accomplished half of what is claimed by the advocates of woman's suffrage as the inevitable result of the change they propose. No one legislative act has ever been so widely comprehensive in its results for good as they declare that this act shall be. No one legislative act has ever raised the entire

race even within sight of the point of elevation predicted by the champions of what is called the emancipation of woman. Hear them speak for themselves: "It is hardly possible, with our present experience, to raise our imaginations to the conception of so great a change for the better as would be made by its removal"—the removal of the principle of the subordination of the wife to the husband, and the establishment of the entire independence of women, to be obtained by female suffrage. These are not the words of some excited woman making a speech at a public meeting. The quotation is from the writings of Mr. Stuart Mill. The subordination of the wife to the husband is declared by Mr. Mill to be "the citadel of the enemy." Storm the citadel, proclaim the entire independence of the wife, and our feeble imaginations, we are told, are utterly incapable of conceiving the glorious future of the race consequent upon this one step. This is a very daring assertion. It is so bold, indeed, as to require something of positive proof ere we can yield to it our implicit belief. The citadel we are urged to storm was built by the hand of God. The flag waving over that citadel is the flag of the Cross. When the Creator made one entire sex so much more feeble in physical powers than the other, a degree of subordination on the part of the weaker sex became inevitable, unless it were counteracted by increase of mental ability, strengthened by special precept. But the mental ability, so far as there is a difference, and the precept, are both on the side of the stronger sex. The whole past history of the race coincides so clearly with these facts that we should suppose that even those who are little under the influence of Christian faith might pause ere they attacked that citadel. Common-sense might teach them something of caution, something of humility, when running counter to the whole past experience of the race. As for those who have a living belief in the doctrines of Christianity, when they find that revealed religion, from the first of the Prophets to the last of the Apostles, allots a subordinate position to the wife, they are compelled to believe Moses and St. Paul in the right, and the philosophers of the present day, whether male or female, in the wrong. To speak frankly, the excessive boldness of these new theories, the incalculable and inconceivable benefits promised us from this revolution from the natural condition of things in Christendom—and throughout the world indeed—would lead us to suspicion. Guides who appeal to the imagination when discussing practical questions are not generally considered the safest. And the champions of female suffrage are necessarily compelled to take this course. They have no positive foundation to rest on. Mr. Stuart Mill has said in Parliament, in connection with this subject, that "the tyranny of established custom has entirely passed away." Nothing can be more true than this assertion. As a rule, the past is now looked upon with doubt,

with suspicion, often with a certain sort of contempt, very far from being always consistent with sound reason. The tyranny of the present day—and it may be just as much a tyranny as the other—is radically opposite in character. It is the tyranny of novelty to which we are most exposed at present. The dangers lie chiefly in that direction. There will be little to fear from the old until the hour of reaction arrives, as it inevitably must, if the human mind be strained too far in a new direction. At present the more startling an assertion, the farther it wanders from all past experience, the greater are its chances of attracting attention, of gaining adherents, of achieving at least a partial and temporary success. In the age and in the country which has seen the development of Mormonism as a successful religious, social, and political system, nothing should surprise us. Such is the restlessness of human nature that it will often, from mere weak hankering after change, hug to its bosom the wildest theories, and yield them a temporary allegiance.

Let us suppose that to-day the proposed revolution were effected; all women, without restriction, even the most vile, would be summoned to vote in accordance with their favorite theory of inalienable right. That class of women, and other degraded classes of the ignorant and unprincipled, will always be ready to sell their votes many times over—to either party, to both parties, to the highest bidder, in short. They will sell their vote much more readily than the lowest classes of men now do. They will hold it with greater levity. They will trifle with it. They will sell their vote any day for a yard of ribbon or a tinsel brooch—unless they are offered two yards of ribbon or two brooches. They will vote over again every hour of every election day, by cunning disguises and trickery. And thus, so far as women are concerned, the most degraded element in society will, in fact, represent the whole sex. Nay, they will probably not unfrequently command the elections, as three colored women are said once to have done in New Jersey. A hundred honest and intelligent women can have but one vote each, and at least fifty of these will generally stay at home. If, which God forbid, it actually comes to female voting, a very small proportion of the sex will, at common elections, appear at the polls. Avocations more urgent, more natural to them, and in which they are more deeply interested, will keep them away. The degraded women will be there by the scores, as tools of men, enjoying both the importance of the hour, the fun, and *the pay*. Fifty women, known to be thieves and prostitutes, will hold, at a moderate calculation, say two hundred votes. And, as women form the majority of the resident population in some States, that wretched element of society will, in fact, govern those States, or those who bribe them will do so. Massachusetts, very favorable to female suffrage now, will probably come round to the opinion of New Jersey in former days. Great will be the con-

sumption of cheap ribbons, and laces, and artificial flowers, and feathers, and tinsel jewelry, in every town and village about election time, after emancipation is achieved. We are compelled to believe so, judging from our knowledge of human nature, and of the use already made of bribery at many elections. The demagogues will be more powerful than ever. Their work will be made easy for them. It seems, indeed, probable that under the new era our great elections shall become a sort of grand national gift concerns, of which the most active demagogues of all parties will be the managers. Not that women are more mercenary, or more unprincipled than men. God forbid! That would be saying too much. We entirely believe the reverse to be true. But the great mass of women can never be made to take a deep, a sincere, a discriminating, a lasting interest in the thousand political questions ever arising to be settled by the vote. They very soon weary of such questions. On great occasions they can work themselves up to a state of frenzied excitement over some one political question. At such times they can parade a degree of unreasoning prejudice, of passionate hatred, of blind fury, even beyond what man can boast of. But, in their natural condition, in everyday life, they do not take instinctively to politics as men do. Men are born politicians; just as they are born masons, and carpenters, and soldiers, and sailors. Not so women. Their thoughts and feelings are given to other matters. The current of their chosen avocations runs in another channel than that of politics—a channel generally quite out of sight of politics; it is an effort for them to turn from one to the other. With men, on the contrary, politics, either directly or indirectly, are closely, palpably, inevitably blended with their regular work in life. They give their attention unconsciously, spontaneously, to politics. Look at a family of children, half boys, half girls; the boys take instinctively to whips and guns and balls and bats and horses, to fighting and wrestling and riding; the girls fondle their dolls, beg for a needle and thread, play at housekeeping, at giving tea-parties, at nursing the sick baby, at teaching school. That difference lasts through life. Give your son, as he grows up, a gun and a vote; he will delight in both. Give your daughter, as she grows up, a gun and a vote, and, unless she be an exceptional woman, she will make a really good use of neither. Your son may be dull; but he will make a good soldier, and a very tolerable voter. Your daughter may be very clever; but she would certainly run away on the battle-field, and very probably draw a caricature on the election ticket. There is the making of an admirable wife and mother, and a valuable member of society, in that clever young woman. She is highly intelligent, thoroughly well educated, reads Greek and Latin, and has a wider range of knowledge and thought than ninety-nine in a hundred of the voters in the same district; but there is nothing of the

politician in her nature. She would rather any day read a fine poem than the best political speech of the hour. What she does know of politics reaches her through that dull but worthy brother of hers. It is only occasionally that we meet women with an inherent bias for politics; and those are not, as a rule, the highest type of the sex—it is only occasionally that they are so. The interest most women feel in politics is secondary, factitious, engrafted on them by the men nearest to them. Women are not abortive men; they are a distinct creation. The eye and the ear, though both belonging to the same body, are each, in a certain sense, a distinct creation. A body endowed with four ears might hear remarkably well; but without eyes it would be of little use in the world. A body with four eyes would have a fourfold power of vision, and would consequently become nearly as sharp-sighted as a spider; but without hearing its powers of sight would avail little. In both cases, half the functions of the human being, whether physical or mental, would be very imperfectly performed. Thus it is with men and women; each has a

distinct position to fill in the great social body, and is especially qualified for it. These distinct positions are each highly important. And it is reasonable to believe that, by filling their own peculiar position thoroughly well, women can best serve their Creator, their fellow-creatures, and themselves. No doubt you may, if you choose, by especial education from childhood upward, make your girls very respectable politicians, as much so as the majority of your sons. But in that case you must give up your womanly daughters—you must be content with manly daughters. This essential difference between the sexes is a very striking fact; yet the advocates of female suffrage constantly lose sight of it; they talk and write as if it had no existence. It is not lack of intellect on the part of women, but difference of intellect, or rather a difference of organization and affinities giving a different bias to the intellect, which is the cause of their distinct mental character as a sex. And, owing to this essential difference, the great majority of women are naturally disinclined to politics, and partially unfitted for action in that field.

ANTEROS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE," "SWORD AND GOWN," "SANS MERCI,"
"BREAKING A BUTTERFLY," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

HESLINGFORD could hardly pretend to the dignity of a manufacturing town; yet a fair stroke of trade was done there, chiefly in the coarser cloth and linen stuffs; and if the air for leagues around was not poisoned with the reek of her furnaces, even on a breezy summer day her brows were seldom clear of smoke; and a utilitarian's ears would have been gladdened by the concert of her steam-mills. It was a big straggling place, closely packed in the centre, but opening toward the outskirts into many rows and terraces of desirable tenements, and beyond these again scores of detached or semi-detached villas encroached on the green fields year by year.

The gray minster had more than a local renown; and besides this, immediately around and near the market-place there were a few gables and porches that stray archaeologists had thought worth photographing; but even in this quarter the aspect of things was rather old-fashioned than ancient, and the most imposing of the private dwellings were only primly respectable.

Unless special business or pleasure had brought you there, you would perhaps have passed on a hundred times without pausing before a certain tall square mansion—built of red, or rather russet brick, with stone casings to the narrow windows—that filled up a goodly portion of a short street leading out of a princi-

pal thoroughfare. There was no pretense of an approach or court-yard before it. The house stood out bluffly in the same line with its humbler fellows, dwarfing them by contrast, like a grenadier shifted into the ranks of a light company. A row of iron railings, inclosing about a fathom's width of gravel, was all that divided the walls from the pavement. If you had bestowed a second glance on this building you would probably have guessed that, though Breckonstone was scrupulously neat and clean, and the minutest breaches of time or weather had been carefully repaired, many years have passed since its first courses were laid; and, furthermore, that the tenant was a person influential by wealth or otherwise. No graven door-plate was needed to tell you that it must needs belong to the chief banker or lawyer of the place; if by any absurd incongruity an utterly idle man came to dwell there, one might fancy him, by the pure force of circumstances, impelled to dabble with paper or parchment.

But, like other eminent respectabilities, the staid old mansion kept for its intimates a very different face from that which it turned toward the profane; not that—even to these—it could ever seem rollicking or jovial; but under this second aspect decorum was tempered with cheerfulness, and dignity ceased to be austere. It was a grateful surprise to a stranger when, after passing through the stiff formal doorway, he caught a glimpse of greenery at the further end of the long cool corridor paved with black

and white marble, that ran through the house from east to west; and traversing this, found himself in a fair garden, the boundary-walls whereof were scarcely to be discerned for ivy and embowering trees. A few flower-beds, richly rather than gaudily colored, glistened in the midst of sward fresher and smoother than the show-lawn at Templestowe; and the most venerable manor in all Loamshire, which boasted not a few of such, could show nothing to compare with those twin cedars—so lowly with their trailing branches, so haughty with their soaring spires. Moreover, the dull uniformity of the street façade was broken by bow-windows on the ground-floor, deep as oriels, and by casements above of diverse shapes and sizes.

Building land in the heart of such a thriving and increasing town as Heslingford was a very mine of profit; and if the value of property is to be estimated by the capital lying dormant there, the maintaining of that modest *plaisance* was a costlier whim than the preserving of a deer-park farther afield.

Since a Corbett came to dwell here, four generations ago, the family—prospering steadily as a rule—had known, like their neighbors, seasons of trouble and strait; but they had never once been tempted to diminish, by a cubit's breadth, this plot kept for their delight.

They were rather notable people, these Corbetts. The founder of the line appeared in Heslingford as chief clerk in a bank already of some standing there. He was London-bred, and of his antecessors little or nothing was known; but his aptitude for business and industry were such that none were surprised when, after twenty years' hard work, he was received as a partner. Before John Corbett died, in a good old age, he had managed, in his placid, pertinacious way, to engross a large proportion of the authority, if not of the profits, of the concern; and his descendants had followed in his footsteps, gradually extruding the original elements, so that for some time past the Corbetts following their name had become a polite fiction. The cautious methodical spirit of their ancestor had long survived him. There is no doubt that the Corbetts might have waxed much wealthier if they would have embarked in thoroughly justifiable speculation; but they had preferred to increase their pile slowly and surely, avoiding all risks not necessarily incidental to the finance trade. And those cadets who, in default of finding room in the bank, sought fortune in the law, the army, or the Church, showed themselves not less careful than their seniors in no wise to impair the family credit. Yet though "safe," they were not hard men; and cases might have been quoted where, to assist an honest farmer or deserving tradesman, the banker had furnished from his own private resources the aid which he was bound professionally to deny. Precise they might be, but scarcely precisians; their religion was of the steady church-going order, with no

tinge of fanaticism; and there was nothing of the mawworm or mere money-grubber in their blood. They entered into sport and pleasure at proper seasons not a whit more sadly than their fellows, subscribing to the Loamshire hounds just as regularly as to the Heslingford charities. Furthermore, they had always shown a proneness to intermarry with the squirearchy; and at the present time of speaking their personal interests were certainly more closely allied with the county than with the town.

Arthur Corbett's grandfather had purchased a moderate estate, with a good house upon it, a dozen miles or so from Heslingford; and here resided Jacob, his father. Still nominally the head of the firm, but suffering from ill health, he meddled very little with the management, only occasionally sitting in the bank-parlor to satisfy his own conscience, or the fancy of certain ancient customers, who liked maundering over their business, and usually made it an excuse for a heavy luncheon and a lengthened prose. So on the said Arthur's shoulders rested all the real burden of responsibility; and they carried it exceeding lightly.

In business hours the junior partner showed himself to the full as shrewd and painstaking as his predecessors; but when he closed his desk he seemed to lock up all his cares in it, and came forth the most hilarious and convivial of creatures. It was quite wonderful what a large cantel of his time he contrived to allot to amusements, without in any wise neglecting duty. He was a good second-rate shot, and a fair, though by no means "bruising," rider to hounds. In any scheme of public or private diversion, from a festival down to a picnic, Arthur Corbett's name was safe to be prominent; and his "little dinners" were renowned throughout Loamshire. He was a Benedict of some ten years' standing now; and around his table there have grown up a very bower of olive branches. But there was much of the school-boy about him still; and with his round musical laugh ringing in your ears, you would have found it hard to believe in either his family or his financial dignities. He had never given his wife a single grave uneasiness, or society a single occasion for scandal; but—sooth to speak—he was an incorrigible philanderer, and was as variable in his devotion as in the fashion of his garments; the which is a wide expression, for he was choice and costly in his attire, erring rather on the side of gorgeousness. Also he affected, not unsuccessfully, the dragoon swagger; and was far prouder of his commission in the yeomanry than of his deputy lieutenancy. Could he have had his will, he would have invented for that corps such a uniform as would have cast into shade the splendors of the Chevalier Guard. "The sweetest temper in the world," said his numerous admirers; and so perhaps it was, though it had very seldom been tried. Not only had he passed through no furnace of adversity, but the flame of a taper

burning awry, had never scorched the butterfly wings he fluttered so gayly. His mother—dead now some years—his sisters, and his wife, had all in their turn worshiped and equestered him; and his father, in masculine fashion, had spoiled him no less consistently. That their prince could do no wrong was the prime article of the family creed; and had he been more faulty and negligent in his domestic relations he would still have remained their sole standard of excellence. However, no shortcomings in this respect could fairly be charged against Arthur Corbett. The inner fount of his affections seemed always brimming over; and he was content that his kinsfolk, no less than his friends, should drink freely of the abundance thereof. Endowed with such a character, and ample means withal for developing his genial tendencies, he could not be otherwise than popular—amazingly popular. Perhaps, though they liked him well, men hardly believed in him as implicitly as women did. But if *le bel Arthur* had been aware of this, it would not have greatly troubled him: he would have been content that things should be so.

Look narrowly at him, and you will see that the *physique* is a very fair reflex of the *morale* of the man.

An undeniably handsome face, if something soft and sensuous, and becomingly framed in crisp waves of pale golden hair. A figure almost commanding in its proportions, with only a promise of portliness as yet, though the outlines are already rounded. You would say, perhaps, that the figure wants setting up, and the face wants fining down; and both would remind you of the Bacchate ideal—the presentment, not of the Indian god, bearded, grave, and serene, but of the Theban reveler, made twice immortal by Praxiteles.

His air and manner are pervaded by a self-satisfaction bordering on self-sufficiency; and to this, at the present moment, is added the beatitude of one who has thoroughly enjoyed a savory meal. It is only a conjugal *tête-à-tête*, but his evening attire is elaborate, and jewels sparkle on breast and wrists and on the plump white fingers toying with the curls of the pretty child nestling at his knee.

Emma Corbett by no means emulates her husband's splendor. Her dress is plain, almost to homeliness, and not adapted to set off even the modest *uxoriam pulchritudinem* of which she can boast. The cares of maternity and house-keeping have told on her face not a little already; but she has a pleasant, honest smile, and a pleasant voice withal, though not a musical one.

"So you have actually seen this famous bride. And how were you so lucky?"

Arthur stretches out his length of limb, and yawns luxuriously.

"I saw her very much; and this is how it happened. Lord Atherstone came to see me at the bank this afternoon; and when we had

finished our business he asked me if I would like to be presented to my lady, who was sitting in the carriage. Of course, I was only too happy."

"And what did you think of her?"

"I—decidedly admire her."

Mark the importance of his manner; it is as though he said, "I am aware that my verdict is too valuable to be lightly given, *cependant je me risque*."

Emma Corbett smiles good-naturedly.

"How very glad she would be if she knew that! But it don't exactly describe her, you see."

"Well, she's tall—very tall, so far as I could judge, as she leaned back half buried in furs; and rather dark than fair, with plenty of coloring, though not in the least coarse; and coloring all in the right place too, in spite of the north wind; and her eyes—brown I think they are—are simply superb."

"And does she seem pleasant?"

Arthur pauses a second or two, as if trying to recollect.

"I fancy she might be—very pleasant, if she chose to take the trouble; but there's a cool, languid way about her, and perhaps she would not always choose. I don't dislike that; it's rather good style than otherwise."

"And does Lord Atherstone seem very fond of her?"

"What a thoroughly wifely question! Yes; he appears very fond of her, and proud into the bargain. If she had been a pearl of great price, he could not have wrapped her up more tenderly. I never thought till to-day that it was possible his face could thaw."

"There's an end to most frosts, I suppose," Mrs. Corbett replies. "You make me more curious than ever to see the last new thing in brides. I don't implicitly believe in all your swans, you know."

Corbett laughs lazily.

"Well, you needn't pine much longer; next week won't be a bit too soon to call. I'll drive you over myself, if you like. And now—Meta shall have the story I promised her, if she was good."

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM very old time it has been proverbial how ill they fare who, trusting in their own strength, presume to walk in independence, if not in defiance, of the deities. They need not fall as fell Capaneus, nor need any great wind from the wilderness smite the four corners of the house where the criminals are feasting; but the punishment, we are bound to believe, sooner or later, is sure. And why should not the same hold good with those who, either by choice or heedlessness, wander on aloof from their fellow-men, till at length they find themselves out in the desert, standing quite alone? The frail hand that, before it was stiffened, was strong to

indite many wise and tender words, was seldom better used than when it wrote of

"The bond which is not loosed by any:
And thou and I this law must keep—
If not in love, in sorrow, then—
Though smiling not like other men,
Still, like them we must weep."

It was in the first bitterness of enmity against his kind that Timon

"Made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge should cover."

If he had lived longer—long enough for Ape-mantus's curse to take effect—it may be he would have grown weary of his cave, and have hankered for the fair city whose very hum and bustle sounded sociable, though in the crowd mingled so many harlots, traitors, and parasites.

Without being sentimental or sensitive, a man may find it somewhat galling to realize that the great joy or the great sorrow that has befallen him does not appear to interest his neighbors in the faintest degree; and the lack of sympathy in the first case is almost as vexatious as in the last.

The causes of Lord Atherstone's unpopularity in his county have been noted above, and how, if not actually sought, it was thoroughly earned. Possibly since then he had seen the error of his ways; but it is not probable that till now he had ever repented of them. It happened to him as it has happened to many other stark soldiers: while they had only their own safety to think of their harness was well able to protect them; but in striving to buckler another they perforce left their side unguarded, and the quarrel came home. Soon after her marriage he had said to Marian Ashleigh, "The Loamshire folks and I understand one another pretty well by this time. I can't alter my habits, even to suit such an occasion as this." Soon after his own he would have altered some of those same habits very readily, and began to wish that the said "understanding" was not so perfect. Among his bitterest enemies of either sex, social, political, or personal, not one had been found bold enough to put any overt slight, much less insult, on Ralph Atherstone; but somehow by tacit consent he had been edged gradually aside, till the place that by all rights he ought to have filled knew him no more. He was seldom solicited now to add his name to the stewards' list on the occasion of any public festival; private invitations were just as rare; and all the visiting-cards left at Templestowe were intended for the Ashleighs. The few men with whom Ralph was on familiar speaking terms were hunting acquaintances, and their conversation was usually confined to the simple interchange of ideas on the subject of weather, crops, and scent, that forms the staple of covert-side talk. The Baron hitherto had been perfectly content to be allowed to gang his ain gate; but it was different now.

The bridal *retraite* was past, and yet the Loamshire matronhood seemed by no means eager to welcome, or even to recognize, the last recruit to their ranks.

The Rev. Hubert Ashleigh (the same who had acted as Philip's guardian) called as soon as he decorously could, bringing his wife with him. He was a very correct and sensible divine—a trifle time-serving, some people thought, and rather too apt to "be all things to all men;" but, even where the course was badly buoyed, he had a rare knack of so steering and trimming his sails as to strike the middle course, that is generally the shortest, as well as the safest in the end. He was chatty and cordial enough when "he'd just dropped in to lunch without ceremony, because he was sure to catch his cousins at home at that hour;" but—dining that same evening at his archdeacon's, with a clerical party—he contrived to make it fully understood that a sense of family duty, rather than personal inclination, had brought him thus early to Templestowe; neither did he intimate that it was absolutely incumbent on his brethren to follow his example.

Besides the Corbetts, some half-dozen squires and rectors, dwelling in the immediate neighborhood, called or left cards; but none of these last carried very great weight in the county, and their civilities only brought out in stronger relief the general remissness—a remissness that could not be quite accounted for by weather wild and wet enough to make a merciful man loth to take his horses far from their stable.

It was not the weather, you may be well assured, that induced Lord Atherstone to give his hunters a holiday—for since his marriage he had not shown at the covert-side. It was his fancy not to go out till Lena could decorously accompany him. She had not had much cross-country practice; but Ralph soon discovered that she had exceptionally good hands, a firm seat, and wonderful nerve. So, during their retirement, whenever there was a lull in the wind and rain, he gave her an hour's schooling on a couple of his horses that, for a wonder, had mouths and manners, and only required a little steadying to make them thoroughly safe conveyances.

They did not pass irksomely those quiet days. Lena was not a bit of a philosopher, and not a bit too proud or too wise to relish keenly the good things of this world, whereof she had as yet had but scanty share. It was pleasant enough to open her eyes on tapestry still rich and warm in color, though a century had passed since it left the loom, and on soft silken hangings, merging into cloudy lace, instead of on white draperies, bare gray walls, and a scant-carpeted floor; pleasant to be tended by the most skillful of *caméristes*, instead of being dependent on the second services of Mrs. Shafton's ancient maid, sometimes grudgingly, if not grumblingly, rendered—for the good Julie's temper, naturally subacid, had been nipped and soured on the northern fells, and she deemed in *ce sacré pays*

a *Parisienne* fully worthy of her hire without working double tithes; pleasant, within doors, to be surrounded by manifold devices of comfort and luxury, after being used to faded, scanty furniture, and all the small domestic shifts of "poor gentility;" pleasant to look forth on a wide rolling park, studded with timber majestic even in leaflessness, instead of on a miserable strip of yellow pasture-ground, fringed with stunted firs that would scarcely shelter a Highland steer; pleasant, too, when the weather was too wild to go farther afield, to stroll through the stables, where the worth of a fair estate was represented by the tenants of the deep boxes and wide stalls, and to watch the light of the swinging lamps reflected on hides glistening with the last polish of the "rubber," and to contrast all this with the ruinous, draughty out-building, where, since Miles ceased to reside at Blytheswold, stood only a couple of hill ponies, with their shaggy coats all staring; pleasantest of all, to feel that she had only to speak a wish to find it carried out to the letter, quickly and cheerfully—for both the Upper and Lower Chamber in the household at Templestowe had passed a vote of confidence in their new mistress, and were, in truth, disposed to rejoice in their emancipation from the somewhat strict rule of Marian Ashleigh.

Of the infinite tenderness toward his wife underlying Ralph's *brusquerie* she, at least, never doubted; but he was none of the foolish fond old men who cloy their "pets" with sugar-plums, and wax querulous if the darling at last turns her head away from the *bonbonnière*. After all, the *reality* in the rare softening and lightening of his hard, dark face was worth a dozen demonstrations. Before she had been a week at Templestowe Lena discovered that the household, in so far as her master was concerned, was ruled by fear much more than by love. Lord Atherstone never rated his servants, but that they stood in awe of his glance, to say nothing of his frown, was very perceptible. Seeing all this, Lena felt a sort of satisfaction in the consciousness that *she* was never likely to be afraid of him.

Nevertheless, not once since their marriage had it ever entered into her head to call her husband by his Christian name. The address affected by Marian Ashleigh seemed to Lena just the right compromise; and so Ralph was "Monseigneur" still.

Watching the pair you would perhaps have decided that the change in their estate had affected the bridegroom less than the bride; and yet the truth was far otherwise. Of the fierce delights of battle, and of "the hunter's sullen joy," the Baron had had his fill; but the fruits that men gather only under their own vine and their own fig-tree were as new and strange to him as cates would be to a Polynesian.

Albeit little prone to misgivings, there were

moments when he felt almost afraid of his great happiness; and yet he did not fully realize it then, nor ever—till it stood out in relief against the darkness of the after-time.

Is it not so with all of us? I think the keenest pang that comes with the memory of the *temps felice* past and gone is the consciousness of how imperfectly we appreciated it while it endured. I am speaking now of the quiet and, so to speak, domestic bliss, not of the perilous ecstasies snatched between storm-gusts. No doubt we thought it pleasant at the time, while sitting dreamily over the fire, to have soft, bright hair always within reach of our caress, and to find in earnest eyes always a sympathy with our joys and sorrows, ay, though the first were no greater than having held our own in

"The glory of the gallop forty minutes over grass;" and the last no heavier than an error at whist suitably punished. But *how* pleasant it was we never knew till over all this there came a change.

Till our nerve or our purse fail we shall probably persist in pursuing; but, saving our dear friend, Harry Copeland, who has an eye to a deal, not a living soul will care whether the good horse Esca, whose price lies heavy on our conscience, makes the very utmost of a lucky start, or after a mile of deep going comes back to the rack, and we frequent the board of green cloth more regularly than before; but while sorting our cards it may occur to us that, besides our saturnine partner and the rash outsider who has backed the deal against the science, none will rejoice over the rubber pulled out of the fire.

It does not much matter of course, only sometimes, as we jog homeward through the twilight, or issue forth into the gray morning, we shall find ourselves wondering how in the old time we could ever have been tempted to leave, were it but for an hour, that cozy ingle-nook and that gentle company. The hearth to which we are returning is cold and lonely, or there gather round it faces—familiar, perchance, and not unkindly—but which can no more fill up a certain void than time can bridge eternity. The soft bright hair has lost its sheen, if it has not moulded into dust; and if, in the visions of the night, we stretch forth our hand to caress it, when once awake we laugh the folly to scorn; for to satisfy that longing we should need to delve two fathom deep into the soil of God's Acre, and lift the lid of a coffin. And the earnest eyes—if it were possible—would they still care to sympathize with our confessions, light or grave?

Over such a doubt wiser brains than yours and mine, my brother, have wearied themselves in vain; when it is fully solved, there will be few secrets left to be unraveled, and there will abide unbroken but one of the Seven Seals.

HEARTACHE.

THE still skies hear a moaning
 Among celestial airs;
 Low at the Throne are drooping
 The winds that carry prayers.
 The Face that is the light of heaven
 Grows sad with pitying;
 For a heartache, a heartache,
 Is such a common thing!

Where flesh to flesh complaineth,
 Grievs are a clamorous host;
 Where silence lieth deepest,
 The heavens listen most.
 In unsuspected ministry
 Stoops many an angel-wing;
 For a heartache, a heartache,
 Is such a common thing!

A costly thing to carry,
 Of all things, is a heart:
 I never knew I had it
 Until I felt it smart.
 The wandering pain is quick to come,
 To come again and cling:
 Oh, a heartache, a heartache,
 Is such a common thing!

A heart is that which opens
 To trouble's thousand ways;
 An unseen arrow wounds it,
 To halt through all its days.
 An evil-eye may scatter blight,
 A flitting mite may sting—
 No wonder that a heartache
 Is such a common thing!

I've heard of some that carry
 A heart secure from harm,
 But nothing wholly human
 Had ever such a charm;
 For joy, I know, hath still unrest,
 And love still fluttering—
 All the world round, a heartache
 Is such a common thing!

Full-throated are the singers
 That dwell in deepest shade;
 It's less of joy than sorrow
 Our precious songs are made.
 There's never silence in the breast
 That hath so sweet a spring—
 Oh, a heartache, a heartache,
 Is such a common thing!

Entreat who will of Pity—
 Friend, let not you and I!
 There is not heart's-ease growing
 Enough for all who sigh.
 Oh, never mind us, merry world!
 We too will dance and sing;
 For a heartache, a heartache,
 Is but a common thing!

One certain cure for heartache
 My sister Sorrow told:
 "There's naught so quickly healing
 As is the church-yard mould."
 How well it is the very one
 That Time is sure to bring;
 Since a heartache, a heartache,
 Is such a common thing!

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE death of Dickens was a shock, but probably not altogether a surprise, to those who knew him most intimately. It was the peculiarity of his temperament that he seemed always to be under full headway. Whatever he did with his hands or his head he did with his heart also. There are people who never seem to get so far as to be wholly alive. They are like fires that never quite burn, but smoke and smoulder away; or candles that feebly flicker, but never spring into a clear, bright flame. Others burn and blaze warmly and cheerfully from the first, and therefore are sooner exhausted. The very intensity of Dickens's nature should have announced the probability of a comparatively brief career. How busy he was in many ways all the world knows. But how equally devoted in many other ways of private beneficence only those know who came nearest to him.

Even those who did not personally know him well, of whom the Easy Chair is one, may recall many a pleasant instance of his heartiness and profuse humor. One bright June day in London, several years ago, there was a little dinner at Cattermole's, the artist, at which Dickens had promised to be present. The company assembled, and every thing went pleasantly until the dinner hour arrived. There was then some pause of expectation, for Mr. Dickens had not come.

Conversation became a little more difficult; and as the conviction gradually seized the party that perhaps he would not come at all, there was a very obvious disappointment. When it was impossible to wait longer the dinner was served, and the guests descended to the dining-room; but it was curious to remark the blight that had overspread the feast. There was the usual gay murmur of a dinner all around the table, but it seemed as if every body were secretly looking for something or somebody else. Suddenly, when the business was well advanced, there was a loud ring at the door, which every body heard, and the cloud instantly lifted. "There's Dickens!" said several of the guests, with an air of delight and relief; and those who did not say it looked it. The next moment a noise was heard in the hall above, merry voices, pleasant laughter; and then there seemed to be a charge of school-boys or light cavalry down the stairs, and Dickens and his friend John Forster burst into the dining-room, each loudly excusing himself, and accusing the other as having caused the delay.

Dickens seated himself by the mistress of the house, and instantly, as it were, took up the conversation, and carried it along with little sallies of fun; and his "carrying on" with the waiter when he wanted a piece of bread was like a rollicking scene from "Pickwick." It was the over-

flow of the highest animal spirits, and was as electrical in his manner as it is in his books. He felt entirely at home; and the feeling that the solemn English waiter would be confounded by such antics—which, however, did not in the least turn him into ridicule—was part of the humor. Dickens made a mock apology for his delay, founded upon a promise to attend a picnic in the earlier part of the day given by the manager of the Opera, at which Grisi and the other singers, with the dancers, had been present. He sketched them all with a word and a smile. They were all vividly before the company. He took the dinner guests also, as it were, to the picnic. "But oh! the eating!" exclaimed he. "Dear Madame, do you know the eating at an operatic picnic—I mean, of course," he added, with a solemn sly twinkle in the eye, "when the ladies of the ballet attend?" It was sheer extravaganza; and however foolish and flat it seems in the tame telling, it was delightful and memorable. After dinner, when the ladies went up stairs and the children peeped in, Dickens beckoned to them; and seating one on each knee, took a slate and pencil, and drew the most grotesque figures as illustrations of the most absurd story; then sent the young folks away as merry as the elders.

What he did at that table he did in the world. He told the most delightful stories, he made the most harmless fun; and all his story-telling and fun-making were morally healthful. He was a great civilizing and Christianizing power during thirty years. He was one of the men of the most unquestionable genius and positive influence that have appeared in English literature, and meanwhile it was almost as good as his own fun to hear the comments that were made upon the man and upon his works. Sir Piercie Shafton, especially, was obliged to use his pouncet-box whenever the name of Dickens was mentioned. "Such a suob, Sir; really no gentleman at all, I assure you." There were those who thought him a caricaturist—a writer of mere extravaganzas, no artist; a kind of newspaper reporter on the great scale. That last criticism Dickens himself would undoubtedly have accepted. For the business of the great novelist is to report human life and character as they daily appear; but his genius makes his reports the best of literature. As for caricature, every genius must follow its own law. Miss Austen finished each of her exquisite miniatures of character with an airy-fine delicacy. They are exact and natural and agreeable, but never typical. They have not named and classified human nature for us. The work is so elaborate and smooth that you may bring your eye close to the surface and yet you do not see the stroke. But however broad and coarse the touch of Dickens may seem, the effect is wholly lifelike, and the proof is the universal acceptance of the type. Common conversation and current literature reflect the humor and the wisdom of this genius as the streams and lakes reflect the bright sky.

In the Sistine Chapel at Rome, if you go close to the huge fresco of the "Last Judgment," you are lost in amazement that such a mass of heavy color should be called the greatest picture in the world. But if you will step to the other end of the chapel and look at it, you will

acknowledge that there is no greater. So Dickens's power is felt at a distance, so to speak. His fidelity is approved by the general effect he produces. It is often said, for instance, that he could not truly describe what is called "society;" and that in this respect one chapter of Thackeray is worth all that Dickens ever wrote. But is not the difference merely that Dickens offers the plump, incarnate fact, while Thackeray delineates it in detail? There are plenty of Lady Kews, for instance, upon the larger or smaller scale, in every highly artificial society, and there is perhaps no Mrs. Merdle to be seen any where. Therefore we say Thackeray, in the "Newcomes," really holds "the mirror up to nature;" while Dickens, in "Little Dorrit," creates a monster and labels it nature. Now the impression produced by Thackeray is, that the tendency of what is called "society" is to harden the heart and produce a wholly artificial and repulsive life. He shows us, further, how it is done; and he shows it so skillfully that those who are familiar with the sphere and influence that he describes accept it as masterly. But is not the pleasure confined to them? They follow with delight the amusing fidelity of the work; but that is a purely artistic pleasure, which is not shared by the great multitude of readers. Dickens, on the other hand, presents an unshaded Mrs. Merdle as the representative, the type, of the demoralization and utter artificiality wrought by society. It is recognized and accepted every where. That is what "the million" feel about "society." The book speaks for them and to them. The habitué of society knows that there is no Mrs. Merdle, but he does not reach the next corner upon his promenade without meeting a suggestion of her.

This same characteristic is shown in the delightful Dick Swiveller or Micawber. Nobody ever saw Micawber, but every body knows him perfectly well; and this makes Dickens what is called the story-teller for the million. His spirit is sympathetic with man, not with classes or characters only. In Thackeray there is no technical "low life." He takes us into the kitchen indeed, but that is only the down-stairs parlor. So Scott's sympathy with lords and ladies is never hidden, and Edie Ochiltree is one of the figures of a feudal society. But Dickens deals with general, common humanity. His range is wider, if in particular points his insight is not so deep, nor his grasp so firm. It seems worth while to say so now, not to insist upon comparisons, which at such a height of genius as that of Scott and Thackeray and Dickens are useless, and which seem ungenerous, but because there has been a disposition to be unjust to the real qualities of Dickens. A year ago there was a very ingenious and brilliant depreciation of him in one of the English magazines; and Mr. Justin McCarthy was, he said, surprised to find that in this country Mr. Dickens was praised as he was not at home.

It is the fortune of such a man, however, to be criticised as an artist while he is felt as a power. But let us discriminate. If an extravaganza quickens the charitable heart of a whole people, as Thackeray declared that Dickens's Christmas tales had quickened that of England, he is surely a great human benefactor, whether he be a great artist or not. A recent writer in the *Penn*

Monthly Magazine, at Philadelphia, declares that Dickens

"reproduces the husk and outer shell of the men and women he has met. . . . He is generally a reformer and a disciple of Brougham. . . . He will never again stir the blood of England and America by the gall of his pen, nor terrify venerable and respectable 'barnacles' by his weekly numbers, as Anthony Trollope portrays him in that cleverest of counter-caricatures, 'The Warden.'"

'Untimely lags the veteran on the stage;'

and as work after work comes from his pen, the new public look on in stupid wonder, as if Addison were arisen from the dead to continue the *Spectator*. Grotesque wit, clever caricatures, keen mimicry, are here as of old, but the life is not here. The generation has passed out of living sympathy with the writer, and we only regard him with a faint antiquarian interest. It has been stirred by new thoughts which he has not felt; it is agitated by contending purposes and desires which find no reflection in his breast. Let him read us 'Copperfield' and 'Paul Dombey' if he will; but as for his 'Great Expectations,' 'Mutual Friend,' and 'Edwin Drood'—faugh! they are a weariness to the flesh."

Just as these words were published Dickens died; and the feeling with which the news of his death was received is perhaps the most conclusive reply to the general assertion of the article.

For although it is undoubtedly true that so many of Dickens's stories are batteries opened upon actual wrongs, it is not easy to see that they are therefore ruined as stories, or are doomed to the decay that is said to overtake all art that aims at a moral. The question of the direct morality of art is rather a large one. But it is hard to see why "Macbeth" is not a great poem because it is a very plain sermon upon ambition, or "Othello" a true work of art because it shows the deplorable consequences of jealousy. That "Little Dorrit" is not one of the most delightful sketches of character in our literature because it exposes the miseries of a debtors' prison, or that "Nicholas Nickleby" is not a marvelous picture of certain conditions of English life because it crucifies the head demons of boarding-schools, would be extremely difficult to establish.

It is true that the fashion of story-tellers passes away. Every history of literature is a body of dismal proof of that truth. But the influence and the admiration of great genius do not pass away. The mere novelist, the delineator of the temporary forms of society and of persons as affected by them, will gradually become curious as he becomes obsolete. But the story-teller who deals with human nature itself, and who paints human character, which does not lose its freshness with the lapse of time, although he may direct his force at a particular and even transitory object, is not the prey of a changing fashion nor of a whimsical taste. "Don Quixote" is a story with a purpose, but it is told by a great genius, and therefore it is dear to every generation of men. It is a permanent contribution to the realm of imaginative creations, like the dramas of Shakespeare or the tales of Chaucer. And every story-teller, in the degree of his genius, has the same hold of the world. Sterne was not a lovable man. He had no especial humanity. Certainly there was no lofty and generous purpose in "Tristram Shandy." But My Uncle Toby is one of the beautiful figures that the imagination of the English-speaking race will not lose. Sterne will not fade from the common knowledge like Mrs. Behn, or any other story-teller who is already forgotten. It is a great mistake in those who read Scott's novels

thirty years ago to suppose that they are not read now. So our children will read Dickens. And the blithe story-teller who has made this generation rejoice, who has touched with so masterly a hand the deepest springs of generous emotion and of high resolve—who, far more than any other, has been the literary minister of that sentiment of humanity which is the spirit of the age, will not fade from the English heart like a fashion, but will rather be, like Chaucer, one of the darlings of its permanent affection.

When it is said that Dickens was the people's story-teller, how much is said! The word people describes a universal range of sympathy. It signifies no class, but means all classes. It includes, as the old alliterative phrase was, the peer and the peasant. And how immense the service to the general faith in each other which we all really wish to cherish, is that of a man who shows, as Dickens did, that the greatest and most universal popularity, the favor of the most ignorant and of the most educated, may be won without pandering to a single mean impulse, without the least ridicule of noble and generous emotion, without any touch of baseness! What work is so truly lofty as that which, while morally cheering and strengthening all men, also inspires and justifies a deeper mutual confidence? This is the service of Dickens. If he was not a great artist, so be it. If he was a caricaturist, so be it. If he was not a gentleman, again so be it. But he was the most popular author of a time when reading was universal, and popular without a hint of impurity. He was more widely loved than any author has ever been in his time; and he left no man living whose death would be so sore and personal a grief to the English-speaking race as his has been.

Farewell, kind master! generous heart! How many and many in America or in England, gathering roses in that solemn week of June, did not wish that they could lay them upon his grave! For even so, sweet and perennial as June roses, full of all summer warmth and beauty, shall be the memory of the man whose tender touch still makes, and will yet make, summer in a thousand, thousand lives.

PHILOMUSICUS came to town in the heated term of June to do honor to the memory of Beethoven. Since the previous December his mind had been fixed upon the great festival. If he thought of a certain other similar undertaking, in a certain other city, in a certain other last year, for instance, he smiled at praiseworthy provincial efforts, and hoped that in the interests of high art the provinces would repair piously to behold the metropolitan magnificence of commemoration. He had heard, indeed, of the universal preparation in the provincial neighborhood in the previous year. He had himself found in small towns and villages, dependent, as it were, upon the provincial centre, a hum and interest of activity, a vigorous rehearsing and practicing, a constant, deepening pride and enthusiasm, which certainly promised fine results. But he had also seen that the Music Hall was loftily doubtful, if not scornful. There were rumors of anvils and bells and artillery, and, in its severe judgment, triviality upon a great scale threatened the very citadel of classicism in music. Then he remembered the stories of the

event: a triumph wholly out of rule, a success banged and roared and rung out, as it were, but an undeniable triumph, an immense success—for the provinces, thought Philomusicus; but let the metropolis speak!

So, when Fahrenheit marked ninety degrees, Philomusicus, who had retired to the country in May, returned to town to join in the mammoth memorial festival in honor of Beethoven. He chose the day upon which the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn was to be performed; and he observed that permission had been generously given to a famous society of prominent singers to assist in swelling the mighty chorus. Arriving in town, very warm, very moist, very dusty, and not in a strictly pious and reverential frame, Philomusicus bestirred himself to reach the temple of concord.

"Where is the Coliseum?" demanded he at the office of the hotel at which he had alighted.

"In Rome, Sir," answered the affable and gentlemanly and evidently highly accomplished clerk.

"Pshaw! I mean the Rink."

"What Rink, Sir? Skating is out of season," smiled the gentleman in duck, profusely perspiring.

"Where the unmentionable is this great concert?"

"Ah! yes, Sir! Somewhere out toward Harlem."

"How do you get there?"

"Cars, I suppose, Sir."

"What cars?"

"Second or Third Avenue cars, Sir."

"Why don't they say so, then?"

"I'm not on the committee, Sir."

"What time does the music begin?"

"Don't know!" getting very crisp.

"Why don't they advertise?" fiercely.

"Don't know!"

"Who the unmentionable does know?"

Philomusicus shot out this question very savagely, and turned away. He had written for a ticket and paid four dollars for it, and in the burning day the temple of concord was becoming very visionary. He began to feel as if he had secured a front seat at Tadmoor in the desert, with the mercury at invisible altitudes. He went to the door, and gazed with an air of injury up and down the street. "Shine yer boots, Sir?" said a rude boy, whom nothing but the severity of early moral training prevented Philomusicus from riding upon his boot over the curbstone. Then he set forth to find a car. He took the Third Avenue at a venture. It was packed with passengers, and he clung desperately and in great peril to the hand-rail. Every body was very hot, very uncomfortable, very disagreeable. Every body was evidently on the way to honor the memory of Beethoven, so that there was no prospect of any body leaving the car and relieving every body else. The journey was interminable.

"And how are we ever to get back again?" asked Philomusicus of a neighbor, who had evidently lunched upon the cheese of Gruyere.

"Mein Gott! verstand nichts," responded the neighbor, with the best feeling in the world.

Philomusicus took out the advertisement which he had cut from a newspaper, and which he knew by heart. It was a whole column of capitals, but it had no mention of any hour nor of any means of conveyance.

"Was ist das?" asked the Gruyere neighbor.

"Das!" replied Philomusicus, energetically, and indignant with a man who said "das" when he meant "that"—"Das is the programme; and I should like to know, if ten thousand people assemble at the concert, how they are ever to get back to town again, hey? What's to bring 'em? These cars?" And he sneered dreadfully.

"Mein Gott! Mein Gott! verstand nichts," replied the gentleman from Gruyere, evidently full of sympathy, and pitying his own inability to convey intelligible comfort to his neighbor.

Philomusicus stood uncomfortably upon the step of the car until it came near the temple, the Coliseum, the Rink, and reached a seat, and was thankful that, after much tribulation, he was now about to offer respectful homage to the memory of the illustrious master by listening reverently to the performance of the noble oratorio of "Elijah." He dismissed the awful doubt of how to get back again, and abandoned himself to blissful expectations, such as only lovers of music know.

But the Easy Chair will not prolong the melancholy story. Philomusicus was treated to anvils and bells and resounding cannon, but the "Elijah" was not sung. How he returned to the city he has never been able clearly to describe.

"My dear Columbio," he said to a friend, "it was monstrous! I was taken I know not how many miles, in the suffocating heat, reeking with the stench of Gruyere cheese, to be robbed. I was swindled out of my money. I bought a ticket for which they promised to give me the 'Elijah,' and they offered me the 'Quadrilles of all Nations,' or something in red shirts with hammers. They did not even give me a chance to take my money back. But I say nothing of that. I suppose they were sure that when they had taken a man out to Harlem, and provided no means of return but a horse-car with eight thousand other people for fellow-passengers, his powers of resistance, and even of remonstrance, would be gone. My Gruyere friend was quite right. When I think of the great Metropolitan Beethoven Centennial, 'Mein Gott! Mein Gott! Verstand nichts!'"

"Philomusicus," replied Columbio, "I understand it all. I paid I know not how much money for seats to hear the 'Messiah,' and circumstances did not authorize the managers to produce it. But the same circumstances authorized them to keep my money; and when I spoke with the ticket-seller, he said that he had turned over the money, but would sell my tickets for what he could get. It was courteous, but it was not the contract."

The chorus from the provinces is understood to have gone home in disgust. Philomusicus went home in the same frame of mind; nor has he since been able to escape the conviction, that instead of an honor to the great composer, the centennial festival was rather a disgrace to the great city—if not, after all, a mere private speculation.

It is no wonder that Mr. Disraeli writes novels, for his life is like a novel. He has strictly followed Sir Philip Sidney's advice, to look into his own heart and write. Indeed, the most rapid sketch of his own career would seem like the

outline of one of his own stories. He wrote the "Wondrous Tale of Alroy;" but the Wondrous Tale of Disraeli is as striking.

The first scene presents us the brilliant son of a family of Spanish Jews, who fled from the Inquisition to Venice, and who, glorying in their race, took the name of Disraeli. The young man's grandfather came to England a hundred and twenty years ago, was rich, and died at ninety years of age. His father devoted himself with ardor and success to literature, living at his ease; and his son Benjamin, born to comfort, handsome, clever, charming, and ambitious, was early a favorite in society. He traveled in Europe, and studied in Germany, and at twenty-one wrote, in a very short time, and published in the same year with Scott's "Woodstock," the sparkling story of "Vivian Grey," full of satire and wit and sentiment and coxcombry—"serving up" some of the chief notabilities of the time, and plainly the work of a youth who felt his power, and had set his heart upon all the political prizes of his country, which are the most precious and dazzling to the mass of his countrymen, because the renown is immediate and the success tangible. In "Vivian Grey" the youth's poetic imagination idealized to Englishmen the ordinary facts of English life, and gave them a fine Oriental color and flavor; but the keynote of the author's whole career was in it, with a kind of secret, cynical disdain of the aims and the prizes that he desired and extolled.

Young Mr. Disraeli was immediately one of the most famous and popular authors in England. D'Orsay drew a portrait of him, the cynosure of golden youth. Willis describes him, a little later, lounging at Lady Blessington's like a young emir of the Lebanon. His book was translated into all languages, and the author presently crossed to the Continent, and made a long tour in the East. While still absent he sent to England two other romances, "The Young Duke" and "Contarini Fleming," full of the same spirit and tastes and charm as the earlier story. "Contarini Fleming," indeed, is a delightful romance. It is like a characteristic poem of Byron's told in equal prose. That the aim of the young Mr. Disraeli was a political career had been evident from the first, and when he returned he tried to get into Parliament, but failed. Upon the hustings he was charged with friendship for O'Connell. He warmly denied the charge, calling O'Connell "a bloody traitor." The Agitator, who acknowledged no master before the people, retorted: "For aught I know, the present Disraeli is the true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who died on the cross." So the Hebrew and Roman flints struck fire.

But the prince of golden youth, Disraeli the younger, as he was fond of calling himself, still brilliantly writing tales, letters, and pamphlets, did not enter Parliament until the first year of Victoria; and, upon his entrance, the famous, witty, haughty, self-possessed author failed grotesquely, failed absurdly, as an orator. The House of Commons was not merely indifferent—did not only read and sleep and slip out to dine while he was speaking—but it roared at him and laughed him to scorn. It was a test of the young man's quality. Instead of sinking into his seat, abashed, mortified, confounded, silenced, with his political career ruined, he shook

his fist defiantly at the House, and thundered out: "I am not surprised. I have tried many things, and in each I have at last succeeded. I sit down now, but one day you shall hear me." The House hallowed, and Disraeli the younger took his seat, undaunted. He knew his future subject, if it did not recognize its future master; and he kept his word.

For three years he sat silent, but he still wrote, and doubtless studied hard; and the stories of "Coningsby" and "Sybil" were even more popular than the earlier tales. They were political, and the characters were familiar figures in England thinly veiled. They, too, had the earlier charm of touching the traditional forms of British Toryism with a romantic light. But there was the same alien under-tone, a kind of persiflage so subtle as to be Mephistophelian, or perhaps even, unconsciously, the protest of a superior intelligence against its own aims and absorptions. The talent of Disraeli the younger created a fanciful, foolish party known as Young England. Its doctrine was very much that of Carlyle's Niagara, namely, that the nobility alone could be expected to produce a millennium in the United Kingdom. Lord John Manners wrote some doggerel about it. He was willing that laws and learning and art and science should die, "but spare, oh, spare our old nobility!" The aristocratic youths of this party were what might be called ritualistic Tories; and the dark-eyed Disraeli the younger was naturally one of their leaders, as his political novels shadowed forth their tenets. The world of the stories was May-fair. The moral seemed to be: "Use the world as you best can. Strike for the great prizes, and remember that in England the great prizes are political. Get success, whatever you lose. Put your lances in rest, gentlemen, and follow me!" And away swept the bold leader, a magnificent Murat, charging right and left; and always in the thickest of the fray there were his nodding plumes and golden trappings and gorgeous costume; and always also the careless, half-cynical smile at the *mêlée*.

"From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
'Tirra lirra,' by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot."

But of the steady, old, evangelical Tories Sir Robert Peel was still the chief. Yet the crown hurt him. It sat ill upon him. He was too wise. In a certain sense he was too truly an Englishman to be a Tory, for Toryism depends much upon the imagination. When the Corn Law debate began Sir Robert felt instinctively what his course ought to be, and knew that it could not be that of his party. Therefore, the man who represented the common-sense of the most common-sensible of nations, and who had the same kind of supreme talent, without genius, in politics that the Duke of Wellington had in war, ceased to be the true Tory leader, and was succeeded by the most imaginative politician in England, the most un-English of Englishmen. But meanwhile Sir Robert, the great Commoner, the Prime Minister, the master of the House, the typical Englishman, feared no onsets like those of the young Hebrew, who a few years before was overwhelmed by an

uproar of ridicule, but who now came down to the Commons crammed with all the blue-books in the kingdom, and dazzled the eyes of the country as he marshaled his serried ranks of statistics, and pierced the grave Minister with his agile and scathing and scornful wit, like the jeweled Saladin, with his sharp and flashing cimeter, nimbly curving and careering around Cœur de Lion. Disraeli the younger had disappeared, and Benjamin Disraeli, Esq., the only man of whom Sir Robert Peel was afraid, was a man of as fair a future as any in England.

After Sir Robert was dethroned, but not disgraced, the Easy Chair was planted one summer morning upon the deck of a steamer going to Hamburg, and asked its fellow-passenger John Bull why Disraeli's party had not put him in office. Mr. Bull replied, with emphasis: "No Jew novelist will ever enter the British Cabinet;" and the worthy gentleman paused suddenly, as if mentally crossing himself at the mere thought of such sacrilege. But within two years of that morning there was a stately procession in the streets of London. The windows and sidewalks were crowded with people staring at the handsome equipages, the liveried footmen, the superb toilets. In one of the fine coaches, clad in official robes, and looking out at the carriage windows, with black eyes overhung by clustering curls, was the Hebrew gentleman who had written novels and been laughed down in the House of Commons. The state carriage, with outriders and gay liveries, drove to Buckingham Palace. Perhaps the gentleman inside remembered certain scenes in certain popular political novels. It was Vivian Grey holding trumps. It was the Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli going to kiss hands as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

From that time he has been the actual and efficient leader of the Tory party. The Earl of Derby was its titular chief, and when he took office Mr. Disraeli was always his lieutenant. After the Earl's last retirement, the Queen summoned the author of the wondrous tale of "Alroy" to form a Cabinet. He who had been so fond of describing dukes and other noblemen now made them. The descendant of the Jewish refugees from ecclesiastical ferocity now nominated bishops. The author of Vivian Grey and of all the political stories was now, by his own skill and resolution, the chief figure in the life he had loved to portray. He who had opposed Sir Robert Peel now measured swords with Sir Robert's most illustrious disciple, Mr. Gladstone. His audacity even outdared the Liberal leader, and for a day he crowned himself with Gladstone's laurels. At last, inevitably, he yielded to the man who represented the tendency of English political development; but, in retiring, the laureate of the aristocracy refused to be made a viscount.

And now at sixty-five Disraeli the younger writes, with a difference, the novel that he wrote at twenty-one. It is all perfume, mother-of-pearl, and gold spangles; all satire, rhetoric, and romance, but it lacks the exuberance of wit, the delicacy, the pathos, the purple light of youth, that make "Vivian Grey" memorable. It has the old familiar air of the world and of high society. Nobody has less than a million a year; and the only embarrassment is to decide in which of the most stately and ancient and picturesque

of castles to pass a week in summer. It describes a country in which artists entertain their friends in Turkish pavilions, and refresh them from gold plate, own islands in the Mediterranean, to which they sail in their yachts, and marry the daughter of the Constantinopolitan Cantacuzene. It is a book which constantly implies that the author believes his readers to be of those who delight in the *Court Circular*, and who find sweet consolation in learning that yesterday Prince Bulbo took pony exercise, and that in the afternoon Princess Hunkamunka walked upon "the slopes."

Meanwhile the real significance of "Lothair" is not that a retired English prime minister writes a novel. Far from that. You may think the story foolish or delightful, and its author a genius or a charlatan. But its motto might well be Hamlet's father's: "Remember me!" For he has remembered. The Roman Church drove his ancestors from Spain. With defiant pride they chose a name that marked them Jews of Jews. And now their descendant, having won every prize in the most powerful of Protestant states, turns in the fullness of his renown upon his old enemy, and haughtily cries to Rome, "You drove me and mine from moribund, miserable Spain! Begone from England!" "Lothair" is the Jew turning Rome out of England. The author skillfully hints and sketches—for nothing more is artistically possible in a novel—the various methods, intrigues, blandishments, appeals, arguments, coercions, cajoleries, and falsehoods by which the Roman Church is believed to entice or entangle, to terrify or subdue, its converts.

He offers, indeed, no argument which would deter any young English nobleman, even were he so very sentimental as Lothair, from going over to Rome; but he very plainly insinuates that those who manage conversions to Rome have the most mercenary motives in view, and are wholly unscrupulous as to means. The heroine of the tale, Mrs. Colonel Campian, the Italian wife of an American, of the Southern States, who, having lost every thing in the rebellion, has become the spouse of the Pythoness of Roman republicanism—Mrs. Campian, who lives in delicious ease in England, and falls disguised as a soldier in Garibaldi's assault upon Rome, is one of the personages who must not be looked for beyond the perfumed page of Disraeli. The hero is in love with Mrs. Campian, the Italian free-thinker and red republican; with the Lady Corisande, the fair daughter of a proud English ducal house, and devoted to the Low English Church; and with Clare Arundel, the loveliest and choicest of Roman Catholic maids in Britain. Not to speak lightly, the hero is and is not in love with all of them at once. He is a kind of "little joker" of a lover. But as there may be those who have not read the story, the Easy Chair will not tell whom the much-wandering Lothair marries at last. Let them be assured that here is a novel as different as possible from the stern actual story of everyday life to which we are accustomed. It is a kind of fairy tale. Even its approaches to reality are so remote as to be glimmering and soothing. It is an aromatic reverie in a boudoir.

But if, upon the publication of this story, *Blackwood*, the mossy warder of ancient Toryism, turns and rends the most brilliant and able of living English Tories, in an article which restores the

old lustre to its pages, it is simply because the feeling of Mr. Bull upon the Hamburg steamer has been always the latent feeling of his party. It could not refuse to follow its only capable and audacious leader, but it inly chafed, and felt with seorn that an outcast had come to the throne. The cardinals of the blue blood were kneeling and kissing the foot of a pope who was born a muleteer. That is merely to say that Disraeli, in all these forty-five astonishing and picturesque years, has not inspired confidence. In the midst of his most dazzling political triumphs, as in the best of his books, there was always the same feeling that he wore a mask. The same distrust stole in and asked, "Does he really believe what he says? Has he any principles? Is he a Tory from conviction, or a soldier of fortune, with his sword at the service of the longest purse? The eynie strain, the exquisitely airy persiflage of the stories—what do they mean? Was that the courtly smile of Mephistopheles? Is the man mocking us?"

Yes, it is impossible not to feel that the son of the ancient race has repaid this distrust with superb disdain. His genius is alien in England. He is essentially lonely in the country which he has ruled, and all whose prizes that he sought he has seized. His is the air of a man who has solved "the Arian mystery," and who can show the proudest aristocracy and the most finished civilization a splendor and an antiquity which dwarf and deride them. He feels that the Hebraic tradition is the foundation of Christian development. He sees all Christendom named from the incarnation in the elder race. He finds the genius of that race unworn and conspicuously efficient in the life of to-day. He muses, like his Tancred and Contarini Fleming, until the busy West dissolves, and the East seems to him the sole fount of art and wisdom and progress and repose, and all else a garish modern hubbub.

He sees, and finds, and feels all this—or he seems to. He is a consummate artist in politics and literature, and therefore in many ways inscrutable. It is true that his Toryism is suspected; but it would be very remarkable if he were not a Tory. He abandoned the traditional policy of his party—but it was to save his party. The English Liberals did not, and do not, trust him. Why should they? In this very book he flouts and insults them. And if the Tories suspect that he is satirizing them—is it their fault?

"'Tirra lirra,' by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot."

THE Easy Chair receives with pleasure the protest of its correspondent, and heartily agrees that the editorial responsibility implies and demands the utmost patience and consideration for Scriptor. But is not gentle toleration of bores, whether of pen or tongue, a virtue which entitles to the Seventh Heaven?

THE FIERY PARTICLE.

A WORD TO MR. EASY CHAIR.

CHIVALROUS courtesy is not extinct. A fashion (an unsightly one) to pretend that it has passed away with other Old-World traditions prevails. But, positively, the quaint, picturesque old creature survives. This conviction induces me, Carolus Cambrensis, a Contributor, to entertain the preposterous hope that Mr. Easy Chair will allow me a footing on his hearth-rug, or that vacant chair opposite to his own, that I may

join issue with him in a courteous passage of arms, on equal terms. The tilting-ground is to be found in the May number of *Harper's Magazine*, and is entitled "A word to Contributors."

Impregnable as Cader Idris* are the foundations of the Easy Chair; incontestable the dictum of him who sitteth thereon. Granted: Scriptor is inexperienced, faulty, feeble, puerile. Scriptor attributes the inaccessible configuration of Olympian summits to divine antagonism, in short, to "personal feeling." Scriptor, like all little people with little to lose, waxes apprehensive of the loss of his MS. He chafes his fretful soul at the sublime repose of Olympus; he adjures Jove to "go to the ant;" reminds the Thunderer that "the early bird catches the worm." Scriptor believes that the gods have violated the Constitution, conspired against him in the Star-Chamber, and denounced him without benefit of clergy, trial by jury, *habeas corpus*, or any other of those ingenious resources devised for their protection by an ill-used race.

Sad, though true! And absurd enough, till we look closely into the case of Scriptor. He is very young. ΔΕΙΔΩΝ ΤΟ ΤΕΚΕΙΝ, O Zeus! Lingering throes of parturition still communicate a sympathetic quiver to that flaccid brain. Yet, O mighty parent of Pallas, these mortal failings do but obscure the light of a divine intelligence, small though it be. The mind, "that very fiery particle," sometimes *will* "let itself be snuffed out by an article," just and not ungentle though that article may be. "Parce, precor, precor, non sum qualis eram." Scriptor, the parent of an article, an ode, a narrative, "declined, not being available," is less even, less in self-control, endurance, dignity, than poor little Scriptor when his brain labored with that pigmy offspring. He is puzzled, hurt, humiliated, spurned. Perchance with the poet's far-reaching eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, he sees Ganyমেদ by the chair of Jupiter, or describes Vulcan limping along some starry space, and compares ages with that one, legs with this, to his own credit. On a sudden the poor worm discloses "venom of the folded snake." Jove, invulnerable, commiserates this peevish transformation, and suffers the poor morsel of animated earth to return in peace to its pristine nature and habit, when, perchance, it yet may burrow into some delicate bulb, and suck thereout no small advantage.

Metaphors, like worms, † Mr. Easy Chair, are obscure in their origin, progress, and applicability to any useful end, except the bill of the aforesaid early bird and the prehension of a fish. Nor will I, for many more golden minutes, obscure the seat of this opposing chair. But again I crave your clemency, your patience. If the seed decay not, how shall it germinate? If puerile Scriptor do not experience the decomposition of vermal vanity, of delusive hopes, and self-conceit, how shall the living Author arise? Is it not even within the limits of the possible that the fretful puerilities of Scriptor, hurrying his imaginary Pegasus along the Olympic course, have raised a cloud of dust as high as the front of Jove himself, and so with human folly obscured for a moment godlike wisdom?

Do not reject my plea with a dictum that the Author, poet-like, is born, not made. One I remember who now is great, then small, callidâ juvenâ. He then held that baleful theory as an article of faith. Separating himself from his fellow-men by long hair and Byronic collars ("Oxford gills" were then "your only wear"), he declared himself to be a born Artist, Author, Word-painter. Weaving for himself a *nom de plume* out of the several letters of the words NASCITUR NON FIT, he signed himself "Talis Rinnon Tuc," and became a thorn in the flesh to buffet editors. Of course there existed a dark "conspiracy to keep him out." His luck, his "very extraordinary luck" was that "nothing he ever wrote was accepted." The luckless years waxed and waned. So did the inconstant moons. The rains of deferred hope, disappointment, and vexation fell. They fell pretty heavily. Thought and feeling, drop-

* Cader Idris, the chair (or throne) of Idris.

† To illustrate the value of a scrap of immortality apparently buried in ephemeral matter, I may quote a saying of Professor Sedgewick, that his introductory essay to the study of the Paleozoic Rocks, when introduced to Europe between the tremendous preface of one German professor and the no less portentous appendix of another, was "like a grain of wheat between two millstones." Now the essay is a classic. Its prodigious foster-parents are lining ancient trunks.

‡ A critic might object to this similitude as inapt. To such a one I would suggest his reading the word "metaphor" for "worm" in Doctor Johnson's definition of the piscatorial pursuit. The general tendency to play "the early bird" with other authors' metaphors is too obvious to require notice.

ping like autumn leaves from the trees of knowledge and experience, formed a vegetable mould about and above him. Tais R. Tuc sank in the sodden mass, vanished, decayed. After a while a bright young author germinated, bearing indications of leaf and bud.

An editor, somewhat dazed and weary of the glories summer made by writers high in the popular zenith, sought the cool forest glade, and found this resurrection. Of Tais R. Tuc's very extraordinary luck, of his hair, his collars, of those buried years, of those dreary rains, of all that vegetable mould, of the born artist's death and decomposition he knew nothing, but guessed much. He found a young sapling, vigorous and sprouting. He transplanted it with care to his well-tended shrubbery. He guarded and fostered its growth. And now, Mr. Easy Chair, multitudes find shelter beneath its spreading branches from the noon-tide glare of public life; find repose from the din of commerce and of politics; find a shadow of cool reasoning (played about by leafy smiles and whispers) from polemic heat. And all these happy loiterers combine to extol the wisdom of Jupiter, who discovered in its tender infancy this glorious tree, and rescued it from the thousand mischances which beset a sapling in that struggle for light and air and life which is common alike to the children of the forest and the sons of men.

MR. FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, well known to the readers of this Magazine, in which many of his most brilliant papers have appeared, sends to the Easy Chair the following letter:

NEW YORK, June 15, 1870.

DEAR EASY CHAIR,—To-day sailing for Europe, an invalid, with all the uncertainties of return which attend such a one, may I ask to say through you a word or two, in parting, to the class of our suffering fellow men and women for whom, as you know, I have spent a large part of my life—all that part, indeed, which is usually the leisure of a laborious profession?

In the book published two years since by the Messrs. Harper, under title of "The Opium Habit," whose earlier chapters were edited by, and the two closing ones original with me, I gave to the public as condensed a statement as my limits made imperative of the course of treatment which many years' medical and scientific study, together with an experience among opium-eaters scarcely to be surpassed in extent, had taught me was the safest, quickest, least painful, exit from a hell over whose interior penetralia at least Humanity had for years concurred to write, with a sigh, "Lasciate ogni speranza." There I showed the possibility of a release, and, so far as could be done in such broad touches, sketched the means. There I promised a salvation I had repeatedly seen effected, and accumulated all the incentives and encouragements to seek it which I knew; but with these I was obliged to preach a Spartan—say rather a Christian—courage such as few women and fewer men can summon to their aid in the protracted agonies of the contest by which the opium-eater must win his freedom, even under the many palliating and relieving circumstances which I there revealed. I had not then found what I confess has been one of my life's ruling passions—a very *agony of seeking* to find—any means of bringing the babituated opium-eater out of his horrible bondage, without, or comparatively without, pain. Thus far I had failed in my wrestling interrogations of Nature for the antidote, the substitute, the agent, whatever it might be, by which opium might be so gradually replaced and eradicated as to present the slave, some bright celestial morning, with his manumission, before he could feel the blows which struck the shackles from his feet.

I ask you, dear Easy Chair, to rejoice with me that, in all probability, that wonderful discovery has now been made; that henceforth the salvation of the opium-eater, like that from any other chronic disease, may be accomplished in such a way that the cure brings not an increase but a relief of the original suffering; that the process of giving to him his new self may now be not a terrible volcanic throes that tears soul and body to pieces, but a gentle, painless change, like those milder forces of nature shown in the progress of the seasons, the unbinding of the frost, the return of the sun and gentle rains. A year ago I was almost in despair of such a blessing; but I must believe—must declare—what my eyes have looked upon.

I have had under my care a patient who had been an habitual user of opium for years—whose daily rations of morphia had now reached the terrible amount of thirty grains (a case quite astounding to minds not experienced among opium-eaters, but having numerous parallels in my acquaintance)—who abandoned the drug at once in its every form, and never touched it again from that moment (four months ago) to the present time. I have seen him going on with his daily avocations, suffering no pain which required him to lie down for a single day, feeling no temptation to seek opiates, although he constantly carried about his old morphia powders on his person, and had made the un-Spartan resolve to resume his relief if the new experiment for a moment failed. He was expecting anguish all the time for his first month of trial; but it never came, has not come, and is most unlikely to come now that, after all these months, his digestion has regained its vigor, his step its elasticity, his eyes and cheeks the freshness of health. Besides this case I have seen numerous others, when their various complications are considered, no less remarkable, and from many more have had letters, all joyfully unanimous in the testimony that their exit was painlessly accomplished, and that the opium-craving was not only appeased, but quite eradicated, by the process of cure. I have been compelled to confess that the life-long object of my search seemed most marvelously accomplished.

Were I staying in this country, instead of going abroad as my last chance for life and health, I would joyfully continue to answer the correspondence which floods me on this subject from all parts of the Union, and, at any expense to myself, make known this salvation to the most sorrowful sufferers of this world. Were this an article, instead of a communication receiving your hospitality, dear Easy Chair, and were *Harper's* a technical magazine, in which I could develop the process of substitution and elimination by which this marvelous blessing is accomplished, I would now speak more at length. It is now sufficient to say that the discovery is one which ranks in importance to human weal and woe with vaccination, chloroform, or any grandest achievement of beneficent science which marks an age. The many who can bear me witness how willingly I have responded to all inquiries for help to the opium-eater, by visit or letter, will be glad to know that during my absence such inquirers may apply to my noble-hearted and philanthropic friend, Mr. Henry Read, of Lowell, Massachusetts, who possesses all my information on the subject, and has kindly consented to let me roll off upon his shoulders the loving but heavy burden of answering such questions as might, if I staid here, be addressed to me.

By letting me say these parting words from your kindly elevation, my dear Easy Chair, you will bless thousands of sorrowful souls, and send one away to Europe far less sorrowful, because most hopeful, for them.

Your friend,

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

Editor's Literary Record.

NOVELS.

AUERBACH has been called the Charles Dickens of Germany, though with the least possible justification, since between the vivid painting from nature of the English master and the abstruse metaphysics, scarcely concealed beneath the thin guise of a romance, of the German, there is the least possible similitude. With more accuracy SPIELHAGEN might be described as the Walter Scott of Germany. He is a more

dramatic writer but a less profound thinker than Auerbach. His characterization is not less clear and distinct; his incidents and groupings are more effective. Auerbach often drags, Spielhagen rarely. One must study Auerbach; he may read Spielhagen. In his last novel, *Hammer and Anvil* (Leypoldt and Holt), the drama trenches on the melodrama; yet, though it approximates dangerously the edge of the sublime, it never degenerates into the ridiculous. Professor Lederer,

the wild Zehren, his brother the superintendent, the gruff-voiced, tender-hearted warden Süssmilch, the grim-faced, sooty-handed, warm-hearted Klaus, and George Hartwig himself, the subject of the autobiography, are all drawn with a master's hand. The old ruined castle, the wild life among the smugglers, the chase, the treachery, the capture, the escape, and the conflagration, are all wrought up with a power which insensibly reminds the reader of Walter Scott; with a descriptive power less vivid, indeed, but with a subtle penetrating analysis of motive and feeling superior to that of the great Scotch romancer. And the transition from the wild life of the woods to the quiet life of the prison renders each epoch in the story more effective by reason of the contrast between them. But Spielhagen's romance is better than his philosophy; his arrow is better feathered than aimed. He is the apostle of the idea of liberty, but of liberty in its most absolute and unlimited sense—of liberty as that word is interpreted by a German radical. So long as he confines himself to inculcating, as in "The Hohensteins," political freedom, he carries with him our sympathies, though not always our judgment, nor are we at all satisfied that the House of Hohenstein fairly represents the aristocracy of Germany, or Wolfgang and Peter the common people. But when he comes to teach—as he does, impliedly, in "Problematic Characters" and its sequel—that marriage is also despotism, and that one should be free to follow the course of his unchecked passions; or, as he does in "Hammer and Anvil," that the inmates of the prisons are unfortunate rather than guilty persons, and throws a halo of glory around the wild life of smuggling and freebooting, he writes more of a declaration of independence than we are prepared to assent to. It is true that the wild Zehren is killed, his daughter elopes, his castle is burned to the ground, and young George Hartwig escapes capture only to surrender himself to the authorities; but, despite this series of misfortunes, the sympathies of the reader are enlisted for the runaway boy, and against his stupid dolt of a teacher and his inflexible old Roman of a father; and the moral influence of a story depends not upon the fate which overtakes its characters, but upon the sympathies which are awakened in the reader's breast by the story of their lives. We should abhor Bill Sykes if he had escaped, and Old Fagin if he had been acquitted on the ground of "moral insanity," just as much as we do now; while the pitiful fate of the betrayed Malte von Zehren enlists our sympathies for one whose crimes we forget in the story of his misfortunes. Old novel-readers will find much entertainment and no harm from "Hammer and Anvil," but it is not a book for boys—a verdict from which we are not swerved by some admirable passages of genuine Christian philosophy.

As we took up CHARLES READE's last novel, *Put Yourself in his Place*, as a companion to an otherwise solitary dinner, the friendly waiter who attended us remarked, by way of opening a conversation, "That novel's all the rage, Sir; all the gentlemen and ladies has it, Sir;" and so, in fact, we found on looking round the steamboat on which we were traveling. Nor, on opening the book, were we surprised to find it popular. It is never easy, having taken up any one of Charles Reade's novels, to lay it down unfinish-

ed, though you often chide yourself for submitting to its singular fascination. This you may read without self-condemnation. There is a purpose in it, a strike against "strikes," though the purpose serves the novel, not the novel the purpose. It is sensational, of course; every thing Charles Reade writes is so. The incidents are quite impossible; but the heroism is not the mock-heroic. In this it differs from "Foul Play," as in its touches of genuine and pure sentiment it differs from "Griffith Gaunt." We laid the book down with the conviction that, though it could not rank by the side of "Edwin Drood," or even "Lothair," it deserved its popularity—was, at all events, the best product thus far of Charles Reade's pen. Harper and Brothers issue it in three editions, all fully illustrated.

Only a Girl (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) is an old story newly told. It is a book in every respect the opposite of the sensational—depends wholly for its interest on delicacies of color and drawing that can not be represented by any *critique*, nor even by any extracts that are not voluminous. It is from the German of WILHELMINA VON HILLERN, and is full of German quaintnesses, without being obscured by German mysticism.—In the *Vicar of Bullhampton* (Harper and Brothers) Mr. TROLLOPE's invariable heroine plays off one lover against another in the usual Trollope style, through three hundred pages of what is called romance, probably for the all-sufficient reason that it contains neither history nor philosophy nor poetry enough to give it a right of classification any where else.—The opening pages of *Breezie Langton* (D. Appleton and Co.) are so full of slang, both masculine and feminine, that we were unable to penetrate further than the fourth chapter.—D. Appleton and Co., who publish the last three mentioned books, continue their edition of GRACE AGUILAR's works, by the publication of *Woman's Friendship*, and *Home Scenes and Heart Studies*, the latter a collection of short stories good for Sunday reading, a kind of literature which is not too common.—We have three historical novels: *Antonia*, by GEORGE SAND (Roberts and Brothers), a tale of the last days of Louis XVI., in which history is quite subordinate to romance, and romance is the instrument of inculcating a semi-socialistic philosophy; *the Caged Lion*, by Miss C. M. YONGE (D. Appleton and Co.), a story of the times of James I. of Scotland, woven of double sets of threads, half romance, half history, with a charmingly frank and simple confession in the preface, which enables the reader to unravel the whole pattern, and say with precision what is real and what is imaginary; and Miss MUHLBACH's *Queen Hortense* (D. Appleton and Co.), which is, after all, only a history with a little imaginative filling in, but certainly not enough to make the drafts on the imagination very severe. Historical novels, as Miss Muhlbach writes them, are a novelty in literature, being, in fact, novels without imagination, and history without facts.—Almost simultaneously with the publication of Miss Muhlbach's novel, "Queen Hortense," the Harpers issue, as an addition to their "Red Histories," the romantic story of the same queen, from the pen of JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.—*Driven to Sea* (H. B. Fuller), neither a novel nor a juvenile, but half-way between the two, is neither very fresh in design, nor very striking in execution, nor

very healthful in its influence on the "boys of the period," who do not need to be taught that it is a glorious thing to get up a rebellion against home authority, and run away when it gets too strong for them.

RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

PROFESSOR COCKER'S work on *Christianity and Greek Philosophy* (Harper and Brothers), somewhat inadequately described by him as a treatise on the "relations between spontaneous and reflective thought in Greece and the positive teaching of Christ and his Apostles," is the work of an original and independent, but not audacious thinker, and is written in a style whose clearness of expression almost rivals that of Sir William Hamilton. The ordinary estimates of Grecian religious philosophy are of two very opposite extremes: that of the half heathen scholars who attribute all that is admirable in Christianity to Greece; and that of the over-religious dogmatists who imagine that they honor the teachings of the Bible by endeavoring to demonstrate that no people ever possessed any glimmer of light or truth except such as they derived from its pages. We are assured, on the one hand, that the fatherhood of God which Christ revealed he borrowed from the philosophy of heathenism; and, on the other, that such notions of a God as the poor heathen Greeks possessed they obtained alone by traditions handed down to them from Hebrew sources. Professor Cocker holds a middle ground between these two views of the origin of religious truth—a ground which he expresses in the following thesis: "The universal phenomenon of religion has originated in the *a priori* apperceptions of reason and the natural instinctive feelings of the heart, which, from age to age, have been vitalized, unfolded, and perfected by supernatural communication and testamentary revelations." This thesis may perhaps be regarded as the text of his book, which is by no means devoted to a study of Greek religion, but which also compares with it the various theories of the origin of religious belief as exhibited by modern authors; and in the comparison discusses at considerable length some of the chief religious problems of the present day. His work will probably find its principal readers among scholars; and it is written, certainly, alone for those who are accustomed to think while they read, and to read for the purpose of stimulating thought. Nevertheless it does not assume, but affords a knowledge of Greek philosophy, and, apart from its value as a contribution to theology, will prove useful as a reminder to scholars and a compendium to others of so much of Greek philosophy as bears upon the doctrines of the Christian religion. The author gives evidence of that kind of learning which comes from long familiarity with a subject, and which no process of "cramming" can supply; of a learning, too, which, like that of Sir William Hamilton, is thoroughly digested, and quickens instead of impedes his own independent thought-power. We welcome his work as a valuable and permanent addition to American philosophical thought.

From the political discussions of the daily press, always partisan and often personal—from the debates of astute senators rarely able to rise above a discussion of party platforms, and avowedly more anxious to secure or to retain the su-

premacny of their party than to ascertain sound political principles or to administer the affairs of government upon them—it is refreshing to turn to such a book as *The Nation*, by E. MULFORD (Hurd and Houghton), which resolutely leaves unmentioned the transitory political issues of the day for a thorough, a clear, and a comprehensive discussion of the great principles which underlie—or, rather, which should underlie—all national life. What is a nation, what its true origin, what the source of its authority, what the relation of the people to the territory they occupy, what the basis of individual rights, what the ground of national sovereignty—these are some of the problems to which the author has brought a rare combination of talents, wide and varied reading, a strong and acute mind, a clear but condensed style, and a warmth of earnest patriotism foreign to most treatises on political science. The nation, according to Mr. Mulford, is neither a necessary evil, nor an historical accident, nor a jural society, nor an economic society, but a conscious moral organism; its origin is not in the might of the strongest, nor in the social instincts of humanity, nor in an imaginary social compact, nor in the false motto *Vox populi vox Dei*, but in the ordination of God, who, from the beginning, has set men not only in families but in governments; the right of property rests neither on immemorial possession nor on the acquisitions of labor, but on the fact that it is an endowment of God for the better fulfillment of the individual mission, for which purpose alone one has any real right to hold any property. Such are some of the positions which the author maintains with vigor—positions which may serve to illustrate at once the thoroughness of his treatment and the religiousness of his spirit. Avowedly a birth of the civil war, his book deserves, far above any thing in our literature, to be accepted as the expression of the American idea of nationality, and to be made the text-book of instruction in the fundamental principles of political science in our institutions of learning. Its appearance is the first and strongest indication that we have seen, though by no means the only one, of a tendency toward a reaction from the dominion of trading politicians, and a restoration of something like statesmanship founded on principle. A striking illustration of the author's independence of all partisan relations is afforded by his twelfth chapter, in which he maintains, on the one hand, that the right of suffrage is a natural right, inherent in every member of the nation who is a person (impliedly male or female), irrespective of property or literary qualifications; and that, on the other hand, while "the Republic is indeed to welcome the stricken and oppressed for conscience sake out of every land, and is to be as the city whose gates are open by night and by day, and not the least among its titles is that of the home of the pilgrim," yet to "admit to immediate representation whoever may come to its shores, who have no consciousness of the aim and destination of the nation, and no participation in its political spirit," is "no more just than to refer the decision as to the direction of a house or the disposal of an inheritance to some transient guest who may come to lodge overnight or take shelter in a storm." Mr. Mulford's analogy is at fault as regards our adopted citizens, who come not to lodge over-

night, but to become members of the household; but we admire the intellectual independence of the man who wields so keen a sword with a double edge that strikes against all parties with impartiality and with neither fear nor favor, except the fear of being false to his own principles and his own convictions.

We have now, in *The Forty Days after Our Lord's Resurrection*, the sixth and closing volume of Dr. HANNA's "Life of Our Lord" (Robert Carter and Brothers). The life of Christ has been made the text for so much irrelevant criticism, and for so much of irrelevant dogmatizing—it has been so customarily written with a controversial purpose, and so rarely by an unprejudiced pen, that we gladly welcome such a work as this for the spirit which imbues it. We are not surprised, comparing it with the absurd romancing of Renan, and the laborious mysticism of Lange, and the ecclesiasticism and wordy devotion of Ellicott, that it has received the highest encomiums from the English press. And yet, despite its charmingly simple, though never brilliant style—despite its tender and reverentially affectionate tone—despite its freedom from all parade and pedantry of learning, and its rigid excision of all critical discussion—despite, too, some very pleasant and, on the whole, profitable homilies, in which the author never hesitates to indulge on occasion—we have laid down with disappointment the work which we took up with great expectations.

A true life of Christ must throw some light on either His inner or His outer life—that is, it must either give some new and fresh conception of His character and His teaching, as did the author of "Ecce Homo," or it must interpret both, by giving the reader a picture of the manners and customs of the age in which Christ lived, as Mr. Abbott has done in his "Jesus of Nazareth." A critical defense of Christianity, like Neander's work, is not a true life, though it may be in form a chronological narrative; neither is a series of homilies, however admirable, though they may be based on a harmony of the Gospels. Dr. Hanna has not, we think, written either the inner or the outer life of Christ. He throws very little light on the latter. We turn to the account of the trial. There is little or no information concerning the forms of Jewish procedure. We turn to the story of the marriage in Cana. There is no graphic portraiture of the Jewish wedding ceremony. There is very little of history in the narrative which is not to be found in the Gospels themselves—almost nothing which is not to be found in the ordinary commentaries. Nor is there any remarkable subtlety of insight displayed in his interpretation of doctrine and his reading of character. There is but a very slight attempt to portray in any fullness the experience, of either the temptation or the agony in the garden. The characterization of Judas is borrowed almost directly from the commentary of Dr. Adam Clarke, and is, if possible, less true to nature and the facts of history than even the common and superficial estimate of the traitor's singularly contradictory and enigmatical conduct; and as little attempt is made to measure the almost equally enigmatical character of Pilate as is made by the evangelists themselves. In fact, the title of Dr. Hanna's work is misleading. It is not a life of Christ. It was not written as a

book, but was originally composed and delivered as a course of lectures to the author's congregation. As a history, it is entitled to no very high rank. As a series of practical discourses on the life of Christ, it affords an admirable illustration of homiletical preaching.

President M'COSH, in his text-book of logic, *The Laws of Discursive Thought* (Robert Carter and Brothers), has undertaken to fulfill the wish he expressed in 1868 for an "improved logic, founded on that of Aristotle, of the scholastics, and the various technical works of the seventeenth century, embracing all that is valuable in the Kantian and Hamiltonian reformation, but with a freshness and adaptation to the thought of the age, like the 'Logic' of Whately." The task of mediating between the old and the new peculiarly fits both his learning and his general tendencies of thought. Nothing delights him so well as to construct one perfect fabric out of the materials of two imperfect ones; or to defeat an enemy, not by destroying utterly his stores and magazines, but by stealing away what is really valuable in them and filling therewith the vacant chambers of his own citadel. This habit of thought brings some personal disadvantages. He who learns from the enemy exposes himself to being called a traitor by the warriors of his party. Instead of seeing both sides lay down their arms and flock to his standard, he is likely to find himself between two fires. But by this method only can any branch of philosophy become complete and symmetrical. Nearly half the book is devoted to "The Notion." From the thorough investigation of this preliminary part of logic arise most of the peculiarities as well as the chief value of the treatise. Sometimes there is confusion of thought, but in general the author is very clear, and some of his distinctions and suggestions are valuable additions to the science of which he writes. He is occasionally drawn too far one side by extraneous metaphysics. Wide awake to the questions of the hour, as witness the implied plea for civil service reform, he somewhat too abundantly improves the opportunities which such a work affords for ethical and theological suggestions, though in the main to a wholesome purpose. His book abounds with practical illustrations, which relieve the subject from its proverbial dryness, though they do not always throw any light upon the topic under discussion; and a certain lack of orderly arrangement leaves upon our mind the suspicion that while the idea of the book is the result of long investigation in a favorite field, its execution has been the work either of impatient haste or of odd moments snatched from more engrossing cares.

TRAVELS.

DR. SPEER's work, *The Oldest and the Newest Empire: China and the United States* (S. S. Scranton and Co., Hartford), can hardly be called a book of travels, though it is written by one who, as a missionary of the Presbyterian Church both to China and to the Chinese in California, has had peculiar personal facilities for studying his theme, and has improved them. It is, however, in no sense a record of personal experiences, but a clear, comprehensive, and systematic treatise concerning a people whose influence on the destinies of this continent promises to be vastly

greater than that of the African himself. Dr. Speer gives, first, an account of China and Chinese life; next, a history of China from the patriarchal age to the present day; next, some chapters devoted to an account of the character of the Chinese as immigrants and laborers, with a somewhat too eulogistic description of their government; and, finally, a discussion of certain aspects of the Chinese question, and a prophecy of the Chinese future. There are few writers who have had better facilities for studying the character and institutions of the Chinese than Dr. Speer. His work may be regarded as an authority. In style it is rather bald and encyclopedic, but in real information it is both rich and reliable. To steer between wholesale condemnation and wholesale eulogy of John Chinaman seems just now a pretty difficult matter—a literary navigation which, on the whole, Dr. Speer has succeeded in accomplishing. He has fallen, however, into the common error of measuring the government of the Celestial Empire by its paper constitution. Is the municipal character of New York city to be judged by a perusal of its charter? It is far from being practically true that “the people are not subjects to be ruled by fear, but children to be inspired and controlled by affection and gratitude.” This pleasant paternal fiction is, indeed, the “theory of imperial power” in China, as it is in Europe. But there is, perhaps, no despotism in any civilized country administered more remorselessly, no country where there are so many petty and irresponsible tyrants. As little is it true that “the foundation of all preferment is planted upon education;” quite as little as that, in America, it is founded upon virtue and recognized capacity. A government nominally of schoolmasters and pedagogues, its offices are really farmed out to the highest bidder. The competitive examination is one of purses. And as there is no government more locally despotic, so there are few or none, except, perhaps, that of Russia, more personally corrupt. To sell justice is at least regarded as disreputable in America. In China, on the contrary, public opinion only condemns that mandarin who does not adhere to his bargain. In short, a nation without faith in God or hope in a future is a nation without a conscience; and the intelligence of China is atheistic. If, however, Dr. Speer falls into the charitable error of a too lenient judgment, it is a kindly one, and nations, as well as individuals, can better afford to think too well than too ill of their neighbors. We cordially recommend his treatise as of real value to all students of the Chinese problem.

A thoroughly genial, kindly, pleasant, readable book is HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S *Spain and Portugal*, the fourth volume in Hurd and Houghton's very neat and tasteful edition of his works. There is just that flavor of romance and chivalry in Spanish history and Spanish character to awaken the quiet enthusiasm of this kindest of writers, just that poetic element in his character which seizes and portrays the bright side of that land of chivalry and dreams. That he hardly sees its darker side, or, seeing, passes it by in silence, is little ground of criticism. One would hardly go to Hans Christian Andersen to get a complete analysis of the most contradictory character in history, as the character of the Spaniard is. And one could, perhaps, find no-

where in literature so appreciatingly portrayed that side of it which we practical Americans rarely perceive, which, indeed, we are hardly capable of appreciating, except as it is interpreted to us.

HEPWORTH DIXON is not altogether a trustworthy writer, and, on any disputed point in history or geography, there are a good many writers whose testimony we would rather take than his. But there are not a great many tourists, if there are any, who write a more genial and entertaining book of travels; and there is nothing of that kind of literature more agreeable for summer reading than Hepworth Dixon's *Free Russia* (Harper and Brothers). Professional book-maker as he is, he has at least the conscience to visit the lands he writes about. His visits are flying visits. He sees the surface of things; and neither has the intellect nor the time to study deeply the social problems on which he sometimes writes fluently, but never profoundly. If any one, therefore, takes up a work from his pen under the expectation of finding in it what one poor misguided critic seems to have anticipated, a more careful study of Russian civilization than in a parliamentary blue-book, which it is safe to say no other American reader but the critic has read or will care to read, he will be, like the critic, disappointed. But if he fancies a summer trip of three months through Russia—if he wants to see what can be seen by a keen pair of eyes from railroad cars and steamboat decks and hotel windows, and in convents and churches, and on farms and in villages, by such a tourist—he will have to go far to find a more genial, agreeable, entertaining traveling companion than Hepworth Dixon. The reader who wants to study Russia will have to look to some other teacher. The man who wants to read an entertaining book about Russia, with the assurance that he will get quite as good and true an idea of Russian life as he could get by a three months' personal visit, can find no better book than this gossipy series of sketches of travel; as entertaining as a story, and as trustworthy as most books of travel.

We have already given our readers, in the June number of the Magazine, a fuller account of the *Rob Roy on the Jordan* (Harper and Brothers), and a better idea of the most fascinating book of travels of the season, than we can do in a brief critique here. It is enough to say that it is a book of wild and singular adventure. Through countries where men travel only in caravans and companies, and then not too safely, Mr. MACGREGOR goes alone. Through waters which no boat ever touched before Mr. Macgregor takes his inseparable *compagnon de voyage*, his pet canoe. He plunges through boiling torrents choked with stones and fallen trees. He watches on the Ateibeh Marsh and the Hijaneh Lake against wild-boars, one crunch of whose jaws would have finished both the sailor and his fragile boat. He defies the Arabs, who chase him more than once in vain, and escapes them by an ingenious stratagem when made a prisoner. To-day he runs a blockade of Arab swimmers; to-morrow he runs through a group of buffaloes; one day finds him navigating in gorges where a single misjudgment would dash his boat in a hundred pieces on the rocks through which the angry torrent hastens toward its outlet; another sees him entangled

amidst an almost impenetrable net-work of papyrus; now he courts the dangers of a morass whose solitude has terrors even for the invincible Arab; now he confronts the greater dangers of an Arab mob. His courage is dauntless, his love of adventure a passion, and his book, or books (for this is his fourth, but, in all respects, most remarkable tour), constitute a novelty in the literature of travel.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROFESSOR MARCH'S *Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language* (Harper and Brothers) is a valuable addition to the science of philology. In it he illustrates the forms of the Anglo-Saxon by those of the Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, Gothic, Old Saxon, Old Friesic, Old Norse, and Old High German. Beyond all question the terse forms of the Anglo-Saxon element afford the most potent words and phrases for popular address. In the increasing demand for compression in speech and article the sonorous eloquence of a Pitt would find far smaller audiences than in his own day. We should be glad to see other colleges following the example of Lafayette, which has endowed a professorship of the English Language, and other professors following the example of Professor March, who, in teaching the English language, exhibits it in its root forms. Mr. March's book has rendered comparatively simple what was before really an impossibility—the study of the most important element in our native tongue. In its department his treatise is not only without a peer; it is without a competitor.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSETTI is, as his name indicates, an Italian by descent, though an Englishman by birth. He is known chiefly to the English public by his brush, and yet even as an artist he has painted only for the select few. In the pre-Raphaelite movement he took an active, though not a prominent part, and outside of artistic circles is less known than either of his companions, Millais and Holman Hunt. In literature he has hitherto been chiefly known by a book of translations, and some fugitive pieces. For a long time he has promised what at length he has issued, a volume of *Poems*, republished in this country by Roberts Brothers. They are, in a word, Italian love-songs in English verse. As such we can neither award them a warm welcome nor accord them a high place. That both are given to him we do not wonder, for Rossetti is emphatically a "poet of the period." His very vices enhance his popularity. The sensualism of Lord Byron no longer finds purchasers in open market. Rossetti, who is at once the poet of passion and of mysticism, veils the one beneath the other, and so adds to the dangerous incitements of his verse by the seeming purity of his diction. As there are pictures more shameful by far than the nude statues of the ancients, so there are veiled hints and suggestions of passion more dangerous than open sensuality. Rossetti, as the poet of passion, possesses power; but power unconsciously used to debase the imagination, not to purify it; not always, but so far thus used as to flavor the whole book. There are some beautiful verses, some touching and tender ones, some pure and true; but, even in his best, the ardency of love—and he sings of little else—burns into a flame of passion dangerously hot, and the more dangerous

from the dramatic power with which he portrays it.

It is now considerably over thirty years since Mr. JACOB ABBOTT first appeared before the American public in what have proved the most popular religious works of the century, the "Young Christian Series." At that time the use of fiction in any form for a religious purpose was looked on with disfavor, and his first preface contained a sentence forestalling criticism by a quotation of the example of the Master. The philosophy which underlaid the "Young Christian Series," and which has underlaid every thing else Mr. Abbott has ever written, was this, that for moral influence sympathy was far more important than instruction, and that a right depicting of a noble life or a noble deed was more influential than either exhortation or doctrine. This theory, which pervades not only the "Rollo Books," and the "Franconia Stories," and the "Harper's Story Books," and the various other series of juveniles which have made Mr. Abbott's name a household word in America, but which also interprets the meaning of the "Red Histories," which are truly "philosophy teaching by example," receives a new and in some respect more striking illustration in the *Juno Series* (Dodd and Mead), two volumes of which come before us in a style which does credit to the young and enterprising house, who, if this be a fair sample of their work, promise to raise the standard of Sunday-school literature very much above its present low level. The object of these books is to show how parents and teachers may by gentle measures obtain a sympathetic influence over the hardest and most rebellious natures; and the books will be a boon particularly to the parents who are perplexed and worried by children that they can do nothing with; and no less a boon to the children, if the example of Juno is fairly appreciated and honestly followed by their elders.

It is about ten years since a young man, visiting by chance the home of Washington Irving, and writing a very lively and genial description of his visit, found greatness thrust upon him by the fact that almost simultaneously with the publication of his article came the news of the genial old man's death—that man whose nature fitted so well the name of his home—Sunnyside. This was Mr. THEODORE TILTON's first considerable appearance before the public, since which time he has steadily and industriously, but certainly with fleet feet, climbed the literary ladder, till he now stands among the leading editors in the United States, more admired and more hated, more followed and more abused, than perhaps any other writer for the American press, except Horace Greeley and Henry Ward Beecher. Most men find the editorial charge of one successful newspaper enough for their energies and ambitions. Nothing less than two suffices for Mr. Tilton's. Every morning from eight till eleven he is to be found in the editorial rooms of the Brooklyn *Union* driving a busy pen, and between whiles discoursing with and dismissing visitors with brisk but easy editorial urbanity. An hour or more for a late breakfast or an early dinner, or rather that un-English meal which the French call *déjeuner*, and he is to be found again driving his pen as busily as before at home, or quite as often in the editorial sanctum of the New York *Independent*, which never misses from one to three

columns of his personal work, and which every week receives something of his personal supervision. We are glad to receive some permanent record of this busy man's editorial work in this series of winged editorials caught in their flight and caged in a book which their author and editor calls *Sanctum and Sanctorum* (Sheldon and Co.). That Mr. Tilton is a sharp and trenchant writer all the world, *i. e.*, all the American world, knows. That he has covered so wide a range of subjects, and proved himself capable of treating so happily, if not always profoundly, so many varied themes—art, literature, biography, politics, and theology—we had not realized till we sat down to glance over these reminiscences of his work during the last ten years.

When a wife, drawing aside the veil which hides the inner life of most men from public gaze, suffers the outer world to enter the private *sanctum* of a great writer, as Mrs. HAWTHORNE has done by the publication of *Hawthorne's Notes* (Fields, Osgood, and Co.), that all the world may see the unfinished thoughts and suggestive jot-

tings of one who never wrote for the public eye except with punctilious care, it would be but a sorry return to criticise what was not written and is not offered for criticism. This fragmentary collection of observations and hints, jotted down by Mr. Hawthorne during his four years' residence in England, is a delightful book for a half hour of summer desultory reading, when, in truth, you want not really to read, but rather to chat with your author on all sorts of themes, as chance may suggest them.—The same sort of quiet summer reading is furnished by Sir HUMPHREY DAVY's *Salmagundi* and his *Consolations in Travel*, first published in 1830, and now republished by Roberts Brothers. The first of these books, on trout fishing, is very like in style and spirit to Izaak Walton's incomparable work, which, doubtless, suggested it; the second is a curious combination of philosophy and fancy, in which, however, it must be confessed the scientist has got the better of the poet, and the imagination goes so heavily freighted with facts and philosophies as never to soar very high.

Editor's Scientific Record.

UNBOLTED FLOUR.

FEW of our readers are aware of the extent to which meal loses its nutritive qualities by the ordinary processes employed to render it white and light. With every increasing degree of fineness or whiteness something more is lost, until what are called the best family flours consist of little more than pure starch. After the removal of the thin outer husk of the grain (amounting to about five per cent.), which resembles fine straw, and is of no value for food, what is left is in exactly the proper proportion for nutriment. If, however, as is frequently the case, twenty per cent. of the hull is taken away, instead of eighty per cent. of nutriment left, we actually have not more than sixty or seventy.

GOMA OIL.

The Japanese colony, at Placerville, California, has lately engaged in the cultivation of an oil-plant, of the nettle family, called goma. The seeds of this plant are said to be so rich in oil that one hundred and thirty-six pounds of oil can be obtained from the product of an acre. The plant itself needs a great deal of moisture, which is to be supplied by means of irrigation. The young shoots form an excellent salad; the flowers are much sought after by bees; and the stems furnish a large amount of fibre. It is asserted that this goma oil, well prepared, is equal to the best olive oil, and does not become rancid so quickly, replacing the olive oil in all its technical applications. The price is expected to be considerably less than that of olive oil.

SAFETY PETROLEUM LAMP.

A new lamp for burning petroleum has recently been introduced in Germany, which is said to have many important peculiarities. The essential feature of the lamp consists in a reservoir of water in the upper portion nearest the flame, so that the body of the oil is not exposed to the danger of being heated by proximity to

the burning wick. The petroleum is in a reservoir below, and the pressure of the water forces it, drop by drop, up through a tube to the wick, supplying it exactly in proportion to the rapidity of combustion. The arrangement of the lamp is such that, if overturned by any accident, the water overflows the burning wick and puts out the flame immediately. It is claimed that when filled with two pounds of petroleum, and having a wick three-fourths of an inch in width, it will burn from sixty to eighty hours; consequently, needing to be filled only once in from ten to fourteen days. Another alleged advantage is that the wick can be turned down very low without emitting any of that offensive smell which always characterizes the ordinary petroleum lamps under similar circumstances.

PLESIOSAURUS IN AUSTRALIA.

Many of our readers are familiar with the peculiarities of the *Plesiosaurus* and *Ichthyosaurus*, gigantic fossil lizards, which characterized the Jura formation of Europe, and of which allies have lately been detected in the strata of our own country. According to a recent announcement, we are informed that one of these genera, *Plesiosaurus* was not long since found in New Zealand; but it occurs in the tertiary rocks of that continent, and not in a much older formation, as in Europe. The significance of this fact is one that will present itself to every geologist, as bearing upon the comparative age of Australia and other parts of the globe, and tending to prove the much later date of the emergence of Australia above the level of the sea. For the benefit of those to whom the name of this fossil may not convey a very definite idea, we may state, in popular phrase, that the *Plesiosaurus* united the head of a lizard with teeth like a crocodile, a neck of enormous length (far exceeding that of the swan in its proportions), the body of an ordinary mammal, the ribs of a chameleon, and the swimming paddles of a cetacean.

It also had a bony ring around the eyes. It probably swam like the swan, with the neck bent in an S shape, and lived, as is well known, upon fishes.

As the *Icthyosaurus*, a very differently shaped animal, is generally found associated in England with the *Plesiosaurus*, it will be interesting to learn whether it also occurs in the same connection in New Zealand.

EASY METHOD OF BREAKING LARGE MASSES OF CAST IRON.

The following method is given for breaking up large masses of cast iron, as, for instance, those of two feet in diameter. A hole is to be bored into the mass about one inch in diameter and three or four inches deep, which is then filled with water, and a wrought iron plug inserted. If now the heavy hammer of a pile-driver is allowed to fall upon the plug, the water has no time to escape, and the mass is split asunder.

TEST FOR PURITY OF WATER.

A glass tube of about a yard in length, closed at the end by a cork, and resting upon a white dish of porcelain, is recommended for determining the purity of water, as the slightest tint is seen against the white ground, and the different shades indicate different ingredients. A green tinge is produced by minute algæ; a white opacity often by fungoid growths, iron salts by a peculiar ochry color. The apparatus is termed the chromiometer.

SONOROUS CHARCOAL.

By immersing charcoal in sulphuret of carbon, or carburetted gases of any kind, it is converted into a new form of carbon, which has the property of excessive metallic resonance, resembling the most sonorous metals, such as steel, silver, aluminium, etc., in giving a perfectly pure, melodious tone. The same substance constitutes a great improvement over the ordinary pencils used with the electric light, becoming heated and gradually incandescent throughout the entire mass, like the metals, and cooling like them when the heat is withdrawn. It is stated also, in this same connection, that when the vapor of methylated alcohol is passed over this carbon, heated to a red heat in a porcelain tube, the vapor becomes decomposed, and the walls of the tube are lined with a curious form of carbon, consisting of filaments about one-fourth of an inch in length, constituting a species of silky, mossy coke, of a silver-white color.

ARTIFICIAL GOLD.

This material is manufactured largely in the United States, into imitation jewelry and other articles, scarcely distinguishable from gold, except by the inferior gravity; and it is a matter of surprise to almost any one to learn that it does not contain a single grain of the precious metal. It is made by taking 100 parts of pure copper, 17 of pure tin, 6 of magnesia, 9 of tartar of commerce, 3.6 of sal ammoniac, and 1.6 of unslacked lime. The copper is first melted, and the other substances (excepting the tin) added, a little at a time, and the whole well stirred for half an hour, so as to produce a perfect mixture, when the tin is thrown in and stirred round until melted. The crucible is then

covered, and the fusion kept up for twenty-five minutes, and the scum taken off, when the substance is ready for use. It is malleable and ductile, and can be worked in any form, even into leaves like gold.

IMPARTING AN ARTIFICIAL FLAVOR TO FRUIT.

The French are in the habit of imparting an artificial flavor and fragrance to apples and pears by the following process: The fruit is plucked before being quite ripe, and is pricked all over with a fine needle; after which it is placed in a vessel, with essence of any kind desired. The exhalations of the latter are absorbed in a few seconds by the fruit, and the operation is repeated several times, until the fruit is ripe, when it will be found to have acquired the desired taste.

METHYLATED ETHER AS AN INTOXICANT.

It is stated that methylated ether is used very largely as an intoxicant, in the place of alcohol, in the counties of Londonderry, Antrim, and Tyrone, Ireland. The quantity taken at one time is from two to four drachms to the dose, which is repeated twice, thrice, or even four or five times daily. This practice is said to have affected the inland revenue to such an extent as to have diminished it nearly \$30,000 per annum. The attention of the insurance companies has been directed to the subject, as much risk of fire is incurred by the keeping of so inflammable a substance among persons ignorant of its properties.

CHANGE OF HABIT IN SWALLOWS.

It is stated by M. Pouchet that the window swallows in France have entirely changed their method of building their nests within the last forty years. Formerly the nest was in the form of a section of a sphere, with a circular entrance, concealed in a corner of a window. At the present time the nest is oblong and open at the top. Formerly the young could only re-enter the nest one by one; now they can all go in together.

HARD WATER FOR DRINKING PURPOSES.

Dr. Letheby, in an article on the water supply of London, states that water of moderate hardness, like that used in London, Paris, Vienna, and some other European cities, is always to be preferred to that which is entirely soft, as being best suited for domestic purposes, on account of being brighter to the eye and more agreeable to the taste. He also makes the singular announcement that the French authorities are so well satisfied of the superiority of hard water that they pass by that of the sandy plains, near Paris, and go far away to the chalk hills of Champagne, where they find water even harder than that of London; giving as a reason for the preference that more of the conscripts from the soft-water districts are rejected, on account of the want of strength of muscle, than from the hard-water districts, from which they conclude that the calcareous matter is favorable to the formation of the tissues.

Dr. Letheby further states that the mortality in England is greater, on an average, in places where soft water is used, other circumstances being equal, than where the water is hard; and it is suggested that the sparkling hard waters of the limestone districts are relished, not only be-

cause they are pleasant to the eye, but on account of some hygienic properties in the excess of carbonic acid they contain, and possibly because the percentage of lime acts medicinally upon the system. The Doctor concludes by expressing his preference for the very slightly hard water of London over a softer quality, although reprehending the use of water containing an excess of mineral matters.

SIGNIFICANCE OF WIDE DISTRIBUTION OF SPECIES.

Much diversity of opinion has been manifested among naturalists in regard to the significance of the simultaneous occurrence of forms of animals and plants, apparently identical, in two or more regions supposed to have no connection with each other; one party maintaining the identity of such objects, no matter what the extent of their distribution, providing no differences can be appreciated; the other insisting that the mere fact of such separation, without intermediate connection, is of itself sufficient to warrant their being considered as distinct species. The general feeling, however, at the present day, tends toward the identification of specimens, from widely remote localities, as being of the same species when no positive differences are appreciable; and even if some differences can be proved to exist, to ascribe them rather to the influence of physical causes in modifying one primitive species than to allow us to consider them as distinct. In many cases, too, the evidences of probable geological action has been invoked to show, for instance, why the fishes and some other marine animals of the western coast of Central America are, to a certain extent, identical with those of the eastern, by the fact that during the tertiary period North and South America were separated by water, bearing an archipelago of islands on its surface.

Dr. Carpenter has lately called attention to the fact that shells, recently collected by Mr. M'Andrew at the head of the Red Sea, are for the most part identical with species from the shores of Japan, and that other Japanese shells were the same as those of Teneriffe. Still other parallel instances were drawn between shells of the Mediterranean and of the North Pacific; and these identifications seem to point toward important connections by water, at a former period, very different from those existing at the present day. The fact, also, of the occurrence of species, as pleistocene fossils on the Atlantic slope of Central America, identical with living shells from the waters of the Pacific coast, has a further bearing upon the same question.

DREDGINGS OF THE "PORCUPINE."

We have already referred to the results of the dredging expedition of the British ship *Porcupine* during the past summer, especially those made at the maximum depth reached, of about twenty-four hundred fathoms. The scientific world is looking forward with great interest to the publication of the report of this exploration, which we are now promised in a reasonably short time. Meanwhile various articles have appeared from Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Jeffreys, giving some general statements of the observations. From a lecture given by the former gentleman, we learn that these observations show conclusively that,

contrary to a time-honored opinion, there is probably no depth at which animal life ceases to exist on the ocean bed; and that especially, as suggested by Professor Agassiz, wherever a rocky bottom occurs, there we shall find animal life in great profusion, while on the softer ooze it exists also, but perhaps in a lesser degree of development in point of number of individuals and of variety.

Another conclusion arrived at by the naturalists of the *Porcupine* is, that temperature exerts a much greater influence than pressure on the distribution of animal life, and that the same forms may occur through an enormous vertical range, so that the question no longer need be asked as to the depth at which a particular species is dredged, but what is the temperature of the water in which it occurs. It is found that when, as in certain cases, cold areas and hot occur side by side, at the same depth, the species are very distinct, but that the differences are more in the crustacea, echinoderms, sponges, and foraminifera, than in the mollusks, a large proportion of which are common to both areas. The fact that many of these forms of animal life exist in abundance on a sea bottom the temperature of which is at least two degrees below the freezing-point of fresh water, is one of striking interest, and equally so is the precise limitation of the globigerine mud and the vitreous sponges to the warm area.

Another fact developed by the surveys to which we have already called attention is the number of cases in which forms both generic and specific, heretofore known only as tertiary or cretaceous fossils, were brought up in a living state; and the inference is drawn that many more such species remain to be discovered. According to Professor Agassiz, while one plateau shows a preponderance of tertiary forms, a deeper one will lead us among those more cretaceous in character. All the observations made by this expedition, and those of the United States Coast Survey, tend to show that the cretaceous formation, so well known in its exhibition on the different parts of the earth's surface, is still in progress of deposition at the bottom of the ocean.

The hint of an improvement of the dredge during this expedition may not be without its importance to the marine zoologists in our own country; namely, that by attaching to its circumference a number of hempen tangles, the sea bed is swept as well as scraped; and many species, especially those having spines or prickles, are brought up entangled in the threads, that are not taken inside of the dredge at all.

EXTRACTION OF VEGETABLE ALKALOIDS.

It is well known to perfumers that ether and sulphide of carbon will take up the perfume of certain flowers, such as the jasmine, heliotrope, etc.; and that after evaporation of the solvent an extract is obtained which possesses all the odor of the original plant. This discovery, ascribed to Dr. Millon, has been applied to very general use for the purpose referred to, and its employment has lately been suggested for obtaining, in an isolated form, more convenient than otherwise, the medicinal principles of certain plants. The experiment has been tried with alleged success in the cases of digitaline, belladonna, stramonium, aconite, and other substances.

LOCUSTS IN A TELESCOPIC FIELD.

Among the phenomena noticed during the recent total eclipse of the sun in the United States, by one or more observers, was the occurrence of small particles crossing the field of view of the telescope, and in a determinate direction, and supposed by some to indicate the passage of a stream of meteoric bodies. As bearing possibly upon this appearance, it may be stated that during the observations of the eclipse of October 17 and 18, 1869, in India, Lieutenant Herschell, of the British service, had his attention attracted to certain shadows traversing the disk of the sun, which became bright streaks when they had passed beyond it. The meteoric hypothesis suggested itself to him, and he proceeded to investigate the subject more carefully, when he ultimately discovered that the whole was due to a flight of locusts, in vast numbers, and at a distance inappreciable to the naked eye. Should any such phenomena be observed hereafter it would be well to bear in mind the propriety of examining, as Lieutenant Herschell did, whether the objects seen require the same focus as the sun, as, if this were the case, their presence within the earth's atmosphere would be, of course, impossible.

FOSSIL BIRDS.

American geologists have been aware of the researches of Professor Marsh among the remains of fossil birds in the United States; in this following the example of Professor Alfred Milne Edwards, of Paris, in regard to the species of France. A paper recently published by Professor Marsh describes various species of extinct birds, among them five belonging to the cretaceous, a formation which in Europe has furnished only one or two. Now that attention has been called to this subject, it is probable that numerous species will hereafter be brought to light; so that we may before long have materials at our command for a work equal in extent to that in the course of publication by Professor Edwards.

VARIEGATED LEAVES.

Among favorite objects of cultivation in green-houses and ornamental gardens, of late years, are plants having variegated leaves; and no effort has been spared to secure the greatest possible variety. Any plant may, it is said, be variegated by inoculating into it the sap of one already variegated by means of grafting. The cause of this phenomenon, according to Mr. Morren, consists in the existence of minute corpuscles which have no green color like the ordinary corpuscles, presenting an analogy to albinism in the animal kingdom.

AFRICAN METEORITE.

It is stated that about the 25th of December last an immense globe of fire, measuring a yard in diameter, fell to the earth in the vicinity of Fezzan, and in striking emitted a shower of sparks, which exploded like the firing of pistols, exhaling a peculiar odor. This aerolite fell but a short distance from a crowd of Arabs, who were so much terrified that they immediately discharged their guns against the incomprehensible monster. The authorities of the country, on hearing of the facts, immediately sent orders

to their representatives at Fezzan to gather up the fragments and send them to Tripoli. This, it is now said, has been done, and the weight of the meteorite given at over three thousand pounds, although the statement requires confirmation.

CHLOROPHYL GRAINS.

We have already referred to the influence of solar light in causing the grains of chlorophyll to change their position in the cells of certain plants. This phenomenon, according to Rose, is not caused by the influence of the light upon the corpuscles themselves, but results from its acting upon the material surrounding the corpuscles in such a manner as to induce the motion in the corpuscles.

DELAUNAY'S TABLES OF THE MOON.

The present head of the French Observatory, M. Delaunay, was occupied for many years in the preparation of a new series of the tables of the moon, so much used in determining longitudes; and we are now informed that the Bureau of Longitudes has received a grant from the government of \$2400 a year for five years to meet the expense of publication. These tables, it is expected, will supplement and improve upon those made by Hansen, and published in 1857 at the expense of the English government.

FOSSIL BIRDS OF FRANCE.

A recent examination of the remains of birds in the tertiary deposits of Bourbonnais in France has shown, in a more striking manner than had previously been appreciated, the tropical character of the country during the period of that formation. These remains belong to genera totally distinct from those inhabiting France at the present day, resembling in many respects those of the tropical portions of modern Africa. The most remarkable of these fossils consist of species of parrots, of trogons, of swifts (such as those that construct the edible birds'-nests of the East), of the sand grouse, the marabout stork, and the secretary vulture, or serpent-bird. This serpent-bird, as is well known to ornithologists, is a species belonging to the rapacious order, but characterized by the extreme length of the legs; in this respect resembling the herons and storks, and constructed in all its details with special reference to attacking poisonous serpents and destroying them. The part played by the single living species, in this respect, is very important, and the discovery of a second miocene species would also indicate the existence at that period of poisonous reptiles in an abundance at present unknown in any part of Europe. The occurrence of flamingoes, of the ibis, and of pelicans, in the same formations had previously been established by M. Edwards; but these forms are less indicative of the peculiar paleontological conditions referred to than those first mentioned.

ANIMAL SUBSTANCES OF THE MATERIA MEDICA.

A late writer, in discussing articles of the modern materia medica derived especially from the animal kingdom, enumerates, among others, the sponge, the use of which is mainly confined to cleaning purposes, or in the application of substances to interior cavities; the red coral, which, however, has lately disappeared from the shelves

of the druggists; various forms of insects, first among them the Spanish fly and the cochineal insect; leeches, used in great quantity; the isinglass of fish; the oil from the liver of the cod and of some other species; the albumen of birds' eggs, used especially as an antidote to corrosive sublimate; the spermaceti of the whale, which furnishes stearine and other preparations; the ambergris of this same whale, due to the concretions formed in its intestines around the remains of cuttle-fish; the oil of the dugong, a marine mammal; the musk of the musk-deer; the civet of the civet-cat; the castoreum of the beaver; and the hyraceum of the Cape cony. In addition to these, the druggists of earlier days used frequently dried snakes and lizards; the calcular concretions from the stomach of a eraw-fish; calculi of the ibex and of the goat; the scales of the crocodile, and many other substances.

ASPARAGUS SEEDS AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.

The extensive use of coffee and the expense of the better qualities, as also the occasional difficulty of obtaining all the varieties, owing to the interruption of commerce by war, etc., has induced the employment of a great many substitutes, such as roasted turnips, chicory roots, burned corn, pease, and other substances. But these, apart from giving a color resembling that of coffee and occasionally an odor similar to it, have no relationship to the original material, owing to the entire absence of the principle of coffee itself—the caffeine. A German author, having found that asparagus seed contains caffeine in very large proportion, now presents it to the public as the true substitute for coffee. He prepares it by crushing the red berries in a mortar, and allowing the mass to ferment for some days in a tub, and afterward turning out the solid portion upon a sieve with holes a little larger than the asparagus seeds. These seeds, after passing through the sieve, are again washed and dried. They have a dark brown appearance, and are horny externally like coffee, having a greenish tint inside and a peculiar aroma, similar to that of coffee, a fatty oil, and a nitrogenous alkaloid. On being roasted these seeds give out an aroma astonishingly like that of coffee; and when ground and prepared, the result can scarcely be distinguished from that of coffee of the finest quality.

USE OF CHARCOAL IN FATTENING TURKEYS.

Four turkeys were cooped up and fed with meal, boiled potatoes, and oats; four others of the same brood were treated in a similar manner in another pen, but with a pint daily of finely pulverized charcoal added to the food, and an abundant supply of the lumps of the coal. All eight were killed the same day, and those fed with charcoal were found to weigh about a pound and a half each more than the others, and to be of much better quality.

DECAY OF STONE BUILDINGS IN CITIES.

It has frequently been observed that the surfaces of various kinds of stones, especially the limestones, when used for building purposes in cities, in a short time become dimmed and discolored, and at no distant period show unmistakable signs of decay. This is more especial-

ly the case where coal is used in the largest quantity; and a careful examination has shown that it is due mainly to the quantity of sulphuric acid liberated by the combustion of this substance, amounting to seventy pounds or more for each ton of even the purest quality. This acid forms sulphates, and it is on magnesian limestones, or dolomites, that the effects are most marked, the resulting sulphate of magnesia being very evident in the scrapings of the surface. The carved portions of the stone, and those which arrest the dirt and dust, suffer most, from holding longer in contact with the stone the acidulated moisture of the air. The resulting disintegration of the stone is also facilitated by the crystallization of the sulphates within its pores.

A careful consideration of the chemical processes involved has led to the use of certain substances for the purpose of preventing the combination mentioned, and, as it would seem, with much success. An aqueous solution of superphosphate of lime was applied to the surface of the cleaned stone, either by brushing or immersion, and produced an insoluble exterior. The cost of the material is but trifling, a gallon of the solution furnishing two coats to about three hundred square feet of Caen or Portland stone. It should not contain any appreciable quantity of sulphuric acid. For treatment of dolomites or magnesian limestones baryta is added to the hardening salt, for the purpose of destroying any sulphate of magnesia already formed, giving rise to the very insoluble sulphate of baryta. When the superphosphate of lime is applied to the fresh surface of limestone, it has been found to add nearly fifty per cent. to the strength; at least, this was the case with the cubes of stone on which the experiment was conducted.

SINKING OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

It is stated by a recent French writer that the islands of Jersey and Guernsey, in the English Channel, have sunk about forty-three feet in the past five hundred years.

PREPARATION OF CARBONIC ACID.

Carbonic acid, now extensively used for various purposes, besides the preparation of soda-water, is made cheaply on a large scale by the following process: A number of retorts are placed in a furnace, precisely as for the production of coal gas, and filled with a mixture of sulphate of lime or plaster of Paris and charcoal, the latter in a quantity sufficient to absorb all the oxygen of the sulphate of lime. The plaster of Paris is converted into sulphide of calcium, and carbonic acid gas escapes, and after purification by passing through water, is conducted into gasometers. A current of air passed over the hot sulphide of calcium reconverts it into sulphate of lime, and the process may thus be repeated indefinitely.

A HARMLESS GREEN FOR PICKLES, ETC.

We extract from a German journal the following recipe for a beautiful green color, to be used for sweetmeats, candies, and pickles, which, it is asserted, is entirely destitute of any poisonous qualities. It is made by dissolving five grains of saffron in a quarter of an ounce of distilled water, and in another vessel dissolving four grains of indigo carmine in half an ounce of distilled

water. After shaking each up thoroughly they are allowed to stand for twenty-four hours, and on being mixed together at the expiration of that time, a fine green solution is obtained, capable of coloring five pounds of sugar.

APPLICATIONS OF INFUSORIAL EARTH.

Infusorial earth (of which immense quantities exist in Maryland, Virginia, and elsewhere) is now used for many purposes in the arts, in addition to its furnishing an interesting field of investigation to the microscopist and naturalist. Sculptors' models, made of the usual clay, mixed with this earth, do not crack or spring, either in drying or baking. Added to sealing-wax it prevents the too rapid dropping when melted, and does not affect the color. The substances usually employed for the purpose, gypsum and barytes, are open to many objections that do not apply to this earth. It is used to great advantage in polishing metals, and is an excellent article for cleaning glass, either windows or mirrors. For this latter purpose it is mixed with water and smeared over the surface, and afterward rubbed off with a piece of chamois leather. It is said to be superior to all other substances as a moulding sand, taking the finest and most delicate impressions. United with nitro-glycerine, it forms the new blasting powder, dynamite, so much safer than the explosive liquid in use.

ORNITHOPSIS—A FOSSIL LINK BETWEEN BIRDS AND REPTILES.

Among other interesting novelties recently brought to our notice by the paleontologists is a pterodactyl-like animal from the Wealden of England, and named *Ornithopsis* by Mr. Seeley, of Cambridge. According to this gentleman the animal in question belongs to a new order, intermediate between birds and the ordinary pterodactyl reptiles, and of gigantic dimensions. The reconstruction is based upon two large vertebræ, from which it is inferred that the animal was at least ten to twelve feet high, possibly several times that size, with a long neck, arranged like that of a bird. The vertebræ are constructed on the lightest and airiest pattern, and the pneumatic foramina are of enormous dimensions. It is probable that when further details of the entire skeleton of this genus are obtained it will be found that it does much toward bridging the gap between the known species of birds and reptiles, which most naturalists now consider so closely related.

POISONOUS NATURE OF PHENYL SUBSTANCES.

In consequence of the many inquiries on the subject, a recent writer gives the following statement of the nature of the poisonous effects of various chemical productions of the phenyl group: First, carbolic, or phenic acid acts upon the skin, turning it white, and producing inflammation and swelling. Second, phenol acts slightly at a low temperature, but more quickly and actively as the temperature increases. Third, pure rosolic acid and pure coralline are not poisonous, and produce no effect upon the skin. In an impure condition both substances may, however, act like poisons. Fourth, rosolic acid may act upon the skin, either by means of a percentage of sulphuric acid, or of rosol, according to the mode of its

preparation. Fifth, coralline prepared by means of impure rosolic acid and a superabundance of ammonia is poisonous when introduced into the animal economy, acting by means of the aniline combined in it. It has, however, no effect upon the skin. Sixth, when coralline acts at all upon the skin it is in consequence of containing phenol. Seventh, the impure and injurious rosolic acid can be purified by means of benzole.

EXTINCTION OF SMALL BIRDS IN NEW ZEALAND.

A curious cause is assigned for the gradual reduction in the number of the small native birds of New Zealand. Many are destroyed by cats, which, after having been introduced into the country, have run wild and become formidable beasts of prey. The European honey-bee is, however, to be looked upon as the principal culprit. A considerable proportion of the birds live upon the honey of the native flowers, which they obtain by protruding their long, fringed tongues into the corolla of the blossom. The bee, introduced some time ago into that country, has become very abundant, and of course feeds at the same time with the birds, and resents their intrusion by stinging the extended tongue whenever an opportunity presents itself, causing more or less distress, and very frequently death. This curious fact was first noticed by the aborigines, and has been verified, it is said, by accurate observers among the European colonists.

ANCIENT SHELL-HEAPS IN WALES.

Among objects of great interest to the ethnologist are the heaps of refuse shells found at various points along the sea-coast and interior waters of various countries, especially as the period of the formation usually dates back to a remote antiquity, far beyond the earliest historical records. Attention was first called to these shell-heaps on the coast of Denmark, where they received the name of *kjoekken'modding*; and a thorough exploration of them was made in that country by a commission of scientific men appointed for the purpose. They found evidence of very great antiquity in them, and considered them to be the offal of ancient villages, discovering in them, besides the shells themselves—always of the edible species abounding in the vicinity—bones of vertebrata, implements of stone or bone, fragments of pottery, etc. Many speculations have been entered into in regard to the date of these heaps, which, since their discovery in Denmark, have been detected in almost all other parts of the world; and although an absolute date could not be established for any of them, those of the country in question are supposed to precede the period of the lake dwellings of Switzerland, and probably to possess an antiquity of not less than three thousand years. A recent examination of heaps of this character in Wales developed the existence of the shells of the limpet, the purpura, and littorina, mixed with which were the bones of the ancient horned sheep, the short-horned cow, the horse, and the dog. From various circumstances connected with this heap, and some considerations in regard to geological and other changes on the coast, it was concluded that the probable period of its construction is to be found in the seventh and eighth centuries—an antiquity thus consid-

erably less than that ascribed to the kjoekken'-modding of Denmark.

These heaps are more abundant, perhaps, in North America than in any other part of the world, having been found along our entire coast, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Florida, and throughout many points of the interior, as well as on the coast of the Pacific. The examination of a considerable number of these has furnished no positive data as to their antiquity; but from the universal absence of articles of European origin in them, except as introduced at a subsequent period, we are entitled to consider them as antedating the settlement of the country by the whites. How far beyond this period they originated it is impossible now to tell; although, perhaps, when more extended researches have been made and compared together, some clew may present itself to such skillful ethnologists as Professor Wyman, Dr. Rau, Mr. George Gibbs, and others.

PHOSPHATE BEDS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Much interest has been excited within a few years past by the discovery of extensive beds of phosphate of lime at the mouth of the Ashley and Cooper rivers, near Charleston, these covering from three to four hundred square miles to a depth of from six inches to three feet, and resting immediately above a deposit of eocene marl. The phosphate consists mainly of nodules formed around eocene shells as a nucleus, and furnishing about sixty per cent. of phosphate of lime. Among the nodules in question are found sharks' teeth and eocene shells like those of the marl beneath, and, according to Professor Shaler, resembling the species found at Gay Head, on Martha's Vineyard. In the upper layer of this bed occur bones of the mastodon, of extinct horses and sheep, and bits of pottery. Although some geologists consider these as belonging to the same period as that of the phosphate beds themselves, in Professor Shaler's opinion they were introduced at a later period by the agency of water. Professor Shaler thinks that these beds were formed, after their upheaval, from the marls beneath them; that the drainage of surface water charged with carbonic acid acted upon the upper layer of the marl and removed the carbonate of lime, leaving the phosphate to accumulate in the nodules around the shells. He does not pretend to account for the original appearance of the phosphoric acid, which he thinks too great in quantity to have been derived from the bones of vertebrate animals. He suggests, however, that it might have been derived from seaweeds, some kinds of which are known to contain it in appreciable quantity, and possibly from some pteropod mollusks. Professor Shaler looks upon the phosphate beds in question as in the main much like that of the sea bottom off the southern coast, the recent dredgings and soundings from which have been found to contain an appreciable percentage of phosphoric acid.

GUARANA—A NEW STIMULANT.

Attention has been called of late years to the virtues of a drug known as guarana, which is used in Brazil as a stimulant and a remedy in many forms of nervous affection. It is said to be prepared from the seeds of a sapindaceous plant known as *Paullinia sorbilis*, which ripen in

October or November, and are then removed from their capsules and dried in the sun. Afterward they are placed in stone mortars over a charcoal fire, first slightly roasted, and then rubbed to a fine powder, which is moistened with water or exposed to the dew by night, and assumes the consistency of a paste. This is worked up into cylinders or balls, weighing from twelve to sixteen ounces, then dried in the sun or the smoke of the hut until they become dry and of a stony hardness, requiring the blow of an axe or hammer to break them. For use this preparation is rubbed on a grater or file, so as to be reduced to a powder, and then mixed with sugar and steeped in water.

A chemical examination of the substance proves its value as a drink, since it embraces the same principle as coffee or tea, and, in fact, contains four or five per cent. of the alkaloid caffeine, a proportion vastly greater than that of the coffee bean, which has but two per cent. of the same ingredient, or of tea, which has from six-tenths of one per cent. to two per cent. of the same. It is not at all improbable that in time this substance will come much more generally into use, especially for travelers, and for regions where transportation is expensive, and where concentration is an object, since so much larger a percentage of an important stimulant can be obtained by its use in a given weight than in any other way. It is said that at the present time about 6,000,000 pounds are prepared annually in Brazil, nearly the whole of which is used in that country. The plant from which it is derived is very abundant; and should a demand arise for it, it can be furnished in almost any reasonable quantity.

FOSSIL FEATHER.

The discovery of a fossil feather has recently been announced by Professor Marsh. It was obtained by Dr. Hayden during his geological explorations in Wyoming Territory during the past year, and is stated to be the first specimen of the kind on record. Whether it belonged to a true bird, or to some link between the bird and reptile, like the *Archæopteryx*, has not yet been determined; and additional collections from the same region will be looked forward to with much interest, as possibly likely to embrace such portions of the skeleton of the animal as may serve to settle its true character.

OZONE.

The result of some recent investigations upon ozone by Mr. Houzeau may be expressed in the following summary. As now understood by most authors, ozone is simply an allotropic condition of oxygen, but of considerably greater density, the ratio between the two being as 1.65 to 1. At the same meteorological station the chemical activity of the air due to the presence of ozone varies from one day to the next. In three meteorological stations, as at Paris, Ronen, and an adjacent locality, observations made at the same time of day, and with the same tests, showed very different indications as to the manifestations of ozone, from which it is inferred that locality exercises a very decided influence upon the chemical properties of the atmosphere. The seasons exercise the greatest influence upon the manifestations of atmospheric ozone, this being most decided in the spring and summer, and

comparatively feeble in autumn and winter, the greatest percentage being attained in the month of May. This result is established by eight years' successive observations. There is an intimate relation between the appearance of ozone, or its increased manifestation, and the great perturbations of the atmosphere, such as water-spouts, hurricanes, tempests, etc. The influence of the grander movements of the atmosphere upon the production or transportation of ozone extends sometimes to very great distances, even into regions where the existence of the substance is otherwise scarcely perceptible, showing that these commotions, which so frequently involve ruin and devastation, so far as the material works of humanity are concerned, nevertheless fulfill an important part in the economy of nature, as modifying and improving the condition of the atmosphere.

CHANGE OF CLIMATE OF FRANCE.

It is asserted by a French meteorologist, who has made careful investigations of the subject, that the climate of France, instead of becoming milder since the Middle Ages, has actually become more severe. This conclusion is based upon the record of observations in regard to the growth of the vine, the migration of storks, the period of spring vegetation, etc., and would seem to indicate a chronological coincidence, if not a relationship of cause and effect, between the variations of climate and the precession of the equinoxes.

FREEZING OF PLANTS.

Mr. Prillieux has shown that when plants are frozen icicles are developed in their interior, forming small columns perpendicular to the surface, and often penetrating the epidermis, being derived from the liquid contents of the cells. The cells themselves remain unaffected, so that there is no destruction, but simply a separation of the organs; and consequently the asserted death of the plant by freezing does not really take place to any considerable extent.

PRESERVATION OF LIME JUICE.

The virtues of lime or lemon juice as an antagonist to scurvy on ship-board are well known and officially recognized by the passage of laws in most nations requiring a certain proportion to each person on board as part of the ship-stores—this in Great Britain, for foreign-bound craft, amounting to one ounce a day per head, after the vessel shall have been ten days at sea. Much attention has therefore been directed toward securing so important an article from adulteration, as well as against its spoiling on the voyage, or while in store. The foreign substances fraudulently added are water, tartaric acid, bitartrate of potash, common salt, vinegar, and sometimes even sulphuric acid. Occasionally it is a solution of citric acid in water. These ingredients, if not all positively injurious, are yet without the desired medicinal effect, even the citric acid wanting the bicitrate of ethyl, one of the important constituents of the natural juice.

Various methods have been adopted for preserving the juice, one being the addition, as authorized by law, of not more than fifteen per cent. of proof spirit—an expensive, and not always satisfactory remedy. Quite lately, how-

ever, a Mr. Rose has suggested an application which promises to be of very great practical importance. This consists in the use of a small quantity of sulphurous acid, or rather, about two per cent. of bisulphite of lime—a well-known antiseptic. The contents of vessels closely sealed up after the addition of this substance seem to experience no change whatever—the oxygen developed in the liquid, and which would otherwise produce fermentation, being taken up as formed by the sulphurous acid of the lime, and gradually converted into sulphuric acid, which, combining with the lime of the salt and that existing naturally in the juice, forms sulphate of lime, which is precipitated to the bottom as an inert substance. One advantage of the use of bisulphite of lime over spirits as a preservative of lime juice, besides the greater cheapness, is the fact that, in its importation from foreign countries, no question can arise as to the duty chargeable on its alcoholic admixture.

CONDUCTIBILITY OF BODIES FOR HEAT AND FOR ELECTRICITY.

According to Von Lenz, the conductivity of different bodies for heat and electricity is proportional, one to the other, with the same temperature—the influence of temperature upon conductivity for heat and conductivity for electricity being the same.

CRUISE OF THE "PORCUPINE" IN 1870.

Our readers will doubtless remember the accounts, published in previous pages, of the very striking and important results obtained by the scientific corps on board the British steamer *Porcupine*, in the explorations of last summer made with reference to the fauna and temperature of the deep seas, a depth of 15,000 feet having been successfully explored. We are now informed that these experiments are to be repeated during the present summer, from the same vessel, which has been placed at the command of the Royal Society. It is understood that the first cruise will be along the Bay of Biscay and the coasts of Spain and Portugal, to the Straits of Gibraltar. In the beginning of August Dr. Carpenter will proceed into the Mediterranean, and endeavor to trace the direction of the currents at the straits. A photometric apparatus has been contrived by Mr. Siemens, for the purpose of ascertaining the depth to which solar light penetrates the sea; and other questions of considerable interest are to be investigated by the gentlemen of the expedition.

An improved method of registering the deep-sea temperature will probably be made use of during this new expedition, the results of which will tend to rectify and correct any errors of the previous season, thermometers having been prepared by inclosing the full bulb in glass, the space between the case and the bulb being nearly filled with alcohol. The effect of this arrangement is to prevent action in the way of compression upon the bulb at great depths, and thus avoid the erroneous indications that would result therefrom. Experiments have been made by Mr. Casella with this new form of apparatus under hydraulic pressure, and an equivalent to the greatest depth of the *Porcupine's* work of last season produced no perceptible effect upon the thermometer.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 30th of June.—In the Senate, May 28, Mr. Sumner reported the Cyrus W. Field bill to aid in establishing interoceanic telegraph communication between California, the Sandwich Islands, Japan, and China; the line to be completed in five years. Among the incorporators are Peter Cooper, Professor Morse, Wilson G. Hunt, and Moses Taylor.

On May 31, a bill was introduced into the Senate by Mr. Chandler for the encouragement of ship-building. It provides for the refunding, by the government, to builders of iron vessels of duties paid on materials used in their construction; also, for the American registration of vessels purchased abroad for three years after the passage of the bill. The same day, in the House, Mr. Lynch's bill for the revival of American commerce was virtually defeated for this session, it being recommitted with its amendments.

The Senate in executive session, June 1, rejected, by a vote of 20 to 19, the reciprocity treaty negotiated with the Sandwich Islands at San Francisco, May, 1867. The treaty was to have continued in force for seven years from its negotiation.

The income tax was debated in the House on June 2. The next day amendments were adopted reducing the tax to 3 per cent., increasing the exemption to \$2000, limiting the allowance for house-rent to \$500, and prohibiting the publication of the income returns.—In the Senate, on the 24th, the income tax was utterly abolished by a vote of 34 to 23.

A Naturalization bill was reported by the House Judiciary Committee on the 9th. It reduces the period of residence to three years, and provides for proceedings for naturalization to be taken in the United States courts. The bill was recommitted on the 10th, and again presented on the 13th, when it was passed. As amended, it leaves the naturalization system in the State courts, but gives the Federal courts jurisdiction over all parties charged with fraud.

The Senate amendment to the Appropriation bill, placing female clerks in the departments, as regards pay, on the same footing with male clerks, was adopted June 11.

In the Senate, a bill fixing the apportionment for the next Congress, and increasing the number of Representatives to 300, was passed June 13.

The bill to provide a national currency of bank-notes, and to equalize the distribution of circulating notes, was debated in the House June 8. Pending the discussion, a motion to adjourn was carried, which had the effect to place the bill at the bottom of the list on the Speaker's table. The bill was, however, subsequently recovered from this position and passed. But a Conference Committee had to be appointed, which, on the 27th, presented its report in the House. The bill reported by the Conference Committee is essentially the same as the one originally presented, and of which we have given a synopsis in a previous Record. The bill was rejected on the 29th.

In the Senate, on the 16th, the House bill creating a Department of Justice, with the Attorney-General at its head, was passed.

The bill abolishing the franking privilege, which several weeks before had passed the House almost unanimously, was rejected by the Senate, June 21—yeas 26, nays 28.

In the House, June 24, the Georgia bill was adopted. It declares the State entitled to representation, a legal Legislature having ratified the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments.

On June 13 President Grant, anticipating the action of the House on Mr. Banks's resolutions, transmitted to Congress a special message on the Cuban question. After alluding to the statement made in his annual message at the beginning of the session, the President says:

"During the six months which have passed since the date of the message, the condition of the insurgents has not improved; and the insurrection itself, although not subdued, exhibits no signs of advance, but seems to be confined to an irregular system of hostilities, carried on by small and illy-armed bands of men, roaming without concentration through the wood and the sparsely populated regions of the island, attacking from ambush convoys and small bands of troops, burning plantations and the estates of those not sympathizing with their cause. But, if the insurrection has not gained ground, it is equally true that Spain has not suppressed it. Climate, disease, and the occasional bullet, have worked destruction among the soldiers of Spain; and although the Spanish authorities have possession of every sea-port and every town on the island, they have not been able to subdue the hostile feeling which has driven a considerable number of the native inhabitants of the island to armed resistance against Spain, and still leads them to endure the dangers and privations of a roaming life of a guerrilla. On either side the contest has been conducted, and is still carried on, with a lamentable disregard of human life, and of the usages and practices which modern civilization has prescribed in mitigation of the necessary horrors of war. The torch of Spaniard and Cuban are alike busy in carrying devastation over fertile regions. Murderous and revengeful decrees are issued and executed by both parties. Count Valmaseda and Colonel Bolt, on the part of Spain, have each startled humanity and aroused the indignation of the civilized world by the execution each of a score of prisoners at a time; while General Quesada, the Cuban chief, coolly, and with apparent unconsciousness of aught else than a proper act, has admitted the slaughter, by his own deliberate order, in one day, of upward of 650 prisoners of war. A summary trial, with few, if any, escapes from conviction, followed by immediate execution, is the fate of those arrested on either side on suspicion of infidelity to the cause of the party making the arrest. Whatever may be the sympathies of the people or of the government of the United States for the cause or objects for which a part of the people of Cuba are understood to have put themselves in armed resistance to the government of Spain, there can be no just sympathy in a conflict carried on by both parties alike in such barbarous violation of the rules of civilized nations, and with such continued outrage upon the plainest principles of humanity."

In regard to outrages perpetrated upon American citizens, he says:

"We can not discriminate, in our censure of their mode of conducting their contest, between the Spaniards and the Cubans. Each commits the same atrocities, and outrages alike the established rules of war. The properties of many of our citizens have been destroyed or embargoed. The lives of several have been sacrificed, and the liberty of others has been restrained. In every case that has come to the knowledge of the government an early and earnest demand for reparation and indemnity has been made; and most emphatic remonstrance has been presented against the manner in which the strife is conducted, and against the reckless disregard of human life, the wanton destruction of material wealth, and the cruel disregard of the established rules of civilized warfare. I have, since the beginning of the present session of Congress, communicated to the House of Representatives, upon their

request, an account of the steps which I had taken in the hope of bringing this sad conflict to an end, and for securing to the people of Cuba the blessings and the right of independent self-government. The efforts then made failed, but not without an assurance from Spain that the good offices of this government might still avail for the objects to which they had been addressed."

In regard to neutrality, and the recognition of belligerent rights, he says:

"The duty of opposition to filibustering has been admitted by every President. Washington encountered the efforts of Genet and the French revolutionists; John Adams the project of Miranda; Jefferson the schemes of Aaron Burr; Madison, and subsequent Presidents, had to deal with the question of foreign enlistment or equipment in the United States; and since the days of John Quincy Adams it has been one of the constant cares of the government in the United States to prevent piratical expeditions against the feeble South American republics from leaving our shores. In no country are men wanting for any enterprise that holds out promise of adventure and gain. In the early days of our national existence, the whole continent of America, outside of the United States and all its islands, were colonial dependencies upon European powers. The revolutions which, from 1810, spread almost simultaneously throughout the Spanish American continental colonies, resulted in the establishment of new states, like ourselves, of European origin, and interested in excluding European politics and the question of dynasty and of balances of power from further influence in the New World. The American policy of neutrality, important before, became doubly so from the fact that it became applicable to the new republics as well as to the mother country. It then devolved upon us to determine the great international question, at what time and under what circumstances to recognize a new power as entitled to a place among the family of nations, as well as the preliminary question of the attitude to be observed by this government toward the insurrectionary party pending the contest. Mr. Monroe concisely expressed the rule which has controlled the action of this government with reference to a revolting country, pending its struggle, by saying:

"As soon as the movement assumed such a steady and consistent form as to make the success of the provinces probable, the rights to which they were entitled by the laws of nations as equal parties to a civil war were extended to them."

"The question of belligerency is one of fact, not to be decided by sympathies for, or prejudice against, either party. The relations between the combatants in their present state must amount, in fact, to war in the sense of international law. Fighting, though fierce and protracted, does not alone constitute war. There must be military forces acting in accordance with the rules of war, flags of truce, cartels, exchange of prisoners, etc., etc. And to justify a recognition of belligerency there must be above all a *de facto* political organization of the insurgents, sufficient in character and resources to constitute, if left to itself, a state among nations, capable of discharging the duties of a state, and of meeting the just responsibilities it may incur as such toward other powers in the discharge of its national duties. Applying the best information which I have been able to gather—whether from official or unofficial sources, including the very exaggerated statements which each party gives to all that may prejudice the opposite or give credit to its own side of the question—I am unable to see in the present condition of the contest in Cuba those elements which are requisite to constitute war in the sense of international law. The insurgents hold no town or city, have no established seat of government; they have no prize courts, no organization for the receiving or collecting of revenue; no sea-port to which a prize may be carried, or through which access can be had by a foreign power to the limited interior territory and mountain fastnesses which they occupy. The existence of a legislature representing any popular constituency is more than doubtful. In the uncertainty that hangs around the entire insurrection there is no probable evidence of an election of any delegated authority, or of any government outside the limits of the camps occupied from day to day by the moving companies of insurgent troops. There is no commerce, no trade—either internal or foreign—no manufactures. The late commander-in-chief of the insurgents, having recently come to the United States, publicly declared that 'all commercial intercourse or trade with the exterior

world has been utterly cut off;' and he further added, 'to-day we have not ten thousand arms in Cuba.' It is a well-established principle of public law that a recognition by a foreign state of belligerent rights of insurgents under circumstances such as now exist in Cuba, if not justified by necessity, is a gratuitous demonstration of moral support to the rebellion."

On the 14th the joint resolutions which had been reported by the majority of the Committee on Foreign Affairs were considered. These resolutions authorized and instructed the President to maintain a strictly impartial neutrality, and requested him to remonstrate against the barbarous manner in which the war in Cuba has been conducted. On the 16th a substitute offered by Mr. Bingham was adopted, 103 to 86, authorizing the President to remonstrate against the barbarous manner in which the contest is being conducted, "and, if he shall deem it expedient, to solicit the co-operation of other governments in such measures as he may deem necessary to secure from both contending parties an observance of the laws of war recognized by all civilized nations." Every Democrat, save one, voted in the negative.

As a preparation for the ensuing political campaign, an address to the people of the United States was signed and issued by the Democratic members of Congress, assembled in caucus for that purpose on the evening of June 23. It is an appeal to the people to elect members of the next Congress who shall favor a constitutional, economical, and honest government, and oppose a continuance of revolutionary, extravagant, wasteful, and partisan rule.

The State election in Oregon, June 6, for a Congressman, State officers, and members of the Legislature, resulted in a Democratic victory. This result insures the election of a Democratic Senator in place of Hon. G. H. Williams, whose term expires in 1871.

The Ohio Democratic State Convention met in Columbus June 1, and nominated a ticket for State officers, to be chosen in the October election, headed with the name of William Heisly, of Cleveland, for Secretary of State. The platform adopted denounces the present odious tariff, calls for the repeal of the income tax and other oppressive taxes, deplores the profligacy of Grant's administration, declares against land monopolies and the national bank system, calls for the taxing of the bonds, and condemns the truckling of the administration to Great Britain and Spain.

The Vermont Constitutional Convention, June 11, rejected the proposition for female suffrage. Only one member voted in its favor, against 231.

The President accepted the resignation of Attorney-General Hoar June 15, and the next day nominated Amos T. Ackerman, of Georgia, as his successor. The nomination was confirmed by the Senate June 23.

United States Senators whose terms will begin March 4, 1871, were elected in two States June 14. Senator Henry B. Anthony was re-elected from Rhode Island, and Senator Aaron H. Cragin from New Hampshire. Four Senators of the same class have already been chosen: Stevenson, of Kentucky; Morrill, of Maine; Cooper, of Tennessee; and Alcorn, of Mississippi.

On the 1st of June a delegation of Indians, the principal men of which were Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, and Swift Bear, waited on Commissioner Parker, at Washington, to confer with him in regard to Indian affairs in the Territories

of the Northwest. Red Cloud is the chief of the Sioux Nation. Spotted Tail complained that the government had not fulfilled its treaty obligations. The object of the delegation was to procure redress and protection. While these strange visitors were being entertained at Washington their brethren in the West were threatening war in the vicinity of Fort Buford, Dakota Territory.

The Cuban privateer *Hornet*, seized by the government at Wilmington, North Carolina, last fall, has been released to the original purchaser from the United States, Mr. Fernando Macia, who gave bonds amounting to \$50,000 that she shall not engage in hostilities against Spain, or otherwise violate the neutrality laws of the United States.

William Gilmore Simms, the Southern novelist, died in Charleston, South Carolina, June 11, aged 64 years.

EUROPE.

In the British House of Lords, on the 17th, the High Court of Justice bill, by which important reforms are introduced into the superior courts of law and equity in England, was passed. In the same House the Irish Land bill passed to a second reading. On the 24th an amendment to the Education bill, favoring purely secular education, was rejected by the House of Commons, 60 to 421.

Sir Charles Mordaunt, of England, has been defeated in his suit for a divorce from his wife, the decision against him resting on the ground that, owing to the continued insanity of Lady Mordaunt, she was in no condition to make legal reply. The case may be reopened whenever it shall appear that her recovery is hopeless.—Mr. Shirley Brooks, the novelist, succeeds Mark Lemon as editor of *Punch*.

Charles Dickens died at Gadshill, near Rochester, in Kent, England, on the 9th of June. The day before his death he was dining with his sister-in-law, Miss Hogarth, who, observing an unusual appearance in his face, became alarmed; but he said it was only a toothache, and that he should be better presently. He then asked that the window might be shut, and almost immediately relapsed into unconsciousness, from which state he never recovered before death. Mr. Dickens was 58 years old when he died. The remains of the deceased were, on the morning of the 14th, conveyed to Westminster Abbey, where they were received by Dean Stanley and other officials, and placed in the Poet's Corner, at the foot of Handel, and at the head of Sheridan, with Macaulay and Cumberland on either side. The usual flowers were strewn upon the bier, Dean Stanley read the burial-service, the coffin was deposited in its final resting-place, and the funeral of Dickens was ended. Upon the coffin-plate were inscribed the words:

Charles Dickens,
Born February 7, 1812,
Died June 9, 1870.

On Sunday, the 19th, Dean Stanley preached a commemorative funeral discourse.

The Right Honorable George Frederick Villiers, Earl of Clarendon, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, died June 26, aged 70 years.

At the beginning of the month the Spanish Cortes entered upon a discussion to determine the future ruler of Spain. On the 4th a propo-

sition was made that no candidate for king should be considered fairly elected unless he should receive a majority equal to one-half of the full number of deputies in the Cortes. It was voted to consider this proposition, 106 to 98. The proposition was carried on the 8th, 138 to 124. The successful candidate must therefore receive 179 votes.—A telegram from Madrid, dated June 5, states that Espartero had written a letter declining to become a candidate for the throne.—Isabella II. has signed her formal abdication of the throne in favor of her son, the Prince of Asturias.—Previous to the adjournment of the Cortes, June 22, a bill was passed by that body differing from Señor Moret's project in several particulars. All slaves over 60, instead of 65, years of age, are immediately liberated. Children under 14 years of age are to go with their mothers. Married couples shall not be separated, and punishment by the lash is absolutely prohibited.

A terrible conflagration broke out in Constantinople June 5, in the course of which over 7000 buildings were consumed. A number of families perished, being unable to escape from the network of flames in which they were immersed. A Turkish paper says that 2000 lives were lost. The residences of the American and British ministers, and the consulates of several nations, together with theatres, mosques, churches, and stores, were destroyed.

The French Chamber of Accusation of the High Court of Justice in France, on June 4, returned indictments against seventy-eight persons for conspiracy against the life of the Emperor and kindred crimes. The trials were to commence at Blois June 30.

A telegram from Vienna, dated June 5, announced that the Austrian Emperor had promulgated a decree inviting the world to a universal exposition to be held in that capital in 1873.

The Ecumenical Council has been during the month of June principally occupied with the discussion of the infallibility dogma. Seventy-two fathers—fifteen of them French prelates—signified their intention to speak against it. Bishop Dupanloup, in the course of the debate, made a very forcible speech against the dogma.

CUBA.

Oscar Cespedes, the young son of President Cespedes, who had been captured by the Spaniards, was, on May 29, executed at Puerto Principe.—A telegram from Havana, dated June 5, announced the capture by the Spaniards of the filibustering expedition which had sailed from New York in the *George B. Upton* to the aid of the Cuban insurgents. The *Upton* landed the men, arms, etc., at Punta Brava, a few miles east of Nuevitas. The Americans left in charge of the stores were attacked by the Spaniards and dispersed, losing ten killed, including Captain Harrison. Two were drowned, and three taken prisoners. A steam launch, six tons of gunpowder, 2000 rifles, 100,000 cartridges, and a large quantity of medicines, fell into the hands of the Spaniards. The prisoners were summarily executed. The *Upton*, on the 12th, in a second expedition, succeeded in landing men and military stores; but late advices from Havana announce the capture of the expedition, with its materials of war.

Editor's Drawer.

FROM every quarter of the country, and from many parts foreign, come monthly to the Drawer some hundreds of communications, containing things pleasant and witty jotted down for the delectation of our readers. Before us, for example, are letters from Marysville, California; Middlebury College, Vermont; Annapolis, Maryland; Chillicothe, Ohio; Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands; Buffalo, New York; Northfield, Minnesota; Austin, Texas; Lindsay, Canada West; Galveston, Texas; North Branch, Michigan; Oregon City, Oregon; St. Louis, Missouri; Jordan, New York; Washington, District of Columbia; Waterbury, Vermont; New Orleans, Louisiana; Sandusky, Ohio; Ottumwa, Iowa; Dale City, Iowa; Saco, Maine; Oskaloosa, Iowa; Thorndike, Massachusetts; Portland, Oregon; Chicago, Illinois; Ravenna, Ohio; St. Mary's Mission, Kansas; Fort Wayne, Indiana; Oakland, California; Piqua, Ohio; Moberly, Missouri; Petaluma, California; Bourbon, Indiana; Fort Klamath, Oregon; South Bend, Indiana, etc., etc.

The briefer pleasantries, and occasionally others, that are not exactly adapted to the Drawer, find their way to appropriate columns in *Harper's Weekly* or in *Harper's Bazar*. Scarce a letter comes bearing these funniments that does not contain a few introductory words expressing the delight which is felt in reading the Drawer, and the fine moral and physical results produced by its honest, hearty, laughter-provoking "quiddets and quilllets."

So, brethren, continue to send on your anecdotes, and thus administer to "the general joy of the whole company."

WE copy from a Number of Buckingham's *Boston Weekly Magazine*, published in February, 1805, the following epitaph, which, now that slavery is abolished, has an interest that it scarcely had when originally cut upon the stone:

EPITAPH

Upon an African, inscribed upon a Grave Stone in a Grave Yard in Concord, Mass.

GOD

Wills us free;

Man

Wills us slaves,

I will as God wills,
God's will he done.

Here lies the body of JOHN JACK,
A native of Africa, who died March, 1773,
Aged about sixty years.

Tho' born in a land of slavery,
He was born free;

Tho' he lived in a land of liberty,
He lived a slave.

Till by his honest, tho' stolen labours,
He acquired the source of slavery,
Which gave him his freedom.

Tho' not long before
Death, the grand Tyrant,
Gave him his final emancipation,
And set him on a footing with Kings.

Tho' a slave to vice,
He practised those virtues,
Without which, Kings are but Slaves.

OUR eldest, a little fellow six years of age, is critical in the matter of "trotting buggies" and horse-flesh. His father's residence is suburban,

and beyond it lies the cemetery, "Forest Home;" the funeral trains passing to and fro being distinctly visible from the house. One day, after watching a funeral procession pass, Master Frank, lifting his little face, preternaturally grave, solemnly announced:

"Aunt Bell, I allus know when any body is dead."

"How do you know that, Frank?"

"'Cause, whenever I see a buggy with a door behind, then I allus knows it's a funeral."

ALAS that there should be so many poor souls who in this world and that which is to come look forward to nothing that is substantially comfortable and satisfying! Here, for instance, is a veritable descendant of Saint Martha, who came into a neighbor's house in Buffalo a few days since, downcast, wearying with many cares and cumbered with much serving: "So much to do! cleaning, working, cooking, washing, sewing, and every thing else! No rest! never was, never will be, for me!"

"Oh yes," said the good woman she addressed, "there will be a rest one day for us all—a long rest."

"Not for me! not for me!" was the reply. "Whenever I do die, there will be certain to be resurrection the very next day! It would be just my luck!"

Poor old dear! Too bad!

A CORRESPONDENT in Idaho incloses to the Drawer copies of some of the old district laws of that region. From the early settlement of the Pike's Peak region, in '58 and '59, until the autumn of '62, it was divided into mining districts, each district electing its own officers and enacting and enforcing its own laws. A few of these are as follows:

LOWER UNION DISTRICT.—Passed June 8, 1860.—*Sec. 8*: If any person or persons shall be guilty of stealing, the injured party may take sufficient property of defendant to satisfy all damage, and the defendant shall be banished from the district, and, failing to leave the district immediately on notice, shall receive not less than five, nor more than twenty-nine lashes. And in case the value of the property stolen be over \$100, he shall be hanged by the neck until he is dead. The injured party may proceed to retake his property and remunerate himself.

Revision of March, 1861, *Sec. 9*.—*Resolved*: That any person who shall be tried for stealing before the Miners' Court, if found guilty, shall receive not less than twenty, nor more than one hundred lashes. And for stealing a yoke of oxen, horse, mule, or pony, he shall be hung by the neck until he is dead; and in all cases the party having had property stolen shall be made good by the party guilty of stealing, if in his power. The president will in all cases appoint the person to whip, and the whipped person shall be banished from the mountains forever, and not complying within two hours, the whipping to be repeated.

Resolved: That no lawyer shall be permitted to practice law in any court in this district, under penalty of not more than fifty, nor less than twenty lashes, and be banished from the district.

BANNER DISTRICT, March 8, 1861.—No lawyer or pettifogger shall be allowed to plead in any court in this district.

TRAIL CREEK DISTRICT, Aug. 20, 1860.—No lawyer, attorney, counselor, or pettifogger shall be allowed to plead in any case or before any judge or jury in this district.

That seems to be more comprehensive and

specific. But what an absurd prejudice against lawyers!

The crime of perjury seems to have been regarded as a venial offense compared with the irregular appropriation of a mule. Thus:

Any person convicted of perjury shall receive twenty-five lashes on the bare back, and the sheriff shall perform said duty.

This is somewhat in the style of the rhymed advice of the noble Bushrod to his son, G. Washington:

"'Tis better to tell ten thousand lies
Than cut down one appel tree."

It is a curious fact that the Territorial Legislature, at its first session, ratified and confirmed all the old district laws. It is also curious, in reference to the summary code quoted above, that very few persons, perhaps not one, is known to have suffered its penalties.

A NORTH CAROLINA friend notes down the following, that occurred at "our mess" during 1864: Our "contraband," Jim, is a genuine descendant of Africa in color, somewhat Christianized and ambitious, but a favorite waiter. We had been discussing the proposed celebration of the emancipation proclamation by the "John Brown," "Lincoln," and other leagues, when I asked Jim to which he belonged, how large it was, etc. He replied, "Oh, I's member of de Linkum League. Dar's a right smart lot of dem, too."

"Well," said I, "Cæsar [another contraband] came around yesterday with the subscription paper, and I felt interested to know how you are all progressing."

"D'yer see," replied Jim, "dey hel' a meetin' las' night round yer t' Dick's, an' Cæsar p'inted de kermitee of de hul ter git de money, 'cause ter night dey's gwine to *buy der laws!*"

Evidently James had got confused about the passage of by-laws and the raising of money.

A LADY teacher, who writes from "Near Dixie," sends the following highly intellectual essay by one of her pupils:

Dogs.—Dogs aire very usefull things thaire aire several different sorts of Dogs thaire is the Newfound Land Blud Hown and the Pinter which is a very scillful dog in catching birds sum dogs aire very good for watchdogs while others are good for nuth in but to liabout and doo nothing sum of them bite those aire the best of all those are the best watch dog of all Ow how plesent it would be to be at home an see Bruther an his pet dogs to see them play an scip a bout the yarde I am fare from home an cant see Bruther and his pet dogs but of all the dogs the Rat Tairerier is the best of all a dog bite is very danjerous sum foalkes have bin bit by them it makes sum foalkes sic that has bin bit I can just remember when a dog bit Pap it has bin a bout fore yeares ago The end.

THE player-folk may be interested in a paragraph in Hawthorne's recently published "English Note Books," which states that at a dinner-party which he attended (1855) at Mr. William Brown's, M.P. for Liverpool, a gentleman remarked that the Duke of Somerset, who was then nearly fourscore, told him that the father of John and Charles Kemble had made all possible re-

search into the events of Shakspeare's life, and that he had reason to believe that Shakspeare attended a certain revel at Stratford, and, indulging too much in the conviviality of the occasion, he tumbled into a ditch on his way home, and died there! The Kemble patriarch was an aged man when he communicated this to the Duke, and their ages, linked to each other, would extend back a good way. Kemble is said to have learned it from the traditions of Stratford.

AN anecdote in a former Number of the Drawer, attributing to an Indiana lawyer the miss-spelling of *f r o a d*, reminds us of the individual who was always charged with that little error. But he, by-the-way, was an Illinois lawyer, and, at the time of the "froad," prosecuting attorney of the — circuit. Ben F—— was well known throughout Northern Illinois, and though his early education was defective, few shrewder or more dangerous antagonists could be found at the bar of that region. While acting as prosecuting attorney in the Circuit Court of P—— County, Ben had procured the indictment of an old scamp for theft. The amount charged to have been stolen was five dollars, and at that time the penalty for stealing that sum, or upward, was imprisonment at hard labor in the penitentiary. For stealing less than five dollars the lighter punishment was confinement in the county jail and no labor. The evidence showed the stealing of a five-dollar bill of the State Bank of Illinois, and as every thing required for conviction was clearly proved, the effort of the prisoner's counsel was solely directed to proving that the bill was not at par—was not worth five dollars in coin. On this point several business men swore that the bill was not worth its face in gold, but all agreed that in ordinary transactions it would pass for five dollars. Upon this testimony the defense was energetic and protracted. Two young men talked three hours and nearly exhausted themselves. Ben took it very patiently. When the end of the defense came, and the counsel for the defense sat down perspiring, and with evident hope, from the look of the jury, that their point was gained, Ben arose quietly, and in his nasal, snuffling tones said: "Gentlemen, I hope the learned counsel won't get offended if I don't talk but just one minute. All I've got to say is just this: the prisoner don't pretend to deny that he stole our money, and all he asks of you is just to give him the privilege of stealing on't at a discount!" The jury sent the fellow to the penitentiary without leaving their box.

OLD "Daddy" Mingo Pinckney was one of the colored deacons of the May River Baptist Church, near Bluffton, South Carolina. One sultry Sunday in August, the church being crowded to hear a thrilling preacher, the intense heat of the weather proved too strong for Mingo's strict religious principles, and he fell without a groan into the arms of Morpheus. The preacher was thundering away from the text, "Plow up your fallow ground, and sow good seed." For some length of time the happy deacon merely nodded an unconscious assent to whatever the pulpit said, but at last, suddenly springing out of his sleep, he yelled out before the frightened assembly, "Look yeah, mass' preacher! You white

buena always da holler out to we cullud folks, 'Plow up! hoe up! plant up!' as if liberty was all a cuss and a delusion! Now I tell you not a nigger in dis church shall hit a lick on de Lord's day!" That ended that.

MEDICAL certificates of physical disability are so frequently introduced into courts by lawyers that it may be pardonable to reproduce the following, written by an army surgeon during our late unpleasantness:

"Major William Watson:

"DEAR SIR,—Private Wilkins a member of your regiment is very unwell. He has been Sick for four weeks or more, and is stil in bed, and I do Honestly believe that his life will bee endangered for I have been his attending Physician. Verry resp,

"FELIX JONES M.D."

THE "glorious uncertainty of the law" is an old proverb. I recently had a new rendering from ex-United States Senator Nesmith, of Oregon, who said, speaking of the Supreme Court of the United States, "They have the last guess at the case."

A CITY correspondent contributes this to our juvenalia:

My little boy, six years old, and my little girl, eight, were looking at the clouds one beautiful summer evening, watching their fantastic shapes, when the boy exclaimed, "Oh, Minnie! I see a dog in the sky!" "Well, Willie," replied the sister, "it must be a sky-terrier!"

A YOUNG Minnesotian was recently made the proud father of a bouncing, handsome baby boy. The little fellow's tongue was slightly tied, and needed a little cutting. The fond "pap" remarked, "If it had been a girl I wouldn't have had it cut, *in these times!*"

A GENIAL rector of a village parish in Minnesota found it difficult to get his salary promptly. Latterly it was much behind. Going to one of his delinquent parishioners in the hardware trade, he looked over all his stock of cork-screws *very* fastidiously, seeking a large one of peculiar strength and size. To the inquiry, "What do you want of such a thing, any how?" the answer came, "My dear Sir, I want a cork-screw that can draw my salary!"

The payments are coming more promptly.

IN one of the towns of Michigan resides a legal gentleman of fine abilities, an eloquent talker, a thorough lawyer, and good fellow generally; but he tippleth too frequently, and this habit has retarded his advancement. His party had frequently promised him position, but the poor man's failing had as frequently rendered it inexpedient just at that time. Finally the time came when the Congressional nomination was within his grasp. He had a wife. She, too, wished to go to Washington. Other representatives took their spouses to the capital. She mentioned that fact to Robert.

"You expect to go, dear, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And do as other Congressmen do?"

"Yes," gruffly.

"Well, as other Congressmen take their wives, you'll take me?"

"I don't care; you may go."

"But, dear, you know I've never been there, nor never been out much. How do you think I'll appear among other great men's wives?"

"'Pear well enough! 'pear well enough!" replied Robert, beginning to get a little riled. "All great men have confounded fools for wives."

Unfortunately for Robert, the people did not see in Robert the representative the exigencies of the time demanded, and elected the other man. But what an atrocious sentiment Robert uttered!

AN editorial friend in Indiana mentions the following: Peter J. Sullivan, Esq., late Minister to Bogota, was recently employed to defend a rascal before the Police Court in Cincinnati. The prosecution was very bitter. After the city attorney had closed, Mr. Sullivan rose and said: "May it plaze the Coort, I have but one word to say in reply to the gentleman, and that is, that when his Maker sent him into the world he indorsed him 'widout racoorse.'"

Peter J. S. gained his suit.

A FRIEND in Wooster, Ohio, sends the following amusing instance of the simplicity of the African lad, as evinced in his first efforts to attain a knowledge of the English vocabulary. The boy, some seven or eight years old, Dan by name, was set to learn words in an old spelling-book that had been tossed about the house. He soon became interested in watching a race between a small boy and Time, as represented by an engraving in the book, and every spare moment of the day that he could find was devoted to the contemplation of the (to him) exciting chase. Night finally compelled the young African to lay aside the book which his race at the present day manifest so much pleasure in studying, and to retreat to his pallet, where, no doubt, he dreamed of "dat big fellow wid de mowin' seyve," as he called him, in pursuit of the poor frightened boy. Dan was up with the lark next morning, and the first thing he did was to get the Speller and look for his heroes of the race. He gazed intently for an instant at the picture, and then, with a wild scream of delight, exclaimed, as he danced all about the old kitchen, "He ain't cotched 'im yit! he ain't cotched 'im yit!—Golly! he ain't cotched 'im yit!"

WE are desirous of aiding a young gentleman who wishes employment in the tobacco way, and therefore append a letter from him, in which he very perspicuously sets forth his want:

"MASSILON, OHIO, Sep 17. 69

"SAR,—I vors in formt a few days sens that you vors in net of hans. i am a topaknest. haf resitet in Canton duren the Somar bott mi boss has ron outt Of stok ant dos notheng at the bisnas, ant i am dueng notheng at presant. ef you haf a set for me rit to me son ant a plith yours. i work on inesheng,

"Yours re Spektfoul, HANS SCHLEIBER."

It is only in entirely new and free countries that the half-and-half style of justice is seen at its best. The best specimens originate in California, of which Ynba contributes this:

A fellow named Donks was lately tried there for entering a miner's tent and stealing a bag of gold dust valued at \$84. The testimony showed that he had been once employed there, and knew

exactly where the owner kept his dust; that on the night specified he cut a slit in the tent, reached in, took the bag, and then ran off. Jim Buller, the principal witness, testified that he saw the hole cut, saw the man reach in, and heard him run away. "I rushed after him at once," continued the witness, "but when I coted him I didn't find Bill's bag, but it was found afterward where he had throwed it."

"How far did he get when he took the dust?" inquired the counsel.

"Well, he was stoopin' over half-way in, I should say," replied the witness.

"May it please your Honor," interposed the counsel, "the indictment isn't sustained, and I shall demand an acquittal on direction of the Court. The prisoner is on trial for entering a dwelling in the night time with intent to steal. The testimony is clear that he made an opening through which he protruded himself about half-way, and stretched out his arms and committed the theft. But the indictment charges that he actually entered the tent, or dwelling. Now, your Honor, can a man enter a house when only one half of his body is in, and the other half out?"

"I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law and the fact as proved," replied the judge.

The jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty as to one half of his body, and not guilty as to the other half."

The judge sentenced the guilty part to two years' imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the innocent part cut off, or take it along with him.

OUR recent anecdote in reference to the member of a New England State Legislature, who wanted to know if he "drew boots and shoes," reminds an Ohio correspondent, who mentions the case of a gentleman elected to the Legislature of that State who promptly reported to the Court of Common Pleas of his county, and asked to be sworn in and give bond for the faithful performance of his duty. The same member reported a bill to compel farmers to cut down and destroy the *elders* in their fence-corners, upon which an unconverted member proposed to amend by inserting the word "Presbyterian" before the word "elders."—"Progress," etc.

To understand fully the following it is well enough to know that in Vermont, as in some other States, the office of assistant judge is sometimes filled by men of limited capacity and less legal attainments, the duties of the office being nominal. Some years since the Orleans County Court had closed a long and laborious session, presided over by Judge Poland, a gentleman of the highest legal attainments, and at the present writing a member of Congress from that State. On the trial of a lengthy and intricate case one of the side-judges was heard to remark to a friend, "The Chief Justice agrees with me in my opinion of the law in this case, and will charge the jury just as I should." Judge P. heard the remark and smiled.

This reminds the Drawer of a remark made recently by a couple of lawyers as to the various points to be made in a certain case where the result was quite doubtful, and where great importance was attached to the rulings of the Court.

"At all events," said the younger and more enthusiastic lawyer, "we have *justice* on our side." To which the older and wariar counsel replied, "Quite true, but what we want is the *Chief Justice* on our side."

WE give the following story from "where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save its own dashing," *verbatim et literatim*:

"MR DRAWB—In this neighbourhood we have an old Yanky that hunts partly for a living he was in the Store at this place a few days ago telling about his Killing a Bear It Seems he was in the woods Some distance from home and Killed a deer between Sundown and dark feeling tiard he concluded to hang his deer up in a tree and come after it in the morning but when he Got back in the morning there had been a bear there a eat most of the deer and the Ballance he buried and when the yanky went Slashing around the bush awhile he come to an Open Space there he meets Mr. Bear, the Bear Gave two or three leaps towards him which brought the bear and yankey with in a few feet of each other, then the Bear Reared up Ready to Grab the yankey—the yankey Girked his Gun from his Shoulder and hy a lucky Shot drove a Bullet through the Bears Brane—One of the men that was listening to the old Yankeys adventure asked him what his thoughts was Just as the Bear reared up Ready to Grab him he Said he thought old Mr. Bear you are in a bout as tight a place as you was ever in if you only knowed it."

THE Drawer, in recent numbers, has given two or three specimens of original American preaching that might, perhaps, be open to the charge of being jocose. As an offset, we quote from a work published in England a few years since on "Post-Medieval Preachers," "many of whom did not make long extracts, but with one light sweep brushed up a whole bright string of sparkling Scripture instances." As an illustration, we quote the following beautiful passage from a sermon on the text:

"Many are called, but few are chosen."

"Noah preached to the Old World for a hundred years the coming in of the flood; and how many were saved when the world was destroyed? Eight souls, and among them was the reprobate Ham. Many were called, but only *eight* were chosen.

"When God would rain fire and brimstone on the cities of the plain were ten saved? No, only four; and of these four one looked back. Many were called, but *three* were chosen.

"Six hundred thousand men, besides women and children, went through the Red Sea; the host of Pharaoh and the Egyptians went in after them, and of them not one reached the farther shore. And of these Israelites, who passed through the sea out of Egypt, how many entered the promised land? Two only—Caleb and Joshua. Many—six hundred thousand—were called; few, even *two* were chosen.

"How many multitudes teemed in Jericho? and of them how many escaped when Joshua encamped against the city? The walls fell, men and women perished. One house alone escaped, known by the scarlet thread, type of the blood of Jesus, and that was the house of a harlot.

"Gideon went against the Midianites with thirty-two thousand men. The host of the Midianites was without number, as the sand of the sea-side for multitude. How many of these thirty-two thousand men did God suffer Gideon to lead into victory? Three hundred only. Many, even thirty-two thousand men, were called; *three hundred* chosen.

"Of the tribes of Israel *twelve men only were chosen*; and of these twelve one was a traitor, one doubtful, one denied his Master, all forsook Him.

"How *many rulers* were there among the Jews when Christ came? but *one only went to Him, and he by night!*

"How *many rich men* were there when our blessed Lord walked the earth? but *one only ministered unto Him, and he only in His burial.*

"How *many peasants* were there in the country when Christ went to die? but *one only was deemed worthy to bear His cross, and he bore it by constraint.*

"How *many thieves* were then in Judea when Christ was there? but *one only entered Paradise, and he was converted in his last hour.*

"How *many centurions* were there scattered over the province? and *one only* saw and believed, and he by cruelly piercing the Saviour's side. Truly, '*Many are called, but few are chosen.*'"

THAT was not an inapt reply of the country clergyman who, on being asked if he studied the *fathers* before he began to write his sermons, said, "No, I rather study the *mothers*; for they have the greater need of comfort and encouragement."

"NAMES are things," was the trisyllabic remark of a celebrated British statesman. Even so in Maryland. Lawyer — was a candidate for the Legislature. On an election tour through the northern portion of Harford County he stopped at the house of an old farmer, who asked him what he was. The lawyer, not knowing the farmer's politics, and wishing to be on the safe side, answered, after a moment's hesitation, that he was a "Democratic Republican." "A what?" "A Democratic Republican," repeated the legal gentleman. "Well, Sir," said the man of the soil, slowly, "I am very fond of turkey, *very*; but I *don't* like turkey-buzzard."

AN Alabama friend sends the following "recommend" of a steamboat, by an indignant passenger:

STEAMBOAT SPINK.—Persons having business up the river will do well to patronize this fine, staunch steamboat. I only had to pay four dollars (!) to go up to Peters's Ferry, 12 miles. The South lost an immense sight of stock during the war, but the *hogs* are not all dead yet. D. S. M.—

WE have an army reminiscence showing what odd conceits arise under circumstances of the gravest character. During the "disturbance" divine service was one evening held in front of the row of tents constituting a hospital ward. The chaplain, before giving out the hymn, stated that an eminent clergyman, while on his death-bed, called his wife to his bedside and asked her to sing to him that grand old hymn commencing,

"Rock of ages,
Cleft for me,"

and that as she sang its closing line he gently closed his eyes in death.

The hymn was then given out; but singers were scarce, and after three or four break-downs one verse was gotten through with.

One of the Eleventh Massachusetts lay close to the end of one of the tents, with a fractured

thigh. He had been greatly interested in the introductory remarks to the hymn, and when they finished the attempt at singing he turned his head to his comrade in the next bed, and, with sadness of tone, said, "Well, I don't wonder he died, if his wife sung it in that style."

THIS from a clerical friend at the "Hub." At a dinner-party recently given in that city one gentleman was late. The host said, "When the reverend gentleman comes in and is seated I will ask him a question, and his answer will be, as it invariably is, 'I make a distinction, Sir.'" The gentleman came in and was seated. The host said, "Your Reverence, is it ever lawful or expedient to baptize a child in soup?" "I make a distinction, Sir," was the reply. "If you mean soup in general, I should say, decidedly not! decidedly not!! but if you mean *this* soup in particular, I should say that it would make but little difference."

It seems to us that the following, from a country journal, is about the thing for an obituary:

"On the morning of the 14th of April, 1857, the angel of death entered the dwelling of H. J. C—, of J—, Maine, and bore away upon his pinions the happy spirit of N. C—, aged 29 years. Brother C— was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church of — some five years previous to his death. Was a good Christian, a young man of amiable cast of mind, easy and happy in his addresses. The lustre of his character gave happiness in conversation, and commanded respect from distant acquaintance. His disease was pulmonary consumption. His sufferings were severe, which were borne with Christian patience; was happy even to the last; and while standing in the midst of the waters of death, 'shouted victory.' Our deceased brother was a temperance and a Republican Christian, and leaves a large circle of friends, and one, to whom he was engaged, dearer than all the rest, to mourn his loss. JAMES HARTFORD,
"Pastor of the M. E. Church of Dixmont Circuit."

DOUBTLESS one of the best-known men in England is Mr. Vernon Harcourt, whose contributions to the London *Times*, over the signature of "Historicus," are notably able and brilliant; but, like many very clever writers, "Historicus" is not a very clever or companionable talker. There is a little story about him to the effect that four gentlemen were discussing the subject of bores, each declaring that he knew the most disagreeable man in the world, and, the dispute growing animated, it was agreed that the four bores should be brought together at dinner. Accordingly the day was appointed, and each gentleman agreed to bring his bore to the Star and Garter at Richmond, where covers were to be laid for eight. The hour arrived, and three carriages drove up to the door of the famous inn, each with but one occupant. Three of the four gentlemen had been disappointed in their man, through a previous engagement. At length the fourth carriage came, and out of it stepped Mr. Vernon Harcourt. "Hang the fellow!" said the other three in chorus, as the fourth gentleman followed, "he has brought *my* bore!"

THE Hon. Thomas W. Thomas, of Georgia, Judge of the Superior Court (now dead), was an eccentric genius, who told many stories of himself, and had more told of him. His favorite method of getting rid of worthless characters from the town where he lived was to get them into mock duels, and, if they stood fire, to let

the opponent fall as if dead, and alarm the shootist by the terrors of the law. One summer a fellow was served in this way, and the last seen of him was at Craft's Ferry, on the Savannah River, saying, "For the Lord's sake, let me over—I've just killed a man in a duel, and all of his kin are after me!" And once over, he was seen no more. A few weeks later it was desirable to get rid of a drunken tailor, and the field of honor was again tried. This time the fellow coolly tried his pistol-barrel with a twig, and said, "Thar ain't no ball in here, and *I come to kill meat, I did.* Put in one." And it cost Thomas five dollars in corn-whisky to get the duel out of the tailor's head.

WE have been waiting for some time for Mr. Bonner or Mr. Wilkes to reproduce an old-time Bowery lyric, which, in its closing line, shows what can be got out of "that noble animal, the boss:"

"I seen her on the sidewalk,
When I run with No. 9;
My eyes spontaneous sought out hern,
And hern was fixed on mine.
She waved her pocket-handkerchief
As we went rushin' by—
No boss that ever killed in York
Was happier than I.
I felt that I had done it;
And what had won her smile?—
'Twas them embroidered braces
And that 'ere immortal tile.

"I sought her at Wauhxall,
Afore that place was shet—
Oh! that happy, happy evenin',
I recollex it yet,
I gin her cords of pea-nnts,
And a apple and a 'wet'—
Oh! that happy, happy evenin',
I recollex it yet.

"I took her out to Harlem,
On the road we cut a swell,
And the nag we had afore us
Went twelve mile afore he fell.
And though ven he struck the pavement
The 'Crab' began to fail,
I got another mile out
By twisting of his tail!"

AN elderly lady writes to us that, in a village of Western New York, in the year 1823, there was a youth who sadly wished to learn to dance, but had no fiddle to dance to. Nor did he know any tune but sacred ones. One day as she (then a young girl) was passing the barn she heard his voice, and looked in at the half-open door. Jeremiah was standing before a sheaf of wheat for a partner, and singing in a loud key:

"Lord, in the morning *Thou shalt, Thou shalt,*
Lord, in the morning *Thou shalt h-e-a-r-e!*"

and at the prolonged *hear* danced "hands around and down the middle."

Of course he learned to dance, and had a live partner to a fiddle at last.

IN Tamaqua, the "Mountain City" of Pennsylvania, has resided for many years an old colored individual, by occupation a barber, who was one day complaining of his sufferings from dyspepsia, and attributed his ailment to the fact of having no teeth, by which he was unable properly to masticate his food.

"Well, Simon," said a by-stander, "why don't you get a set of false teeth? They wouldn't cost you much."

"False teef!" exclaimed Simon; "oh no,

Sah! no you don't! I'se had ject all de teef I want in *my* mouf! I'se suffered more wid de toofache den I ever did wid de 'spepsy, an' I was glad enuf for to git shet of my teef! You don't git no mo' teef into *my* mouf—no, Sah!"

WE notice in the English journals that Sir David Baxter has recently presented to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland the sea-chest and dripping-cup which belonged to Alexander Selkirk (Robinson Crusoe), and were in his use during his sojourn on the island of Juan.

With these treasures, it seems to us that it would not be inappropriate to file a copy of Phœbe Cary's conundrum: Why was Robinson Crusoe's man Friday like a rooster?—Because he scratched for himself and crew so (Crusoe)!

BY no means let it be supposed that the custom of making bridal presents is an institution of modern date, or that it is confined mainly to those possessed of wealth. A legal friend in the interior of Pennsylvania communicates to the Drawer a curious form of wedding invitation, composed by an affianced pair in Wales, in which the style of entertainment they propose to give is not only set forth, but whatever wedding presents their friends might "grant, out of their charitable hearts," would be "accepted with congratulation and most lovely acknowledgment:"

CARMARTHENSHIRE, Sept. 8, 1835.

We take the convenience to inform you that we confederate to such a design as to enter under the sanction of Matrimony on the 9th day of October next; and as we feel our hearts inclining to regard the ancient custom of our ancestors, we intend to make a Wedding Feast the same day, at our habitation, called *Ysgwynfach*, in the parish of Llangathen; at which place we hereby most humbly invite your pleasing and most comfortable fellowship. And whatever kindness your charitable hearts should then grant will be accepted with congratulation and most lovely acknowledgment, carefully recorded, and returned with preparedness and joy, whenever a similar occasion overtakes you, by

Your affectionate servants,
STEPHEN STEPHENS,
MARY REES.

P.S.—The young couple, with the young man's father and mother (Thomas and Mary Stephens), and his brother (John Stephens), desire that all debts of the above nature due to them should be returned to the young man on the said day, and will be thankful together for all additional favors.

Gold Wedding Rings Sold by

T. AND H. WILLIAMS, PRINTERS, LLANDEILO.

RECONSTRUCTION has done much for our Southern countries. Verily is the bottom rail on top! "Here in Galveston," writes an old correspondent of the Drawer, "the metropolis of Texas, we are served with negro juries, negro constables, negro policemen, negro justices, and negro legislators. The country progresses, however, as the people raise cotton and sugar, and talk 'craps' instead of politics. In one of our reconstructed justices' courts a jury was recently impaneled to try a case of abusive and insulting language, in which a negro had only called a white man a — white, etc., etc. [language fit for a police report, but not for the Editor's Drawer]. The following is a *verbatim et literatim* copy of the verdict:

"Wy de jury findet noht gylte.
"THOMAS M'DONALD, Foreman."

That Fifteenth Amendment citizen received his early education in a German family, and his master lost \$1500 by the result of the war.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NO. CCXLIV.—SEPTEMBER, 1870.—VOL. XLI.

THE MEDITERRANEAN OF THE PACIFIC.



PORT TOWNSEND.

IT is only a few years ago since the "Great Northwest" indicated the States of Minnesota, Illinois, Michigan, and the States between New England and the Rocky Mountains. Since that time the cry of gold has led thousands of our population across the Rocky Mountains and the glistening peaks of the Nevada range, to the sunny slopes and verdant valleys of the Pacific. Thriving cities have arisen on the plains where roamed huge herds of buffalo. The regions where half-savage Indians reared cattle, and where the traders and trappers of the Hudson Bay held almost undisputed sway, are now organized portions of the republic, with recognized laws and promising institutions. California is now a rich and settled State of the Union, with a future the greatness of which we can only conjecture. The river banks of Idaho and Montana are dot-

ted with camps of gold and silver miners—the hardy pioneers of a great and prosperous country. The broad prairies and the beautiful valleys of Oregon are filled with a sturdy race of agriculturists; the cars creep along the fastnesses where the Indian could scarce find a trail; and the steamers ply for nearly a thousand miles from the mouth of the Columbia—that Achilles of rivers. In Washington Territory, so long the debatable ground, and the scene of Indian massacres, the lumbermen are cutting their way into the old forests; and fleets of trading vessels are lying at anchor in its harbors. Nay, far north, beyond where the Nootka savage strings his shells, and the hardy Hydah shapes his canoe, Alaska is heard knocking at the gate of the republic, seeking entrance where so many others have entered in. "Westward

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York

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the star of empire takes its way." Illinois is no longer in the far West. Minnesota and Nebraska are only frontier States on the way to the "true Northwest."

The railway linking the far West to the far East was opened in July last. The full significance of that important announcement can scarcely be estimated. It will change the aspect of a great and productive region. The Indian already stands aghast as he sees the line of cars—that greatest of all great "medicines"—rattling along the plains where he hunted the buffalo, and withdraws to the northward. He hears in the whistle of the engine the death-knell of all his race. The trapper hears it, and hurriedly gathers up his traps and little "fixins," and, with his squaw and half-breed brood, retreats before the surging flood of immigration. They hear, not afar off, "the rush of waves where soon shall roll a human sea"—a sea that shall sweep them before it.

These regions, of which many knew little, save by the tales that came floating back of the exploits of Jed Smith and Kit Carson, the hardy pioneers; of Skipper Gray, who first

breasted the breakers on the bar of the Columbia; of Captain Bonneville, who made his way to them by land; of Sutter, who found a bank of gold in his millrace; of old Downie, ycleped "Major," who always "struck it" where he slept—these regions have all been brought near by the railway. Thousands have left their homes in the East for a month's vacation and a trip to California during the last summer. They have been to see us and gone away again, to tell of our snow-tipped mountains, and giant forests, and rocky gulches, with the glittering gold, and pleasant corn-covered valleys and vine-clad hills. To us in the West it seemed as if New York and Philadelphia and Chicago had gone out "on the tramp." In August the writer met an authoress from New York in the Willamette Valley, a professor from Iowa away up at the Cascade Falls of the Columbia, a couple of Senators from Washington staging it through an Oregon forest, the Governor of Illinois at a social gathering in Portland, dined with the Vice-President on board one of the Oregon Steamship Company's vessels, near to the 49th parallel, had a drink with an Eastern

editor in one of the ice-caves of Washington Territory, and spent three of the happiest days of his existence with Seward and his party, on the pleasant waters of the Puget Sound.

And no sooner has one railway been opened than another is proposed. The engineers have already been out and made the survey. The Northern Pacific is spoken of as a rival to the Central Pacific, and the landholders and lot-holders of the Puget Sound are discussing the location of the great terminal city. The eyes of all are turned to a spot which is destined to play no mean part in the history of our national progress and civilization. Bills may be proposed and defeated, particular schemes may be discussed and delayed; but let any one take a look at the position and contour of the northwestern corner of our country, and he will be



MAP OF PUGET SOUND.

convinced of its importance, and foresee its manifest destiny. *There* is a great inland sea stretching up 200 miles from Cape Flattery, studded with fertile islands, surrounded by pine-covered heights, and nearer, by 800 miles, to China than San Francisco—and nearer, also, to New York. Instead of sage-bush desert and salt plains, there is a fertile belt; under which lies a bed of miocene coal, stretching all the way from Illinois to Washington Territory. Let any one consider the increasing commerce with China, of which we have merely tasted the first-fruits, and acquaint himself with the character of the country behind it, and he will perceive why so much attention has been directed to this part of the republic; he will be satisfied of the wisdom manifested in preserving intact the boundary line which terminates so near it, and discern a reason for the present anxiety to push through the Northern Pacific Railway.

If ocean steam is ever to become on the Pacific what it has been on the Atlantic—if our relations with Eastern Asia are ever to be what they have been with Western Europe (and why should they not?)—the Puget Sound must become one of the centres of the world's commerce. Ship-building lags in the East, through the difficulty and expense of importing lumber. The United States have never taken the proper position of a great commercial country in this industry. Survey all their coasts, and say where is its natural home. Where can safe harbors be most easily found? Where is timber the most abundant and of easiest access? The eye will at once rest upon the Puget Sound, with its endless windings and openings into the land—with its sheltering islands, and numerous natural harbors, where land, covered by the finest spars of the world, can still be had for the mere pre-emption. The writer has often passed up and down on its unruffled surface, and never did his eye sweep along its bays and pine-clad hills without his feeling something of its coming glory, and wishing to be spared for ten or twenty years to perceive the ships at anchor where now the whir of the duck alone breaks in upon the silence of the bay—to see the wretched "rancheree," where these Indians wallow in filth and lust, transformed into a smiling village—to realize that these shanties of the lumbermen and whisky saloons have become large cities. This impression was greatly confirmed last summer, when he accompanied the Hon. Mr. Seward and his family along the sound. The citizens at all the lumbering-mills and small cities gave right royal welcome to the "old man eloquent," and called for an address. He appeared to have looked through the present, and seized only upon the future. His mind was filled with *that*—the issue of what he saw; for he never addressed them as lumbermen or saw-drivers—he addressed them uniformly as ship-builders. He saw in their saw-dust streets and rude cabins the beginnings of the things that were to be. For as yet but few vessels have been built on the sound, and, at

the time, there was not one on the stocks any where.

That there will be a Northern Pacific Railway terminating somewhere at or near the Puget Sound is certain. The only question is, whether it will be on American or British Territory. The English are not blind to the advantages of the northern route, and are anxious to gain them for themselves. The imperial policy is to unite the North British possessions into one confederation before the feeling of annexation becomes stronger. British Columbia, the colony on the Pacific, insists upon a railway as one of the conditions. Already a company has been formed, and application made at Ottawa for a grant of alternate sections of land along the route proposed. There can be but one northern railway: which shall it be? One that will stretch through the more fertile northern belt, leading up a population to settle on the boundaries, and consolidating American interests, or a railway supported by British capital, and managed in British interests, building up a rival domain on the continent?

On the supposition that it will be American, we give this sketch of the region around the terminal point. We do not propose to discuss the merits of rival claimants, and having neither lot nor plot in any of the proposed locations for the "big cities of the future," give the result of observations during four years' residence near this Mediterranean of the Pacific, but more particularly during a holiday trip last summer with the "Seward party."

In July last Allan Francis, Esq., United States Consul at Victoria, Vancouver Island, a beautiful little British city that looks across to the Puget Sound, gave out that "Seward will be here on his way to Alaska." We hurried up, and prepared a suit of rooms and a reception for him. British and American citizens vied with each other in doing him honor. At last the big ship made its appearance in Esquimaux Harbor, near the city, having on board the Hon. W. H. Seward, F. W. Seward, Esq., and Mrs. Seward; A. Fitch, Esq., William Von Smythe, and Judge S. C. Hastings. This harbor is reckoned the third best in the world, the first being Rio Janeiro, and the second San Francisco. To greet him there was a good Western rush. If he could have eaten a hundred dinners, or drank a thousand drinks, they were ready for him. As it was, in the evening he spoke a few words on the recent "ice purchase," which he was going up to look at and lay quietly by. Captain Blinn and a few other proprietors of the lumber-mills on the sound were in Victoria, and proposed a "trip up the sound." They chartered the steamer *Wilson G. Hunt*, and we started from Victoria on one of the loveliest July mornings. For you must understand that the climate of this region is equaled only by the richness and beauty of the scenery. From April till October there are clear skies and sunny days. The



VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

earth is preserved soft and verdant by occasional showers that fall during the night, and the heat of summer tempered by the gentle breezes that are cooled as they pass across the snowy summits of the neighboring range, and play perpetually around the brow and cheeks. The winter is mild as an Eastern spring. Snow seldom visits, and never lies long on the ground. The rose-buds may be plucked in the open air at Christmas, and geraniums gathered at the New-Year. A singularly healthy and delightful climate has been reserved for the outlying corner of our land. No sweltering heats of summer cause sleepless nights. No savage winter frosts pinch and cramp the feeble frame. Never any where have we seen children so healthy and beautiful as within the limits of Washington Territory.

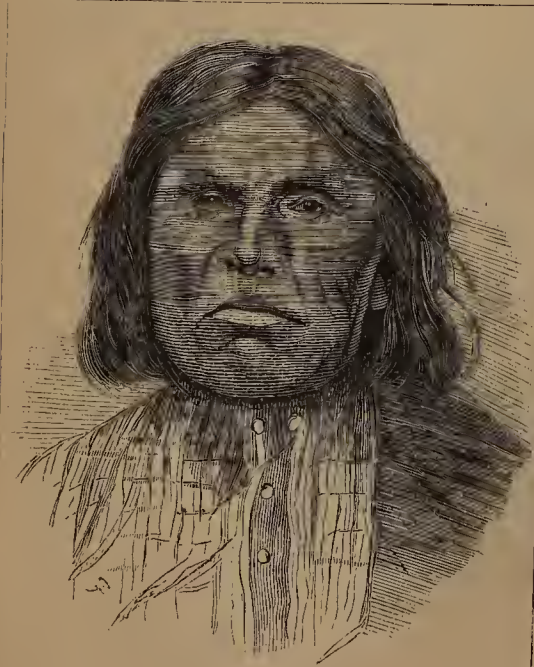
This morning, on which the *Hunt* started from Victoria, was a fair specimen—rich in suffused light, a feeling of refreshing softness in the air—the waters beaming as a silver sea. In the run across the Strait of Fuca the scenery disclosed was worth a journey from Washington to behold. Behind us were the blue heights of Vancouver Island; on our left numerous green islands; and behind them the snowy ridges of the Cascade range, topped by Mount Baker rising in solitary grandeur, and spreading his white breast to the sunlight. We had some pleasure in reflecting that the Stars and Stripes now floated from his highest peak, having been placed there by three adventurous mountaineers the summer before, who ascertained his height to be 10,781 feet. But to what are we forcing our way? There rises up before us a huge wall of rock and ice—a solid, snowy ridge stretching away down to Cape Flattery. The waters seem to flow into its very base. Apparently it would take a myriad giants to force a passage for us.

We sail on, and in time discover several little harbors amidst the clefts in its huge side, and an opening at its

eastern extremity. The nearest of these harbors, called Port Discovery by Vancouver, because it was the first in these parts he entered in the *Discovery*. It is guarded by a small island, called also by him Protection Island, because of its position. Our thoughts reverted to that Sabbath morning in May, 1792, when he cast anchor there, and landed with his officers on the island, surprised and delighted with its scenery. "On landing," he wrote in his journal, "on the island, and ascending its eminence, which was nearly a perpendicular cliff, our attention was immediately called to a landscape almost as enchantingly beautiful as the most elegantly finished pleasure-grounds in Europe. There was an extensive lawn covered with luxuriant grass and diversified with an abundance of flowers. To the northwestward was a coppice of pine-trees and shrubs of various sorts that seemed as if it had been planted for the sole purpose of protecting from the northwest winds this delightful meadow, over which were promiscuously scattered a few clumps of trees that would have puzzled the most ingenious designers of pleasure-grounds to have arranged more agreeably. While we stopped to contemplate these several beauties of nature in a prospect no less pleasing than unexpected, we gathered some gooseberries and roses in a state of considerable forwardness." While the features of the scenery are still the same as when Vancouver wrote, the scene has so far changed that where there was silence is now the hum of driving machinery. Man has been here "wi' his kittle o' steam;" and when we passed, the lumber-mills of C. E. P. Wood and Co. were giving employment to 300 hands, and turning out 70,000 feet of lumber per day.

Port Discovery is one of the expectants for the big city, so we mark its position and keep it in mind. The eastern end of the Coast range runs out into a long spit termed Point Wilson. We round this, and come in sight of Port Townsend. "What flag is that?" asks one. Mr. Seward was within hearing, and sharply answered: "That flag, Sir, is the custom-house flag of the United States. This must be the port of entry." And he was right.

Port Townsend is a city of two parts, differing widely from each other. One part is on the sands, and the other on the bluff that overlooks them. We may regard these as Port Townsend the Ancient and Port Townsend the Modern. Port Townsend the Ancient may again be divided into the East and the West. The East contains the "rancheree" of the Duke of York and his vassals. The West includes the Custom-house, the Masonic Hall, the Good Templars' Hall, the hotel, several whisky saloons, and other places of business. In Port Townsend the Modern are the Marine Hospital, the school-house, the church, and neat residences of the more prominent citizens. As we approached, the big cannon which they have lately secured vigorously blazed away, and the wharf was covered with the citizens, old and young, white and red. The boys called lustily for a speech from the old man. He did not see it at first; but, with a little coaxing, at last mounted the rostrum—the deck of the steamer—and said something like this: "You have got a splendid country here. What you need is population. Now don't be foolish and send any from your gate. Take all you can get—Boston man and Irishman, white man and black man, and John Chinaman, if he will come. You have room for all. You can make something of them,



THE DUKE OF YORK.



QUEEN VICTORIA.

and they will help you to cut down the forest, and enable this to become a great and prosperous place. God bless you, my boys, and keep you all honest and loyal!"

Port Townsend has hitherto enjoyed no enviable notoriety for smuggling and whisky drinking through the humorous descriptions of Ross Browne, and T. Winthrop. If they were here now they would find occasion to change their opinions. No better society can be found any where than here in the Ultima Thule of Uncle Sam's dominion, and no more enterprising band of citizens.

We saw amidst the throng an old friend of theirs formerly sketched in this Magazine—the Duke of York—the chief of the Clallam Indians. The Duke appeared also to have mended his ways, and to have renounced "potlum." Not drunk, he was out with the earliest to give



INDIAN GIRLS AND CANOE.

welcome to one of Uncle Sam's "Tyas Tayees," or big chiefs. Instead of having his feet dangling from under the "pississy" or blankets, he was rigged in veritable pants, and sported a Tyrolesc hat with a red feather. "Halo tenas Tayee" (no small chief is he), and he lords it over his fishy vassals with despotic sway. No canoe can here be secured without a reference to the Duke of York and arrangement of terms with him. We present the portrait of him and family in their last stage of development. It is gratifying to know that his wives, Queen Victoria and Jenny Lind, still survive and are well. Queen Victoria does washing for the lieges, and is deemed honest and careful by her patrons. Jenny Lind, though long the court favorite, is both drunken and lazy.

Here, as elsewhere on this coast, we perceive the last of the red man side by side with the first of the white men—the dying race and the growing race strangely intermingled. At Victoria we saw the residence of the Governor and officials on one side of the harbor, and the "rancheree" of King Frisi and the dilapidated remnant of the Songhish tribe on the other. As we look over the side of



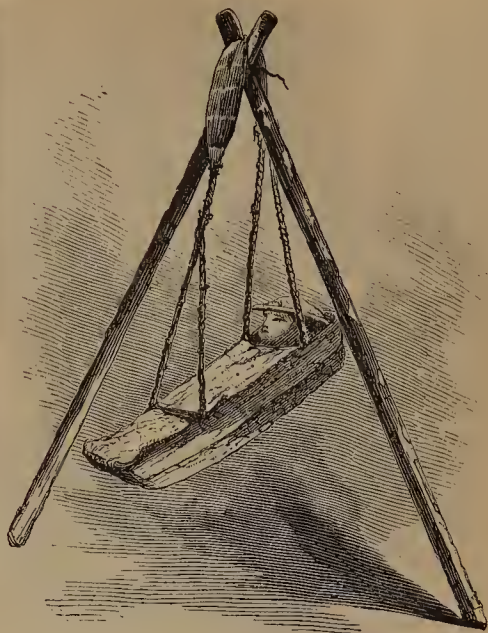
CHINOOK WOMAN AND CHILD.

our vessel at Port Townsend we see two Clallam girls in their Chinook canoe sitting at ease. Thus have the Duke of York and such as he sat at ease for centuries in their salmon-scented halls. In the midst of good opportunities, in one of the best fields of the world, they have lived out their time in idleness and sensuality, their industries never rising higher than skulking round the forest and shooting the elk, or sleepily dozing in their canoes, and spearing the salmon as he darted along; their pleasures never ranging beyond the hideous "potlatch," when, with wild screams and savage joy, the tribal crew mounted the roof of their "rancheree," and flung their long-stored blankets to maddened "tilicums" (companions) beneath. Their time has come, and their portion is another's. Even now they have lost the enthusiasm of the savage, without gaining the wisdom of the white man. They are letting their time-cherished customs drop as things of death. In this country of the Flatheads, where for centuries the Clallam belle has been rated according to the taper of her "caput," we find comparatively few mothers thus preparing their offspring for social position. Occasionally we see a Clallam conservative, some frowsy old crone from the Chehalis or the Querquelin, sitting with the instruments of torture applied to the hope of the family. Down at Cape Flattery, where they hunt the seal and gather the dog-fish oil, they preserve this ancient feature of their race. Our sketch shows the means applied. Some of them boast that the chignon is only an attempt on the part of other belles to copy their native graces. More than one have we seen with a piece of solid bark rolled up in their hair in imitation of the fashionable chignon.

On the whole, these dusky mothers take but little trouble with their offspring. The "tenas man" (small man), when born, is wrapped in a piece of old four-point blanket, covered over with the soft bark of the willow or dog-wood, laced up tightly in his cradle of wicker-work, and left to take care of himself. Kick or sprawl he can not, and his bawling pleases himself and hurts no one. Generally he is a contented little animal as he is tossed around in his basket, or swings from his pole or the branch of a tree in the great forest.

Port Townsend is another of the aspirants for future greatness. Its claims are: 1. Easy access from the sea. 2. The possession of a commodious and well-sheltered harbor. 3. The proposal by the Federal Government to erect fortifications around on Port Marrowstone, Port Wilson, Admiralty Head, and Port Partridge on Whidby Island.

Here we received on board an addition to our party, and steamed further up the sound between high sand-clay bluffs that rise on either side. Nine miles up we came to a city built on saw-dust foundations. Out here we name every place a city from a log shanty and an old horse upward. This city is named Port Ludlow. At the lumber-mill there are one



THE "TENAS MAN."

hundred hands employed, and they can turn out 40,000 feet of lumber per day. After other nine miles we touched at another city—the fac-simile of the former, named Port Gamble. What a pity they did not keep the old Indian name Teekalet! Here they have from 300 to 400 hands employed, and can turn out 100,000 feet in twelve hours.* The "boys" had no cannon; but they had loaded up a couple of anvils, and made them do duty instead. They also brought out their pet to show to "the Governor"—said pet being a two-year-old elk which they had caught and tamed. The pet is already a lusty animal weighing 400 pounds, and it took four men to bring him down—two at his head and two at his heels.

Near to the mills is the real Teekalet, a lodge of Indians who are fast dying out. Indeed, all the race are fast dying out except those collected on the reservations. After all the talk that has been made about the Indian policy, it is the only humane policy with these helpless creatures. It may not save them, but it protects them for a time from ills with which they are ill-fitted to cope. For instance, there are about 3000 Indians, representing twenty-five tribes, gathered on the Tulalip Reservations across the country, forty miles from this. There they are under the constraint of the Superintendent. The youths are taught to be useful by resident carpenters, blacksmiths, etc. The girls are gathered into schools, and taught the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as the common processes of the household. Some of them can even play the piano and the melodeon. Among them there labors Father Chirouse, a missionary of the Roman Catholic

* This mill, owned by Pope, Talbot, and Co., has recently been greatly enlarged. They have a fleet of twenty-two vessels in constant service.



THE "MEMOLOOSE HOUSE," OR CEMETERY.

Church, who for twenty years has been their great "Sacra Tayee," and whose influence has been powerful for good. Even there they are decreasing at the rate of ten per cent., while here they are perishing speedily by disease and drunkenness. It is all very well to say that these scattered tribes, such as the Teekalet, preserve their ancient liberty. It is no blessing to them, and they are a bane to the white settlers around. Better drive them off to the reservations. These squalid creatures have little of the spirit of the old braves. They are singularly dull and uninteresting. Few of their customs have any romance about them, and all their arts are of the rudest kind. Their highest efforts are exhibited in their ranch-poles and grave-yards—the "Memoloose," or dead-houses, as they call them. We present a sketch of one near to this.

Leaving Port Gamble, or Teekalet, as we prefer to call it, we continue a winding course for sixteen miles, and reach a beautiful settlement named Port Madison, in the forest around the mills of Meigs and Co. This is a model establishment. The men, instead of burrowing in mean shanties, with their squaws hanging around, appear to have settled down in decent homes. There are all the pleasing manifestations of family life, and by the stringent regulation of the proprietors, not a drop of liquor can be sold in the place. Consequently all the drunk and disorderlies soon clear out, and those who remain call it the mint, as they can save money. The ordinary wages are from \$40 to \$100 per month, with board and house rent, here and elsewhere on the sound. At Port Madison there are two hundred hands employed, and they can turn out 40,000 feet of lumber per day.

"Lumbering on the sound" is the staple

employment of the floating population. There have drifted hither men of all kinds, from all parts. Some from the shores of Maine and New Brunswick, able to build a ship and sail her; and hardy wood-choppers from Canada and Nova Scotia generally make some of the mills their resting-place. The majority, however, merely seek in them the opportunity of recruiting for other schemes. "Big Larry" owns an interest in a claim in Cariboo, and winters here to prepare himself for future assessments. "Chips" has failed

in some more ambitious attempt, and settled down at a saw till he has money enough to try another. "California Peter" has been roving over the land, fluming a gulch at one time and trapping furs at another, and has turned in among "the boys;" but six months hence will turn up on board a cruiser on the coast of Mexico. In a few months the hands will be increased by an influx from Montana and the Blackfoot country, from British Columbia and the Saskatchewan. A roving, restless race, they are gathered only to be scattered. At each station there are two bands—those engaged at lumbering in the woods and those at the mills. The lumbering is usually done by contract. The leader, or "boss" of the band, makes an arrangement to deliver logs at so much per thousand feet. Forthwith he leads his men to a spot in the forest where the best logs may be found. This is not difficult to find, where the trees (the *Abies douglasii*) are from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty feet high. The giant tree having been felled, is then cut into lengths, which are hauled by oxen to the water's edge, and piled together to form a boom. In course of time a tug comes along and bears away the booms to the saw-mill, where they are soon cut up into boards, and dispatched to San Francisco, Valparaiso, Honolulu, China, and Australia. The demand for the Puget Sound lumber has been steady, and is annually increasing. Several vessels may be descried at any time in the strait, either entering for or leaving with lumber.

We now have a longer stretch to Seattle, the next stopping-place. The conversation sustained made the way seem short. Men from Washington and men of the West regaled each other with their "experiences." Judge Hastings gave stories of early California days,

and the last from Rome, which he recently visited. We had received on board, at Port Townsend, J. G. Swan, Esq., long identified with Washington Territory, and one of the best informed in regard to its history. For several years he resided on the Querquelin River, near Shoalwater Bay, and thus described

"OUR FIRST ELECTION.

"We had reached that point in the history of the Territory when we were called upon to elect our officers for the Territory and the county. This was looked upon by the boys as a farce (what did we want of laws? we were a law unto ourselves); so among other officers

they elected John W. Champ justice of the peace, and Charles W. Denter constable. Now Champ was a *character* to serve as justice—sixty-five years of age, tall, wiry, and muscular, with an iron constitution that had withstood the rough and tumble of a long border life. He was fond of old rye, and was occasionally noisy and rough, though generally kindly and sensible. The constable, or 'Big Charley,' was a good-natured, lazy fellow, who had begun life as a lumberman in Maine, had then shipped on board a whaler, and like some old spar had been washed up into the bay without exactly knowing when, where, or how. Clever and handy, he yet preferred his ease and



LUMBERING IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY—PREPARING LOGS.

a bottle of whisky to any thing else. We thought justice and constable would do very well. Formerly we had been very peaceable, any little 'trouble' that arose being easily settled with a fist fight. But now that we had a Squire, every one seemed anxious to bring him some business, and it was not long before the justice held his first court.

"A man left in charge of a store was found to have stolen a small sum of money. Charley was ordered to proceed at once and arrest him. Charley started; but, afraid of resistance, did it in his own way. Walking in where the chap was sitting he asked him for a drink. Bowman said he had nothing. 'Well,' said Charley, 'old Champ has just got a demijohn of first-rate whisky. S'pose we walk down there and get some.' The other at once consented, and the pair went down to the Squire's. The boys began to collect, and at last the Squire, who had been out feeding his chickens and wetting his whistle, came in and took a seat.

"'Order in the court!' said he; then, facing the prisoner, he addressed him thus:

"'Well, this is a pretty how-d'y-e-do; what have you been about, hey?'

"'What have I been about?' asked Bowman, with surprise; 'nothing in particular that I know of. Where's your whisky, Squire?'

"'Where's my whisky?' said the Squire, now getting into a rage—'where's my whisky? Don't you know you're 'rested? And do you think to throw contempt on my court by asking for whisky?'

"'I did not know I was 'rested; pray, what is the charge?'

"'Why, you big loafer,' said Champ to the constable, 'didn't you show that paper to Bowman?'

"'Yes, I did,' said Charley.

"'I never saw it,' said Bowman.

"Champ then, expressing his disgust at Charley, ordered him to arrest Bowman forthwith, which he did, and produced the paper (which after all was simply a notice to quit, supplied by the sheriff by way of a ruse).

"Bowman read it, and remarked that it was not a warrant, and then inquired of what he was accused.

"'What are you 'cused of?' said the Squire; 'why, you're 'cused of stealing money.'

"'I should like to know who accuses me, and who are the witnesses against me?'

"'See here, Bowman,' says the Squire, 'I don't want any witnesses; and as for who accuses you, why, I accuse you, and every body on the beach accuses you, and you know you are guilty as well as I do. There is no use of wasting time over the matter. I am bound to sentence you, and my sentence is, that you leave the bay in twenty-four hours, or receive fifty lashes if you are here after that time.'

"He started for Astoria and was seen no more. The ends of justice were fully satisfied.

"Joe's case was the next. He was accused of setting a boat adrift. He protested that he

was innocent. It was suggested that it might have been taken by Jake for a day's fishing, and better confine the prisoner till Jake returned. This was agreed to, but where were they to confine him? Champ's hen-house was proposed, and into it Joe was thrust. Now Champ's hen-house was no slim affair, but a solid log-house as strong as a fort. In the afternoon Jake and the boat returned, so they went to liberate Joe. But here another case was presented, for they found him very quietly engaged in sucking eggs. This new felony enraged Champ more than the other. He was for flogging him immediately, but the boys put him on board a boat going out. Thus we rid ourselves of two thieves." Mr. Swan's description is true to the life of our Territorial beginnings.

Thus pleasantly the time passed, and we reach Seattle, sixty miles from Port Townsend. Seattle, the seat of a former tribe called by that name, has been a place of some importance since 1853. It acquired additional vitality through the discovery of coal a few years ago, and still more during the last few months by the popular belief that it is *the* place—the great terminus. The lands for miles around have been bought by speculators, divided into lots, and auctioned off in Victoria, through the Willamette Valley, and even in San Francisco. Nine months ago there were not more than 500 people in it, now there are 1000. The inhabitants had scarcely got over the excitement of a visit from the directors and officials of the North Pacific Railway, accompanied by George Francis Train, who had been with them a few days before. The two combined had been evidently too much for them. Train had given a lecture. Subject—George Francis Train. He described his orphanage in the city of New Orleans, his pious education by a Puritan aunt, his labors in the house of his uncle, Enoch Train and Co., Boston; his speculation in Melbourne, by which he cleared \$140,000; his wife's speculation in Omaha, which gives her half of all the lots in that city; and his palatial mansion in Rhode Island. He also spoke very freely of his election to the Presidency in 1872, and gave an invitation to come and see him at the White House. I do not know what else he can do, but assuredly he can lecture. The visit of the directors, much as the lieges were interested in the railway, was nothing to that of Train. His lecture was the theme of the day. They had just bade him good-by *en masse*, when they were called upon to welcome Seward. This they also did with a will. Having had one lecture, they were sure of another from Seward. The evening had come, and they pressed him hard to stay over. He would not do it, and got off from the speech by promising to shake hands all round. This was done in returning, and every man, woman, and child had been prepared for the ceremony. As the apparently endless circle swept past, his affability and gracefulness to each were very no-

ticeable. He told the writer afterward that he always calculated on doing this at the rate of *ten in a minute*. As it took him nearly an hour to do Seattle, he must have seen nearly the entire population.

The most prominent building in Seattle is the Territorial University, which occupies a commanding site upon the hill. Its site here was secured by the politic management of a few citizens, and the subject is rather a sore one to their brethren in some of the other towns, especially in Olympia, the capital. The University is a pretentious edifice, but boasts at present of only one professor and a limited number of pupils. They have discovered coal of good quality about ten miles from the city, near Washington Lake. It is a tertiary lignite of the miocene age. The analysis gives: carbon, 47.63; bitumen, 50.22; ash, 2.15. It is part of the great tertiary bed which extends from California northward through Oregon, Washington Territory, to the southern end of British Columbia and Vancouver Island, and which has already been wrought at Monte Diablo in California, Coose Bay in Oregon, and Bellingham Bay in Washington Territory. The seam, which pitches at an angle of 45° , crops out in several places around Washington Lake, and is about two feet thick. A company has already made two tunnels into it—one 170 feet long, and the other about 50 feet. Certainly, if Seattle were made the terminus of the proposed railway, King County could supply plenty of good coal and fresh water; but we shall see. The harbor is not quite so large as it seems, the half of it being a mud-flat; but this could be built over, and beyond there is good anchorage. Seattle has the invariable sawdust wharf and lumber-mill of the sound cities. They can turn out at the mill 30,000 feet of lumber per day. At Freeport, on the opposite side of the harbor, there is a mill of equal capacity. Seattle has considerably exercised the

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.





"TACOMA," OR MOUNT RAINIER, FROM OUR CAMP 120 MILES AWAY.

land speculators in these parts. "Seattle lots" are offered for sale all the way to San Francisco at prices varying from \$50 to \$500. From this to Olympia, at the head of the sound, all the eligible lands have been taken up. This has been occasioned in great part by the fact that the "Snowqualmie Pass" is comparatively near—about eighty miles from Seattle. The old military road from Walla Walla (such as it was) came over the Natchez Pass further north; but it is now generally abandoned for that by the Snowqualmie. To reach the sound from the east the railway must cross the Cascade range, which is from 6000 to 10,000 feet high, and very steep. Much depends upon the pass. Although there had long been an Indian trail over the Snowqualmie, yet it was not thought much of till recently. A few years ago an enterprising band from Seattle went up and discovered that it was gentler in ascent, and the summit lower, than any of the passes previously in use. More recent explorations have established the fact that it is only 3700 feet high; and already the immigrant wagons—the prairie schooners—make their way through it in preference to the Natchez, which is 5000 feet high. The "Yakima," the long, rich valley of the Klickatats, leads up to it from Walla Walla, to which the line will probably come on the other side. This is also in favor of the Snowqualmie Pass being chosen; for it is in the region around the Cascades, and not at the Rocky Mountains, that engineering difficulties will be encountered. Great interest has thus been attached to the Snowqualmie, and the people of Seattle regard it as their hope and boast. There is an interesting waterfall 270 feet high on the river about sixty miles from town, and with great enthusiasm they treat their friends with a trip to the "Snowqualmie Falls." The trip is worth staying even a week to make.

We left Seattle late in the evening. The sound now presented the grandest of her scenery. The forests were on fire, and the flames glimmered and danced on the hills around.

The clear moonlight fell upon the waters and lent an air of witchery to the picture. We had now turned the corner of the Olympic range, which rises up in bold outline behind us. An opening in the woods here reveals Mount Rainier, ninety miles off on our left. This is the queen of the Cascade range, the fairest, stateliest, and purest of all its peaks. It has no rugged shoulders like Mount Baker, but rises up in a clean-cut sugar-loaf shape to a height of 14,000 feet. In its silence and solitariness it

speaks to the innermost depths of our nature. But, my reader,

"If you would see Rainier aright,
Go view it by the witching moonlight."

This was *our* good fortune, when all its transcendent loveliness was full disclosed. The impression created by its snowy gracefulness, its calm majesty, can never be effaced. We may wander to the farthest corner of the earth, but the *image*, the *look*, of that mountain in the moonlight will not wear away. All eyes were spell-bound by its beauty until the woods intervened and shut it out from sight.

Now another and different object becomes the centre of attraction. We are called out from the cabin to view a Western city in its infancy—the fledgeling of a summer, that is to rise and spread its wings with railway speed. It is well that the world should know the name of this future New York of the West. "Tacōm-ah" they call it now, though, before Governor Stevens and his "Memoloose" men came along, the Indians said Tac'-o-mah'. The Tacomites argue in this way: "It is almost certain that the railway must cross the Cascade range by the Snowqualmie Pass—now *if*," and on this hang the fortunes of the Tacomites—"if the railway come through this pass, Tacoma is the nearest point on the sea. From the pass to the water's edge there is much level prairie land; the grades would be easy on either side; the country is open, fertile, and full of coal; the line will be twelve miles shorter than the Seattle." The difficulty of ships going further up the sound is very much increased by the "Narrows" immediately beyond. The tides *rush* very rapidly through these, and impede the navigation. The harbor is spacious, and the anchorage, though deep, is good. The land is taken up all around. Tacoma on paper boasts of streets, and squares, and wharves, yet one sees merely a clearing in the forest—a few piles of lumber, one hotel, one store, two whisky saloons, and several un-

finished buildings. The hotel has been established by a Cariboo miner, H. N. Steele, one of the first that "struck it rich." He lost his luck there, but believes that here fortune will smile upon him, and that the "Steele Claim" in Tacamah will rival the old "Steele Claim" of Cariboo. Another enthusiast has established a saw-mill, which is driving away, and turning out plenty of lumber for the buildings that are to be.

After midnight we arrive at Steilacoom and cast anchor. The good folks have evidently given up hope of our arrival, and have all retired. Fort Steilacoom may be termed the modern ancient among the settlements. It formerly enjoyed some importance, being near to the fort of the Hudson Bay Company at Nisqually, and finally as a military post of the United States. The Hudson Bay fort at Nisqually, six miles from the city, was built by Dr. Johnil in 1846, and is still represented by a chief-trader and his staff—some old Scotchmen, a retinue of half-breeds, and an extensive vassalage of "Siwashes." It is an inclosure 240 feet square, surmounted by the ordinary bastions at the four corners, and boasts of three guns, a blacksmith's shop, a store, etc. The troops were removed from this post in 1866, and taken to Sitka, so the inhabitants are left to dream of future prosperity through the coming railway. Lots are going up.

We get away in the morning before the lieges are aroused. As we near a spot half-way between Steilacoom and Olympia, we hear a voice saying, "There it is—that's the place." "What place?" we ask. "*The place*—New Jerusalem—the site of the big city." We gaze, but we can discern nothing but wood and water. "That's it," reiterate several who appear particularly interested, and forthwith the captain of the surveying vessel takes out of his pocket the neatly engrossed plan of a large city, with wharves, squares, and streets marked on it—"New Jerusalem" being printed in luminous letters over it. And this will be the place, if eloquence and interest can make it. "New Jerusalem" is the nest-egg laid by several of the government officials and other knowing ones. They will have it here if they can. The view of New Jerusalem is not, however, very interesting at present, except on the map. Not even a hunter's shanty breaks its monotony.

Before breakfast we approach Olympia. The name may seem ambitious, but it is in no way inappropriate. Nestling among the hills, it looks out upon the snowy Olympus—the highest and most beautiful peak of the Olympic range. The harbor is peculiar. The tides rise and fall twenty feet; so that every day an extensive mud-flat is disclosed. While at certain periods some of the streets are under water, at others ocean steamers can not approach within four miles of the city. Still, the Olympians are calmly confident, and look with contempt on the claims of the other bantling cities to rival it. They think in this wise: "Olym-

pia fuit," ergo "Olympia fuerit." It *has* been the capital, the seat of government; it is the head of navigation; it is nearest to Portland, to or from which there must be a branch; it is the readiest opening to the sea; it has an extensive agricultural country behind it; therefore, "Floreat Olympia." These mud-flats where the Klootchmen gather clams shall yet be built up into spacious streets; these quiet waters in which the Clallam darts his fish-spear shall yet be covered with fleets from "Cathay, Cipango, and the Indies." If the directors can be won by beauty, they will plant here the mighty city. Already they have made the most of their site. The streets are delightfully shaded by rows of poplar and maple, and the trim dwellings look out from teeming orchards. Old Horace speaks about cutting off a pleasant half of the day in a shady place. Commend me to Olympia for this operation. Sitting in front of the "Tacamah," under the cooling shade of the trees, with a sherry-cobbler in hand, looking out upon the bay between the rising hills, one is "king o'er a' the ills o' life." Its attractions have secured better society than can be found in towns of its size any where. Houses are at a premium, and sleeping-room scarcely to be had. Blessings on thee, gem of the West! When we get old we shall seek in thee a resting-place!

If Athens had its Mars' Hill, Olympia has its equal in the shoulder that stretches two miles beyond, overlooking the extension of the bay, and filled with all goodly groves, and sheltering shady pools, where the silvery salmon grab the flies on the summer day. At the end of this shoulder the lively Tumwater leaps in with a sort of hop, skip, and jump, forming a series of three beautiful waterfalls, as a final effort before losing itself forever in the sea.

"A speech—a speech!" cries the deputation of citizens—said deputation backed by the citizens themselves. "To Tumwater!" roars Seward. A compromise was made: "Tumwater Falls first, a speech after." We made for the falls. No great roaring, brawling avalanche of waters are these. They are comely, picturesque, unique. From pool to pool they flow, their spray dancing on the sentinel pines around. The road passes down by a bridge beneath them, from which you can look up and see them all at once above you. But no time for poetry now; lunch and the speech are before us. The lunch was like other lunches—rather better; the speech an easy, kindly flow of good feeling, as from a father speaking to his children; and then the shaking of hands—hard hands and soft ones, hard ones preponderating.

When evening comes we return to the steamer, and start back. As morning breaks we are again at Port Townsend. We now sail northward, and all at once pass Muckleteo—also a candidate for future greatness—and next Whidby Island, another candidate. The harbor on the inside of the island has been strongly recommended in former surveys made by General M'Clellan and Governor Stevens for the



STREET IN OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

North Pacific Railway. It is separated from the main land—but only by the Swinomish Slough, a broad marshy tract, which settlers are now dyking and draining, and turning into fertile land—and by a narrow channel, which can be easily bridged.

The island, fifty miles in length, is fertile, and, in great part, cultivated by a hardy, happy race of Good Templars, who deserve all the good fortune that may come to them. Further on we pass Fidalgo Island, having similar claims. It is right in the teeth of vessels coming up the strait. Away on our right is Bellingham Bay, another candidate, and the last. The bay is a semicircle, six miles in length. Here there is a large coal-mine, skillfully worked, and already a small railway from the mine to the harbor. According to the Superintendent, and to others also, this railway is the extreme end of "The Great Northern." Bellingham Bay is the Liverpool of the West, and its proprietors the luckiest men of the continent. Before making up among the numerous islands, and over the line to the British possessions, let us settle the question of the city's site. We have had with us Von Smythe, one of the great engineers of the coast; at each stopping-place we have received on board interested advocates of the several sites; so surely we will be able to make it out. Port Discovery, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Steilacoom, New Jerusalem, Olympia, Muckleteo, Whidby Island, Fidalgo Island, Bellingham Bay—which shall it be?

In scanning the line of the proposed route, we are sure of several points far eastward. It will cross the Rocky Mountains at Cadott's Pass, and run thence to Pend-O-Reille. By recent legislation in Congress, it is brought to

a point on the Columbia River, where it will connect with the line of river and railway communication already established by the Oregon Steamship Company. But this can be only a temporary, not the final termination. The route by Portland is circuitous, and, what is of more importance, no harbor can be found on that part of the coast unattended by serious obstacles to navigation. The mouth of the Columbia is barred by dreadful breakers. Shoalwater Bay and Gray's Harbor can not be entered by vessels of ordinary tonnage. It is therefore a necessity that the line of railway be completed to some point on the Puget Sound, where many desirable sites and harbors are presented, combining the varied advantages of good anchorage and shelter, easy access and defense, and plenty of wood, coal, and water. Where all are so good, it may be difficult to make the best possible selection. All the places within Port Wilson—Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Steilacoom, New Jerusalem, and Olympia—will be well defended by the proposed fortifications around that point. Of these, Port Townsend and Seattle have the best anchorage—from fifteen to twenty fathoms. From the fact that there must be a branch to Portland, Olympia, at the head of this inland sea, would appear to be the nearest and most convenient dépôt; but this advantage is balanced by the consideration that it is beyond the "Narrows," which adds to the difficulty and expense of bringing vessels to its harbor. Seattle, Tacoma, and Port Townsend have an advantage in this respect. If we look at the harbors beyond Port Wilson, we see, that while Whidby Island, Fidalgo Island, and Bellingham Bay can not be so thoroughly defended, they are of

easier access from the sea. This whole matter—the selection of the city's site and railway dépôt—depends really upon the pass chosen through the Cascade range. In these northern parts the passage through the Rocky Mountains is comparatively easy to that through the range nearer the coast. This range, as stated, rises steeply to from 6000 to 10,000 feet, and is a dividing wall. It seems decided that the route will be through Cadott's Pass, in the Rocky Mountains, near the Kostanie country, close to the 49th parallel. But whither after that? This depends upon the pass up the Cascades deemed most practicable. Now there are five to choose from: 1. The Cowlitz Pass, supposed to be 5000 feet high. 2. The Snowqualmie Pass, known to be 3700 feet high. 3. The Natchez Pass, 5000 feet high. 4. Cady's Pass, 5000 feet high. 5. The Skatchet Pass, near Mount Baker, supposed to be 3000 feet high. Now, if the railway be brought direct from the Kostanie, through the Spokane country, and over the Skatchet Pass (both deemed practicable, though not thoroughly explored and surveyed), then assuredly it must terminate at or near Bellingham Bay; and if brought through the Snowqualmie Pass (the best so far as surely ascertained), Tacoma is the nearest point on the sound, distant about sixty-five miles—Seattle, about seventy-five miles, being next.

And if it be determined to put the main line to Olympia, in order to let the branch to Portland strike off there, then in course of time an extension will be made up the west side of the sound along Hood's Canal to Port Townsend or Port Discovery.

This, my reader, is all that is known about either the passes or ports, and the probabilities soon to be realities, on this Mediterranean of the Pacific. And with this we dismiss a question that is exercising all the inhabitants of the Territory, and all the land speculators on the coast. Pity to spoil such a summer day with so much that savors of dollars and cents. We leave the railway and the city to come along when and where they like best, and plunge in amidst the numerous islands before us on our way to Nanaimo, where the good ship *Active* has taken in coal, and is waiting for Seward and his party *en route* for Alaska. We are threading our way through the Western Cyclades—*islands every where*, and yonder San Juan itself.

What is the San Juan question? This, my reader, is a red flag, which, with another called “the *Alabama* claims,” is shaken occasionally in the face of John Bull to rouse his choler. Serious enough, for more than once it has been nearly the occasion of war between two great countries. In 1859, General Harney, on the part of the United States, planted on the island Captain George Pickett and a company of infantry. Governor Douglas, who resided in Victoria, and represented her Britannic Majesty, dispatched the *Satellite* and the *Tribune*, with

instructions to drive them from the island. The Americans in British Columbia threatened to organize as volunteers for the assistance of Captain Pickett, and to hoist the Stars and Stripes over the town of Victoria. Then there would have been war to the knife. Strange to say, just as the *Tribune* had left the harbor of Esquimaux, the commander, Captain Hornby, discovered in the Strait of Fuca the flag of Admiral Baynes, arriving to command the British fleet in the Pacific. He therefore waited for the instructions of his superior officer. The Admiral, seeing that the policy of Governor Douglas would bring about a collision which might result in war, at once countermanded the orders, stating that it was a question to be settled by the home governments.

After all—would the reader believe it?—the “San Juan Difficulty,” as it is gracefully termed in these parts, has arisen from the mere scrape of a pen. Great Britain claimed Oregon north of the Columbia River; the United States claimed all south of latitude 54° 40'. In 1846 that grand compromise called the Ashburton Treaty accepted the 49th parallel as the boundary line. But this line, if drawn across, would have cut off the tail end of Vancouver Island. It was therefore stated in the treaty that, after leaving the main land, it shall go southward, *through the middle of the channel*, to the Strait of Fuca. The treaty appears to have been made under the erroneous impression that there was only one channel between the main land and Vancouver Island. At the time, the *Rosario Strait* was the best known, and the most commonly used; the *Haro Strait* has since been surveyed, and is the most direct and best channel. Now the island, or rather the islands, for there are thirty of them, lie between these two straits; so, *if the line passing through the middle of the channel* means the Rosario Strait, they belong to Britain; but if through the Haro Strait, they belong to the United States. *The channel?* Are we to understand the channel best known in 1845–46, while they were discussing terms, or the *main channel*, as now ascertained by survey? The mere inscription of the four letters H A R O would have prevented the “difficulty.” More has been made of the question than it really deserves. San Juan, Orcas, and Lopez islands (each about ten miles long, and from one to three miles wide) are fertile; but, where land is so plentiful, we need not take their gain or loss as a matter of life and death; and we beg very respectfully to settle the whole difficulty, and submit the following proposal to all concerned: During the survey in 1858 a middle channel was discovered, called the Douglas Channel. If it were taken as the boundary, San Juan and a few islands would fall to the English; Orcas, Lopez, and all the others to the United States. San Juan is of more importance to the English than to the United States; for, though it does not command the harbor of Victoria, as was ignorantly stated by the British Foreign Secretary, yet it



NANAIMO, VANCOUVER ISLAND.

The time passed pleasantly while we made our way up through scenery which rivals that of the Hudson River for beauty. The islands come

is distant only six miles from Vancouver Island, and commands the strait by which ships would pass from Victoria into British Columbia. At present the Americans have a garrison at one end, and the English at the other. There they are, ready to blow each other off at a signal from their chiefs, yet enjoying the most friendly intercourse—assisting each other to hunt the deer and fish the salmon.

"San Juan in sight, Sir," says the pilot, touching his cap to Mr. Seward; "shall I take the Haro or the Rosario channel?" "Take the English channel—I know all about our own." So we enter the Rosario Strait.

Anxious to get his opinion about the matter, I say, "What should be done with the San Juan question?" "Nothing should be done with it, Sir. Let it stand by. Our men will settle up the place, and the question will settle itself." "Cute old man!" I observe; and adjourn to the pilot-box to see how the pilot—a great brawny Kentuckian—would dispose of it. "How would you settle the San Juan question?" "That there island is ours—no doubt about it, Sir; and if the Britishers won't keep to the boundary line that they agreed on, I would just begin where we left off, and bring up the old one. 'Fifty-four forty, or fight!' Them's my terms."

so quickly after each other, and so close to each other, that it seems as if we were sailing on some magnificent inland river. Galiano, in particular, impressed us. It rises like a high perpendicular wall, 280 feet high, its basaltic columns cut and carved in every variety of form. At 4 o'clock we reach Nanaimo, and find the *Active* in waiting. This place has acquired some importance as the head-quarters of the Vancouver Coal Company. It is a village of five hundred inhabitants, including seventy or eighty miners. Last year the Company exported 50,000 tons, and declared a dividend of fifteen per cent. It is used all over the coast for steaming and domestic purposes. An analysis gives: carbon, 63.93; hydrogen, 5.32; nitrogen, 1.02; sulphur, 2.20; oxygen, 8.70; ash, 15.83. It was discovered in early days, by an old Indian, who has since budded into wonderful respectability, and been made a "Tayec," or big chief of his tribe. It was wrought for many years by the Hudson Bay Company, who transferred it, ten years ago, to the present Company. We took a stroll round the place, visited the mine, the school for Indians, and gathered a few fossils, which are very plentiful around.

In the preceding part of our journey we had seen the native tribes in their hovels near to the abodes of the white man. Although we



INDIAN SCHOOL AT NANAIMO.

had heard of the reservations, and the schools in more inland places, we had not seen the Indian under the guiding influence of the Saxon until we reached Nanaimo. The tribe is only a ragged fragment of the Cowichans, destined to fade away like all their fellows; but the camp is preserved in excellent order. Every man has his post and something to do.

At this place we saw, over the camp of the chief, the enormous roof-trees noticed on the west coast by Vancouver with much surprise. We can not understand how they managed to hoist these huge spars into their places. Two of the largest pines are felled for the uprights, and the roof-tree is stretched on them. The chief's camp is also distinguished by the carved pole in front. This is sometimes nearly 150 feet high, and marked with many a strange device. The entrance to the "rancheree" is usually an elliptic circle burned or cut in the lower end of the pole. In the sketch given of the camp of the Cape Midge Indians—the tribe next to the Nanaimoes—these roof-trees and poles are conspicuous.

After an afternoon thus spent, we returned on board the *Wilson G. Hunt* for our last dinner in her spacious saloon. Our San Francisco friends were to return from this point, so Mr. Seward determined to make an occasion of the dinner. Traveling in the West exhilarates the spirits and sharpens the appetite, so we were thoroughly prepared. There were dispensed soups made of the clams from the shores of the Territory, where they can be raked out at any season,

and of oysters from Olympia, where they can be shoveled out like potatoes from a heap; salmon, clear, bright, sparkling, which Von Smythe had engineered from their briny homes on the journey; mutton—the mutton of Vancouver Island, richest and best of all we know; venison from Juan, almost worth fighting for; peaches, luscious and fresh, from California the golden, and Champagne all the way from Auburn, the home of our gallant leader. The company, now scattered, will be ever worth remembering. The old Governor at the head; Frederick Seward at the foot, flanked by Judge Hastings, a pioneer and millionaire of California; Dr. Franklin, one of her Majesty's officers, who had fallen into the rank at Salt Lake; Consul Francis, the representative of his Majesty Uncle Sam in these parts; Dodge, Mayor of Sitka, who had come down to escort his chief to the field; Fitz, of Auburn, a friend of sixty years' standing; Von Smythe, of San Francisco; some officers of the Federal army; several ladies, blooming and beautiful; and the writer. What a "good time" we had away in this remote harbor!

"The Queen!" said the Governor, "in whose dominions we now are. Of all the queens I know, Isabella of Spain, Emma of Sandwich Islands, or her of Madagascar, the noblest and the best!"

"The President, and his representative Consul Francis."

Others followed; the "Star-spangled Banner" was not omitted; and each gave some an-



INDIAN CAMP AT CAPE MIDGE, VANCOUVER ISLAND.

ecdote of former life. The Governor's was called for.

"I remember in old times, when a Universalist preacher first came to Auburn, there was some commotion among the evangelicals. The ministers met, and agreed to preach strongly on the subject on the following Sunday. The Presbyterian, being minister of a leading denomination, prepared himself accordingly. 'My friends,' said he, 'one has entered our midst with heresy. An enemy is scattering tares, by teaching that *all will be saved*. But, my friends, we of this congregation *hope for better things*.' So," continued the Governor, "we have seen that magnificent sheet of water, the Puget

Sound, we have seen the little clearings in the great forest, and I think this must be the sentiment formed by all we have seen and heard: *We hope for better things*. We feel the shadow of the great future that is coming along to our people out here."

Vale! Vale! old chief. May you live to see it! The time came for parting; and the Governor, when we last saw him, wrapped in a huge camel's-hair robe, fur gloves reaching to the elbow, surmounted by a shaggy bear-skin cap, from under which peeped and glowed an enormous Havana, was stretched at his ease on the stern of the *Active*—

ON THE WAY TO ALASKA.

A SUNSET MEMORY.

ONCE, as fell the shades of evening,
At the close of the long day,
Sat we, in the lengthening shadows,
In the old time, far away—
Sat we, till the stars came gleaming
Through the twilight soft and gray.*

We had watched the golden sunset
Fading in the crimson west,
While upon the glowing hill-tops
Clonds of amber seemed to rest,
Till the twilight closed around them,
In her hazy mantle dressed.

Then I listened to the story
That his lips so fondly told;
Words of passionate devotion,
Words of love that ne'er grow cold—
Filling all my heart with lightness,
Threading all my life with gold.

Always, when the sunset glory
Trails above the western hills,
All the music of that story
Through my inmost being thrills—
Tunes my sad heart to rejoicing,
And with peace my spirit fills.

Since I first Love's nectar tasted
Years have swept to Time's abyss—
All Life's choicest hopes been wasted;
But my vision now of bliss
In that other Life are founded
On the one glad hour in this.

Years may roll and tempests gather,
Storms may cloud youth's azure sky,
Brightest locks may blanch to silver,
Frosts of Time may dim the eye,
But a pure heart's first devotion
Always lives—it can not die.

SOUTH-COAST SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND.

[Saunter *UK.*]

DANE JOHN, CANTERBURY.

CANTERBURY.—II.

WHATEVER may be thought of the cathedrals, here is the chief of them, which has, in its time, given a support and retreat, with ample resources for investigation, to some of the best scholars of our time. But it must be added that few cathedrals can show such good reasons for their existence. Under the influence of Protestantism their history has been one of gradual decline. Four hundred years ago England was divided into twenty-one sees, including the two archiepiscopal ones of Canterbury and York. At the Reformation six were added; but of these two (Bristol and Gloucester) were united, and one (Westminster) suppressed, so that the addition amounted to four. How the system had shrunk may be gathered when this number among thirty millions is compared with the forty-five archbishops and one hundred and ninety-eight bishops who supervise the religious affairs of two-thirds as many people in Italy. Under one of the English bishops there are nine hundred clergymen. Their salaries are all more than that of the President of the United States, while the mass of the clergy are wretchedly paid, some livings in Scotland amounting to but two pounds annually! The most significant thing just now is the demonstration which has recently been given of the practical inutility of the episcopal

office. In 1868 four sees had been for some years practically vacant. The Bishop of Winchester, at eighty, was paralyzed; the Bishop of Salisbury was broken down in mind and body; the Bishop of Bath and Wells was the same; the Bishop of Exeter, aged ninety, had not been able to leave his house for twelve years. Yet it is shown that the diocese of either of them got along just as well as when they were in full activity. The bishops feel that this is a dangerous lesson for the clergy and laity to have learned. That they have learned it was shown when Lord Lyttleton proposed, in the House of Lords, to increase the number of bishops. It was estimated that it would cost £150,000 to establish a new see; and the bishops themselves declared that there was no hope of raising the money among the laity. The press declared that the country was too glad at the prospect of getting ecclesiastics out of the House of Lords to put new ones in. So Lord Lyttleton's bill was voted down by the Lords and laughed down outside. The tendency seems to me far more in the direction of cutting down the salaries of bishops, and virtually superseding them with a large number of superintendents of districts, somewhat resembling the presiding elders whom the Methodists find so efficient—men whose offices shall imply work rather than the dignity of peerage and palaces.

It is hardly an abrupt transition from the bishops to the tombs in Canterbury, concerning which I gathered much interesting matter from the venerable Canon. Among them is that of Henry IV. (1413), and of his second wife, Joan of Navarre, who outlived him by twenty-four years. Here he was brought from France at his dying request. The old Yorkist story, that only the coffin was entombed here—the king's body having been thrown in the sea, as a kind of Jonah, to produce a calm (which, of course, followed)—led to a curious scene here some thirty years ago. It was resolved to open the tomb. The result is given in the notes of one of the church dignitaries present on the occasion, which are so curious that I reproduce them here:

"On removing a portion of the marble pavement at the western end of the monument, it was found to have been laid on rubbish composed of lime-dust, small pieces of Caen stone, and a few flints, among which were found two or three pieces of decayed stuff, or silk (perhaps portions of the cloth of gold which covered the coffin), and also a piece of leather. When the rubbish was cleared away, we came to what appeared to be the lid of a wooden case, of very rude form and construction, which the surveyor at once pronounced to be a coffin. It lay east and west, projecting beyond the monument toward the west for about one-third of its length. Upon it, to the east, and entirely within the monument, lay a leaden coffin without any wooden case, of much smaller size and very singular shape, being formed by bending one sheet of lead over another, and soldering them at the junctions. This coffin was supposed to contain the remains of Queen Joan, and was not disturbed. Not being able to take off the lid of the large coffin, as a great portion of its length was under the tomb, and being unwilling to move the alabaster monument for the purpose of getting at it, it was decided to saw through the lid about three feet from what was supposed to be the head of the coffin. And this being done, the piece of wood was carefully removed, and found to be elm, very coarsely worked, about one inch and a half thick, and perfectly sound. Immediately under this elm board was a quantity of hay bands filling the coffin, and upon the surface of them lay a very rude small cross, formed by merely tying two twigs together, thus +. This fell to pieces on being moved. When the hay bands, which were very sound and perfect, were removed, we found a leaden case or coffin, moulded in some degree to the shape of a human figure; and it was at once evident that this had never been disturbed, but lay as it was originally deposited, though it may be difficult to conjecture why it was placed in a case so rude and unsightly, and so much too large for it that the hay bands appeared to have been used to keep it steady. In order to ascertain what was contained in this leaden case, it became necessary to saw through a portion of it; and in this manner an oval piece of the lead, about seven inches long and four inches over at the widest part of it, was carefully removed. Under this we found wrappers which seemed to be of leather, and afterward proved to have been folded five times round the body. The material was firm in its texture, very moist, of a deep brown color, and earthy smell. These wrappers were cut through and lifted off, when, to the astonishment of all present, the face of the deceased king was seen in complete preservation—the nose elevated, the ear-tilage even remaining, though, on the admission of the air, it sunk rapidly away, and had entirely disappeared before the examination was finished. The skin of the chin was entire, of the consistence and thickness of the upper leather of a shoe, brown and moist; the beard thick and matted, of a deep russet color. The jaws were perfect, and all the teeth in them except one fore-tooth, which had probably been lost dur-

ing the king's life. The opening of the lead was not large enough to expose the whole of the features, and we did not examine the eyes or forehead. But the surveyor stated that, when he introduced his finger under the wrappers to remove them, he distinctly felt the orbits of the eyes prominent in their sockets. The flesh upon the nose was moist, clammy, and of the same brown color as every other part of the face. Having thus ascertained that the body of the king was actually deposited in the tomb, and that it had never been disturbed, the wrappers were laid again upon the face, the lead drawn back over them, the lid of the coffin put on, the rubbish filled in, and the marble pavement replaced immediately. It should be observed that about three feet from the head of the figure was a remarkable projection in the lead, as if to make room for the hands, that they might be elevated as in prayer."

It is very remarkable that while there has never been any hesitation in England to open any distinguished tomb over which a mystery has hung—as those of Henry IV. here and William II. at Winchester—the curse of Shakespeare on any disturber of his bones has prevailed to prevent the exploration of the most mysterious grave of all. A gentleman of Stratford told me that the superstition of that neighborhood about the doggerel lines is so great that he thought even that peaceful village could get up a riot if an attempt were made to open the grave of Shakespeare.

One may think of the old memorial stones of Canterbury as boulders of history, each brought and deposited by some epochal glacier; and of all these the most interesting is that which passed by Cressy and Poitiers, by Nejara and Roncesvalles, bearing the "Prince Noir"—Edward Plantagenet—through all the zones of glory and bleakness, to the day when his body was laid here amidst a mourning never equalled in the history of England. Here lies buried England's long dream of ruling France! His effigy has the strong and handsome features of the Plantagenets. The figure lies in full armor, which still bears traces of the gilding which once made the tomb shine like gold. Above him hang his brazen gauntlets, helmet, shield and velvet coat embroidered with the arms of France and England—all now rusty, tattered, and claiming their part in the French inscription, written by the Black Prince himself, contrasting his former splendor with his form as wasted by death. The most interesting relic is the

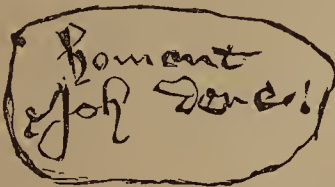


SHIELD OF THE BLACK PRINCE.



COAT OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

empty scabbard of the sword wielded in three great battles, which Oliver Cromwell carried away. I was reminded by it of the curious circumstance of John Brown's taking away from Colonel Washington's house at Harper's Ferry a sword which there is reason to believe was the sword of George Washington.* The motto and arms of the Prince of Wales appear here in their original form—*Houmout Ich diene*, and three entirely separated ostrich feathers. It is possible that doubts about the meaning of the first word led to its being discarded; though it is nearly certain that it is *Hoch muth*—the whole motto meaning, "With high spirit, I serve." Whether derived from it or not, the words recall at once the best story about the Prince—how, after conquering the French king at Poitiers, he invited the captive to his table, and waited upon him personally. Nevertheless the abbreviation seems to me happy, and *Ich dien* the right royal motto. The Black Prince used the words as a signature, as may be seen in va-



AUTOGRAPH OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

rious documents yet preserved. He sometimes used one, sometimes three ostrich feathers. The tradition that he won this coat of arms, with his spurs, in his sixteenth year, from the King of Bohemia, at Cressy, is certainly untrue. The Bohemian king's badge was a vulture. The ostrich feathers are traceable on the plate of Philippa, 1369, and were used by all the kings after Edward II. until the seventh Henry, when

* The same which a story, regarded by Mr. Carlyle as very mythical, says was sent him by Frederick the Great, inscribed "From the oldest general to the greatest."

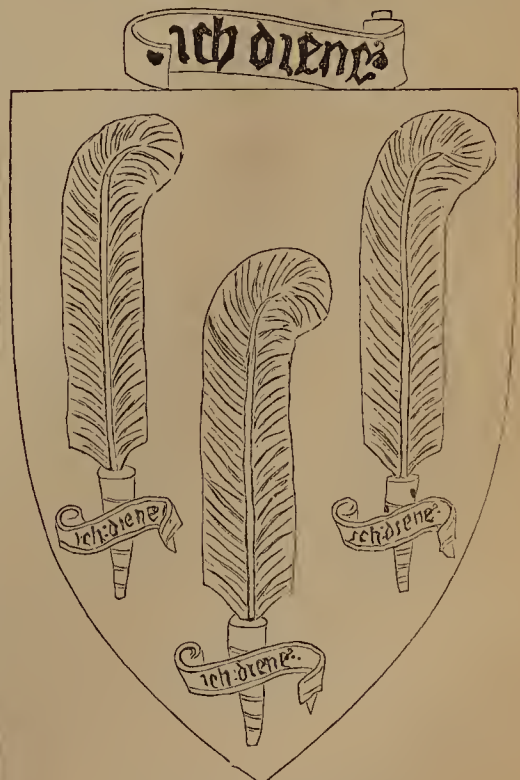
they were appropriated, with his son Arthur, to the Prince of Wales. The old explanation of them is that they signify fleetness in war, but it is more likely to have been hat-plumes. In their ancient form the feathers seem to me to bear an intentional resemblance to certain ancient broadswords, and I can not help thinking that the present fashion of binding their quills together with a fillet is an improvement.

The finest thing to be seen in the architecture external to the cathedral is an old Norman staircase, the most beautiful specimen of ancient Norman work in England.

There are other old churches in the city well worth visiting. In the "Church of the Holy Cross," built in 1480, are some queer old carvings on wooden benches, one of which represents two men fighting, with a rose between them—an allusion to the famous struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster. In the church-yard of St. Alfege the tomb of Agnes Halke (1502) has these noticeable lines:

"In this church-yard, so was her chance,
First after the hallowing of the same,
Afore all others here to begin the dance,
Which to all creatures is the loth game."

Summerley, the antiquarian, refers this to the old habit of holding village dances in churchyards, still prevalent in parts of Wales. But undoubtedly the dance mentioned in the epitaph is the "dance of death," which was already a popular idea, and soon after Agnes's death employed the pencil of Holbein. It was probably based upon the Teutonic superstition of the magic pipe which made all dance who heard it—the call of Death being one that none



ARMS OF THE BLACK PRINCE.



NORMAN STAIRCASE.

could fail to heed. In St. Andrew's Church is the monument of Thomas Swift, rector (1592), ancestor of the famous Dean Swift. In St. Dunstan's Church is the vault of the Ropers, which contains the head of Sir Thomas More, who married one of that family. A gentleman who went down into the vault in 1835 saw the head in a leaden box open in front. In St. Mary's Church is the tomb of Ralph Brown, Mayor of Canterbury in 1507, who is represented kneeling at a desk, with the following inscription (which an alderman or mayor might think equivocal) underneath :

"All ye that stand op pon mi corse
Remember but Raff Brown I was,
All dyr man and mayar of thys cite—
Jesu upon mi sowll have pite."

Just beyond the ancient walls of the city, on the northeast, is to be found all that remains of the Monastery of St. Augustine—to wit, the ruin (it fell in 1822) of the tower of St. Pancras Chapel, which belonged to it. "The next thing," writes Somner, "is the chapel of St. Pancrace, built before Augustine came, and used by the king (Ethelbert), before his conversion to Christianity, for the place of his idol-worship; but after it, the first that Augustine, after he had purged it from the worship of the false, consecrated to the service of the true God, and dedicated to St. Pancrace. Wherewith the devil, all enraged, and not brooking his ejection from the place he had so long enjoyed, the first time that Augustine celebrates mass there, furiously assaults the chapel to overturn it. But

having more of will than power to actuate his intended mischief, all he could do was to leave the ensigns of his malice—the print of his talons on the south porch of the walls of the chapel, where they are visible to this day." It would gladden the heart of that devil to see that chapel, so solemnly dedicated to the boy-martyr of Rome, in its present condition—all that remains of it occupied by his own friends, the swine! The spot was originally a Saxon cemetery. According to the law of the Twelve Tables it was not permitted "to bury or burn a dead body within the city." This old custom—to which we are now returning—was first, and after a long struggle, abolished by the Canterbury bishops, who desired to have grand tombs in the cathedral, where they might

"lie through centuries
And hear the blessed mutter of the
mass."

The seal of the monastery, still preserved, represents St. Peter and St. Paul seated under canopies, and St. Augustine baptizing Ethelbert in a font like that in St. Martin's Church. It was attacked by the Danes in 1011. "When," relates Thorn, "the Danes destroyed the city of Canterbury with fire and sword, some of those sacrilegious wretches entered the monastery, not to say their prayers, but to carry away what they could lay their hands upon. One of them, more desperately wicked than the rest of his comrades, came boldly to the sepulchre of our apostle St. Augustine, where he lay entombed, and stole away the pall with which the tomb of the saint was covered, and hid it under his arm. But Divine vengeance immediately seized upon the sacrilegious person, and the pall which was hid under his arm stuck to the arm of the thief and grew to it, as if it had been new natural flesh, inasmuch as it could not be taken away by force or art until the thief himself came and discovered what he had done, and confessed his fault before the saint and the monks, and then begged their pardon. This example of Divine vengeance so affrighted the rest of the Danes that they not only offered no violence to this monastery afterward, but became the chief defenders of the same."

But the power of the saint could not prevail against Henry VIII., who seized the monastery for a palace for himself. In 1573, Queen Elizabeth kept court there. There, too, Charles I. was married to the Princess Henrietta of France. Charles II., on his passage to London after restoration, lodged there. It passed

to the Wottons, and by the marriage of one of them to Sir Edward Hales, to the latter family. In 1844, Mr. Beresford Hope, now M.P., purchased the site for £2100. The monastery was in ruins, and the place was occupied by an old court, a public house, a skittles-ground, and a brewery. Mr. Hope devoted his purchase—adding a considerable endowment—to the purpose of the great Missionary College now there. It was incorporated in 1848, by act of Parliament, as a College for Missionaries of the Church of England to the various dependencies of the British empire. The young men are admitted between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two, and study three years, at an annual charge of £35 each, which includes education and maintenance. There are forty-five dormitories, which seemed to be all filled, the furniture in them being comfortable, and the walls covered with texts in old English characters. It was easy to see by the character of the texts in any room, or perhaps the presence of a crucifix, the “wing” of the Church to which its occupant belonged. The buildings are new—the style following that of the old monastery—and very beautiful. The chapel is a gem, and represents the extreme of Low-Church plainness. The students assemble in it to hear prayers every day, and for Sunday services; and “the altar” is so little thought of that the officiating clergyman stands at either end of the room where the light happens to be best. It would be difficult to find a more exquisite retreat for study, and it is probable the teaching is very good. Dr. Reinhold Röst, of Jena, has recently been appointed Oriental lecturer and teacher of Sanscrit. But the teaching is not only linguistic or theological. What was once the crypt is now a large room where the students are carefully taught carpentering, etc., so that they may help the natives, or, on a pinch, build their own houses. Nay, more, each student is taught something of medicine, and must serve a year as an attendant in the neighboring hospital. It is to be hoped that these various accomplishments will not bring them to grief, as they did the poor missionary in New Zealand who was eaten the other day, out of sheer admiration for his talents—the belief of that region being, that he who eats a man appropriates his qualities. It certainly was pleasant to see these young gentlemen acquiring such serviceable arts on a spot once devoted to penances. On the inside facings of what may be called the cloisters, the names of the students are inscribed opposite the doors of their dormitories, as they leave, with the country whither they have gone; and under the little chapel is a crypt where tablets are raised to all graduates who have died. There is a very fine room which is at once a library, a museum, and, to some extent, a picture-gallery. In it there is the only authentic portrait of Archbishop Laud—a fat-faced fanatic he was, too—and, at the other end, the portrait of the patriarch of Hindu missions, whose face expresses

the beauty of his life and of his poetry—Bishop Heber. There is a pleasant picture of Gregory the Great, admiring the fair-haired children about to be sold in the market-place at Rome—the Angli who so reminded him of Angeli that he established this English mission, which is now engaged in multiplying itself in all parts of the world. The pictures of life in foreign parts seemed to me too pleasant to be true, and I could not help thinking of the seductive illustrations in the French papers, put forth when it was desired to attract soldiers for the late invasion of Mexico. The young missionaries will find something other than picturesque converts eager for baptism. A less pleasing, but probably truer, story is presented by the collection of ugly idols and horrible weapons on the shelves of the museum, returned by missionaries from various lands. On the whole, the impression one receives from the college is pleasant. The young men I saw were fine-looking, and I can only hope they will depend for their success upon the spirit of Heber and their ability to help and heal, rather than on the English gun-boats, for whose last furious propagation of the Gospel in China England has just had to apologize.

Canterbury rejoices in a pleasant little park, which surrounds a mound called Dane John, generally regarded as the old fortress from which the Danes besieged the city. I went there to call upon the most learned antiquarian of Canterbury, Mr. John Brent, who resides where his ancestors did six hundred years ago, and, like several of them, is connected with the civic government. It used to be a place where heretics and witches were burned among appropriate barbarian remains. These have now disappeared, and the beautiful lawn, bordered with quick-thorn, is ornamented with a sun-dial on a pillar, with sculptured “Seasons”—the work of Weekes, who was a native of Canterbury—a fountain with basin covered with mermen and dolphins, and a Russian gun captured at Sebastopol. Considerable numbers of copper weapons (“celts”), and some Roman remains, have been found here. The spot has witnessed scenes as terrible as any in this part of the country; nor need one go back as far as the martyrdom of Alfege or Mildred to find them. It is odd to find in the old city records such quiet and brief mention of events which shook the kingdom: *e. g.*—“1449. Citizens take Blucherd, a hermit, and head of an insurrection. His head was placed over the Westgate.” “1535. Pay 14s. 8d. for bringing a heretic from London. For a load of wood to burn him, 2s.; for gunpowder, 1d.; for a stake and staple, 3d.” “1550. Paid 23s. for the burning of Arden, and for the execution of Bradshaw.” “1660. Arrival of Charles II. Several witches executed.”

Through the city records we get peeps into several quaint old customs. Thus between 1273 and 1836 we find that the corporation were always assembled by the sound of a horn,

which is a plain importation from Germany, where the watchmen still use the horn in many places. Here are some curious entries: 1434. The city gives a present to the Romish cardinal, passing through on his road to France, of two dozen capons, value £1 4s. 8d.—1445. The Queen of King Henry VI., being at her devotions at the tomb of the Martyr, is received by the bailiffs at the hall in the Blean, at Harbledown, and by them is presented with a gift of £21.—1494. The corporation presents a purse of gold to Lady Elizabeth, wife of Henry VII.—1502. Jeremy Oxenbregge, the first person who obtained the freedom of the city by apprenticeship.—1516. A payment of 4s. for "one gallon of ypcoras," given to the Ambassador who brings over the Cardinal's hat from Rome for Wolsey.—1520. Henry VIII., Charles V., and Cardinal Wolsey are entertained by the Archbishop. All the city officers have new gaberlines on the occasion. A ducking-stool* is provided. A post is set up before the Court Hall to hang up letters referring to the board and lodging of pilgrims.—1536. No person allowed to sell less than six eggs for a penny, on pain of 12d.—1539. The Grand Jury present W. Sandford, parson of St. Peter's, for maliciously tolling the aive-bell after even-song, with a view to set up the Pope again.—1556. The Mayor is to provide for his wife, yearly, before Christmas, one scarlet gown and bonnet of velvet, under penalty of £10.—1558. Queen Mary arrives, and is presented by the corporation with twenty angels (£10).—1564. As many of the inhabitants as the Mayor shall think fit shall keep one armed pike, to be used in time of need.—1570. Assizes held in Canterbury. The Grand Jury present that they know of no one but behaveth himself according to the Queen's proceeding in that behalf, saving that within the cathedral and cloisters, during sermon time, there are divers that walk and keep prattle and talk there to the offense of good people.

There is a little museum here whose curiosi-

* The ducking-stool was provided exclusively for noisy or scolding women. It remained until the middle of the eighteenth century, when it was abolished, probably through the occasional drownings or deaths resulting from it. (Though I see from the *Sing Sing* reports that it survives in another form in New York.) It was a seat depending from a cross-tree over a pool or water-trough, into which the patient was let down thrice. Cole, the antiquary, writing in 1789, says: "In my time, when I was a boy, and lived with my grandfather in the great corner house at the bridge-foot, next to Magdalen College, Cambridge, and rebuilt since by my uncle, Joseph Cock, I remember to have seen a woman ducked for scolding. The chair hung by a pulley fastened to a beam about the middle of the bridge; and the woman having been fastened in the chair, she was let under water three times successively, and then taken out. The bridge was then of timber, before the present stone bridge of one arch was built. The ducking-stool was constantly hanging in its place, and on the back panel of it was an engraving representing devils laying hold of scolds. Some time after a new chair was erected in the place of the old one, having the same device carved on it, and well painted and ornamented."

ties present a singular illustration of the tendencies which the English have had, up to this generation, to explore all countries more than their own. There were hardly twenty antiquities from the locality of Canterbury, and not a great many from other parts of England, whereas the red Indian and Oriental specimens were numerous. The latter were chiefly contributed by the late "Viscount Strangford," according to their labels; though whether by the celebrated poet, diplomatist, antiquarian, and scholar—a descendant, too, of the Sidneys—who died in 1855, or by his son, who died a year ago, I could not tell. This last viscount, though a young man, was the finest English Oriental scholar. So rich and vast were his stores of information concerning Hindostan, Persia, China, and Japan, that when he died so prematurely those who knew him felt as if some ship freighted with incomparable treasures had sunk. His studies of Oriental poetry led him to take a deep interest in Walt Whitman, whose writings he conceived to resemble them; and of the many papers he wrote for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, one or two were on Whitman. I had the pleasure of conversing with him occasionally, and was struck with the fact that his recognition of the tendencies of Occidental thought was almost as acute as his knowledge of those of the East. It is probable that he was interested to add to the Canterbury collection which his father began. The most interesting British feature of the museum is a collection of ancient Saxon ornaments—highly ornamented hair-pins and rings—which testified that our barbarian foremothers were not very unlike the Girl of the Period in the present day in their love of fine things. The collection contained some sham antiques, bronzes, etc., made by Flemish and French artists to sell as works of ancient art. That trade paid the rascals so well that they took rope enough to hang themselves. There was hardly a museum in Europe which was not cheated; and the vigilance became so universal that the trade died out. But it is wonderful how much genius was employed to make these things, which are not only often intrinsically beautiful, but made to look old or broken so ingeniously that their fraudulent character could only have been discovered, one would say, by tracking their evidences. The disposition to discover false fossils, when the bone caves began to be found, became so contagious among working-men that all geological diggings have now to be carried on under the eyes of men of science, lest some fellow should for a shilling alter the cosmogonies, and bring on new battles between Faith and Science.

I found, also, in the Canterbury Museum a curious picture and account of the Biddenden Sisters, who were the most famous twins before Chang and Eng. The account relates that they were named Eliza and Mary Chulkhurst, and were born joined together by the hips and shoulders, A.D. 1100, at Biddenden, Kent County. They were called "The Biddenden Maids."



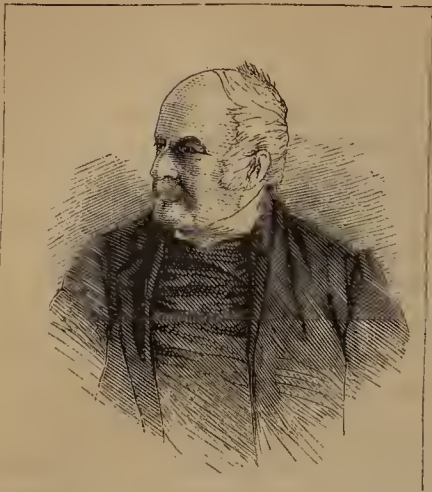
A BIDDENDEN BISCUIT, 1773.

They lived together thirty-four years, when one of them died. The surviving sister was advised to be scvered from the dead body; but she said, "As we came together, we will also go together," and so she died six hours after her sister. By their will they bequeathed to the church-wardens of the parish of Biddenden, and their successors, forever, certain pieces or parcels of land in the same parish, twenty acres in extent, for the poor. In accordance with this bequest, there are still made annually a large number of loaves of bread which are distributed on Easter-Sunday in that parish. Each of these loaves—of which I saw one in the museum—bears the print of the twin sisters.

As the time for the enthronement of the new archbishop drew near there were increased signs of the same in the streets. The clergy began to pour into our hotel with their wives and daughters. There was the evening before a number of gentlemen belonging to the city who also met there to consult concerning the arrangements and prospects of the forthcoming day. Each of them assisted his meditations with a glass of hot spirits and a pipe or cigar, "liquoring up" being a normal part of all such meetings in England. When the American clergymen came to England at the time of the formation of the Evangelical Alliance, they were, I have been told, so scandalized by the large quantities of wine provided at every dinner-table that some

of them could hardly eat, and broke out with protests. How speechless must have been their horror to find the occasional decanter provided even in the vestries of churches! But the English and Scotch parson interprets the motto *in vino veritas* literally, though not often excessively, and the layman follows his example. Next day I saw several of the jolly folk who had told good stories, especially about the clergy, over their toddy, engaged in the solemn functions of the enthronement. On the morning of the great day special trains came pouring in their clerical contributions until hotels and streets were fairly filled. Our hotel at breakfast time was a sight. All Parsondom and its wife were present. And, if the truth must be told, there is hardly any class in England which could furnish the *Saturday Review* with better sitters for the Girl of the Period than that of the wives of the younger English clergy. That girl with a very low body and big chignon is almost certain to be the rector's or curate's wife. The young graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, who has been presented with a good living in some country parish or village, attracts the young daughter of the wealthy squire—or even nobleman, it may be—by his superiority, both in scholarship and family, to other young men in the neighborhood. On his part he wishes to have a merry help-mate to make him forget his cares. And the result is that any ecclesiastical occasion like this brings ladies together, as in our breakfast-room, with all the gay plumage and mirthful chatter of a flock of birds in spring. So the young clergyman who, as I happen to know, wrote those famous papers about women in the *Saturday Review* (erroneously ascribed by some to Mrs. Linton), had probably only to look around him for his originals. It will not be wondered at, therefore, that when the cathedral doors were opened the building immediately swarmed with these magnificently dressed ladies. Had it been an opera the appearance of the ladies; except for their bonnets, could hardly have been different.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury—Charles Thomas Longley—who died in the autumn of 1868, in his 75th year, was the son of the Recorder of Rochester, and had reached the summit of ecclesiastical preferment by adhering to the beaten path of service to the Church. From Westminster School to Christchurch College, Oxford; thence to the curacy of Cowley; on to the rectory of West Tytherly; thence to the head-mastership of Harrow; and next, through the Episcopal chairs of Ripon, Durham, and York, to Canterbury, where he arrives in his 68th year. He was a man of the middle path; neither High-Church nor Low-Church; without eccentricities, without immobility; of no marked ability; without notable defects; not pliant, not stubborn. He was meant to do for the Church what Palmerston, who appointed him, was doing in the government—hold all parties together, and keep off the inevitable deluge as long as possible. This



DR. LONGLEY, THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

he did; and perhaps I should award him some marked ability for his success. There never was a man whose success was more the result of the commonest faculties perfectly utilized than Lord Palmerston's; and, similarly, though Dr. Longley had only the most ordinary gifts, his complete use of them availed for his task better than genius. He was Primate of all England; Visitor of All Souls and Merton colleges, Oxford; of Harrow School, Dulwich College, King's College, London; Visitor and Elector of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury; Patron of King's College, Nova Scotia; Governor of the Charter-house; and principal trustee of the British Museum. Besides the enormous patronage implied in these offices, he owned the patronage of 177 clergymen's livings. The see of Canterbury itself brings an annual income to the archbishop of £15,000.* With all this, he died almost without enemies in any division of the Church. In one respect he made an advance step—one in which the sympathy of all parties in the Church would indeed have to go with him, but nevertheless one implying an utter absence from his heart of all those conventional ideas of archiepiscopal dignity which had for so many years rendered his office barren. Up to his time it had been the custom, not often departed from, for bishops, much more archbishops, to leave parish work to their subordinates; but three years ago Dr. Longley personally addressed the working-men assembled at the Northgate in Canterbury. In a discourse preached in the Cathedral after the Archbishop's death, Dean Alford said his congregation on that occasion little knew what it had cost the aged prelate to appear among them. "It did not consist," he said, "in the physical effort, though that was great, and certainly not in the words which came warm from

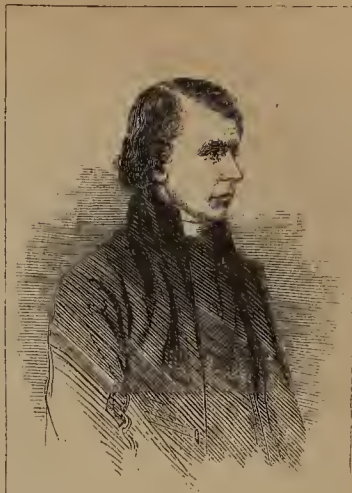
his heart; but that which deserved especial honor was the breaking through the iron fetters of conventional precedent, and doing that which was not expected of an archbishop in fashionable society, but which was the chief duty of a pastor in the eyes of the Shepherd of Souls." For many generations those working-men have helped to give the archbishop his seventy-five thousand golden dollars per annum. When one looks upon the history of bishops there arises a vague impression that these shepherds have Bibles in which a certain admonition reads, "Feed on my sheep." But if it is pleasant to hear of an archbishop addressing the working-men, in the sweat of whose brows he enjoys his palace, it is a religious landmark that he could, in the year of Christ 1868, be seriously, and not at all ironically, praised for it! It is now nearly thirteen centuries since England became a Christian state—naming its first church after a saint who divided his cloak with a beggar—and with all these ages of faith thus far we have got—an archbishop is awarded "especial honor" for publicly exhorting laboring men and women! That is archiepiscopal heroism in the noon of the nineteenth century!

There was something touching in the long efforts of the old man to assuage the troubled waters of his Church to-day with the oil of a past generation. But though he could not conceive the forces at work in the Colenso or Mackonochie controversies, his eyes perceived with increasing clearness, as his end drew near, that the Church must do more for the poor; so, as nearly as an archbishop could, he washed their feet in the presence of his clergy. Nay, it is much also that he requested, when dying, that his funeral should be "without ostentation," just before he uttered his last words, which were the *Gloria in Excelsis*. On a November afternoon four bishops and many deans and noblemen gathered around his plain oak coffin in his palace at Addington. It bore only a simple cross of raised oak, and the inscription: "Charles Thomas Longley—born July 28, 1794; died October 27, 1868." There were no trappings of any kind; but there were violets, roses, and some white blossoms upon it. The coffin was borne across the lawn and through the field by his own servants to the church, the procession following on foot. They were great people following the Primate of all England to his final rest; and they followed him through heather and ferns—a little wood just tinted with the smile of autumnal change—through a wicket gate—across a park carpeted with eddying leaves—through a kitchen-garden lined with violets—across a little church-yard, into a tiny church. Few could enter to hear the burial-service read by the country rector, but a large number awaited under an old yew-tree, then followed to the grave, where he was laid by the side of his daughter, since whose death, the year before, the old man had steadily declined. There were certain touches about the scene

* The value of the principal sees in Great Britain is as follows: Canterbury, £15,000 a year; York, £10,000; London, £10,000; Durham, £8000; Winchester, £7000; Ely, £5000. These are the salaries of the bishops. The other bishoprics are worth £4500 and £5000 per annum.

whose beauty could best be seen against the back-ground furnished by the tombs of a long line of cardinals and archbishops in Canterbury Cathedral.

But who was to be the next archbishop? From the lowest hodman to the primate, nobody in England can fall at any post but enough start forward to step into his shoes. The appointment of the next archbishop rested with Mr. Disraeli; but the critical state of Church parties, added to the knowledge that Disraeli is full of surprises, led to great anxiety among Churchmen. It was hopeless for him to try and please both Low and High Church parties. As for the Broad-Church, they are confirmed optimists in such things, and will stand anything, in their certainty that the stars in their courses are fighting for their cause. Mr. Disraeli chose the man whose appointment was most certain to be popular in London; the man to appoint whom meant an abyss never again to be bridged between him and the High-Church. Dr. Archibald Campbell Tait had, as Bishop of London, exceeded all other bishops in his unconventional and practical labors. He had visited cholera patients in hospitals with his wife; he had done much toward the raising of the million pounds in ten years to supply church accommodation to the poor, known as "the Bishop of London's Fund." No bishop had ever preached so much—and few so well—to the people. He was born in Edinburgh (1811), and went to Oxford with a good training in the Scotch schools; he had fought Dr. Newman successfully off of the position he had taken in Tract No. 90, that the Thirty-nine Articles could be honestly subscribed by Roman Catholics; he had succeeded Dr. Arnold at Rugby; had been dean of the very "Low" cathedral at Carlisle; had written articles for the *Edinburgh* and *North British Reviews*; and was altogether as objectionable a man to the Ritualists as could have been chosen. The fact that he was a Scotchman was in itself startling. This was so novel that the newspapers fished up from remote antiquity an old versified prophecy that when a Scotchman should be Archbishop of Canterbury men would burrow underground—a prophecy which the Underground Railway fulfills. Dr. Tait's preaching always drew crowds to St. Paul's, where I have several times heard him. While he was not eloquent, his sermons were always interesting and simple, and they were uttered in a good round voice which all could hear. He is a somewhat peculiar man in appearance. His hair is brown, his face fair and beardless as a boy's; and though he is somewhat wrinkled, his mouth has a youthful expression. He has an almost studied plainness—not to say bluntness—of manner, though eminently genial. In his Church politics he is a Low-Churchman, with a friendly leaning toward the Broad-Churchmen. The fact that an Archbishop of Canterbury should be personally intimate with such men as Stanley, Maurice, Alford, and Kingsley, is one too pregnant



DR. TAIT, THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

with significance to be overlooked by any party in the Church. The fact that the oldest and most authoritative see in England had steadily set its face toward the Broad-Church was so certain to alarm the other parties, that the liberal clergy were resolved to celebrate Dr. Tait's enthronement with an unusual strictness of observance of the ancient forms and customs, though they found the machinery therefor somewhat rusty. They succeeded so far as to bring out in very startling distinctness the distance England has traveled from the era when the throne of Canterbury meant something, and the impossibility of piecing up a *bona fide* archbishop, in the old sense, in this age.

Soon after ten o'clock the gates were opened, and we all rushed in—not in a very orderly style—to get the best seats. In a very short time there was no unoccupied seat in the vast building,* save those reserved for the clergy. I was fortunate enough to get a seat in the choir immediately opposite the throne, and within sight of the old chair of Augustine. We had nearly two hours to wait before the ceremonies should begin. And there were things enough to employ one's thoughts. Far away, stacked in a dusty corner, were old worn out pulpits and stools and benches for knes. What voices had proceeded from those desks when their crimson was yet fresh? What were the thoughts of those who listened from the now disarrayed seats, or what aspirations in the hearts of those who knelt? Their human spirits seemed to say through the silence: "A little

* The following are the dimensions of each portion of the Cathedral, with the year to which each in its present condition belongs:

	Length. Feet.	Breadth. Feet.	Height. Feet.
Nave (1420).....	214	94	80
Choir (1174) including aisles..	150	40	71
Transepts—(1174) eastern		154	
(1379) western....		124	
Chapter-house (1420).....	92	37	52

The cloisters are 134 feet square; the central tower, 234 feet high, 34 feet diameter; the western towers, 130 feet high.

while and your voices too shall be hushed." Time

"will leave no more
Of things to come than of the things before."

The beautiful windows clothed the throng in varied and gentle hues. When Henry VIII. cleared the Cathedral of other traces of Becket he had not the heart to break the windows which represented him; but Cromwell's men had no such scruple; they smashed whatever their pikes could reach. Nevertheless, many bits of the old glass were found and pieced together as neatly as possible. There was one old window where a green devil was very conspicuous, though his long tail had been abbreviated by Puritanic violence. Near him were two saints holding up what seems at first to be a bag of money, but on closer inspection proves to be a sheet full of the heads of saints, who are being borne aloft, while beneath them yellow and blue sinners are being thrust by the green devil into a monstrous animal mouth—the mouth of hell. I found more entertainment in examining the oldest window, through which is distributed the fragments of Becket, whom I found great difficulty in putting together again. His face was discernible, but one of his legs seemed to be doing service as a horse's tail.

The waiting crowd begin to give signs of their respective sensations and objects. There is the London *Illustrated News* man making his sketches, and the reporters generally hard at their notes. Two of them are conversing about the admirable statues far away, near the roof; the statues presently move and whisper to each other, and the architectural criticisms are revised. A stranger asked his neighbor, "What are the Archbishop's opinions?" The questioned man looked astonished, as if he had been asked what was the color of a triangle. "Of course," he replied, "as an archbishop he must represent all parties." Here a third put in—"It would be rather a row, I think, if the Archbishop should come out with some new views. Think of Colenso being Primate of all England! By Jove, Bill, that's an idea! When they make me Archbishop of Canterbury, I shall rise up in that throne, as soon as the ceremony is over, and announce that I have come to the conclusion that there is no God, and that none but atheists shall have any of my patronage." The fellow and his comrade put their faces down, red with laughter; but I remember that their responses were particularly vigorous when the services began. The general whispering was like the gentle roar of wind through a pine forest.

At last the first faint sound of distant singing is heard. A deep breath of silence falls softly over all. From far outside the Cathedral, floating in as on sinking and falling waves, come the voices of the little boy-choristers, chanting the Gregorian chant by which Augustine and his monks first marched from the sea-shore to this spot in the far centuries back. It seemed almost a ghostly procession of ages, marching

on through darkness and light, through danger and victory, the aged sinking in the rear, the young taking up the burden and the song. Nearer and nearer they come; the vague tones gather to words:

"Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

"The Lord himself is thy keeper; the Lord is thy defense upon thy right hand;

"So that the sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night.

"The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.

"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth for evermore."

It were impossible to describe the effect of these notes of the yet invisible choir. The organ was yet silent, the throng breathless; only these tender voices, subtly pervading the air, sweetly blending with the hues of flaming windows, descending upon all hearts, and stirring the fountain of painless tears. Might it only never end, but go on with the blessed monotony of the sky! As it approaches, it seems to have touched the organ also, and, Memnon-like, there steal from its invisible recess responsive notes of exceeding softness. And at last the hither end of the procession enters the choir—and, alas! the spell is broken. The first thing seen is the ancient city mace, the manifest fellow, with its gilt and jewels, of that which Cromwell called a "bauble;" then the Mayor, with his huge gold chain, suggesting a cost of five hundred pounds; then legal functionaries with their gaudy crimson robes and hideous wigs and queues, just as one sees them in a masquerade; then curious officials in ermines and garter collars, glorified beades come for the nonce out of their old wardrobes, where they have been sleeping since the last enthronement. At length flutters among the ribbons and stretchings of necks announce that one end of the Bench has been caught sight of; and sure enough there steps in the entirely magnificent Bishop of Oxford, a steeple in canonicals, whose stately ecclesiastical movement would hardly tell that he bears the name of Wilberforce. "How handsome he is!" suggests an enthusiastic lady near me. And, indeed, so far as a proud bishop can be, he is; but my own eyes find increasing pleasure in following the gray-haired line behind him—the bishops of London, Ely, Peterborough, Hereford, St. David's, and Honolulu—until they rest at last upon the best face of them all—that of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"Dr. Tait looks very uncomfortable," was the comment of several. He did; and well he might. It were hard to imagine a severer ordeal for a plain, simple man. He has on a gown whose train stretches several yards behind him. Two young men in the finest evening dress, with rosettes stuck in their coats—looking as if they had just popped out of a ball-room—walked behind him, holding up the train. The Archbishop, generally tall and erect, is now bent; his face is pale, his step nervous; and I

felt assured that if he had obeyed his instincts he would have made the fops go about their business, and take the gown and train with them. But if that train should be omitted, some part of the cathedral estates might go with it. There are men in England who have to cut up various unseemly antics, at their silly ancestors' graves, every year, in order to hold on to their estates; and the revenues of Canterbury follow on the fulfillment of certain forms and conditions, which once seemed vital, albeit very frivolous now, if taken apart from their value in pounds.

And now the clergy file in to their seats, where they form a parterre of not unpleasing colors. They are all clothed in white, and each wears, falling on his shoulders, the hood, whose lining, denoting by its color the college where he graduated, is turned out. The Oxford M.A. hood is deep red; Cambridge is white and black; Dublin, blue; and there are many shades denoting M.A.'s, Fellows, and other university positions and degrees. Among any large number of Englishmen there will always be some odd characters. A smile passed over every face when, after all had been seated, a tall clergyman, evidently "from the country," entered in his ordinary dress and strolled up and down for some time, vainly seeking a seat. He must have been near seven feet in height, and was slender as a pole; his face was young and queer, his coat seedy, and he bore in his hand a strange portmanteau, nearly a yard long. He seemed so likely to produce a merriment like that of the dog on the Derby race-course when all have left it, that the beadles were compelled to secure him a seat. But no sooner had his case been settled than a successor appeared in the shape of a dwarfish little vicar with a huge wife, whose antediluvian bonnet and rustic finery came near producing an explosion among her aristocratic sisters. The clergy were more generally bearded than the laymen, though it is hardly twenty-five years since a beard was regarded in England as the sign either of a fast man or a socialist.

At length all wandering thoughts are recalled: the Hallelujah Chorus breaks with its Atlantic roll over us. One could hardly help pitying the poor choristers who, for the first time in their lives, had to sing under such exciting circumstances. Their little faces were flushed, their eyes shone, and the leader of the tenors had at last to leave with his nose bleeding. When the chorus was ended Dean Alford read the morning service in a sonorous voice which all could hear, and with an expression that all could feel. When it was finished the Archbishop was led by the Dean and Vice-Dean to the throne, which consisted of a seat arranged something like a small private box at a theatre, with a roof with Gothic turrets, rising to a spire. A civil officer, an auditor, with an aggressive wig, was most prominent next to the Archbishop: he listened to the mandate for enthronement, and gave orders that it should

proceed. The Archdeacon could not attend on account of extreme age, so his proxy stepped forward and repeated in a distinct voice the form of induction:

"I, Harrison, acting as proxy for James Croft, Master of Arts, Archdeacon of Canterbury, do induct, install, and enthrone you, the most reverend father in God, Archibald Campbell Tait, Doctor in Civil Law, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, into the archbishopric and archiepiscopal dignity of the see of Canterbury, into the real, actual, and corporal possession of the same, with all and singular the rights, dignities, honours, pre-eminences, and appurtenances thereof; and the Lord preserve your going out and your coming in, from this time forth for evermore. Amen."

The Archbishop, evidently affected, arose and bowed silently. Then the Benedicite was sung, and the morning service proceeded with. But Dr. Tait was as yet only Archbishop of Canterbury; to become Primate of all England he must leave that fine throne of white and red, and pass to another. This other is a cold hard stone chair, made of three or four unadorned blocks, once white, but now stained dark with age. That is the real cathedral after all; for *cathedra* means a seat. That old stone chair is the seat from which Augustine and Becket gave laws to England. There were ages when the path to it was liable to be marked by such pools of blood as once stained the floor, over which Dr. Tait now passes with no greater trouble than the train and the young men in evening dress. A number of the most venerable prelates accompanied him to this hard and dismal seat, which represented supremacy over them all; and the same form of induction was used, except that the word "metropolitan" was substituted for "archiepiscopal." Afterward he was conducted to the Dean's stall, where he remained while the *Te Deum* was sung, and the Dean said the "suffrages," to which the choir chanted the responses:

"O Lord, save Thy Servant our Bishop,
Ans. Who putteth his trust in Thee.
 Send him help from Thy Holy Place,
Ans. And evermore mightily defend him.
 Let the enemy have no advantage against him,
Ans. Nor the wicked approach to hurt him.
 Be unto him, O Lord, a strong tower,
Ans. From the face of the enemy.
 O Lord, hear our prayer,
Ans. And let our cry come unto Thee."

At the conclusion of the suffrages a prayer was offered up by the Dean.

The procession of dignitaries, clergymen, and officials then left the Cathedral for the Chapter-house, where the Archdeacon placed the Archbishop in the chief seat, and said:

"I, Harrison, acting as proxy for James Croft, Archdeacon of Canterbury, assign and appoint this seat to you as Lord Archbishop of Canterbury."

The Archdeacon then administered the following affirmation:

"My Lord Archbishop,—You declare that you will maintain the rights and liberties of this church, and will observe the approved customs thereof, and, as far as it concerns your Grace, will cause the same to be observed by others, so far as such customs are not repugnant to God's Word, the laws, statutes, provisions, and ordinances of the realm, or to her Majesty's prerogatives, and not otherwise."

The Archbishop having said, dryly, "I so declare," the Archdeacon said :

"I, Harrison, acting as proxy for James Croft, Archdeacon and Canon of this church, do promise to pay canonical obedience to your Grace, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, as my diocesan and archbishop."

Then the dean, the canons, the honorary canons, the six preachers, the schoolmasters, the auditor, the minor canons, the grammar master of the choristers, the surveyor, the organist, and lay clerks promised canonical obedience in like manner. After which the assembly was dismissed by the Dean; and afterward, in the audit room, an act of the proceedings was produced and signed, in the presence of, and attested by, a notary public.

When one reflects upon what that stone *cathedral* meant in times past, upon what grandeur and incense and genuflections this old building had witnessed on great occasions in the past, upon the tremendous power which once weighted the words "dignities, honors, pre-eminences" for Englishmen, it were about as hard to gather up again from these simple and almost bald forms a genuine Archbishop of Canterbury as to piece together again St. Thomas à Becket as scattered through yon Cromwell-smashed window.

Augustine's throne is now no throne at all. No layman in Great Britain would alter any transaction to the extent of sixpence in consequence of any order from it. The legal title remains; the moral title is gone. The English Church received the vast revenues in a day when it could fulfill the moral conditions they represented. Those possessions were accumulated from the hard earnings of generations of toiling men and women, who lavished them freely as a means of salvation for themselves and their children, through masses, intercessions, prayers; or to build and preserve gorgeous shrines, now vanished, at which their physical diseases, as well as their sins, might be healed. The ancient archbishop was made rich because he was a representative of God in England, on whose words eternal life and death depended. The whole was a contribution, not to Dr. Tait, but to God. By what right do men enjoy these things who despise the superstitions from which they are derived? Surely justice would devote every endowment of Catholic times to objects in which people believe now as implicitly as they once did in the shrine of Becket. To the people, now, schools, hospitals, and all institutions of charity and humanity are the only shrines at which they hope to be healed.

About the same time that Dr. Tait (and a kindlier man never sat there) entered on his throne and his £15,000 income, Catherine Spence was found starved to death in London, and by her side a tract, "On the Goodness of God!"

I left Canterbury more than ever convinced that an English cathedral can be little more than a vast pile of marl or lime in the centre of

a barren field. The best feature of the case is that the ablest men in the Church recognize the fact perfectly well. At a luncheon after the enthronement, given by Dean Alford, the new Archbishop made a speech, in which he spoke with much feeling of the earnestness and life which remained in the Church of England, and the good it could still hope to achieve; but he passed over in silence the conventional tributes to "our noble cathedrals," and the like. When that was over, a considerable number of the clergy visited old St. Martin's Church. There I saw Dr. Stanley and others gazing upon the beautiful window which represented the princely saint, on his richly caparisoned steed, dividing with his sword his splendid cloak, that he might bestow the half of it on the naked beggar kneeling near his horse's head; and I fancy that it must have inspired in some of them the hope of a time when the Church of England would be great enough to give at least so much of its magnificent vesture to the intellectually, spiritually, and physically starving.

THE DAISIES.

WHEN the good year is old,
And somewhat weary,
Yet has enough of gold
To keep him cheery—
When earth, clad in her best,
Sits by her neighbor
The sun, and has a rest
From summer labor—
When prudent skies array
The world in hazes,
There comes the holiday
Of all the daisies.

They are the folk that won
September's graces,
And charmed the jovial sun
With their bright faces.
He let them linger late;
When they grew sober
He gave them leave to wait
And see October;
For all the quiet land
(Ere days were duller)
Would haste to make it grand
With dear-bought color.

So all, in fields and towus,
And each new-comer,
Dressed in old-fashioned gowns
They wore in summer,
Stay yet a while, behind
Blooms that were stronger,
And play with suu and wind
A little longer.
Still happy, still alert,
Still merry-hearted—
Dropped from September's skirt
When she departed—

Till winter comes so near
His shadow chills them,
And they lose half the cheer
September wills them;
Till their old friend the sun
Becomes forgetful,
And autumn has begun
To grow regretful;
Then they make haste to hide
Their altered faces,
And lie down side by side
In grassy places.

AMONG THE PEACHES.



GATHERING THE FRUIT.

WHO has not heard of Delaware peaches? Ay, and tasted of their nectarine sweetness? What summer or autumn traveler, by railroad or steamboat, is not familiar with the fruit peddler's cry, "Here's your nice peaches, Delaware peaches!"

In the months of September and October, we find the beautiful fruit in almost every city, town, and village throughout our own country, and in the towns far up in Canada. In the confectionery and fruit stores of European cities this delicious fruit is offered for sale in sealed cans, almost as perfect in flavor as though just taken from the trees; and peach brandy, with its rich, fruity aroma, is now taking the place of the more expensive foreign brandies.

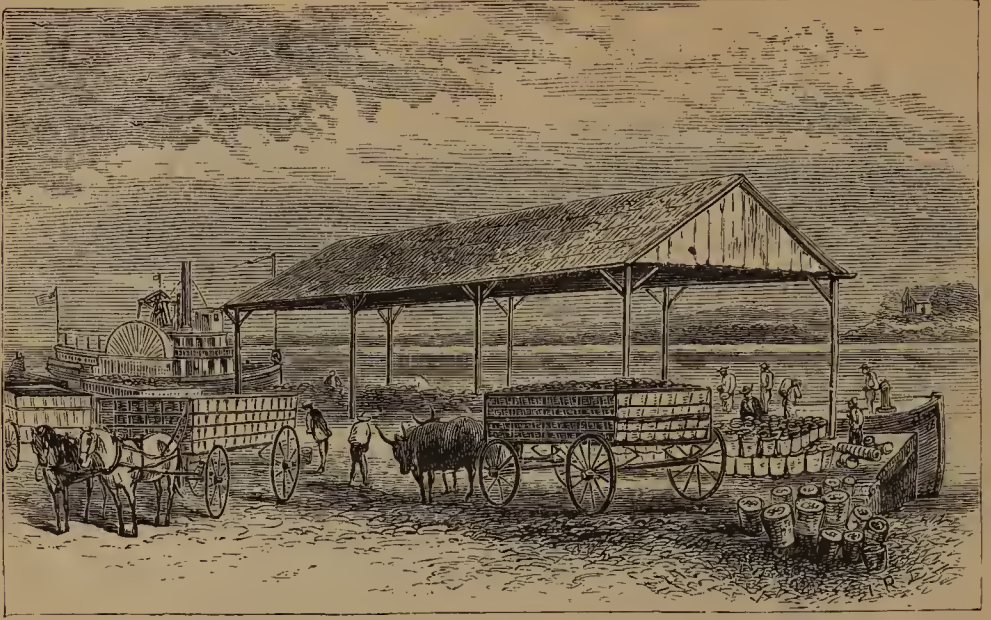
Peaches grow in the Middle, Western, and Southern States, but attain perfection in flavor, size, and color nowhere as in the peninsula composed of the Maryland counties on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake Bay and the State of Delaware—a tract of land in the embrace of three great bodies of salt-water, and consequently subject to peculiar climatic influences. The middle and southern portions of this peninsula constitute the great orchard of this country, and may be said to supply with peaches the principal markets of the world. By reference to the map we will see that this favored locality is in a latitude a little higher than that of the fruitful land of Persia, of which

the peach is said to be a native; but the modifying influence of the Atlantic, in conjunction with the Delaware and Chesapeake bays, tempers the extremes of both heat and cold to such a degree that all semi-tropical fruits and plants flourish luxuriantly. Every breeze, from the gentle zephyr to the sea-born hurricane, is laden with saline particles that carry destruction to all the pestilent insect tribes that prey upon the fruit and the trees.

A general description of the peach region will fail to give the uninitiated a clear idea of the fruit, in its almost boundless profusion. We may see, from the highlands of the Delaware, steamer after steamer passing with their burden of peaches. Winding along the river banks, the railroad is ever noisy, during the season, with its long trains of peach cars, that keep the atmosphere redolent with fruity odors suggestive of the Edens whence they came.

This is, however, but a hint of the magnitude of the peach interest. To realize it we must see it with our own eyes, and become, as it were, a part of it. Therefore, declining to take passage in either cars or steamer, we will drive down in our own carriage, so that we may visit those interesting portions of the country remote from the highways of travel.

You are an old traveler, and therefore not unmindful of the comforts by the way. Hotels? Yes, there are comfortable hotels in the more



AT THE LANDING.

important towns throughout the district, but as we may not pass through the large towns we shall find only a few *taverns*, scattered here and there at long intervals. But we shall not want accommodations where the planters, and more important citizens, keep up the old-fashioned hospitality that opens the front-door to the respectable stranger, and makes him feel that he is welcome to the best the house affords.

We leave the city of Wilmington enveloped in the smoke of her factories and machine-shops, take a last look at the distant blue hills of the Brandywine and the Delaware highlands, marking the course of those rivers, and bowl along the charming river road to New Castle—the *old* New Castle of the original Swedish settlers, that has fallen so far short of their expectations of a great commercial centre—the metropolis of the New World. Through the old town we pass, without stopping to examine its venerable institutions, its court-house, its ancient church, its jail, with the whipping-posts lifting their cruel heads above the wall of the jail-yard, and proceed directly to Delaware City, twenty miles south of the Pennsylvania line.

Here we enter the peach region, and find a light, loamy soil, free from field-stone and gravel.

We first call at the mansion of the late Peach King, Major Philip Reybold. The good old gentleman has been gathered to his fathers, but his courteous son will welcome us, and show us the magnificent plantation of a thousand or more acres, now in the highest condition of fertility, and abounding in wealth of fruits and grains.

From the observatory on the mansion we overlook the Delaware River and the bay for many miles; see the old Fort Delaware, with its bristling guns; look across to Salem, New

Jersey, and many other towns and villages along the shores. Turning from the water, we see, clustering around the mansion farm, the beautiful homes of the Major's several sons and daughters, each dwelling an architectural model, and every farm in the highest state of cultivation, symmetrically divided into fields by handsome fences, and bounded by green hedges. Orchards of different fruits cover a large proportion of the surrounding country, and a vineyard, not far away, is loaded with purple clusters.

Half a century since, this whole neighborhood was an unclosed wilderness, deemed unfit for agricultural purposes. The Major purchased a large tract, at a price almost nominal, gathered all the laboring force he could command, broke up the ground, fertilized it by a clover sward, planted peach-trees, and cultivated them for a couple of years, when they commenced bearing their great crops.

The peaches were first sent to the Philadelphia market in sail-boats, but all the small boats that could be procured were unequal to the transportation in the second year of bearing. Steamers were chartered—others purchased; new and more distant markets were supplied, including New York, Albany, Boston, and the principal towns of New England and Canada.

Yet thousands of baskets remained unpicked in the orchards. The ruling price for the best, in the Philadelphia market, was little over a quarter of a dollar the basket. They became a drug, and at one time a cargo of eight thousand baskets could not be sold at ten cents the basket. As a measure of relief the whole were thrown into the river.

Proceeding to Middletown, we pass through a continuous orchard, or a succession of orchards that seem to be one vast whole, the trees every



CANNING-ROOM.

where bending or broken with their loads of high-colored fruit. Middletown is on the Delaware Railroad, and is the central station in New Castle County. On the track there is a train of fifteen cars waiting for the day's pickings. Each car carries about five hundred baskets; and although early in the morning, the peach teams are already coming in from all directions. This fruit is destined for the New York and Boston markets. But a small portion of the Delaware peach crop is sent to Philadelphia, or the inferior markets in the vicinity.

From Middletown to Townsend, where another peach train is waiting, the whole available country is planted with peach-trees. The ordinary farm crops appear to be neglected, while the labor is wholly devoted to gathering and marketing the fruit. In the alluvial table-lands of this neighborhood the peach-tree finds all the elements for the production of fruit. It is new soil, and the trees are exempt from disease, and from such insects as render peach growing so precarious in other sections equally favored by climate.

The orchardist is generally satisfied with a yield of three or four baskets of marketable fruit from each tree; but here the average is seven to eight baskets from mature trees, and many orchards give even more.

The vineyards of France and the orange groves of Southern Italy are associated in our minds with pictures of natural beauty of the most pleasing character, and with all the romance incident to a voluptuous climate. But neither vineyard nor orange grove can compare in grace of foliage or brilliancy of fruit with a Delaware peach orchard, its massed fruit in the last condition of maturity. And the pickers! It is contrast of gay colors that gives the dress of the European peasant its picturesque beauty. Here, in the motley crowd of peach pickers, we have all colors in dress, and every shade of complexion, from the Caucasian red and white to the African ebony. Every style of dress, from

fashionable garments to the simplest coverings of nakedness. The dress most common with the men is a red flannel shirt and pantaloons tied around the waist by a twine string. A few have hats or skull-caps, and others have no head-covering but the mats of woolly hair. Shoes are luxuries reserved for full-dress occasions, or only worn on week-days when the sand-burs are so plentiful as to render bare-feet walking uncomfortable. The women are attired in short gown and petticoat, with a bandana handkerchief tied about the head.

The orchards increase in size as we proceed southward. Here they are composed of from ten thousand to one hundred thousand trees each, and cover from fifty to one thousand acres. Parties of pickers, called "gangs," are placed in different sections of the large orchards, and though completely hidden from each other by the low branches, their whereabouts may be readily ascertained by the laughter and negro melodies that are the inseparable belongings to negro parties.

By a slight detour we strike the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal, the northern outlet for the products of the Eastern Shore counties of Maryland, as well as for the farms along its course through Delaware. The plantations along the canal, and those extending several tiers back, are devoted to peaches. There is a landing on every farm, besides the public landings where the roads cross the canal. The boats that carry the fruit are drawn by four horses or mules, and have capacities for from five to seven thousand baskets.

A boat is now taking on its freight, while thirty or more wagons are waiting their turns to unload. The whole planked platform is crowded with tier upon tier of baskets and boxes, built up like a brick wall. An unmanageable ox team, whose driver is a little too anxious to await his turn, has pressed close up to the platform. A shout intended for another team starts this one, and it goes crash-



"SEE MY SMOOKSINS."

ing through the fruit, breaking and trampling the boxes and baskets. Here is confusion! A quarrel and a free fight, settled for the moment by the captain calling to them to "Quit foolin', and give a han' at the peaches."

All the pickers, except a few of the old women, come down to the landing with the last loads, to assist in the culling and putting the baskets on board the boat. The party here, consisting of over a hundred men, women, and children, are of the piebald order; but the darkey element is greatly in excess. The dark-eyes never weary so long as there is exciting business on hand. They are always ready for the "fun of the thing." Their ceaseless chatter, witty sallies, loud guffaws, and their more melodious camp-meeting ditties, give a liveliness to the scene quite charming to the stranger. Long before a wagon comes in sight it is heralded by the song of the driver, interlarded plentifully with "gee wo" and "haw buck" interludes.

In the crowd of barefooted darkeys there is one merry fellow who prides himself upon his "home-made smocksins," each composed of a half side of leather tied about his feet and ankles with leather thongs. He is regarded with much favor by the "cullud ladies," to whom he addresses many complimentary observations, set with high-sounding words.

About twenty-five thousand baskets are daily carried by the canal-boats in the flush of the season. In consequence of the easy motion and free ventilation the fruit may be sent from

the orchards almost perfectly ripe, and consequently commands a higher price than that sent by any other conveyance. In case, however, of stormy weather, they may be so long detained on the passage as to greatly affect the value of the cargoes.

All along the tow-path, in our drive of half a dozen miles, we notice that the landings are covered with peaches and the attendant teams, with the parties waiting to put the fruit on board. This is the universal harvest, and brings money to the purse of every one willing to work, plenty to every home, and good cheer to every board. To the family of the planter it means many luxuries, in the shape of pianos, new carriages, fast horses, and, perhaps, an additional farm or two.

Kenton, in Kent County, is the next point of particular interest, as we are invited to inspect the fine orchard of Mr. Gercker in that vicinity. We drive through Smyrna, renowned for its peaches rather than its figs, Blackbird, and a number of places that have names suggestive of importance, but are, in reality, mostly cross-roads, with the never-failing blacksmith-shop, or the combined store and groggery.

We pass orchard after orchard, walled in from the road by the impenetrable osage orange hedge that here grows luxuriantly. The country is nearly level, and the roads so straight that we look before us away to where the lines of green converge to a point. A level road is monotonous, and the miles seem to stretch to greater lengths than when the country is diversi-

fied with hill and dale, and rendered lifelike and cheerful by dancing streams.

But here is "Gercker's;" and the first sight shows that it is a model peach farm. We take a bird's-eye view of the thousand acres, and note the order and neatness of the plantation, laid out in square fields of one hundred acres each. The buildings are located in the central part of the only field not planted with peach-trees. A silver thread of water winds around the southern boundary, toward which the ground inclines. All other parts appear to be as level as a floor. The Delaware Railroad is within sight, and the station whence the fruit is shipped is marked by two large white tents, used by the employes while attending to the shipment of the peaches.

The trees are planted in parallel rows about eight paces apart, and from our perch upon the top of a high gate-post we look down upon a section of the orchard in full bearing, extending from near the house to the distance of over a mile. The branches of the trees are interwoven like intricate lace-work, yet preserving the distinct outlines by the color of the fruit. Here is a row of deep red fruit nestled amidst the green foliage that discloses the beauty it seems striving to hide. There, side by side, run a couple of rows of creamy white fruit, and still another with a wealth of golden-colored specimens, all ripe and tempting. We go down into the orchards for a closer view and a taste of the lavish abundance of delicious fruit. Standing at the entrance gate we look down the green aisles, arched by the laden boughs and carpeted by fallen fruit. Is not the appetite appalled by such superfluities of the richest fruit? Such a mass of wasting sweetness as would suffice the uses of a city! Does not the eye weary of contrasts of bright colors, and appetizing suggestions indefinitely multiplied?

Passing down the rows we pluck a white peach from the tree; it is large and round, with a delicate blush just perceptible on one

downy cheek. We bite into the mellow flesh, and find it a perfumed confection! Can the taste be more completely satisfied? We step across to where the trees display, as though on exhibition, specimens of monstrous size, each a "blotch of red upon a cloth of gold." We pick one of the largest from the ground; it had fallen from a topmost branch, where the sun painted it in brighter colors, and the free atmosphere invested it with all the perfect fruit essentials. The flesh is plethoric with honeyed juices more refined than the sugared specimen plucked from the tree. We realize that "the perfect fruit grows on the topmost branch;" and growing epicurean, hereafter select only such as occupy the most favorable positions on the tree. We gather a dozen such, and sit down to enjoy them at our leisure. We inquire of a sleek-looking darkey near if the fruit will make us sick. His reply is assuring. "Lord, marster, the more you eat the better; we gets fat on 'em."

Further on we meet a gang of pickers. Each gang is composed of fifteen men and a captain. No women are employed on this plantation. The average number of baskets picked to the hand is about seventy; where the women are employed they pick about fifty baskets each day.

Few of the pickers in the large orchards are residents of the neighborhood. They come down to the orchards in the beginning of the season, in parties large and small, from the unknown resorts to which the homeless congregate to pass the winter, from the back lanes of the cities, and from the hospitals and almshouses, generally presenting the lean, ragged appearance of semi-starvation. They engage to pick by the day, with board or half board considered as a part of the wages. The experienced prefer half board, which consists of a single meal—a dinner of unlimited salt pork and johnny-cake, peaches being substituted for the other meals. The healthful qualities of a



PACKING-ROOM.



A PEACH BRANDY STILL.

fruit diet are evidenced in the improved physical condition of the pickers, who gain near a pound in weight each day. An excursion to the orchards, and a residence there of from four to six weeks, is, to this class of persons, equivalent to a summer at a fashionable watering-place for the *bon ton*. Each gang is followed by a wagon drawn by four horses or mules, and attended by three men, who load up the baskets and unload them at the station. The wagons carry from ninety to one hundred and ten baskets to the load, and the teams are kept on the trot. Eleven such teams are used on this plantation.

Wandering at our own sweet will through the orchard, our olfactory nerves were saluted by strong alcoholic odors, whereby we inferred the neighborhood of a peach brandy still. We found it in a secluded spot on the margin of the rivulet. Here, in the midst of great piles of peaches in all conditions, from uncolored immaturity to rottenness, was a fellow who "did not like peaches." The sour smells, the swarms of wasps and flies blackening the fermenting messes, led us to believe he spoke the truth.

The distillery is a building of modest architectural pretensions, being extemporized for the purpose from an old negro shanty. Five hundred gallons of brandy are daily manufactured, which commands ready sale at a good price.

A number of loafers are gathered about the still, presenting a scene, if picturesque, not at

all ornamental nor useful. They are without business here, and hang around as though charmed by the smell of the liquor, practically caricaturing Tom Moore's beautiful story of the Peri watching for glimpses of the glory beyond the golden gates of Paradise, and listening enchanted to the heavenly music.

The great bell at the mansion announces the dinner hour, and we hasten to the main entrance to see the gangs, commanded by their captains, file past in military order. The white boarders take their places around stationary tables, while the darkys find accommodations on boxes and baskets outside. The system of social equality is not yet in perfect working order, and, strange to say, the objection is as strong with the darkeys as with the whites.

Sambo takes his hunk of salt pork in one hand and his johnny-cake in the other, and dispatches them with as much relish as though they were dainties, enlivening the meal by spicy conversation, the jolliest of jokes, and the loudest laughter, while his white compeers get through the meal in silence. Who says Nature has been niggardly in gifts to the darkey? He is endowed with a happy disposition, a spirit of contentment, that renders his life a continual pleasure under all disadvantages of race and color.

Among the pickers are two fiddlers and a portion of a brass band. The instruments are brought out after supper on fair evenings, and the resident party is enlarged by acquisitions from the whole neighborhood. A description

will convey to the reader but an imperfect idea of one of the extemporized "balls," as they are here termed. The musicians, with six pieces, occupy seats on the dining-table. A crowd of some hundred persons of all colors gathers in the yard, and awaits the signal for the dance. At the first few notes the figures are made up with cheerful activity, and the dancing begins. The excitement grows with the exercise, the music becomes more lively, and the lithe limbs, forgetful of the day's toil, move with ease and natural grace. The dancers, hatless, coatless, barefoot, continue in silence for a time. Presently a shout is heard; another, faster! faster! The music is quickened, they leap and shout as if possessed, the spectators catch the inspiration, and rush in. The hours fly unheeded, and the revelers are startled to hear the horn sounding the hour of bedtime.

In the early morning, just as the birds in the green hedges begin to make the air vocal, we start for Dover, the State capital, and the centre of the finest peach district in the world. The air is balmy, the sky serene, and the little woman, catching inspiration from the birds,

bursts forth into song, to which the darkeys on the road stop to listen so long as we are in sight. We are continually meeting darkeys on their way to the orchards. Sometimes the women carry their young babies, while other children toddle on behind. We inquired what they did with their babies while they were picking peaches. "Oh, we take the other chil'en along to nus 'em."

The rapid advance in the price of real estate has, within a few years, made many fortunes. Twenty years since the ruling price was from five to ten dollars per acre in the "forest," graded according to the value of the cord-wood and timber. It now presents no signs of its former wild appearance, but is highly improved by tillage and good inclosures. Handsome residences and tasteful grounds indicate comfort and culture, and the fields on every hand teem with luxuriant crops. The land is generally now valued at one hundred times its original cost, and the profits of a well-managed peach orchard will pay the advanced price in a few years.

The provident little woman has arranged



THE BALL AFTER SUPPER.

such toothsome fare that we prefer to lunch picnic fashion, out of doors, under the welcome shade of a way-side tree. The snowy cloth is spread by a cool spring or rivulet; Rena, our trusty little horse, released from harness to pick the herbage, never strays far away. After lunch we read or sketch, and the rustics on the road frequently stop to ask if we are peddlers!

At Dover is a large distillery and three canning establishments, capable of preparing twenty-five thousand cans of peaches a day. The canning houses of Richardson and Robins are the most complete, and are worked by steam, so far as is practicable.

In the paring-room, where two hundred hands are employed, monster fans are suspended from the ceiling and worked by steam, keeping the air always pleasantly cool. The cans are made by steam, the fruit distributed, carried to the boilers, and cooked by steam.

This firm prepares fruit and vegetables mostly for European consumption, and have more orders from abroad than they are able to fill.

From Dover the railroad carries a daily average of ten thousand baskets, while three large steamers ply between its port at Mahon and New York city during the season, and are unequal to the freight. To-day, hundreds of baskets are left on the wharf to perish, or to be sold to the distillers at a very low price. Yet the loaded wagons still come to the landing, and a mile away we see clouds of dust indicating the speed by which the driver hopes to get on board his last load.

The trees in this vicinity are large, and endure to a great age. An orchard outside the limits of the town, planted upward of half a century since, still bears fruit. We measured one patriarchal tree, bending under its load of delicious Early Yorks, that was forty-seven inches around the trunk, while its branches spread over a diameter of forty-two feet.

At some future time we will be pleased to continue our pleasant drive down through the peninsula to the ocean, and inspect the remaining sources of the great fruit supply of one hundred and fifty thousand baskets a day.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

X.—THE INVASION OF BOHEMIA, AND THE RETREAT.

THE correspondence carried on between Frederick and Voltaire, and their mutual comments, very clearly reveal the relations existing between these remarkable men. Frederick was well aware that the eloquent pen of the great dramatist and historian could give him celebrity throughout Europe. Voltaire was keenly alive to the consideration that the friendship of a monarch could secure to him position and opulence. And yet each privately spoke of the other very contemptuously, while in the correspondence which passed between them they professed for each other the highest esteem and affection. Frederick wrote from Berlin as follows to Voltaire:

"October 7, 1743.

"MY DEAR VOLTAIRE,—France has been considered thus far as the asylum of unfortunate monarchs. I wish that my capital should become the temple of great men. Come to it then, my dear Voltaire, and give whatever orders can tend to render a residence in it agreeable to you. My wish is to please you, and wishing this, my intention is to enter entirely into your views.

"Choose whatever apartment in our house you like. Regulate yourself all that you want, either for comfort or luxury. Make your arrangements in such a way as that you may be happy and comfortable, and leave it to me to provide for the rest. You will be always entirely free, and master to choose your own way of life. My only pretension is, to enchain you by friendship and kindness.

"You will have passports for the post-horses,

and whatever else you may ask. I hope to see you on Wednesday. I shall then profit by the few moments of leisure which remain to me, to enlighten myself by the blaze of your powerful genius. I entreat you to believe I shall always be the same toward you. Adieu."

Voltaire has given a detailed account of the incidents connected with this visit to his Prussian majesty. It is a humiliating exhibition of the intrigues and insincerity which animated the prominent actors in those scenes.

"The public affairs in France," writes Voltaire, "continued in as bad a state after the death of cardinal de Fleury as during the last two years of his administration. The house of Austria rose again from its ashes. France was cruelly pressed upon by that power and by England. No other resource remained to us but the chance of regaining the king of Prussia, who, having drawn us into the war, had abandoned us as soon as it was convenient to himself so to do. It was thought advisable under these circumstances that I should be sent to that monarch to sound his intentions, and, if possible, persuade him to avert the storm which, after it had first fallen on us, would be sure, sooner or later, to fall from Vienna upon him. We also wished to secure from him the loan of a hundred thousand men, with the assurance that he could thus better secure to himself Silesia.

"The minister for foreign affairs was charged to hasten my departure. A pretext, however, was necessary. I took that of my quarrel with the bishop Mirepoix. I wrote accordingly to the king of Prussia that I could no longer en-



THE KING IN THE TOWER AT COLLIN.

dure the persecutions of this monk, and that I should take refuge under the protection of a philosophical sovereign, far from the disputes of this bigot. When I arrived at Berlin the king lodged me in his palace, as he had done in my former journeys. He then led the same sort of life which he had always done since he came to the throne. He rose at five in summer and six in winter.¹ A single servant came to light his fire, to dress and shave him. Indeed, he dressed himself almost without any assistance. His bedroom was a handsome one. A rich and highly ornamented balustrade of silver inclosed apparently a bed hung with curtains, but behind the curtains, instead of a bed, there was a library. As for the royal couch, it was a wretched truckle-bed, with a thin mattress, behind a screen, in one corner of the room. Marcus Aurelius and Julian, his favorite heroes, and the greatest men among the stoics, were not worse lodged."

The king devoted himself very energetically

¹ Voltaire is proverbially inaccurate in details. It was the king's invariable custom to rise at *four* in summer and six in winter.

to business during the morning, and reviewed his troops at eleven o'clock. He dined at twelve.

"After dinner," writes Voltaire, "the king retired alone into his cabinet, and made verses till five or six o'clock. A concert commenced at seven, in which the king performed on the flute as well as the best musician. The pieces of music executed were also often of the king's composition. On the days of public ceremonies he exhibited great magnificence. It was a fine spectacle to see him at table, surrounded by twenty princes of the empire, served on the most beautiful gold plate in Europe, and attended by thirty handsome pages, and as many young heyducs, superbly dressed, and carrying great dishes of massive gold. After these banquets the court attended the opera in the great theatre, three hundred feet long. The most admirable singers, and the best dancers, were at this time in the pay of the king of Prussia."

Voltaire seems to have formed a very different estimate of his own diplomatic abilities from those expressed by the king of Prussia. Voltaire writes :

"In the midst of fêtes, operas, and suppers, my secret negotiation advanced. The king allowed me to speak to him on all subjects. I often intermingled questions respecting France and Austria, in conversations relating to the *Æneid* and *Livy*. The discussion was sometimes very animated. At length the king said to me: 'Let France declare war against England, and I will march.' This was all I desired. I returned as quickly as possible to the court of France. I gave them the same hopes which I had myself been led to entertain at Berlin, and which did not prove delusive."

The fact was, that the diplomacy of Voltaire had probably not the slightest influence in guiding the action of the king. Frederick had become alarmed in view of the signal successes of the armies of Maria Theresa, under her brother-in-law, prince Charles of Lorraine. Several Austrian generals, conspicuous among whom was marshal Traun, were developing great military ability. The armies of Austria had conquered Bohemia and Bavaria. The French troops, discomfited in many battles, had been compelled to retreat to the western banks of the Rhine, vigorously pursued by prince Charles. The impotent emperor Charles Albert, upon whom France had placed the imperial crown of Germany, was driven from his hereditary realm, and the heart-broken man, in poverty and powerlessness, was an emperor but in name. It was evident that Maria Theresa was gathering her strength to reconquer Silesia. She had issued a decree that the elector of Bavaria was not legitimately chosen emperor. It was very manifest that her rapidly increasing influence would soon enable her to dethrone the unfortunate Charles Albert, and to place the imperial crown upon the brow of her husband.

Under these circumstances it was evidently impossible for Frederick to retain Silesia, unless he could again rally France and other powers to his aid. It was always easy to rouse France against England, its hereditary foe. Thus influenced, Frederick, early in the spring of 1744, entered into a new alliance with France and the emperor Charles Albert against Maria Theresa. The two marriages which he had so adroitly consummated constrained Russia and Sweden to neutrality. While France, by the new treaty, was engaged to assail with the utmost energy, under the leadership of Louis XV. himself, the triumphant Austrian columns upon the Rhine, Frederick, at the head of one hundred thousand troops, was to drive the Austrians out of Bohemia, and reseat Charles Albert upon his hereditary throne. For this service Frederick was to receive from the Bohemian king three important principalities with their central fortresses, near upon the borders of Silesia.

The shrewd foresight of Frederick, and his rapidly developing military ability, had kept his army in the highest state of discipline, while

his magazines were abundantly stored with all needful supplies. It was written at the time:

"Some countries take six months, some twelve, to get in motion for war. But in three weeks Prussia can be across the frontiers and upon the throats of its enemy. Some countries have a longer sword than Prussia. But none can unsheath it so soon."

Public opinion was then much less potent than now; still it was a power. Frederick had two objects in view in again drawing the sword. One was to maintain possession of Silesia, which was seriously menaced; the other was to enlarge his territory, and thus to strengthen his hold upon his new conquest, by adding to Prussia the three important Bohemian principalities of Königgratz, Bunzlau, and Leitmeritz. By a secret treaty he had secured the surrender of these provinces in payment for the assistance his armies might furnish the allies; but policy required that he should not avow his real motives. He therefore issued a manifesto, in which he falsely stated:

"His Prussian majesty requires nothing for himself. He has taken up arms simply and solely with the view of restoring to the empire its freedom, to the emperor his imperial crown, and to all Europe the peace which is so desirable."

Frederick published his manifesto on the 10th of August, 1744. Early in the morning of the 15th he set out from Potsdam upon this new military expedition. His two eldest brothers, Augustus William, prince of Prussia, and prince Henry, accompanied him. The army entered Bohemia in three columns, whose concentrated force amounted to nearly one hundred thousand men. Frederick in person led the first column, the old prince Leopold the second, and marshal Schwerin the third. Marching by different routes, they swept all opposition before them. On the 4th of September the combined army appeared before the walls of Prague. Here, as in every act of Frederick's life, his marvelous energy was conspicuous.

The works were pushed with the utmost vigor. On the 8th the siege cannon arrived; late in the night of Wednesday, the 9th, they were in position. Immediately they opened their rapid, well-aimed, deadly fire of solid shot and shell from three quarters—the north, the west, and the east. Frederick, watching the bombardment from an eminence, was much exposed to the return fire of the Austrians. He called upon others to take care of themselves, but seemed regardless of his own personal safety. His cousin, prince William, and a page, were both struck down at his side by a cannon-ball.

On the 16th the hattered, smouldering, blood-stained city was surrendered, with its garrison of sixteen thousand men. The prisoners of war were marched off to Frederick's strong places in the north. Prague was compelled to take the oath of allegiance to the emperor, and to pay a ransom of a million of dollars. Abundant stores of provision and ammunition were



THE PANDOURS.

found in the city. It was a brilliant opening of the campaign.

The impetuous Frederick made no delay at Prague. The day after the capture, leaving five thousand men, under general Einsidel, to garrison the city, he put his troops in motion, ascending the right bank of the Moldau. It would seem that he was about to march boldly upon Vienna. Wagons of meal, drawn by oxen, followed the army. The heavy artillery was left behind. The troops were forced along as rapidly as possible. They advanced in two columns. One was led by Frederick, and the other by young Leopold. The country through which they passed was dreary, desolate, barren in the extreme—a wild waste of precipitous rocks and bogs and tangled forest. The roads were wretched. No forage could be obtained. The starved oxen were continually dropping, exhausted, by the way; the path of the army was marked by their carcasses.

It was but sixty miles from Prague to Tabor. The march of Frederick's division led through Kunraditz, across the Sazawa River, through Bistriz and Miltchin. It was not until the

ninth day of their toilsome march that the steeples of Tabor were descried, in the distant horizon, on its high, scarped rock. Here both columns united. Half of the draught cattle had perished by the way, and half of the wagons had been abandoned.

The prospects of Frederick were now gloomy. The bright morning of the campaign had darkened into a stormy day. The barren region around afforded no supplies. The inhabitants were all Catholics; they hated the heretics. Inspired by their priests, they fled from their dwellings, taking with them or destroying every thing which could aid the Prussian army. But most annoying of all, the bold, sagacious chieftain, general Bathyani, with hordes of Pandours which could not be counted—horsemen who seemed to have the vitality and endurance of centaurs—was making deadly assaults upon every exposed point.

"Such a swarm of hornets as darkens the very daylight!" writes Carlyle. "Vain to scourge them down, to burn them off by blaze of gunpowder; they fly fast, but are straightway back again. They lurk in these bushy wildernesses,

scraggy woods; no foraging possible, unless whole regiments are sent out to do it; you can not get a letter safely carried, for them."

Thus Frederick found himself in a barren, hostile country, with a starving army, incessantly assailed by a determined foe, groping his way in absolute darkness, and with the greatest difficulty communicating even with his own divisions, at the distance of but a few leagues. He knew not from what direction to anticipate attack, or how formidable might be his assailants. He knew not whether the French, on the other side of the Rhine, had abandoned him to his own resources, or were marching to his rescue. He knew that they were as supremely devoted to their own interests as he was to his, and that they would do nothing to aid him, unless by so doing they could efficiently benefit themselves.

As is usual under such circumstances, a quarrel arose among his officers. Young Leopold proposed one plan, marshal Schwerin another. They were both bold, determined men. Frederick found it difficult to keep the peace between them. It was now October. Winter, with its piercing gales and ice and snow, was fast approaching. It was necessary to seek winter-quarters. Frederick, with the main body of his army, took possession of Budweis, on the upper Moldau. A detachment was stationed at Neuhaus, about thirty miles northeast of Budweis.

It will be remembered that prince Charles was at the head of a strong Austrian army, on the western banks of the Rhine. It numbered over fifty thousand combatants. The king of France had pledged himself to press them closely, so that they could not recross the Rhine and rush into Bohemia to thwart the operations of Frederick; but, unfortunately, Louis XV. was seized with a malignant fever, which brought him near to the grave. Taking advantage of this, prince Charles, on the night of the 23d of August, crossed the Rhine with his whole army. It was bright moonlight, so that every movement was as visible as if it had been made by day. But the French officers, glad thus to be rid of the Austrian army, preferring much that Frederick should encounter it in Bohemia than that they should struggle against it on the Rhine, went quietly to their beds, even forbidding the more zealous subalterns from harassing prince Charles in his passage of the river. It was then the great object of the French to take Freyburg. The withdrawal of prince Charles, with his fifty thousand men, was a great relief to them.

While Frederick was involved in all these difficulties, he was cheered by the hope that the French would soon come to his rescue. Unutterable was his chagrin when he learned, early in October, that the French had done exactly as he would have done in their circumstances. Appalling indeed were the tidings soon brought to him, that prince Charles, with his army, had marched unmolested into Bohemia; that he had

already effected a junction with general Bathyani and his countless swarm of Pandours; and, moreover, that a Saxon army, twenty thousand strong, in alliance with the queen of Hungary, was on the way to join his already overwhelming foes. It was reported, at the same time, that prince Charles was advancing upon Budweis, and that his advance-guard had been seen, but a few miles off, on the western side of the Moldau.

The exigency demanded the most decisive action. Frederick promptly gathered his army and dashed across the Moldau, resolved, with the energies of despair, to smite down the troops of prince Charles. But no foe could be found. For four days he sought for them in vain. He then learned that the Austrian army had crossed the Moldau several miles north of him, thus cutting off his communications with Prague.

Though prince Charles was nominally commander-in-chief of the Austrian forces, marshal Traun, as we have mentioned, was its military head. He was, at that time, far Frederick's superior in the art of war. Frederick had sufficient intelligence and candor to recognize that superiority. When he heard of this adroit movement of his foes, he exclaimed, "Old Traun understands his trade."

Prince Charles was now forming magazines at Beneschau, just south of the Sazawa River, about seventy miles north of Frederick's encampment at Budweis. Frederick hastily recrossed the Moldau, and, marching through Bechin, concentrated nearly all his forces at Tabor. He hoped by forced marches to take the Austrians by surprise, and capture their magazines at Beneschau. Thousands, rumor said fourteen thousand, of the wild Pandours, riding furiously, hovered around his line of march. They were in his front, on his rear, and upon his flanks. Ever refusing battle, they attacked every exposed point with the utmost ferocity. The Prussian king thus found himself cut off from Prague, with exhausted magazines, and forage impossible. He had three hundred sick in his hospitals. He could not think of abandoning them. And yet he had no means for their transportation.

The salvation of the army seemed to depend upon capturing the Austrian magazines at Beneschau. Marshal Schwerin was sent forward with all speed, at the head of a strong detachment, and was so lucky as to take Beneschau. Here he intrenched himself. Frederick, upon hearing the glad tidings, immediately started from Tabor to join him. His sick were at Fraunberg, Budweis, and Neuhaus, some dozen miles south of Tabor. Garrisons, amounting to three thousand men, had been left to protect them from the Pandours. As Frederick was about to abandon that whole region it was manifest that these garrisons could not maintain themselves. He dispatched eight messengers in succession, to summon the troops immediately to join him. The sick were to be left to their fate. It was one of the cruel necessities of

war. But not one of these messengers escaped capture by the Pandours. Frederick commenced his march without these garrisons. The three thousand fighting men, with the three hundred sick, all fell into the hands of the Pandours.

Frederick concentrated his army at Konopischt, very near Beneschau. He could bring into the field sixty thousand men. Prince Charles was at the head of seventy thousand. In vain the Prussian king strove to bring his foes to a pitched battle. Adroitly prince Charles avoided any decisive engagement. Frederick was fifty miles from Prague. The roads were quagmires. November gales swept his camp. A foe, superior in numbers, equal in bravery, surrounded him on all sides. The hostile army was led by a general whose greater military ability Frederick acknowledged.

A council of war was held. It was decided to commence an immediate and rapid retreat to Silesia. Prague, with its garrison of five thousand men, and its siege artillery, was to be abandoned to its fate. Word was sent to general Einsiedel to spike his guns, blow up his bastions, throw his ammunition into the river, and to escape, if possible, down the valley of the Moldau, to Leitmeritz.

Frederick divided his retreating army into two columns. One, led by the young Leopold, was to retire through Glatz. The other, led by Frederick, traversed a road a few leagues to the west, passing through Königgratz. It was an awful retreat for both these divisions—through snow and sleet and mud, hungry, weary, freezing, with swarms of Pandours hanging upon their rear. Thousands perished by the way. The horrors of such a retreat no pen can describe. Their very guides deserted them, and became spies, to report their movements to the foe.

On one occasion the king himself narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. One of his officers, general Trenck, gives the following graphic narrative of the incident:

"One day the king entered the town of Collin, with his horse and foot guard and the whole of the baggage. We had but four small field-pieces with us. The squadron to which I belonged was placed in the suburb. In the evening our advanced posts were driven back into the town; and the huzzas of the enemy followed them pell-mell. All the country around was covered with the light troops of the Austrians. My commandant sent me to the king to take his orders.

"After a long search, I at length found him in a tower of a church, with a telescope in his hand. Never had I seen him in so much perplexity and anxiety as at this moment. The order he gave me was: 'You must get out of this scrape as well as you can.' I had hardly got back to my post when his adjutant followed me with a new order to cross the town, and to remain on horseback with my squadron in the opposite suburb.

"We had just arrived there when it began to rain heavily, and the night became exceedingly dark. About nine o'clock one of the Austrian generals approached us with his light troops, and set fire to the houses close to which we were posted. By the blaze of the conflagration he soon discovered us, and began firing at us from the windows. The town was so full that it was impossible for us to find a place in it. Besides, the gate was barricaded, and from the top they were firing at us with our small field-pieces, which they had captured.

"In the mean time the Austrians had turned in upon us a rivulet; and by midnight we found our horses in the water up to their bellies. We were really incapable of defending ourselves."

Just at that time, when all hope seemed lost, it so happened that a cannon-ball crushed the foot of the Austrian commander. This disaster, together with the darkness and the torrents of rain, caused the fire of the enemy to cease. The next morning some Prussian reinforcements came to the rescue of the king, and he escaped.

It was on the night of the 25th of November, cold and dreary, that general Einsiedel commenced his retreat from Prague. He pushed his wagon trains out before him, and followed with his horse and foot. The Austrians were on the alert. Their light horsemen came clattering into the city ere the rear-guard had left. The Catholic populace of the city, being in sympathy with the Austrians, immediately joined the Pandours in a fierce attack upon the Prussians. The retreating columns were torn by a terrific fire from the windows of the houses, from bridges, from boats, from every point whence a bullet could reach them. But the well-drilled Prussians met the shock with the stern composure of machines, leaving their path strewn with the dying and the dead.

The heroic general Einsiedel struggled along through the snow, and over the pathless hills, pursued and pelted every hour by the indomitable foe. He was often compelled to abandon baggage wagons and ambulances containing the sick, while the wounded and the exhausted sank freezing by the way. At one time he was so crowded by the enemy that he was compelled to continue his march through the long hours of a wintry night, by the light of pitch-pine torches. After this awful retreat of twenty days, an emaciated, ragged, frost-bitten band crossed the frontier into Silesia, near Friedland. They were soon united with the other columns of the discomfited and almost ruined army.

It will generally be admitted by military men that Frederick did not display much ability of generalship in this campaign. He was fearless, indomitable in energy, and tireless in the endurance of fatigue. But in generalship he was entirely eclipsed by his formidable rival. Indeed, Frederick could not be blind to this, and he had sufficient candor to confess it. Subsequently, giving an account of these transactions in his "Works," he writes:

"No general has committed more faults than did the king in this campaign. The conduct of marshal Traun is a model of perfection, which every soldier who loves his business ought to study, and try to imitate if he have the talent. The king has himself admitted that he himself regarded this campaign as his school in the art of war, and marshal Traun as his teacher."

He then adds the philosophical reflection: "Bad is often better for princes than good. Instead of intoxicating them with presumption, it renders them circumspect and modest."¹

Frederick, leaving his army safe for a short time, quartered, as he supposed, for the winter, in his strong fortresses of Silesia, returned hastily to Berlin. It was necessary for him to make immediate preparation for another campaign. "From December 13, 1744," writes Carlyle, "when he hastened home to Berlin, under such aspects, to June 4, 1745, when aspects suddenly changed, are probably the worst six months Frederick had yet had in the world."²

His wintry ride, a defeated monarch leaving a shattered army behind him, must have been dark and dreary. He had already exhausted nearly all the resources which his father, Frederick William, had accumulated. His army was demoralized, weakened, and his *materiel* of war greatly impaired. His subjects were already heavily taxed. Though practicing the most rigid economy, with his eye upon every expenditure, his disastrous Bohemian campaign had cost him three hundred and fifty thousand dollars a month. The least sum with which he could commence a new campaign for the protection of Silesia was four million five hundred thousand dollars. He had already melted up the sumptuous plate, and the massive silver balustrades and balconies where his father had deposited so much solid treasure.

"It was in these hours of apparently insurmountable difficulty that the marvelous administrative genius of Frederick was displayed. No modern reader can imagine the difficulties of Frederick at this time as they already lay disclosed, and kept gradually disclosing themselves, for months coming; nor will ever know what perspicacity, what patience of scanning, sharpness of discernment, dexterity of management, were required at Frederick's hands; and under what imminency of peril too—victorious deliverance or ruin and annihilation, wavering fearfully in the balance, for him more than once, or rather all along."³

To add to the embarrassments of Frederick, the king of Poland, entirely under the control of his minister Brühl, who hated Frederick, entered into an alliance with Maria Theresa, and engaged to furnish her with thirty thousand troops, who were to be supported by the

sea powers England and Holland, who were also in close alliance with Austria.

Maria Theresa, greatly elated by her success in driving the Prussians out of Bohemia, resolved immediately, notwithstanding the severity of the season, to push her armies through the "Giant Mountains" for the reconquering of Silesia. She ordered her generals to press on with the utmost energy and overrun the whole country. At the same time she issued a manifesto, declaring that the treaty of Breslau was a treaty no longer—that the Silesians were absolved from all oaths of allegiance to the king of Prussia, and that they were to hold themselves in readiness to take the oath anew to the queen of Hungary.

On the 18th of December a strong Austrian army entered Silesia and took possession of the country of Glatz. The Prussian troops were withdrawn in good order to their strong fortresses on the Oder. The old prince Leopold, the cast iron man, called the old Dessauer, the most inflexible of mortals, was left in command of the Prussian troops. He was, however, quite seriously alienated from Frederick. A veteran soldier, having spent his lifetime on fields of blood, and having served the monarchs of Prussia when Frederick was but a child, and who had been the military instructor of the young prince, he deemed himself entitled to consideration which an inexperienced officer might not command. In one of the marches to which we have referred, Leopold ventured to take a route different from that which Frederick had prescribed to him. In the following terms the Prussian king reprimanded him for his disobedience.

"I am greatly surprised that your excellency does not more accurately follow my orders. If you were more skillful than Cæsar, and did not with strict fidelity obey my directions, all else were of no help to me. I hope this notice, once for all, will be enough, and that in future you will give no cause for complaint."

Prince Leopold was keenly wounded by this reproof. Though he uttered not a word in self-defense, he was ever after, in the presence of his majesty, very silent, distant, and reserved. Though scrupulously faithful in every duty, he compelled the king to feel that an impassable wall of separation had risen up between them. He was seeking for an honorable pretext to withdraw from his majesty's service.

Frederick had hardly reached Berlin ere he was astonished to learn, from dispatches from the old Dessauer, that the Austrians, not content with driving him out of Bohemia, had actually invaded Silesia. Amazed, or affecting amazement, at such audacity, he sent reiterated and impatient orders to his veteran general to fall immediately upon the insolent foe and crush him.

"Hurl them out," he wrote. "Gather twenty, thirty thousand men, if need be. Let there

¹ "In his retreat Frederick is reported to have lost above thirty thousand men, together with most of his heavy baggage and artillery, and many wagons laden with provisions and plunder."—TOWER'S *Life and Reign of Frederick*, vol. i. p. 209.

² CARLYLE, vol. iv. p. 50.

³ *Id.*, iv. 76.

be no delay. I will as soon be pitched out of Brandenburg as out of Silesia."

But it was much easier for Frederick to issue these orders than for Leopold to execute them. As Leopold could not, in a day, gather sufficient force to warrant an attack upon the Austrians, the king was greatly irritated, and allowed himself to write to Leopold in a strain of which he must afterward have been much ashamed. On the 19th he addressed a note to the veteran officer couched in the following terms:

"On the 21st I leave Berlin, and mean to be at Neisse on the 24th at least. Your excellency will, in the mean time, make out the order of battle for the regiments which have come in. For I will, on the 25th, without delay, cross the Neisse, and attack those people, cost what it may, and chase them out of Silesia, and follow them as far as possible. You will, therefore, take measure and provide every thing, that the project may be executed the moment I arrive."

In this fiery humor the king leaped upon his horse and galloped to Schweidnitz. Here he met the old Dessauer. He must have been not a little mortified to learn that his veteran general was right, and he utterly in the wrong. Prince Charles had returned home. Marshal Traun was in command of the Austrians. He had a compact army of 20,000 men, flushed with victory and surrounded by countless thousands of Pandours, who veiled every movement from view. He had established himself in an impregnable position on the south side of the Neisse, where he could not be assailed, with any prospect of success, by the force which Leopold could then summon to his aid.

Frederick was silenced, humiliated. He returned to Berlin, having accomplished nothing, and having lost four days in his fruitless adventure. Leopold was left to accumulate his resources as rapidly as he could, and to attack the Austrians at his discretion.

Prince Charles had married the only sister of Maria Theresa. She was young, beautiful, and amiable. While the prince was conducting his arduous campaign on the Moldau, his wife, grief-stricken, consigned her new-born babe to the tomb. The little stranger, born in the absence of his father, had but opened his eyes upon this sad world when he closed them forever. The princess sank rapidly into a decline.

Charles, feeling keenly the bereavement, and alarmed for the health of his wife, whom he loved most tenderly, hastened to his home in Brussels. The prince and princess were vicereigns, or "joint governors" of the Netherlands. The decline of the princess was very rapid. On the 16th of December the young prince, with flooded eyes, a broken-hearted man, followed the remains of his beloved companion to their burial. Charles never recovered from the blow. He had been the happiest of husbands. He sank into a state of deep despondency, and could never be induced to wed

again. Though in April he resumed, for a time, the command of the army, his energies were wilted, his spirit saddened, and he soon passed into oblivion. This is but one among the countless millions of the unwritten tragedies of human life.

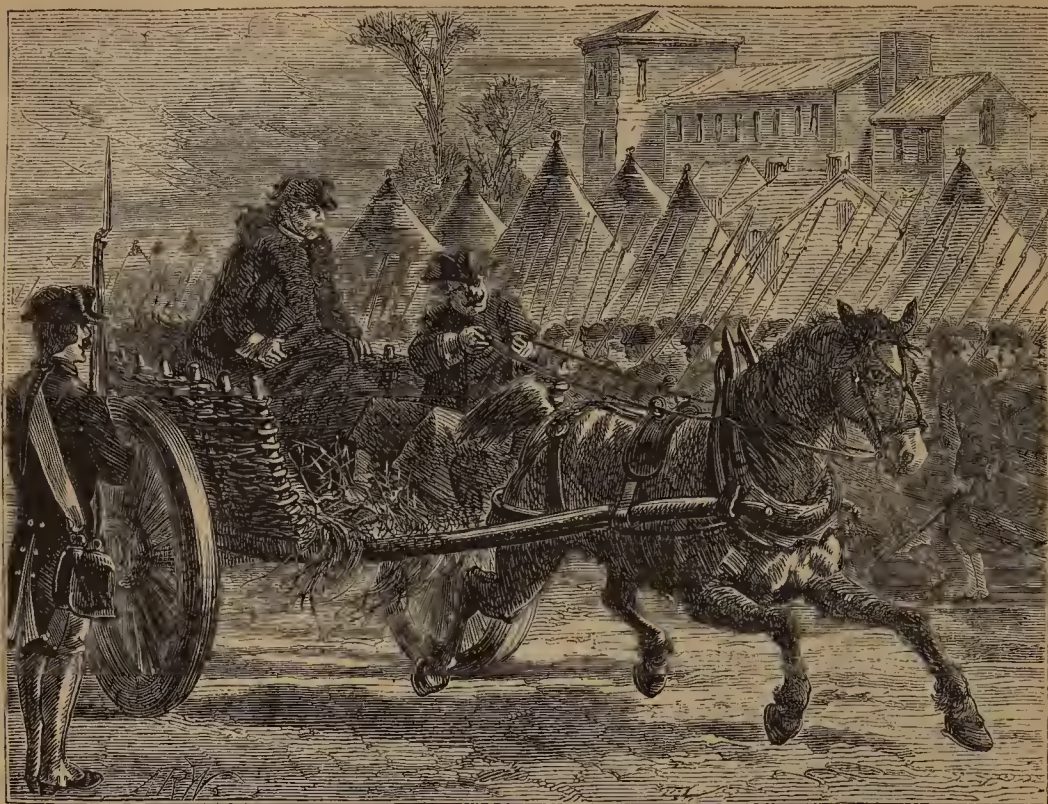
On the 9th of January Leopold, having gathered a well-furnished army of 25,000 men, crossed the Neisse to attack marshal Traun. The marshal did not deem it prudent to hazard a battle. Large bodies of troops were soon to be sent to reinforce him. He therefore retired by night toward the south, breaking the bridges behind him. Though Silesia was thus delivered from the main body of the Austrian army, the fleet-footed Pandours remained, scouring the country on their shaggy horses, plundering and destroying. The energetic, tireless old Dessauer could seldom get a shot at them. But they harassed his army, keeping the troops constantly on the march amidst the storms and the freezing cold.

"The old serene highness himself, face the color of gunpowder, and bluer in the winter frost, went rushing far and wide in an open vehicle which he called his 'cart,' pushing out his detachments; supervising every thing; wheeling hither and thither as needful; sweeping out the Pandour world, and keeping it out; not much fighting needed, but 'a great deal of marching,' murmurs Frederick, 'which in winter is as bad, and wears down the force of battalions.'"¹

We seldom hear from Frederick any recognition of God. But on this occasion, perhaps out of regard to the feelings of his subjects, he ordered the *Te Deum* to be sung in the churches of Berlin, "For the deliverance of Silesia from invasion."

On the 20th of January, 1745, Charles Albert, the unhappy and ever-unfortunate emperor of Germany, died at Munich in the forty-eighth year of his age. Tortured by a complication of the most painful disorders, he had seldom, for weary years, enjoyed an hour of freedom from acute pain. An incessant series of disasters crushed all his hopes. He was inextricably involved in debt. Triumphant foes drove him from his realms. He wandered a fugitive in foreign courts, exposed to humiliation and the most cutting indignities. Thus the victim of bodily and mental anguish, it is said that one day some new tidings of disaster prostrated him upon the bed of death. He was patient and mild, but the saddest of mortals. Gladly he sought refuge in the tomb from the storms of his drear and joyless life. An eye-witness writes, "Charles Albert's pious and affectionate demeanor drew tears from all eyes. The manner in which he took leave of his empress would have melted a heart of stone."

"The death of the emperor," says Frederick, "was the only event wanting to complete the confusion and embroilment which already ex-



PRINCE LEOPOLD INSPECTING THE ARMY IN HIS "CART."

isted in the political relations of the European powers."

Maximilian Joseph, son of the emperor, was at the time of his father's death but seventeen years of age. He was titular elector of Bavaria. But Austrian armies had overrun the electorate, and he was a fugitive from his dominions. At the entreaty of his mother he entered into a treaty of alliance with the queen of Hungary. She agreed to restore to him his realms, and to recognize his mother as empress dowager. He, on the other hand, agreed to support the Pragmatic Sanction, and to give his vote for the grand duke Francis as emperor of Germany.

Thus Bavaria turned against Frederick. It was manifest to all that Maria Theresa, aided by the alliances into which she had entered, and sustained by the gold which the English cabinet so generously lavished upon her, would be able to place the imperial crown upon her husband's brow. It was equally evident that the sceptre of power, of which that crown was the emblem, would be entirely in her own hands.

Frederick had now France only for an ally. But France was seeking her own private interests on the Rhine, as Frederick was aiming at the aggrandizement of Prussia on his Austrian frontiers. Neither party was disposed to make any sacrifice for the benefit of the other. Frederick, thus thrown mainly upon his own resources, with an impoverished treasury, and a weakened and baffled army, made indirect application to both England and Austria for peace. But both of these courts, flushed with success, were in-

disposed to listen to any terms which Frederick would propose.

There was nothing left for his Prussian majesty but to abandon Silesia, and retire within his own original borders, defeated and humiliated, the object of the contempt and ridicule of Europe; or to press forward in the conflict, summoning to his aid all the energies of despair.

Old prince Leopold of Dessau, whom he had left in command of the army in Silesia, was one of the most extraordinary men of any age. He invented the iron ramrod, and also all modern military tactics. "The soldiery of every civilized country still receives from this man, on the parade-fields and battle-fields, its word of command. Out of his rough head proceeded the essential of all that the innumerable drill-sergeants in various languages repeat and enforce."¹

Dessau was a little independent principality embracing a few square miles, about eighty miles southwest of Prussia. The prince had a Lilliputian army, and a revenue of about fifty thousand dollars. Leopold's mother was the sister of the great elector of Brandenburg's first wife. The little principality was thus, by matrimonial alliance as well as location, in affinity with Prussia.

Leopold, in early youth, fell deeply in love with a beautiful young lady, Mademoiselle Fos. She was the daughter of an apothecary. His

¹ CARLYLE, vol. i. p. 302.

aristocratic friends were shocked at the idea of so unequal a marriage. The sturdy will of Leopold was unyielding. They sent him away under a French tutor, to take the grand tour of Europe. After an absence of fourteen months he returned. The first thing he did was to call upon Mademoiselle Fos. After that, he called upon his widowed mother. It was in vain to resist the will of such a man. In 1698 he married her, and soon, by his splendid military services, so ennobled his bride that all were ready to do her homage. For half a century she was his loved and honored spouse, attending him in all his campaigns.

With a tender heart, Leopold was one of the most stern and rugged of men. Spending his whole life amidst the storms of battle, he seemed ever insensible to fatigue, and regardless of all physical comforts. And yet there was a vein of truly feminine gentleness and tenderness in his heart, which made him one of the most loving of husbands and fathers.

His young daughter Louisa, bride of Victor Leopold, reigning prince of Anhalt-Bernburg, lay dying of a decline. A few days before her death she said, "I wish I could see my father at the head of his regiment, once again, before I die." The remark was reported to Leopold. He was then with his regiment at Halle, thirty miles distant. Immediately the troops were called out, and marched at rapid pace to Bernburg. With banners flying, music playing, and all customary display of military pomp, they entered the court-yard of the palace. The dying daughter, pale and emaciated, sat at the window. The war-worn father rose in his stirrups to salute his child, and then put his regiment through all its most interesting manœuvres. The soldiers were then marched to the orphan-house, where the common men were treated with bread and beer; all the officers dining at the prince's table. "All the officers except Leopold alone, who stole away out of the crowd, sat himself upon the Saale bridge, and wept into the river."

Leopold was now seventy years of age. On the 5th of February his much-loved wife died at Dessau. Leopold, infirm in health, and broken with grief, entreated the king to allow him to go home. He could not, of course, be immediately spared.

On the 15th of March Frederick left Berlin for Silesia. Stopping to examine some of his works at Glogau and Breslau, he reached Neisse on the 23d. On the 29th he dismissed the old Dessauer, with many expressions of kindness and sympathy, to go home to recover his health.

"Old Leopold is hardly at home at Dessau," writes Carlyle "when the new Pandour tempests, tides of ravaging war, again come beating against the Giant Mountains, pouring through all passes, huge influx of wild riding hordes, each with some support of Austrian grenadiers, cannoniers, threatening to submerge Silesia. Precursors, Frederick need not

doubt, of a strenuous, regular attempt that way. Hungarian majesty's fixed intention, hope, and determination is, to expel him straightway from Silesia."¹

The latter part of April prince Charles had gathered a large force of Austrian regulars at Olmütz, with the manifest intention of again invading Silesia. The king of Poland had entered into cordial alliance with Austria, and was sending a large army of Saxon troops to co-operate in the enterprise. Frederick's indignation was great, and his peril still greater. Encamped in the valley of the Neisse, assailed on every side, and menaced with still more formidable foes, he dispatched orders to the old Dessauer immediately to establish an army of observation (thirty thousand strong) upon the frontiers of Saxony. He was to be prepared instantly, upon the Saxon troops leaving Saxony, to ravage the country with the most merciless plunderings of war.

The queen of Hungary had purchased the co-operation of the Polish king by offering to surrender to him a generous portion of Silesia, after the province should have been reconquered. Indeed, there was great cause of apprehension that the allied army would make a rush upon Berlin itself. The aspect of his Prussian majesty's affairs was now gloomy in the extreme.

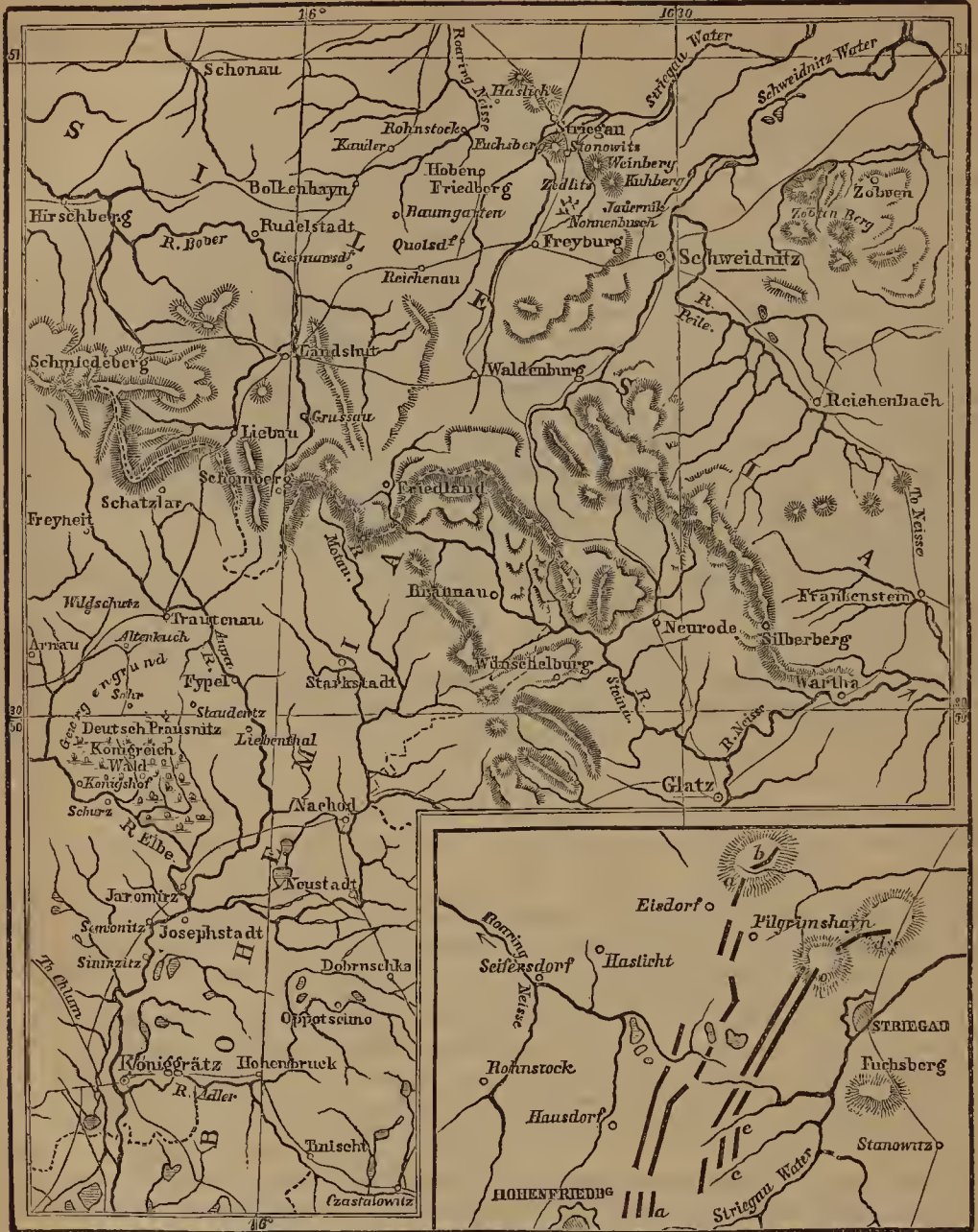
Frederick wrote to his minister Podewils in Berlin, under date of Neisse, March 29, 1745, as follows: "We find ourselves in a great crisis. If we don't by mediation of England get peace, our enemies from different sides will come plunging in against me. Peace I can not force them to. But if we must have war, we will either beat them, or none of us will ever see Berlin again."

On the 17th of April again he wrote, still from Neisse: "I toil day and night to improve our situation. The soldiers will do their duty. There is none among us who will not rather have his back-bone broken than give up one foot-breadth of ground. They must either grant us a good peace, or we will surpass ourselves by miracles of daring, and force the enemy to accept it from us."

On the 20th of April he wrote: "Our situation is disagreeable; but my determination is taken. If we needs must fight, we will do it like men driven desperate. Never was there a greater peril than that I am now in. Time, at its own pleasure, will untie this knot, or destiny, if there is one, determine the event. The game I play is so high, one can not contemplate the issue with cold blood. Pray for the return of my good luck."

The alarm in Berlin was very great. The citizens were awake to the consciousness that there was danger; that the city itself would be assaulted. Great was the consternation in the capital when minute directions came from Frederick respecting the course to be pursued in the

¹ CARLYLE, vol. iv. p. 80.



BATTLE OF HOHENFRIEDBERG, JUNE 4, 1745.

a. a. Austrian Army. b. Prince Weissenfels. c. c. Prussian Army. d. Dumoulin. e. Gessler's Dragoons.

event of such a calamity, and the places of refuge to which the royal family should retreat.

On the 26th of April Frederick again wrote to M. Podewils: "I can understand how you are getting uneasy at Berlin. I have the most to lose of you all; but I am quiet and prepared for events. If the Saxons take part in the invasion of Silesia, and we beat them, I am determined to plunge into Saxony. For great maladies there need great remedies. Either I will maintain my all or else lose my all. To me remains only to possess myself in patience. If all alliances, resources, and negotiations fail, and all conjunctures go against me, I prefer to perish with honor rather than lead an in-

glorious life, deprived of all dignity. My ambition whispers me that I have done more than another to the building up of my house, and have played a distinguished part among the crowned heads of Europe. To maintain myself there has become, as it were, a personal duty, which I will fulfill at the expense of my happiness and my life. I have no choice left. I will maintain my power, or it may go to ruin, and the Prussian name be buried under it. If the enemy attempt any thing upon us, we will either beat them or will all be hewed to pieces for the sake of our country and the renown of Brandenburg. No other counsel can I listen to. Perform faithfully the given work on your

side, as I on mine. For the rest, let what you call Providence decide as it likes. I prepare myself for every event. Fortune may be kind or be unkind, it shall neither dishearten me nor uplift me. If I am to perish, let it be with honor, and sword in hand."

Frederick was, with great energy, gathering all his resources for a decisive conflict in his fortresses along the banks of the Neisse. By almost superhuman exertions he had collected an army there of about seventy thousand men. The united army of Austria and Saxony marching upon him amounted to one hundred thousand regulars, together with uncounted swarms of Pandours sweeping around him in all directions, interrupting his communications and cutting off his supplies.

The mountain range upon the south, which separated Silesia from the realms of the queen of Hungary, was three or four hundred miles long, with some twenty defiles, practicable for the passage of troops. The French minister Valori urged Frederick to guard these passes. This was impossible; and the self-confidence of the Prussian king is revealed in his reply: "My friend, if you wish to catch the mouse, you must not shut the trap, but leave it open."

The latter part of May, Frederick, in his headquarters at Frankenstein, learned that an Austrian army under prince Charles, and a Saxon army under the duke of Weisenfels, in columns, by strict count seventy-five thousand strong, had defiled through the passes of the Giant Mountains, and entered Silesia near Landshut. Day after day he ascended an eminence, and, with his glass, anxiously scanned the horizon, to detect signs of the approach of the foe. On Thursday morning, June 3, an immense cloud of dust in the distance indicated that the decisive hour was at hand.

As this magnificent army entered upon the smooth and beautiful fields of Southern Silesia they shook out their banners, and with peals of music gave expression to their confidence of victory. The Austrian officers pitched their tents on a hill near Hohenfriedberg, where they feasted and drank their wine while, during the long and beautiful June afternoon, they watched the onward sweep of their glittering host. "The Austrian and Saxon army," writes an eye-witness, "streamed out all the afternoon, each regiment or division taking the place appointed it; all the afternoon, till late in the night, submerging the country as in a deluge."

Far away in the east, the Austrian officers discerned a Prussian column of observation, consisting of about twelve thousand horse and foot, wending along from hollow to height, their polished weapons flashing back the rays of the afternoon sun. Frederick, carefully examining the ground, immediately made arrangements to bring forward his troops under curtain of the night for a decisive battle. His orderlies were silently dispatched in all directions. At eight o'clock the whole army was in motion. His troops were so concentrated that the farthest

divisions had a march of only nine miles. Silently, not a word being spoken, not a pipe being lighted, and all the baggage being left behind, they crossed the bridge of the Striegau River, and, deploying to the right and the left, took position in front of the slumbering allied troops.

With the first dawn of the morning the two armies, in close contact, rushed furiously upon each other. There were seventy thousand on the one side, seventy-five thousand on the other. They faced each other in lines over an undulating plain nearly ten miles in extent. It is in vain to attempt to give the reader an adequate idea of the terrible battle which ensued. With musketry, artillery, gleaming sabres, and rushing horsemen, the infuriate hosts dashed upon each other. For fifteen hours the blood-red surges of battle swept to and fro over the plain. At length prince Charles, having lost nine thousand in dead and wounded, seven thousand prisoners, sixteen thousand in all, sixty-six cannon, seventy-three flags and standards, beat a retreat. Rapidly his bleeding and exhausted troops marched back through Hohenfriedberg, entered the mountain defiles, and sought refuge, a thoroughly beaten army, among the fortresses of Bohemia. Frederick remained the undisputed victor of the field. Five thousand of his brave soldiers lay dead or wounded upon the plain. Even his stoical heart was moved by the greatness of the victory. As he first caught sight of M. Valori after the battle he threw his arms around him, exclaiming, "My friend, God has helped me wonderfully this day."

"There was, after all," says Valori, "at times a kind of devout feeling in this prince, who possessed such a combination of qualities, good and bad, that I know not which preponderates."

The Prussian army was so exhausted by its midnight march and its long day of battle that his majesty did not deem it wise to attempt to pursue the retreating foe. For this he has been severely, we think unjustly, censured by some military men. He immediately, that evening, wrote to his mother, saying, "So decisive a defeat has not been since Blenheim," and assuring her that the two princes, her sons, who had accompanied him to the battle, were safe. Such was the battle of Hohenfriedberg, once of world-wide renown, now almost forgotten.

UP AND DOWN.

IT was high noon of a warm, balmy spring day, and Boston Common was full of fresh young life and verdure. The beautiful trees which adorn this fair spot of earth had just been crowned with their new leafy honors, and were beginning to cast a thin, misty, dream-like shadow over the tender green of the young grass, which rolled its soft, velvety mantle over bank and level; the newly expanded leaves and buds gave out a sweet, spicy odor, and the soft air was fragrant with that fresh, moist, earthy

smell which is so welcome in the days of early spring, and so suggestive of the coming glories of the vegetable kingdom that it seems ever to remind one of the first days of earth's creation, when Adam and Eve, sinless and happy, walked lovingly and admiringly, hand in hand, through a pure world, all light and joy and beauty, unconscious that there could ever come a time of sin, decay, winter, woe, and death!

The brimming little pond (which, tiny as it is, has a hold upon the affections of the Bostonians powerful as the clasp of infant weakness upon a giant's strength) was flashing and sparkling in its blue, diamond brightness; for the sunny sky which smiled down upon it was cloudless and blue. A cluster of "Boston boys," frank and manly, were now hovering around its dimpling surface, with laugh and shout, launching their trim, white-sailed boats; and then, while the fairy skiffs held their somewhat uncertain course over the water, just rippled by the soft breeze, the miniature ship-owners would run round to the other side, to be in readiness to receive them, long before they neared their doubtful port. Ah! well would it be for older merchants if they could do so too! For then the enterprise and sagacity which plan the voyage would not so often be frustrated by the stupidity, obstinacy, or dishonesty of some agent "on the other side of the water."

Upon the upper, or Beacon-street mall—which seemed, for the time, almost given up to their exclusive use—were multitudes of younger children, sent out for health and recreation in the sweet open air. Richly dressed little ones, arrived at the dignity of locomotion, were trundling hoops, or running races, or sporting like summer butterflies on the edge of the new grass; while their rosy-cheeked Irish nurses, in shining hair, huge barrel hoops, and sun-shades, followed them, or, seated on the benches, gossiping with others of their class and country, affected to be still zealously watching their little charges.

Solemn-looking babies, half crushed under the weighty magnificence of white satin hats and drooping feathers, drawn forth in fair array of pomp and circumstance, sat in state, holding on with both dimpled hands to the sides of their baby-carriages, or lolled idly among their downy cushions and gorgeous Afghan, in drowsy abstraction or listless indifference; while a class still younger—an "infantry up in arms"—enveloped in their elongated and embroidered robes, with dainty caps, and delicate laees, and satin rosettes, were carried backward through the world, glaring and staring over the broad shoulders of their nurses with round, shining, unspeculating eyes, in which the light of thought, feeling, and observation had never yet been kindled.

Along Beacon Street, down Park Street, through Tremont Street, passed a continuous throng of richly dressed and beautiful women; for it had been a week of storm and chill, and the "east wind," that seourge and terror of

Bostonians, had ruled with no very "brief authority;" and numbers, who had been pining in restless inactivity within doors, now availed themselves of the balmy spring day for a health-restoring walk or drive.

Invalids were sunning themselves on the broad gravel-walks, slowly pacing to and fro, with feeble steps and languid air; loungers and pleasure-seekers were idling on the way, curiously seanning, criticising, or admiring the female passers; and business men were hurrying by, exchanging rapid or silent greetings.

Belonging to this latter class were two young men who, standing where they met, stopped to exchange a few salutations, and then, imperceptibly, fell into more earnest conversation.

You may see with a glance that one is a Bostonian, the other is from New York; for while the difference would be difficult to explain, yet French and English are not more distinctly different.

They are gentlemen, both, and both have that air of refinement and polish which only society can give, and which would indicate a life of leisure beyond the need of business drudgery. Yet, listen to their conversation—the oft-repeated words, "stock, shares, dividends, investment, coupons, dollars," betray the merchant and the money-maker. Ah! will the blessed time ever come when the American merchant will have reached the ultimate goal of his ambition, and sit calmly down to enjoy the wealth which he has toiled to make? Or is the love of money of necessity so insatiable that it must ever outrun its successes, and grow with the very accomplishment of its own desires?

But as the gentlemen stand, still deep in conversation, a handsome carriage is driven down Park Street, and, as it turns into Tremont Street, the more stylish-looking man of the two smiles and bows familiarly.

Ah! a quick eye has caught the movement. The coach is checked, and a sweet, childish voice calls out:

"Papa! papa! May I—may I come to you?"

The gentleman smiled, and nodded in assent; and the servant, dismounting, opened the carriage door, and lifted out a fairy little creature of six years old, dressed with extreme richness, but with exquisite good taste—nothing overdone, nothing wanting.

The man placed the child upon the sidewalk surrounding the Common, and returned to the carriage. And the little thing, first gracefully kissing her dimpled white hand to her mother in the departing carriage, entered the inclosure, and advanced with a bright smile and eager steps toward her father, who held out his hand to receive her.

"Your daughter, I presume, Mr. Forrester?" questioned his companion.

"Yes," said the father, proudly. "My only child, Miss Lilian Forrester. Look up, my dear Lily, and speak to this gentleman. This is

Mr. Cabot, Lily, one of my friends. Speak to him, my little daughter." And as the fond father spoke he raised the child's hat, and displayed a face of sweet childish loveliness. A fair, fresh complexion, of true Saxon clearness and brilliancy, where the pure white and red were blended together as finely as on the petals of a flower; soft, dovelike eyes, bright and blue as the spring heavens above them; and long, dropping ringlets of soft, shining, golden hair.

The gentleman thus introduced looked upon the beautiful little girl in evident admiration. "She is very like her mother," he said, while an expressive look conveyed to the father the admiration he was too prudent to clothe in words.

"I used to know your mamma, Miss Lily, when she was a little girl, not a great deal older than you are now. Will you shake hands with me for her sake?"

The little hand, small and delicate as a white rose leaf, was at once confidently laid in his extended palm.

"Thank you," said the gentleman, kindly, as he held the little hand in his. "I think I should like to keep this in trust for my little Arthur. When you meet him, Miss Lily, will you give it to him?"

"No!" said Miss Lily, very decidedly; "I don't like boy babies at all."

"Oh! but my son Arthur is not a baby, I assure you," said Mr. Cabot, laughing. "He is quite a young gentleman. Let me see—he has arrived at the mature and venerable age of ten years. Nay, I am not sure that he is not eleven. Why, bless your heart, he skates and takes a newspaper! What more could you ask? Will not that do?"

But Miss Lily did not commit herself by any reply.

"Why did not you stay with mamma, Lily?" inquired her father. "I thought you were going out for a drive this morning."

"Yes; but mamma had visits to pay, and I was tired," said the little girl, with a wearied air. "And, besides, I wanted to walk with you. You will take me for a walk, papa, won't you?"

"Oh yes! by-and-by, Birdie; but not just yet," said Mr. Forrester, smoothing the golden curls caressingly. "You see that I am engaged just now, and you must wait a while." And lifting her up on to a bench, he passed his arm around her waist, and resumed the conversation with his friend which her arrival had interrupted.

For a few moments Miss Lily rested patiently within her father's fondly encircling arm, watching with interest the passers-by; then she began to grow restless, and manifested her impatience by various little lady-like but unmistakable signs of weariness.

"Papa!" she said at length, "may I get down, please, and walk about alone?"

"No, no, Lily! I am afraid I should lose

you, among all these people; and I can not afford to do that."

Another interval, and then she spoke again:

"Papa! if you please, may I just go to that pond, and see what the little children are doing there?"

"Why, Miss Lily!" said Mr. Cabot, "I am surprised at you! Do you not see that they are all little boys? I thought you did not like boy babies!"

Miss Lilian pouted and blushed, and then remarked that she did not want to see the boys; it was only the little boats she wanted to see.

"In a few moments, little daughter," said her father.

Presently came the notes of street music, borne on the soft air, and the child could endure the restraint no longer.

"Papa! papa!" she said, while her little sandaled feet were keeping time to the distant music. "Papa—dear papa! have not you most done talking? There is the most lovely music! Oh, do please be quick, papa!"

"Do not let me detain you from your walk any longer," said Mr. Cabot, laughing. "'Musie has charms,' we know. I will call and see you. You are at the Tremont House, I believe?"

"For a day or two longer—yes," said Mr. Forrester; "but we are here only for a very limited time, and shall leave Boston on Friday. I must be in New York by the 22d. But if you call on me before I leave town, I shall be happy to see you, and we will talk over this matter again. The speculation strikes me favorably. It certainly seems feasible, and I think it might prove a good investment;" and then, bidding his friend good-morning, the New York merchant took the eager hand of his little daughter, and walked down the Mall in the direction of the music.

They soon came up with the itinerants, whose distant melody had attracted the notice of little Lilian; and, as the instrument was of a sweeter tone than common, and the air, which was then a popular one, was played with more taste and judgment than usual, little Lily, who really loved music, begged her father to allow her to stop and listen to it—a request with which he readily complied. And as they drew nearer, the little group which had gathered about the music made way for them, until they could see the performers—a dark, foreign-looking, middle-aged man, who was playing, and a sadly wearied-looking little girl, a few years older than Lily, brown and sun-burnt, who, dressed in a tawdry pink silk frock, trimmed with beads and spangles, and with a crushed wreath of roses on her disheveled hair, was dancing, not ungracefully, to the familiar tune.

When the dance was ended, the child ran around the circle of spectators, much as a little monkey might have done, and, holding out her bare and dusky little hand, collected eagerly the small coin scantily bestowed upon her.

Mr. Forrester, having tossed the little girl a

quarter of a dollar, was about to resume his walk with his child. But at this moment the musician rang a small hand-bell as the signal for another dance, and commenced playing the "Craoivienne."

"Oh, I can not, I can not!" cried the poor overheated and weary child, flinging herself down at the foot of the tree, beneath whose shade Mr. Forrester and Lily were standing. "Oh! I am so hot—and so tired—and my head aches—and my feet are so lame!" and as she spoke she held up her poor little swollen and blistered foot.

"Oh, papa! she is so tired, and so lame," said little Lilian, with impulsive kindness, "May I help her, papa—may I?" And before her father could even comprehend the question, or conjecture the purpose, Lily had thrown off her hat, sprung into the circle, and nodding to the man to go on, she began the fancy dance, which was perfectly familiar to her.

Inspired alike by the music and the glorious weather, wholly unabashed by the many strange eyes bent upon her (or, rather, so entirely absorbed in pity for the poor crouching and astonished child, whose substitute she had so suddenly become, as to be wholly unconscious of the observation she had attracted), Lilian danced on in perfect time to the music—her sweet, innocent face glowing with exercise, and radiant with the loving impulse of her warm young heart.

Her beauty and grace, together with the unusual circumstance of a child so richly and fashionably dressed dancing in the open air, at noonday, to a common street musician, had gradually attracted an audience of a higher class than had witnessed the performances of her dusky little predecessor; and when, having finished the dance, Lily quietly picked up her broad hat, with its floating ribbons, and with a sweet gravity on her young face, held it first to her father, with the words, "A little money, please, dear papa!" Mr. Forrester could not resist the wish to aid her sweet, impulsive charity, and as the golden coin he tossed her fell into the soft blue satin lining of the hat, his example was readily followed by those around him, who seemed to comprehend the whole affair at a glance. Dainty white fingers, and delicate kid-covered palms shed their glittering tribute, until the frail hat, and the tiny hands which held it, bent beneath their burden.

Springing with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks to the still crouching child, whose wide and glittering eyes had followed her motions with a sort of sullen, jealous wonderment, Lily poured into her bespangled lap the shining treasure she had won for her, with the simple words, "Now, little girl, you can go home and rest." And then, without waiting for one word of thanks from the evidently amazed little foreigner, she replaced her hat, quietly slipped her hand into her father's, and resumed her walk as if nothing unusual had occurred.

"That was a nice little girl, papa; only so very tired."

"Yes, my darling," said the father, who had not the heart to blame what he could not quite approve, "I dare say she was; and it was very kind in you to wish to help her, my dear Lily; but I rather doubt if mamma would quite like to have you dance in the street without your hat. What do you think?"

"Oh! indeed I did not think of that," said Lily. "I suppose she would not. I will not do it again. But the poor little girl has to do it, and she was so very tired. Did I do wrong to help her? Oh, I am sorry if you think I did what mamma would not like."

"No, no, Lily! not wrong, certainly," said the father, who instinctively shrunk from teaching lessons of worldly wisdom to his pure and warm-hearted child; "it was not wrong, Lily; only—you know—you understand—I would rather not have you do it again."

More than a dozen years had passed since that bright and beautiful spring day. It was night, and one of the largest and most splendid opera-houses in Europe was crowded with an assemblage of rank, beauty, and fashion.

It was a benefit night, and the young benefiary was a star which had suddenly shot up into the very zenith of theatrical and musical popularity.

This renowned personage was the Signorina L——, a young Italian girl, said to be of noble birth, whose wonderful musical talents had led her to the rank of prima donna; while her inimitable grace as a tragedienne, aided by her dark but splendid beauty, won her the admiration of hundreds who were incapable of a full appreciation of her rare musical powers.

Her unsullied reputation, defying alike the adulation of rank and wealth and the vitiated atmosphere of the green-room, had inspired general respect, and had thrown around her private character a dignity and perfect respectability not often accorded to, or even claimed by, females of her then somewhat doubtful avocation. She had just appeared in one of her most celebrated rôles, in which she had carried her audience along with her, sustaining the intense interest to the very last. But it was over now, the last note was ended, and there was—silence; but a silence which seemed even yet to be palpably throbbing with the last vibrations of that glorious voice.

Silence—through all that crowded and brilliant assembly. Silence—breathless silence, even in the gorgeous dress-circle, with its iris hues and sparkling radiance, where proud and graceful heads, as by common consent, were bent toward her like a wind-tossed prairie of living flowers!

And she stood in silence before them. The young prima donna, the spell of whose beauty and genius thus held them bound and mute, stood in silence before that myriad gaze, unawed, unmoved, unshaken; still keeping unchanged her Pythoness attitude, her wild, statue-like arms upraised, her resplendent eyes all ablaze

with passion, her superb figure towering in scorn and wrath, her pale, finely cut features stony and rigid, as if she were in very deed the embodiment of the fierce passion she typified.

For one moment; and then there was a rustling of silken robes, a light stir of glittering fans and wavy feathers, and a changing light in the many-hued audience, as if a soft wind had swept over that sea of flowers; and, low at first, but gradually swelling upward, came a heart-felt burst of emotion; louder, deeper, and more and more vehement, until the crowded house seemed literally to rock with the thunders of applause.

She heard it, she felt it, for a warm glow stole into the marble cheeks; the white, rigid lips relaxed, and trembled to a smile; the fierce eyes sunk softening beneath their long-fringed lashes; the imperious attitude grew into womanly gentleness; the wild, uptossed arms, drooped into meekness across her bosom; and then, gathering her velvet robes about her, she bent to the audience in one long, low, graceful obeisance, and fled from the stage—fled as if for shelter from the tempest of applause which threatened literally “to bring down the house.”

Then louder and louder rolled the whirlwind of enthusiastic voices; but the fair prima donna heeded them not. Passing at once into her private room, unmoved by the tumultuous “bravos” and “encores;” deaf alike to the compliments and the entreaties of the stage-manager that she would return to the stage, if only for one moment, to acknowledge her triumph, and satisfy the demands of an audience so *recherché*, so *distingué*—the very *élite*—she went quietly forward and met her own attendants, who were always in waiting for her—a tall, powerful, but quiet-looking man, old enough to be her father, whose swarthy complexion and gleaming black eyes denoted his Italian birth, and a middle-aged woman, whose high cheek-bones, high shoulders, high hips, and high voice, spoke the French servant, half dressing-maid, half *bonne*.

As the young prima donna approached them, Luigi took from the arm of the Frenchwoman a cloak, lined and trimmed with costly fur, and carefully wrapping it around the fair Italian's shoulders, he led the way to a private door, where her carriage was in waiting; and helping his young mistress and Gabrielle into the coach, he mounted outside, and gave the order, “Home!”

We will leave the stage-manager bowing his perfumed ambrosial curls, and warmly gesticulating to an excited audience, with his white, jeweled fingers pressed upon that particular portion of his comely person which is considered (according to the laws of theatrical usage) to denote the locale of a heart full to overflowing; and while he assures his distinguished auditory that the “prima donna is unfortunately unable to comply with their most flattering request, that she is obliged to leave—has, in fact, already left the house”—we will follow the young Italian to her lodgings; where, pre-

ceded by one of the English waiters of the hotel, and followed by her own two attendants, she mounted the lofty staircase, and walked slowly and gracefully through the long corridor toward her own suit of apartments; her eyes bent thoughtfully upon the bouquet of magnificent roses she had brought with her from the opera-house, and humming, half audibly, and quite unconsciously, the music of one of her favorite operas.

Suddenly the light step was arrested, the murmured music ceased, and the signorina stood with head thrown back and hand upraised, as if to command silence. Instantly the little *cor-tége* stood still.

“What was it?” she said, turning to her attendants; “that noise—what was it?”

“Niente, signorina!” answered the Italian Luigi, with a deprecatory shrug of his shoulders.

“Nothing, my lady,” said the English waiter.

“Ce n'est rien, n'importe, mademoiselle,” said the French Gabrielle.

“It was something: I heard it,” said the prima donna, her fine, pale features growing paler with excitement. “Listen!”

There was another pause, unbroken by a sound, while the young Italian still maintained her attitude of fixed and painful attention; and then again Luigi declared his conviction that it was “Niente.” The Englishman suggested it was but the creaking of a door-hinge; and Gabrielle intimated her opinion that it was only “une bouffée de vent,” and that it was too cold for *mam'selle* to be standing thus in the corridor—would *mam'selle* please to proceed to her own apartments?

But *mademoiselle* did not please; she silenced them all with one wave of that imperious hand.

“It was not a puff of wind—it was not the creaking of a door. I heard it; it was a woman's voice; a cry of distress; a long, low wail of pitiful anguish. It curdled my very blood. I must know what it was—tell me who occupies that chamber,” she said, addressing the English waiter. But the man thus questioned either was or affected to be profoundly ignorant upon the subject; and again the signorina's two attendants urged her to proceed; but she heeded them as little as the “deaf adder” heeds the voice of its victim.

“Go! call up your master; bid him come to me at once!” she said, turning to the English servant, with white lips and flashing eyes, which would be obeyed, and brooked no delay; and in a few moments the head of the establishment was bowing obsequiously before her (for the prima donna was a celebrity that brought honor to his house, and was lavish to a fault with the wealth which flowed in upon her like a spring-tide).

“Who occupies this room?—this one?” she asked him, abruptly, indicating as she spoke, with a quick sweep of her hand, the door of the chamber near which they were standing.

"It is at your service, madam," said the proprietor, bowing low.

"Who occupies it?" was the earnestly reiterated question.

"No one after to-night, madam. I will place it at your disposal to-morrow."

"I ask who occupies it now?" said the prima donna, with an earnestness which could not be mistaken, and a directness which would not be evaded.

"Only a young American girl," said the proprietor, with a gesture of contempt. "But she will leave the room immediately, and I will have the honor to arrange it for madam early to-morrow."

"I do not need the room; but this person—an American—a young girl, did you say?" asked the prima donna, earnestly. "And she is in distress?"

"I dare say; I should think so," said the master of the establishment; and he added something in an under-tone, which the fair Italian did not quite comprehend; only she noticed that the two words "American" and "cheats" were in rather close and disagreeable juxtaposition.

"Silence!" she said, in a tone of command, and with a gesture which would have done credit to a Siddons.

"I know the Americans, and you do not! The Americans are no cheats! the Americans are my friends—I love them all; I owe all I am and all I have to an American; I honor them. Tell me the history of this young girl."

With views of the American character considerably modified (at least in expression) by the timely discovery of this amiable weakness on the part of his distinguished inmate, the master of the hotel gave the required information. The father of the young girl was an American, who had been traveling with this his only child; he was said to be immensely rich; he came to him with the reputation of being a millionaire at the very least; engaged his best rooms regardless of terms; paid like a prince; lived in luxury there for a week or two; then there came letters—a great crash in New York (the time of the money panic), his house had gone down with the rest—a total wreck! nothing saved! they were ruined—they were beggars!

The sudden shock threw the father into a brain-fever; he died; the daughter had no friends, no money; she was unable to pay up his bill; she was a beggar! Madam must see his house was no home for beggars; she must go; she should leave the room the next morning; he had lost enough by them already; the law ought to protect him from such imposition!

"La povertà non vuol leggi," murmured the young Italian, bitterly; then she added in English, "I must see this young person; show me into her room."

"The room is in disorder now, madam," said the proprietor. "I have had much of the furniture removed; but to-morrow, if you please."

"Now!" said the prima donna, advancing. "To-night!"

"My lady!" remonstrated the Englishman.

"Signorina!" expostulated the Italian Luigi.

"Mademoiselle!" pleaded the French Gabrielle.

Carelessly putting them all aside with one wave of her hand, the prima donna approached the door, while her two attendants exchanged anxious glances.

"Parbleu! aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait," whispered Gabrielle.

"Parole assai; che sarà sarà!" murmured Luigi.

The signorina knocked with a light but determined hand. No answer.

"It is a friend; will you not admit me?" she said, in those clear, golden tones which a delighted public coined into actual gold for her. Still no answer.

The prima donna turned to Luigi. "Open the door for me—I would enter."

"Signorina!" said the more cautious and worldly-wise attendant. "Signorina, in un—"

How Luigi would have terminated his sentence must remain forever a mere matter of conjecture, for, glancing as he spoke at the face of his resolute mistress, he probably read something in her set mouth and flashing eyes which reminded him that delays were dangerous, and hastily substituting the words, "In un batter d'occhio, signorina!" which was as far as possible from his original intention, he flung open the door.

The room thus suddenly displayed was, as the Englishman had asserted, one of the best in the house; it was high and spacious, but being nearly divested of furniture, its very size and loftiness added to its bare and desolate aspect.

It was wholly unlighted, save where the radiance of the full moon, streaming in at the curtainless window, traced a clear outline of the casement upon the bare, uncarpeted floor.

Within this radiant portion of the room, as if some mysterious and undefinable influence drew her near the only visible thing that looked lovingly and pityingly upon her, crouched the desolate American girl, her crossed arms resting upon a chair, her head bent down upon them, and her face wholly concealed, while her disordered hair, all unbound and gleaming in the spectral moonlight, fell rippling in loose golden waves to the floor.

Stepping hastily to the side of the kneeling girl, the signorina laid her hand lightly upon her shoulder, and said, in the softest tones of that wonderfully flexible voice, and in her low, sweet, Italianized English:

"It is a friend—listen! I would speak with you." But there was no motion, no answer. The signorina drew back in sudden terror.

"It is death!" she said, with white, quivering lips. "She has perished here alone, and of want!" and she looked shudderingly round the desolate room.

"Non! non! mademoiselle," said the more practical Gabrielle, who, as lady's-maid, had had experience in such cases.

"Cette n'est pas la mort; elle s'évanouit. Help thou me, Luigi; doucement, doucement!" And between them they raised the poor girl, and bore her tenderly out into the lighted corridor.

"Bélló! bélló! oh, signorina! che bélló!" said Luigi, admiringly, as, the long golden ringlets streaming in a shower over his arm, the gas-light revealed the pale marble face, with its pure, statue-like features.

The prima donna stooped, looked for one moment full and fixedly into that deathlike countenance, and then, with a cry of joy almost fierce in its expression, she snatched the furred mantle from her own shoulders, and wrapped it with tender care around the unconscious form which Luigi supported.

"Bear the young lady into my apartment at once—quick!" she said.

In vain were the "parbleu!" of Gabrielle, or the "basta!" of Luigi.

"Am I to be obeyed or not?" she asked. Luigi glanced at her face, met the quick, impatient gaze of her flashing eyes, and with an obedient "Ora e sempre, signorina!" he lifted his pale burden and walked onward.

"It is my sister," said the prima donna, turning back in explanation to the wondering proprietor. The Englishman glanced from the proud, dark, haughty beauty of the young Italian, with her Juno figure, her meteor eyes, and midnight hair, to the pale, pure, finely grained complexion, willowy form, and long golden tresses of the unconscious American, and an incredulous smile half curled his lip; but his interest was concerned, and if the signorina had asserted that the pale stranger maiden and herself were twin brothers, he would not have ventured to contradict her, or openly avow his doubt; and when the Italian, added, briefly, "Let all the young lady's things be conveyed into my apartments, and call me a physician immediately, and I will be answerable for the amount of your bill," he felt that he had reaped the reward of his forbearance, the smile changed its expression, he bowed with obsequious gratitude, and in ten minutes the poor desolate girl, who half an hour before had not one friend in that wide city, was the unconscious object of the tenderest care and the most watchful medical skill.

Gabrielle was right; it was not death, but a deathly swoon. Probably the girl had fainted at the very moment when there broke from her pale lips the wild wail of desolate anguish which had so fortunately found its way at once to the ear and to the heart of the pitying Italian.

A long illness was the consequence of the sad events which had so tried the feelings of the young American, and during two or three weeks she lay unconscious, while her Italian benefactress watched over her in devoted and unwearied love, aided by Gabrielle, whose heart

had gradually melted, and warmed to the beautiful and helpless sufferer.

But youth and a good constitution, aided by skill and kindness, triumphed at length; and the delighted prima donna had the pleasure of seeing the object of her compassionate devotion rapidly recruiting in health and strength; and she hung over her with sweet and joyful caresses.

"You have told me that we have met before," said the invalid one day, languidly stretching out her thin, trembling, white hand, in answer to the affectionate inquiries of the young Italian; "but I can not recall our meeting; tell me, if you please, where and how we met."

"Not yet, caro," said the Italian girl, smiling. "You are not strong enough to talk or be talked to yet. Wait a little longer, and you shall know all about it; but not yet. You must trust to me a little longer."

In the mean time the signorina, now that her fair patient's improvement had released her from her anxious attendance in the sick-room, held long and confidential interviews with her man of business, and one fine day she entered her apartment with some papers in her hand.

"Are you quite well enough, do you think, to talk a little upon business now, caro?" she said, caressingly lifting the heavy waves of golden hair, and fondly pressing her lips to the fair, pure brow beneath.

"Quite, quite well enough, dear friend. I am impatient to talk to you," said the sick girl. "I have much that ought to be said, much that you ought to know. I—"

"Stop, stop," said the signorina, smiling kindly into the sweet, earnest blue eyes; "it is I who am to talk, and you, dearest, may do the listening. First, then, I believe that you have friends in America. Is it not so?"

"I had many," said the young stranger, sadly; "but having lost every thing else, I dare not count upon having them still."

"Adversity is the fire which tries the mixed metal," said the Italian, curtly. "Let the dross go; the pure gold will remain to you purer than before; have faith in this. You would wish to return to your country—to your friends?"

"Wish!" said the poor girl, her soft eyes filling with tears. "Yes; but what are my wishes worth now? I am penniless."

"Not so!" said the Italian, quickly. "In this libretto you will find there is provision for your future wants. Nay, start not, caro, nor blush. It was but a debt fairly due to you, which circumstances have enabled me to recover just when you most needed it. I do not ask you to remain with me and unite your fate with mine—but as she spoke her rich voice trembled, and her dark eyes grew humid and shone luminous through tears—"for I know that your heart is pining for your home and your early friends; and, more than that, I know that our lives are unfitted to run on side by side. My career would be as painfully irksome to you as

the repose of yours would be monotonous to me. The quiet you would covet would be stagnation to me. I should die deprived of the excitement which is my daily life. I do not ask you to sympathize with me in this—you can not; but I ask you to remember it has been my life from childhood; the shrinking delicacy of character which I can admire in you was crushed out of me as a little child; and I have lived ever before the public eye, sustained by the breath of the popular admiration, from which you, my gentle one, would shrink in dismay. Yet hear me;" and as she spoke she drew up her glorious figure to its full height, and raising her head proudly, she fixed her clear, luminous, truthful eyes full on the face of her young companion.

"Hear me! In all that relates to pure womanly virtue, true womanly honor, my life has been as unsullied as your own! There is no stain upon the hand I offer you in friendship, no taint of dishonor in the wealth I have conveyed to you; you believe this?" she said, still keeping her searching glance full upon the face of the listening American.

"I do—I do," said her companion, fondly clasping in her thin white fingers the hand held out to her so proudly.

"I thank you," said the Italian, tenderly; "and I believe you! Your generous faith in me you shall never have cause to repent. But listen farther—your passage home I have engaged; in one week more you will leave for America, your glorious fatherland, the birthplace and the home of freedom! And if there the breath of fame should ever chance to waft my name to your ear, you will remember that I was not forgetful or ungrateful!"

"Ungrateful!" said the wondering girl. "What claim have I upon your gratitude—I, the object of your generous charity? You have spoken thus before; this debt, too; what was it? Tell me then, dear friend; where have we met before, and when?"

"Look!" said the prima donna; and springing up, and humming the formerly popular tune of the "Cracovienne," she danced that once familiar but now half-forgotten fancy dance, while the sweet blue eyes of the American girl opened wide in bewildered recollections.

Gradually it came back to her, like portions of a recovered dream: Boston—the Mall—the street musician—the little, tired, bespangled child—the very feeling of the air on that sweet spring day, so long ago—the smell of the leaves, the warmth of the sun; and, as the Italian at the close of the dance flung herself down, and crouching, held out her hand as did the over-wearied child, Lilian Forrester burst into tears of surprise and awakened memory.

"Yes, caro," said the prima donna, again springing up, and approaching the weeping American, "I was that little, miserable, motherless, neglected child; your bounty gave my

poor but talented father the means of beginning my musical education, and it was by your childish hand that I was led into the path which has brought me to distinction and opulence! You will not pain me by refusing to share a portion of the wealth which, but for you, I should never have won. You were generous as a child, surely you will not be less generous as a woman! Years have passed over me, and I am so changed that I have almost lost my own identity; but your face, though unseen from that day, was never forgotten; your childish image haunted me. We met, and I knew you instantly. Surely it was God's own providence which brought me to you in your hour of need, as you had come to me in mine! And now when He thus sends back to you, by my hands, the bread which you in your sweet young charity cast upon the waters, will you turn away and perish in your proud hunger? They call me proud and cold, caro; and so I am, for the blood and the pride of the old nobility are both in my veins, and the two generations of poverty through which they descended to me have weakened neither. Yet see, dearest, I am kneeling before you—do not, oh, do not deprive me of the sweetest pleasure my wealth has ever brought me!"

Who could resist those tender, pleading words, rendered doubly tender by the sweet intonations of that matchless voice, and heightened by all the charm and witchery of her rare and exquisite grace of manner? Certainly not the poor lonely girl whose life she had just saved—who, having been engulfed and swept away by that mighty flood-tide of commercial ruin, had been snatched from the seething waters on the very brink of doom, and restored to life and hope by her generous compassion. Ah, no! she could only throw herself into those fondly extended arms and weep out her full heart's gratitude and love.

In a week more the two young beings, whose life paths, so widely different in their commencement, had yet met and crossed each other at such strange angles, stood together upon the deck of one of our ocean steamers.

"Adieu! caro," said the Italian, as she returned the clinging embrace of her friend; "we shall meet again somewhere, I am sure of it. And see, dearest! this is my parting gift, my 'buona-mano;' take it; it is for you. And now, caro! adieu until we meet again—if not on earth, then surely—" And with an attitude more expressive than words, she raised her hand slowly and pointed heavenward.

The "buona-mano," as the signorina termed it, was a transfer into safe hands of a handsome competency for life in trust for Lilian Forrester; and when, a few years later, Lily became the wife of Arthur Cabot, if she did not bring him the dower of a millionaire's daughter, still, thanks to the prima donna, she was not a portionless bride.

A DAY AMONG THE QUAKERS.

A LONG a portion of Lake Erie's southern shore, where an enchanting variety of cedar groves, rocky bluffs, a shell-dotted beach, and houses rich in architectural beauty offer a long succession of enjoyment to both the heart and eyes of a tourist, there rises above all else a land light-house, founded upon a rock and built of purest granite. Near by, it looks a tower of strength; afar off, it seems like a huge white finger pointing upward; yet, near or far, it stands out from amidst all surroundings with a distinctness, or an individuality, that makes it a nucleus around which all other associations of the shore scenery gather. The following, in bold relief, from the adventures of a few weeks' summer wandering, is a single episode, *whose details I give with careful truthfulness*:

The time was July, 1868; the day, a Sabbath; and the place, an out-of-the-way settlement in Central Ohio.

Grace Newton, whom Ruth Clifford and I were visiting, had told us of a little colony of Quakers, not very far off—anti-progressive ones—who held on tenaciously to the faith of their fathers, and had no companionship with the villagers who worshiped once a month in the Methodist chapel, “down the road;” and when she proposed to have Dick harnessed in the spring wagon, and drive us to Oakhill Meeting-house, four miles distant, we offered no opposition. The wagon had no top. The sun's rays were almost scorching. A portable seat, in the middle of the wagon, accommodated Ruth and me, under shelter of an umbrella, while Grace, in her character of Jehu, occupied a low-backed chair in front.

That ride was guiltless of any monotony. Bouncing, jolting, half shaken to pieces, now down in a rut, then heaved over a stump, now plashing through a stream which ran across the road, then rolling through a foot in depth of soft clay, down a steep hill, with a cry from Grace, “Hold my chair, girls, or I'll slide out!” Thence up one, with another call, “Push me front, girls, or I'll slide back!” And every few minutes, as the low-hanging tree boughs brushed against us, dodging our heads to escape the fate of Absalom, we might well be thankful when the last long graveled hill was ascended, and the low, weather-beaten, board meeting-house stood before us. Its surroundings reminded me of a Southern camp-meeting; for every tree near by sheltered a carriage of some kind, while a corral of horses switched off flies in a long shed, built for their accommodation.

“How long has meeting set, boys?” asked Grace of two little urchins, who were slyly creeping around a rock with their Sunday hats full of dead-ripe blackberries.

“Jes half 'n hour,” said one.

“Then we will disturb the preacher,” said Ruth.

“Blissful ignorance!” exclaimed Grace. “It

is easy to see you were never in a Quaker meeting. Follow me, doing just as I do.”

The interior of the building was separated in half by a partition containing numerous holes a foot square, which divided the sexes. The pews were elevated like those in a theatre, the very young people being packed near the ceiling, and the elders occupying those nearest the floor. It may seem strange that Ruth and I had never seen Quakers at worship; but this was really our first opportunity; nor had we any but the crudest idea of their formula. Nothing human could have looked more sanctimonious than the brethren and sisters, each with folded hands and downcast eyes, as they sat in a silence so profound I grew nervous with hearing my own heart beat.

“For what are they waiting, Grace? I can not endure this another quarter of an hour,” I said.

“Oh, do be still!” she replied, in the faintest of whispers. “They are waiting on the Spirit; it will soon move some one, I hope.”

Waiting on the Spirit! Why, its presence was visible to me wherever I looked through the opened door. A voice from out the ripening grain seemed crying, “Lo! 'tis here.” The birds that soared toward the sun half warbled, “There, up there.” The soft wind caught the sweet refrain, and murmured, “Every where.” Only man was silent.

The church took its name from a gigantic oak which stood just in front of the door, stretching out its “hundred arms so strong” so near at some points that the leaves lay against the whitewashed boards. Its trunk was hollow, and an old ram, panting from the excessive heat, had thrust his head and shoulders in it for relief in the cool darkness. I studied the hind-quarters of this venerable mutton until I had counted every knot upon its woolly back; then, by way of diversion, again sought the faces of the elderly sisterhood. Than some few, nothing in the ripe maturity of modest womanhood was lovelier. With downcast eyes, hands folded quietly in their laps, and scarcely any perceptible heavings of the motherly bosoms beneath their spotlessly white neckerchiefs, they looked, each one, an impersonation of that peace which “passeth understanding;” but statues were scarcely quieter. Presently I espied a middle-aged man, whose broad brim covered his eyebrows, move his hands once or twice, as though washing them in an invisible basin; then he crossed and uncrossed his feet, sighed heavily three times with inspiration deep enough to fill the lungs of a blacksmith's bellows, finally rose, opened his mouth, and spoke. Written words can not describe his nasal intonations, nor the peculiar inflections of his unpleasant voice. His theme was the uselessness of mere learning as a means of spiritual advancement—and his abuse of the rules of rhetoric and grammar the strongest argument in proof of the sincerity of his belief. How he sweated as his excitement increased! How he sawed the air with

his long arms, and see-sawed from heel-tip to toe! "Yes, my brethren—ah—and you, my sisters—ah—labor not for the meat which perishes—ah—take no scrip in your hand—ah—nor money in your purse—ah (ironically speaking—ah)—and then may be, like St. Paul—ah—you'll be gifted with an un—n—n—n—atural eloquence."

Such was the peroration of his half hour's discourse, when he resumed his seat under a silence which would have been most flattering to the orator of any but a Quaker meeting. Whose voice would be the next to arouse the attention of that waiting and undemonstrative audience? The query was answered by the old ram, who, walking straight up to the front-door, put his head in it, made a brief but deliberate survey of the congregation, and then, uttering a loud, prolonged baa-a, returned to the shelter of the oak. Oh, the laughs that were choked back, and the rosy lips that were bitten into a deeper carmine the few next minutes! But the elder who had spoken suddenly ended the restraint by shaking hands with the neighbor next him, which was the signal for the universal hand-shaking that closes every meeting. It may have been an outside show—I know not; but the show, as such, was the most suggestive of that Christian fellowship which should unite those who cherish the same faith I ever saw.

"How is thee, Grace Norton?"

The voice was that of the elder who had spoken in the meeting.

"I am well. This is my friend Ruth Clifford, Nathaniel Grubb, of whose coming I told thee. How is Aunt Betsey?"

"She took cold last Lord's-day when it rained on us. If this was not another Lord's-day, I would like to tell thee what she says about that honey thee is wanting to buy. Thee can have six pounds of it at forty cents a pound, and that is dead cheap."

"Ah, Friend Grubb!" I thought, "'ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law.'" I turned to watch the approach of a fair old lady in drab silk bonnet and spectacles, who was nearing us with a face radiant in kindness. Ruth, who also saw her, with her usual impulsiveness, sprang forward and grasped her extended hand.

"Are you not Aunt Phœbe Haddam?" she said. "You must excuse my boldness, but my friend Grace Norton has written to me so often of your kindness to her, when she was sick and a stranger, I felt I would know you if I ever saw your face."

"Thee is right. That is my name; but thee overrates a simple act of duty, my child."

They were acquainted already, which resulted in an invitation to us three to come home and dine with her, adding, "I know father will be glad to converse with thee."

Grace and Ruth eagerly accepted it, allowing me, at my request, to return to Snowden

with a Quaker family and be entertained by little Gay, the daughter of Grace.

What Ruth saw and heard, and what I missed in not sharing her eventful visit, I will tell as it was told to me. Grace and she followed in the spring wagon close behind the barouche which contained Aunt Phœbe, her daughter Rebecca, and son Simon, who was driving. The distance was two miles, through a long strip of woodland and most delicious shade.

"These Haddams are the most interesting Quakers I know," said Grace; "but the folks around here think Uncle Samuel, the husband, a little queer, and not quite sound of mind. He rarely goes from home now, having a disease in his eyes which makes him almost blind—but you must not allow me to prejudice you against him, for his character is irreproachable. Indeed, I know very little of him but from hearsay."

This explanation, kindly as it was given, dampened Ruth's ardor, and made her rather shrink from the visit now so near. They entered a lane, and soon reined up before a small white cottage, whose yard was encircled by a thick hedge of Osage orange. Not another house was any where visible. The spot could scarcely have been more isolated had it been in the centre of the Great Sahara, but there the resemblance ended, for whatever of beauty there is in undulating hills covered with verdure, patches of woods, running water, and browsing kine, were there in profusion.

"Don't wait here in the sun, Ruth; just follow the path to the house," said Aunt Phœbe.

Grace stopped to help Simon tie up "old Dick," and Ruth walked on up an avenue of blooming hollyhocks to where a door stood wide open. How white was the sanded sill, and how neat the home-made rug which lay just at the entrance! Seeing no one, she stepped in, when suddenly from an arm-chair there arose a tall, slender old man, who confronted her. His appearance was remarkable. His dress was of fine white linen, without spot or color, except that of the narrow black ribbon knotted under his broad, unstarched shirt-collar. His thin hair was white and fine as spun glass, and his face—the skin of which was fair as a girl's—of most benignant and intellectual expression. His eyes alone were not visible, being protected by large green goggles. Ruth stood an instant motionless. Such a vision of majestic old age, in such a place, she had never dreamed of seeing.

"Thy footsteps are those of a stranger. Enter. Thou art welcome," was his salutation.

Ruth advanced, laying her hand in his large, soft palm, with a few simple words of greeting.

"Thy hand is that of a gentlewoman, and thy voice is low and pleasant. Who art thou?" said he.

"My name is Ruth Clifford. I have come from the capital of Pennsylvania to visit my friend Grace Norton. I accompanied her to

meeting this morning, and was invited home to dinner by Aunt Phœbe Haddam."

"Thou hast come, then, from the great world of which I know so little. God—ever blessed be His holy name—has seen fit to take away my sight; but I have witnessed the coming of the Lord, and mine eyes have seen the salvation of His people, so I am content," and clasping his hands, his lips moved as if in prayer.

Ruth's emotions were those of awe, reverence, and admiration commingled. She recalled Grace's language, that Uncle Samuel—for of course this was he—was "a little queer," and wondered whether he might not only be that, to some minds, incomprehensible thing—a religious enthusiast. His articulation was very distinct, every word having a purity of finish which would have been marked in the diction of a professed elocutionist. How much more astonishing, then, from the lips of this unassuming, humble Quaker farmer, who had doubtless never been beyond the limits of his native State.

Before he again spoke, his old wife, with her daughter and Grace, came in.

"Now, dear, thee must feel at home," said Aunt Phœbe, taking Ruth's hat. "We are plain people; but thee and Grace are truly welcome. Has thee felt lonely this morning, father?" she asked, pushing aside a stray lock of his silvery hair with which a breeze was toying. "Did thy poor eyes pain thee much?"

His smile was perfect, as he replied:

"Oh no, mother; I forgot my eyes. *His* words came to me very clear: 'For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.' I thank thee for bringing the young woman home. I will enjoy her speech."

"I am the one to feel grateful, Sir. May I call you Uncle Samuel?"

"Yes, if it pleaseth thee."

"Well, Uncle Samuel, I have traveled over several thousand miles since I left home, but never before got into a place like this. Every thing charms me, and I am glad of the privilege to just sit still and hear you talk."

"Hush, hush! Thou must not flatter!" Yet the old man's tones expressed pleasure withal, for Ruth's were full of earnestness.

Aunt Phœbe's kind heart was gratified.

"I see thee can entertain each other," she said, "so I will get the dinner."

Rebekah and Grace went to assist her, and Ruth and the old man were left alone.

He broke the silence first, saying:

"Hast thou seen General Grant, and dost thou think him a good man? I have longed to hear his voice, and daily pray to God that he will strengthen his hands, and make him worthy of the great work to which he is called."

Ruth said she knew him only through his works, but felt that he, perhaps more than any living American, would perfect the grand schemes left unfinished by the death of Lincoln.

At that name the old man's face lighted up with a beauty almost angelic. Turning toward Ruth, who sat near his chair, and laying his hand lightly on hers, he said, eagerly:

"Hast thou seen Mr. Lincoln?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Ruth. "Once, when living, I stood so near him that every line of his face was as visible to me as yours now. It was the last time he ever addressed an audience as Abraham Lincoln, the citizen; for a few days afterward he was inaugurated President of these United States. Once again I stood very near him; but it was to look upon his confined form lying in state in our Capitol. Did *you* ever see him?"

"Ah! yes, yes; and a sadder face than his was *then* I never looked upon."

Ruth's face was luminant with curiosity.

"Why, Uncle Samuel! Where was he? What were the circumstances? Do tell me!"

"Perhaps thou wilt not sympathize with me. I rarely speak of these things save among my own people. In what light dost thou view the colored race?"

Now the freeing of the slaves and the education of the freedmen had long been among Ruth's hobbies; so when called upon to "rehearse the articles of her belief," she did it so promptly and forcibly that no one could doubt her philanthropy nor ardent desire for justice to that long-suffering and terribly wronged people.

Uncle Samuel was now in his element. Cut off by old age, blindness, and his isolated home from the busy world, only echoes of the mighty questions which were agitating the greatest minds of our country had reached him; and to have unexpectedly a companion, young, full of ardor and enthusiasm, dropping down, as it were, upon his very hearth-stone, was a pleasure such as rarely occurred in his quiet life.

"Now tell me, Uncle Samuel. When and where did *you* meet Mr. Lincoln?"

"I scarcely ever speak of it now, my child," he said, folding his thin hands, his face becoming sweetly grave and his words falling very slowly.

"My quiet life has known few storms. I have loved God as my first, best, and dearest friend, and he has ever dealt most tenderly with me. I always abhorred slavery. During the first years of the great rebellion, when I read and heard what was the condition of the poor enslaved negroes, I tried to think it was a cunning device of bad men to create greater enmity between the North and South; but when I read Mr. Lincoln's speeches I thought so good a man as I believed him to be could not lie, and then I resolved to go and see for myself. At one of our First-day meetings I spoke my intention to the brethren, but although feeling as I did upon the subject, they said it was rash for me to expose my life, for I could do

no good by such means. Nevertheless I went, traveling on horseback through most of the Southern States. My life was often in great danger, but there was an invisible arm ever between me and the actual foe, and after some weeks I returned, saying the half had not been told me of the sufferings of those poor, *poor*, despised, yet God-trusting and God-fearing, people."

Here his voice expressed a fullness of pity which could come from no source but the depths of a loving and large heart.

"That summer (it was in '62) I plowed and reaped and gathered in my little harvest as usual. Day by day I prayed at home and in the field that God would show his delivering power as he had to the children of Israel; but nothing seemed to come in answer.

"Now and then, during the beginning of the war, news reached us of a battle having been fought by our men, and a victory gained, but still the poor colored people were not let go. Then one night I had a singular dream, and I said, 'Yea, Lord! thy servant heareth.' I soon made ready and said to mother:

"'Wilt thou go with me to Washington to see the President?'

"'Where thou goest, I will go,' she answered.

"My good friends called me insane. Some said this trip was even more foolish than the last; that I knew no one in Washington, and would never gain access to the great President.

"The good Lord knew I did not mean to be fool-hardy, but I had that on my mind which I was to tell him, and I had faith to believe that He who feeds the sparrows would watch over me.

"Art thou tired, child?"

"No, no, Sir. Please go on."

"We left here on a pleasant September morning—the first time that mother had been from home thirty miles in fifty years, and now hundreds lay before us. Before we went out of the door we prayed that God would guide our wanderings, or, if He saw best, direct us back again. Every one looked at and spoke to us kindly on our journey from near Cincinnati to Harrisburg, and, when we got out there to change cars and rest a while, we felt that so far the Lord had prospered us. It was remarkable that a man who was at the *dépôt* (and a pleasant manner he had, too) said:

"'Friend, do you stop here?'

"I answered, 'Yes. We are weary, and will rest to-night.'

"'Come home with me, then,' he said. 'My wife was born a Quaker, and will be glad to entertain you.'

"We went. His home was beautiful. The Lord had abundantly blessed him, and that night I was calm and happy. We got to Washington the next evening. It was early candle-light, and there was so much confusion mother clung to my arm, exclaiming:

"'Oh, Samuel, we ought not to have come here. It is like Babel.'

"'Have faith, mother,' I said. 'The Lord will send help if we are doing right;' and we walked away from the cars.

"Under a gas-post a man was standing, reading a small letter. I stepped before him and said:

"'Good friend, wilt thou tell us where to find President Lincoln?'

"He looked us all over before he spoke. We were neat and clean. Soon his face got bright and smiling, and he asked us a few plain questions. I told him we were Friends from Ohio, who had come all these miles to say a few words to Mr. Lincoln.

"He bade us come with him, and, taking us to a great house called Willard's Hotel, put us in a little room away off from the noise.

"'Stay here,' said he, 'and I will see when the President can admit you.'

"He staid a long time. Meanwhile a young man brought us a nice supper, which was very kind and thoughtful in him, and when the gentleman came back he handed me a slip of paper which read: 'Admit the bearer to the chamber of the President at nine o'clock to-morrow morning.'

"My heart was so full of gratitude I could not speak my thankfulness. That night was as peaceful as those in our little home in the meadow.

"The next morning the kind gentleman came and conducted us to the house in which the President was. Every body whom we met seemed to know our new friend, and touched their hats to him. I was glad so many people seemed to like him. At the door he left us, promising to return in an hour. The room in which we were now shown was full of persons, all waiting to see Mr. Lincoln. Mother said, 'Ah, Samuel! we will not get near him to-day. See these anxious faces who came before us.'

"'As God wills,' said I.

"It was a sad place we were in. There were soldiers' wives and mothers sitting about, and not a soul from which joy and pleasure did not seem to have fled. Some were even weeping, and I thought what a fearfully solemn thing it was to hold much power. They found in some way that I would soon see the President; then how they begged me to intercede for them with him! One poor mother whose only boy was dying with home-sickness—" here Uncle Samuel's voice got husky with the sad memory, and tears fell from his sightless eyes upon his withered hands.

Ruth reverently brushed them off, and in a few minutes he proceeded:

"When the summons came for us to enter (it was in advance of the rest) my knees smote together, and for an instant I tottered. 'Keep heart, Samuel,' said mother, and we went forward. I fear thou wilt think me vain if I tell what followed."

"No fear, Sir. Please proceed."

"It seemed so wonderful; for a minute I could not realize that such humble people as

we were should be there in the actual presence of the greatest man in the world. Then he received us so kindly. I can not express his manner. He shook hands with us, and placed his chair between us. Oh, how I honored the good man! But I said:

"Mr. Lincoln, wilt thou pardon me that I do not remove my hat?" He smiled, and his face all lit up as he replied:

"Certainly; I understand about it."

"The dear, dear man," and again Uncle Samuel stopped, as though to revel in the memory of that interview.

"What then, Sir?" Ruth was impatient.

The answer came with a solemnity indescribable.

"Of that half-hour's conversation it does not become me to speak; I will think of it through eternity. At last we had to go. He took a hand of each of us in his, and said, looking straight in our eyes, 'Father, mother, I thank you for this visit; God bless you!'

"Was there ever greater condescension than that? At the last moment I asked him if he would object to just writing a line, certifying that we had fulfilled our mission, so we could show it in council. He sat down at his table—Wilt thou open the upper drawer of that old secretary and hand me a little tin box therein?"

Ruth obeyed, placing in his now trembling fingers a small square box, bright as silver. Taking from it a folded paper he bade Ruth read. The words were *literally* as follows:

"I take pleasure in asserting that I have had a pleasant and profitable intercourse with Friend Samuel Haddam and his wife, Phœbe Haddam. May the Lord comfort them as they have comforted me.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"September 20, 1862."

"Oh, Uncle Samuel!" exclaimed Ruth. "I can scarcely realize it, that I should, away out here in this *almost* hackwoods, read words traced by our beloved Mr. Lincoln's own hands. How very singular!"

"Not more than the whole event was to us, dear child, from first to last. The following Monday, the preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation was issued. Thank God! Thank God!"

It is impossible to depict the devout fervor of the old patriarch's thanksgiving.

"We found our friend," he continued, "waiting for us. When we showed him the testimonial, he nodded his head in affirmation, and said,

"It is well."

"We soon left Washington, for our work was done, and I was satisfied *now* to go home again. Our good friend escorted us to the omnibus which took us to the cars, having treated us throughout with a hospitality I can never forget. May God care for him as he did for us."

"Did you learn his name, Sir?"

"He is high in the estimation of men, and his name is Salmon P. Chase."

The dinner in that peaceful Quaker house was like all else about it—real and informal. Simon proved himself worthy of his noble parentage, and Rebecca, who was engaged in teaching a Freedman's school, some miles from home, was as companionable as earnest in her philanthropic work. Uncle Samuel was happy. He had revived once more *the event* of his life, and electric currents of an awakened vitality were flashing through his sluggish veins. He sought to amuse Ruth, by having Simon open a cuphoard and place in her hands, one by one, curious fossils, shells, minerals, and other articles of *vertu*, the gleanings of his leisure hours. His knowledge of geology was astonishing, and in each mineral he read a record of God's unerring wisdom.

But evening was approaching, and old Dick having been reharnessed, the parting from so much that was endearing had to come. Ruth felt it was no mere hand-shake of courtesy which grasped her so firmly, when Aunt Phœbe, in her motherly way, thanked her for the pleasure their visit had afforded them. The last "good-by" was for Uncle Samuel. As Ruth approached the venerable saint he arose.

"My child! I thank thee for thy sympathy, which will ever be to me a sweet memory. We will not meet again here; I am very near home, and only wait my Father's summons. Live near to Christ. There alone is the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Then laying his hand upon her head, he added: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; The Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious to thee: The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace forever. Amen." And stooping, he kissed her forehead.

"I can not possibly describe to you the grand simplicity of that pure old man," added Ruth, when her recital was ended. "I have quoted our conversation, word for word; but could no more give you his pathetic tones than I could arrange in bars and notes the song of a lark. God alone knows to what extent Mr. Lincoln was influenced by that half-hour's conversation to the performance of that great deed which set a nation free; but I can not help feeling I have read a page in that wonderful man's history which would have been sealed to me but for my unexpected meeting with that precious old Quaker."

THE MESSAGE.

Oh, bear a message, gentle wind—
And linger not upon thy way—
To one who longs for me to-day;
Her ear, by city noise undinned,

Will hear thy gentle whisper, hear
And understand thy fairy tone,
Which speaks of one who sits alone,
Whom thoughts of her alone can cheer.

I will not give thee words to bear;
In passing thou hast read my heart;
Bear that to her, who has the art
To spell the utterance of the air.

SE-QUO-YAH.

IN the year 1768 a German peddler, named George Gist, left the settlement of Ebenezer, on the lower Savannah, and entered the Cherokee Nation by the northern mountains of Georgia. He had two pack-horses laden with the petty merchandise known to the Indian trade. At that time Captain Stewart was the British Superintendent of the Indians in that region. Besides his other duties, he claimed the right to regulate and license such traffic. It was an old bone of contention. A few years before, the Governor and Council of the colony of Georgia claimed the sole power of such privilege and jurisdiction. Still earlier, the colonial authorities of South Carolina assumed it. Traders from Virginia, even, found it necessary to go round by Carolina and Georgia, and to procure licenses. Augusta was the great centre of this commerce, which in those days was more extensive than would be now believed. Flat-boats, barges, and pirogues floated the bales of pelts to tide-water. Above Augusta, trains of pack-horses, sometimes numbering one hundred, gathered in the furs, and carried goods to and from remote regions. The trader immediately in connection with the Indian hunter expected to make one thousand per cent. The wholesale dealer made several hundred. The governors, councilors, and superintendents made all they could. It could scarcely be called legitimate commerce. It was a grab game.

Our Dutch friend Gist was, correctly speaking, a contrabandist. He had too little influence or money to procure a license, and too much enterprise to refrain because he lacked it. He belonged to a class more numerous than respectable, although it would be a good deal to say that there was any virtue in yielding to these petty exactions. It was a mere question of confiscation, or robbery, without redress, by the Indians. He risked it. With traders, at that time, it was customary to take an Indian wife. She was expected to furnish the eatables, as well as cook them. By the law of many Indian tribes property and the control of the family go with the mother. The husband never belongs to the same family connection, rarely to the same community or town even, and often not even to the tribe. He is a sort of barnacle, taken in on his wife's account. To the adventurer, like a trader, this adoption gave a sort of legal status or protection. Gist either understood this before he started on his enterprise, or learned it very speedily after. Of the Cherokee tongue he knew positively nothing. He had a smattering of very broken English. Somehow or other he managed to induce a Cherokee girl to become his wife.

This woman belonged to a family long respectable in the Cherokee Nation. It is customary for those ignorant of the Indian social polity to speak of all prominent Indians as "chiefs." Her family had no pretension to chieftaincy, but was prominent and influential;

some of her brothers were afterward members of the Council. She could not speak English; but, in common with many Cherokees of even that early date, had a small proportion of English blood in her veins. The Cherokee woman, married or single, owns her property, consisting chiefly of cattle, in her own right. A wealthy Cherokee or Creek, when a son or daughter is born to him, marks so many young cattle in a new brand, and these become, with their increase, the child's property. Whether her cattle constituted any portion of the temptation, I can not say. At any rate, the girl, who had much of the beauty of her race, became the wife of the German peddler.

Of George Gist's married life we have little recorded. It was of very short duration. He converted his merchandise into furs, and did not make more than one or two trips. With him it had merely been cheap protection and board. We might denounce him as a low adventurer if we did not remember that he was the father of one of the most remarkable men who ever appeared on the continent. Long before that son was born he gathered together his effects, went the way of all peddlers, and never was heard of more.

He left behind him in the Cherokee Nation a woman of no common energy, who through a long life was true to him she still believed to be her husband. The deserted mother called her babe "Se-quo-yah," in the poetical language of her race. His fellow-clansmen as he grew up gave him, as an English one, the name of his father, or something sounding like it. No truer mother ever lived and cared for her child. She reared him with the most watchful tenderness. With her own hands she cleared a little field and cultivated it, and carried her babe while she drove up her cows and milked them.

His early boyhood was laid in the troublous times of the war of the Revolution, yet its havoc cast no deeper shadows in the widow's cabin.

As he grew older he showed a different temper from most Indian children. He lived alone with his mother, and had no old man to teach him the use of the bow, or indoctrinate him in the religion and morals of an ancient but perishing people. He would wander alone in the forest, and showed an early mechanical genius in carving with his knife many objects from pieces of wood. He employed his boyish leisure in building houses in the forest. As he grew older these mechanical pursuits took a more useful shape. The average native American is taught as a question of self-respect to despise female pursuits. To be made a "woman" is the greatest degradation of a warrior.

Se-quo-yah first exercised his genius in making an improved kind of wooden milk-pans and skimmers for his mother. Then he built her a milk-house, with all suitable conveniences, on one of those grand springs that gurgle from the mountains of the old Cherokee Nation. As a climax, he even helped her to milk her cows; and he cleared additions to her fields, and work-

ed on them with her. She contrived to get a petty stock of goods, and traded with her countrymen. She taught Se-quo-yah to be a good judge of furs. He would go on expeditions with the hunters, and would select such skins as he wanted for his mother before they returned. In his boyish days the buffalo still lingered in the valleys of the Ohio and Tennessee. On the one side the French sought them. On the other were the English and Spaniards. These he visited with small pack-horse trains for his mother.

For the first hundred years the European colonies were of traders rather than agriculturists. Besides the fur trade, rearing horses and cattle occupied their attention. The Indians east of the Mississippi, and lying between the Appallachian Mountains and the Gulf, had been agriculturists and fishermen. Buccaneers, pirates, and even the regular navies or merchant ships of Europe, drove the natives from the haunted coast. As they fell back, fur traders and merchants followed them with professions of regard and extortionate prices. Articles of European manufacture—knives, hatchets, needles, bright cloths, paints, guns, powder—could only be bought with furs. The Indian mother sighed in her hut for the beautiful things brought by the Europeans. The warrior of the Southwest saw with terror the conquering Iroquois, armed with the dreaded fire-arms of the stranger. When the bow was laid aside, or handed to the boys of the tribe, the warriors became the abject slaves of traders. Guns meant gunpowder and lead. These could only come from the white man. His avarice guarded the steps alike to bear-meat and beaver-skins. Thus the Indian became a wandering hunter, helpless and dependent. These hunters traveled great distances, sometimes with a pack on their backs weighing from thirty to fifty pounds. Until the middle of the eighteenth century horses had not become very common among them, and the old Indian used to laugh at the white man, so lazy that he could not walk. A consuming fire was preying on the vitals of an ancient simple people. Unscrupulous traders, who boasted that they made a thousand per cent., held them in the most abject thrall. It has been carefully computed that these hunters worked, on an average, for ten cents a day. The power of their old village chiefs grew weaker. No longer the old men taught the boys their traditions, morals, or religion. They had ceased to be pagans, without becoming Christians.

The wearied hunter had fire-water given him as an excitement to drown the cares common to white and red. Slowly the polity, customs, industries, morals, religion, and character of the red race were consumed in this terrible furnace of avarice. The foundations of our early aristocracies were laid. Byrd, in his "History of the Dividing Line," tells us that a school of seventy-seven Indian children existed in 1720, and that they could all read and write English;

but adds, that the jealousy of traders and land speculators, who feared it would interfere with their business, caused it to be closed. Alas! this people had encountered the iron nerve of Christianity, without reaping the fruit of its intelligence or mercy.

Silver, although occasionally found among the North American Indians, was very rare previous to the European conquest. Afterward, among the commodities offered, were the broad silver pieces of the Spaniards, and the old French and English silver coins. With the most mobile spirit the Indian at once took them. He used them as he used his shell-beads, for money and ornament. Native artificers were common in all the tribes. The silver was beaten into rings, and broad ornamented silver bands for the head. Handsome breast-plates were made of it; necklaces, bells for the ankles, and rings for the toes.

It is not wonderful that Se-quo-yah's mechanical genius led him into the highest branch of art known to his people, and that he became their greatest silversmith. His articles of silverware excelled all similar manufactures among his countrymen.

He next conceived the idea of becoming a blacksmith. He visited the shops of white men from time to time. He never asked to be taught the trade. He had eyes in his head, and hands; and when he bought the necessary material and went to work, it is characteristic that his first performance was to make his bellows and his tools; and those who afterward saw them told me they were very well made.

Se-quo-yah was now in comparatively easy circumstances. Besides his cattle, his store, and his farm, he was a blacksmith and a silversmith. In spite of all that has been alleged about Indian stupidity and barbarity, his countrymen were proud of him. He was in danger of shipwrecking on that fatal sunken reef to American character, popularity. Hospitality is the ornament, and has been the ruin, of the aborigine. His home, his store, or his shop, became the resort of his countrymen; there they smoked and talked, and learned to drink together. Among the Cherokees those who have are expected to be liberal to those who have not; and whatever weaknesses he might possess, niggardliness or meanness was not among them.

After he had grown to man's estate he learned to draw. His sketches, at first rude, at last acquired considerable merit. He had been taught no rules of perspective; but while his perspective differed from that of a European, he did not ignore it, like the Chinese. He had now a very comfortable hewed-log residence, well furnished with such articles as were common with the better class of white settlers at that time, many of them, however, made by himself.

Before he reached his thirty-fifth year he became addicted to convivial habits to an extent that injured his business, and began to cripple his resources. Unlike most of his race, how-

ever, he did not become wildly excited when under the influence of liquor.

Se-quo-yah, who never saw his father, and never could utter a word of the German tongue, still carried, deep in his nature, an odd compound of Indian and German transcendentalism; essentially Indian in opinion and prejudice, but German in instinct and thought. A little liquor only mellowed him—it thawed away the last remnant of Indian reticence. He talked with his associates upon all the knotty questions of law, art, and religion. Indian Theism and Pantheism were measured against the Gospel as taught by the land-seeking, fur-buying adventurers. A good class of missionaries had, indeed, entered the Cherokee Nation; but the shrewd Se-quo-yah, and the disciples this stoic taught among his mountains, had just sense enough to weigh the good and the bad together, and strike an impartial balance as the footing up for this new proselyting race.

It has been erroneously alleged that Se-quo-yah was a believer in, or practiced, the old Indian religious rites. Christianity had, indeed, done little more for him than to unsettle the pagan idea, but it had done that.

It was some years after Se-quo-yah had learned to present the bottle to his friends before he degenerated into a toper. His natural industry shielded him, and would have saved him altogether but for the vicious hospitality by which he was surrounded.

With the acuteness that came of his foreign stock, he learned to buy his liquor by the keg. This species of economy is as dangerous to the red as to the white race. The auditors who flocked to see and hear him were not likely to diminish while the philosopher furnished both the dogmas and the whisky. Long and deep debauches were often the consequence. Still it was not in the nature of George Gist to be a wild, shouting drunkard. His mild, philosophic face was kindled to deeper thought and warmer enthusiasm as they talked about the problem of their race. All the great social questions were closely analyzed by men who were fast becoming insensible to them. When he was too far gone to play the mild, sedate philosopher, he began that monotonous singing whose music carried him back to the days when the shadow of the white man never darkened the forests, and the Indian canoe alone rippled the tranquil waters.

Should this man be thus lost? He was aroused to his danger by the relative to whom he owed so much. His temper was eminently philosophic. He was, as he proved, capable of great effort and great endurance. By an effort which few red or white men can or do make, he shook off the habit, and his old nerve and old prosperity came back to him. It was during the first few years of this century that he applied to Charles Hicks, a half-breed, afterward principal chief of the nation, to write his English name. Hicks, although educated after a fashion, made a mistake in a very natural way.

The real name of Se-quo-yah's father was George *Gist*. It is now written by the family, as it has long been pronounced in the tribe, when his English name is used—"Guest," Hicks, remembering a word that sounded like it, wrote it—George *Guess*. It was a "rough guess," but answered the purpose. The silversmith was as ignorant of English as he was of any written language. Being a fine workman, he made a steel die, a fac-simile of the name written by Hicks. With this he put his "trade mark" on his silver-ware, and it is borne to this day on many of these ancient pieces in the Cherokee nation.

Between 1809 and 1821, which latter was his fifty-second year, the great work of his life was accomplished. The die, which was cut before the former date, probably turned his active mind in the proper direction. Schools and missions were being established. The power by which the white man could talk on paper had been carefully noted and wondered at by many savages, and was far too important a matter to have been overlooked by such a man as Se-quo-yah. The rude hieroglyphics or pictographs of the Indians were essentially different from all written language. These were rude representations of events, the symbols being chiefly the totemic devices of the tribes. A few general signs for war, death, travel, or other common incidents, and strokes for numerals, represented days or events as they were perpendicular or horizontal. Even the wampum belts were little more than helps to memory, for while they undoubtedly tied up the knots for years, like the ancient inhabitants of China and Japan, still the meagre record could only be read by the initiated, for the Indians only intrusted their history and religion to their best and ablest men.

The general theory with many Indians was, that the written speech of the white man was one of the mysterious gifts of the Great Spirit. Se-quo-yah boldly avowed it to be a mere ingenious contrivance that the red man could master, if he would try.

Repeated discussion on this point at length fully turned his thoughts in this new channel. He seems to have disdained the acquirement of the English language. Perhaps he suspected first what he was bound to know before he completed his task, that the Cherokee language has certain necessities and peculiarities of its own. It is almost impossible to write Indian words and names correctly in English. The English alphabet has not capacity for its expression. If ten white men sat down to write the word an Indian uttered, the probabilities are that one half of them would write them differently from the other half. It is this which has led to such endless confusion in Indian dictionaries. For instance, we write the word for the tribe Cherokee, and the letter *r*, or its sound, is scarcely used in their language. To-day a Cherokee always pronounces it Chalaque, the pronunciation being between that and Shal-



SE-QUO-YAH.

akke. On these peculiarities it is not the purpose of this article to enter, but hasten to George Gist, brooding over a written language for his people.

His first essay was natural enough. He tried to invent symbols to represent words. These he sometimes cut out of bark with his knife, but generally wrote, or rather drew. With these symbols he would carry on a conversation with a person in another apartment. As may be supposed, his symbols multiplied fearfully and wonderfully. The Indian languages are rich in their creative power. By using pieces of well-known words that contain the prominent idea, double or compound words are freely made. This has been called by writers treating this subject, the polysynthetic. It is, in fact, a jumbling of sentences into words, by

abbreviation, the omitted parts of words being implied or understood. There is one important fact which I will merely note here that is generally overlooked. These compounded words, to a large extent, represent the intrusive or European idea. The names the Indians gave many of the European things were mere *definitions*. Such as "Big Knives," etc. Occasionally they made a dash at the French or English sounds, as in the word "Yengees" for English, which has finally been corrupted in our language to Yankees.

Of course an attempt at fixed symbols for words was an unhappy experiment in a language one prominent element of which is, the facility of making words out of pieces of words, or compounded words. Besides this difficulty, no language can be taught successfully by means

of a dictionary, until the human memory acquires more power. Three years of hopeless struggle with the mighty débris of his symbols left him, although in the main reticent, a mighty man of words. But his labors were not lost. Through that heroic, unaided struggle he gained the first true glimpses into the elements of language. It is a startling fact, that an uneducated man, of a race we are pleased to call barbarians, attained in a few years, without books or tutors, what was developed through several ages of Phœnician, Egyptian, and Greek wisdom.

Se-quo-yah discovered that the language possessed certain musical sounds, such as we call vowels, and dividing sounds, styled by us consonants. In determining his vowels he varied during the progress of his discoveries, but finally settled on the six—*a, e, i, o, u*, and a guttural vowel sounding like *u* in *ung*.

These had long and short sounds, with the exception of the guttural. He next considered his consonant, or dividing sounds, and estimated the number of combinations of these that would give all the sounds required to make words in their language. He first adopted fifteen for the dividing sounds, but settled on twelve primary, the *g* and *k* being one, and sounding more like *k* than *g*, and *d* like *t*. These may be represented in English as *g, h, l, m, n, qu, t, dl* or *tl, ts, w, y, z*.

It will be seen that if these twelve be multiplied by the six vowels, the number of possible combinations or syllables would be seventy-two, and by adding the vowel sounds, which may be syllables, the number would be seventy-eight. However, the guttural *v*, or sound of *u* in *ung*, does not appear as among the combinations, which make seventy-seven.

Still his work was not complete. The hissing sound of *s* entered into the ramifications of so many sounds, as in *sta, stu, spa, spe*, that it would have required a large addition to his alphabet to meet this demand. This he simplified by using a distinct character for the *s* (*oo*), to be used in such combinations. To provide for the varying sound *g, k*, he added a symbol which has been written in English *ka*. As the syllable *na* is liable to be aspirated, he added symbols written *nah*, and *kna*. To have distinct representatives for the combinations rising out of the different sounds of *d* and *t*, he added symbols for *ta, te, ti*, and another for *dla*, thus *lla*. These completed the eighty-five characters of his alphabet, which was thus an alphabet of syllables, and not of letters.

It was a subject of astonishment to scientific men that a language so copious only embraced eighty-five syllables. This is chiefly accounted for by the fact that every Cherokee syllable ends in a vocal or nasal sound, and that there are no double consonants but those provided for the *tl* or *dl*, and *ts*, and combinations of the hissing *s*, with a few consonants.

The fact is, that many of our combinations of consonants in the English written language

are artificial, and worse than worthless. To indicate by a familiar illustration the syllabic character of the alphabet of Se-quo-yah, I will take the name of William H. Seward, which was appended to the Emancipation Proclamation of Mr. Lincoln, printed in Cherokee. It was written thus: "*O [wi] P [li] 4 [se] G [wa] 6 [te]*," and might be anglicized Wili Sewate. As has been observed, there is no *r* in the Cherokee language, written or spoken, and as for the middle initial of Mr. Seward's name, *H*., there being, of course, no initial in a syllabic alphabet, the translator, who probably did not know what it stood for, was compelled to omit it. It was in the year 1821 that the American Cadmus completed his alphabet.

As will be observed by examining the alphabet, which is on the table in the engraving, he used many of the letters of the English alphabet, also numerals. The fact was, that he came across an old English spelling-book during his labors, and borrowed a great many of the symbols. Some he reversed, or placed upside down; others he modified, or added to. He had no idea of either their meaning or sound, in English, which is abundantly evident from the use he made of them. As was eminently fitting, the first scholar taught in the language was the daughter of Se-quo-yah. She, like all the other Cherokees who tried it, learned it immediately. Having completed it without the white man's hints or aid, he visited the agent, Colonel Lowry, a gentleman of some intelligence, who only lived three miles from him, and informed that gentleman of his invention. It is not wonderful that the agent was skeptical, and suggested that the whole was a mere act of memory, and that the symbols bore no relation to the language, or its necessities. Like all other benefactors of the race, he had to encounter a little of the ridicule of those who, being too ignorant to comprehend, maintain their credit by sneering. The rapid progress of the language among the people settled the matter, however. The astonishing rapidity with which it is acquired has always been a wonder, and was the first thing about it that struck the writer of this article. In my own observation, Indian children will take one or two, at times several, years to master the English printed and written language, but in a few days can read and write in Cherokee. They do the latter, in fact, as soon as they learn to shape letters. As soon as they master the alphabet they have got rid of all the perplexing questions in orthography that puzzle the brains of our children. It is not too much to say that a child will learn in a month, by the same effort, as thoroughly, in the language of Se-quo-yah, that which in ours consumes the time of our children for at least two years.

There has been a great clamor for a universal language. We once had it, in our learned world, in the Latin, in which books were locked up for the scholars and dead to the world. Language is the handmaiden of

thought, and to be useful must be obedient to its changes as well as its elemental characteristics. For the English of three hundred years ago we need a glossary, and to carry down his immortal thoughts in their pristine vigor, must have, every two hundred years, a Johnson to modernize a Shakspeare. To probe the causes of the change of language, to ascertain why even a *written* language is mutable, to pick up this garment of thought and run its threads back through all their vagaries to their origin and points of divergence, is one of the grand tasks for the intellectual historian. He, indeed, must give us the history of ideas, of which all art, including language, is but the fructification. To say, therefore, that the alphabet of Se-quo-yah is better adapted for his language than our alphabet is for the English, would be to pay it a very wretched compliment.

George Gist received all honor from his countrymen. A short time after his invention written communication was opened up by means of it with that portion of the Cherokee Nation then in their new home west of the Arkansas. Zealous in his work, he traveled many hundred miles to teach it to them; and it is no reproach to their intellect to say that they received it readily.

It has been said the Indians are besotted against all improvements. The cordiality with which this was received is worthy of attention.

In 1823 the General Council of the Cherokee Nation voted a large silver medal to George Gist as a mark of distinction for his discovery. On one side were two pipes, the ancient symbol of Indian religion and law; on the other a man's head. The medal had the following inscription in English, also in Cherokee in his own alphabet:

"Presented to George Gist, by the General Council of the Cherokee Nation, for his ingenuity in the invention of the Cherokee alphabet."

John Ross, acting as principal chief of the Cherokee Nation, sent it West to Se-quo-yah, together with an elaborate address, the latter being at that time in the new nation.

In 1828 Gist went to Washington city as a delegate from the Western Cherokees. He was then in his fifty-ninth year. At that time the portrait was taken, an engraving from which we present to our readers. He is represented with a table containing his alphabet. The missionaries were not slow to employ it. It was arranged with the Cherokee, and English sounds and definitions. Rev. S. A. Worcester endeavored to get the outlines of its grammar, and both he and Mr. Boudinot prepared vocabularies of it, as did many others. In this way, by having more and better observers, we know more of this language than many others, and affinities have been traced between it and some others, supposed to be radically different, which would have appeared in the case of some others, had they been as fully or correctly written.

Besides the Scriptures, a very considerable

number of books were printed in it, and parts of several different newspapers existing from time to time; also almanacs, songs, and psalms.

During the closing portion of his life, the home of Se-quo-yah was near Brainerd, a mission station in the new nation. Like his countrymen, he was driven an exile from his old home, from his fields, work-shops, and orchards by the clear streams flowing from the mountains of Georgia. Is it wonderful if such treatment should throw a sadder tinge on a disposition otherwise mild, hopeful, and philosophic?

One of his sons is a very fair artist, using promiscuously pencil, pen, chalk, or charcoal. He served, as a private soldier, in the Union army in the late war, and there, in his quarters, made many sketches. His power of caricaturing was very considerable. If a humorous picture of some officer who had rendered himself obnoxious was found, chalked in unmistakable but grotesque lineaments, on the commissary door, it was said, "It must have been by the son of Se-quo-yah."

In his mature years, at Brainerd, although approaching seventy, the nerve or fire of the old man was not dead. Some narrow-minded ecclesiastics, because Gist would not go through the routine of a Christian profession after the fashion they prescribed, have not scrupled to intimate that he was a pagan, and grieved that the Bible was printed in the language he gave. This arose simply from not comprehending him. They persisted in considering him an ignorant savage, while he comprehended himself and measured them.

In his old days a new and deeper ambition seized him. He was not in the habit of asking advice or assistance in his projects. In his journey to the West, as well as to Washington, he had an opportunity of examining different languages, of which, as far as lay in his power, he carefully availed himself. His health had been somewhat affected by rheumatism, one of the few inheritances he got from the old fur peddler of Ebenezer; but the strong spirit was slow to break.

He formed a theory of certain relations in the language of the Indian tribes, and conceived the idea of writing a book on the points of similarity and divergence. Books were, to a great extent, closed to him; but as of old, when he began his career as a blacksmith by making his bellows, so he now fell back on his own resources. This brave Indian philosopher of ours was not the man to be stopped by obstacles. He procured some articles for the Indian trade he had learned in his boyhood, and putting these and his provisions and camping equipage in an ox-cart, he took a Cherokee boy with him as driver and companion, and started out among the wild Indians of the plain and mountain, on a philological crusade such as the world never saw.

One of the most remarkable features of his experience was the uniform peace and kindness with which his brethren of the prairie re-

ceived him. They furnished him means, too, to prosecute his inquiries in each tribe or clan. That they should be more sullen and reticent to white men is not wonderful when we reflect that they have a suspicion that all these pretended inquirers in science or religion have a lurking eye to real estate. Several journeys were made. The task was so vast it might have discouraged him. He started on his longest and his last journey. There was among the Cherokees a tradition that part of their nation was somewhere in New Mexico, separated from them before the advent of the whites. Se-quo-yah knew this, and expected in his rambles to meet them. He had camped on the spurs of the Rocky Mountains; he had threaded the valleys of New Mexico; looked at the adobe villages of the Pueblos, and among the race, neither Indian nor Spaniard, with swarthy face and unkempt hair. He had occasion to moralize over those who had voluntarily become the slaves of others even meaner than

themselves, who spoke a jargon neither Indian nor Spanish. Catholics in name, who ate red pepper pies, gambled like the fashionable frequenters of Baden, and swore like troopers.

It was late in the year 1842 that the wanderer, sick of a fever, worn and weary, halted his ox-cart near San Bernardino, in Northern Mexico. Fate had willed that his work should die with him. But little of his labor was saved, and that not enough to aid any one to develop his idea. Bad nursing, exposure, and lack of proper medical attendance finished the work. He sleeps, not far from the Rio Grande, the greatest of his race.

At one time Congress contemplated having his remains removed and a monument erected over them; it was postponed, however.

The Legislature of the Little Cherokee Nation every year includes in its general appropriations a pension of three hundred dollars to his widow—the only literary pension paid in the United States.

THE OLD LOVE AGAIN.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW NINA SAID "NO."

SIR ARTHUR and Lady Delany were in a bankrupt brother baronet's house in Eccleston Square for the season, which was nearly over now. A house of an august exterior as to frontage and door-step, but young as aristocratic houses go, and thin as regarded its walls.

In this house Nina found them domiciled when she went up to them from Ardleigh Vicarage. The house was gaudily furnished wherever it was liable to public inspection, but it was meagerly, not to say miserably, wanting in that portion of it which was ceded to Nina. The first night of Nina's return home Lady Delany had delicately alluded to this fact.

"Your room is not very comfortable, but it is only for a short time, Nina," she had said; and Nina had replied:

"My room is very uncomfortable, but, as you have put me there, don't trouble yourself to apologize about it;" which remark repeated, made things pleasant for Lady Delany with Sir Arthur, when he remonstrated about his only daughter being put up in an attic.

"My dear, I spoke to her about it, and she begged me not to trouble about it at all. You see, I don't like to be without a good spare room or two, in case of emergency." And so Sir Arthur was satisfied.

It was but for a short time that Nina had to endure this minor evil. At the end of a fortnight they moved away to the secluded, half-ruined, ill-furnished chateau which Sir Arthur Delany had taken near Pont de Brigne. But during that fortnight strange and agitating tid-

ings were sent to Nina from Ardleigh. A hurried letter from Mrs. Eldon one day told of Mrs. Barrington's having given birth prematurely to a son. The following morning's post brought the news of the unfortunate woman's death, from some untoward neglect in the attendance that was being given to her.

"It is all very distressing," Mrs. Eldon wrote; "still, dear Nina, I must remind you, in case you should be tempted or driven into thinking of doing any thing rash, that Mr. Barrington is free." Nina did remember it, and did think about it very much, as she crossed from Folkestone to Boulogne one rough morning, and felt herself to be at the point of death very often through much tossing. But it faded away from her memory a good deal when they got to their new home, and she was subjected to the combined influences of change of air, scene, food, and society.

The house Sir Arthur Delany had taken was a grim mansion in the midst of once beautiful but now grass-grown and dilapidated grounds, in which terraces, and avenues, and weird pools, and balconies, and steps that led to nowhere, and giant *tazzas* that held nothing now, were scattered in ghastly profusion. Ages ago, when Louis the Fourteenth was reigning, together with powder, and puff, and patch, and hoop, and fantasy generally, this old place must have been in high meretricious esteem. It was devised and made for the use and abuse of pretty creatures in blue and pink silks and satins, with unnaturally whitened hair and blackened faces. Modern ideas, and the times and the drapery of four years ago, were all out of place there. But somehow the very incongruity grew pleasing to Nina, who fashioned out

many a tale to fit the silent, black pool, over which elms and willows drooped, as, day after day, she wandered along its border alone, and laughed to herself over the means Lady Delany had taken to force her (Nina) into marriage.

Pont de Brigne was so pretty in its seclusion, its stagnation almost, in this late autumn weather! Not a breath ever reached it, save on Sundays, from the busy town, Boulogne, only three miles away. As the life in it went on now, so, to all appearance, it must have gone on for many generations. A lovely, lazy river wound its shining course through meadows and gardens where, on old time-embrowned walls, big pears ripened and grew fat, and fell down upon beds of flowers and onions—for the useful and beautiful were in close communion. The only noisy things in the village were the plashing mill-wheel and one screaming swan, that floated by day on the bosom of the silent pool, and dozed by night upon its banks. This swan was Nina's sole companion down in the solitude by the black water—her sole companion for a week or two.

At the expiration of that time Mr. Manners came to join their quiet party; came without knowing that Nina was one of them again, and staid with a fresh, fond pleasure when he found that she was there.

His was rather an awkward position, too, when all the circumstances of his case are considered. Six months ago he had asked her to be his wife, and she had refused his request. Then he had asked her to take time to reconsider her determination, to withdraw her definite refusal, and to nullify it by saying "yes," or repeat it by saying "no," at the expiration of a certain time. That time had expired now, and still she had sent him no word as to her sentiment. And now, while he was half hopeful, half fearful, while he thought her far away in English Ardleigh, he came upon her suddenly and unexpectedly in French Pont de Brigne.

It was all owing to Lady Delany's diplomatic talents that the meeting was managed. Nina was very much in her young ladyship's way; not that Nina interfered with one of Lady Delany's pursuits, or curtailed one of Lady Delany's pleasures. Still Lady Delany wanted to get rid of her, "in case," as she phrased it, "we should ever get so tired of one another that we should take to quarreling; being younger than Nina, you know she may get jealous of me, if years roll on and she finds herself still single and slighted." So, in order to avoid this unpleasant contingency, she favored Mr. Manners's suit, and furthered his wooing both with zeal and discretion.

He walked in upon them early one morning, having crossed the night before; and as soon as he saw her, he read in Nina's face that she had not been prepared for his appearance. Still he gathered hope as he looked; there was no displeasure mixed with the surprise she could not quite conceal.

Indeed, it would have been hard for Nina, who was beginning to find it dull in this meagerly furnished house, where she had neither society nor books, to look or feel displeased at the advent of a man who came fresh from the world of both. This latter-day lover of hers was different in all respects from the idol of her youth. He was about thirty-six or seven at this time, and he had lived an active, thoughtful life in a city where activity and thoughtfulness leave their traces on heart and brain—ay, and on hair too. He was a little bald just above his forehead, and he was more than a little gray. Still his face was unfurrowed, and his eyes were clear and bright, and his figure was only well-filled out; he was not "stout" yet. He spoke cleverly and curtly about all the topics of the day, rarely, if ever, using an unnecessary word, and never by any chance allowing feeling or prejudice to influence judgment. Altogether, he offered as marked a contrast to unstable Gerald Barrington mentally as he did physically—and physically Gerald Barrington had the best of it.

About twelve o'clock Lady Delany suggested that they should all walk out and show him the place. Nina acquiesced in the plan readily enough. She knew it was part of it that she should be left alone with Mr. Manners, and she was willing that it should be so; willing to get the explanation over as soon as possible. So, when Lady Delany made some transparent excuse for leaving them, Nina felt glad that her hour had come.

"I saw by your face that you had no share in the 'general wish' for my presence which Lady Delany expressed when she invited me here," he said, as Nina took him down some terrace steps, and proposed that they should plant on a broken wall by the dark pool, under a weeping-willow.

"No, I knew nothing of the invitation; I dare say if I had known that it was to be expressed I should have shared in the general wish."

"Even though you would have felt sure that the expression would justify me in reminding you that you are my debtor—you owe me an answer."

She could not doubt as she heard the touching, deepening, quiet tone, and saw the wistful eagerness in his face, that the man, composed as he was, had staked much of his happiness on her possible answer. She could have made it without any hesitation, she felt sure, if only she had not just heard that Gerald Barrington was free. For after that concession of hers—that indiscreet concession which she had made to his wish that she should meet him, and hear what he had to say for himself—what might not Gerald Barrington expect? "I owe him something too," she thought, sorely, as she reflected on how she had incurred the debt. "It would seem heartless to grasp now at what would prevent my ever paying the debt; besides, this wish to marry Mr. Manners is not born of love."



UNDER A WEEPING-WILLOW.

Still, if it was not "born of love," it was very hard to kill it, and to say "no," as she believed herself in honor bound to say, and did say.

"I ought to have given it long ago," she said, in reply to his statement that she owed him an answer. "It is only because I have been feeling all the importance to my own happiness of giving great thought to my answer that I have been so slow and so full of hesitation. Mr. Manners, I must say as I said before—it can't be as you do me the honor to wish it to be. I must stay as I am—I must, indeed; don't cease to be my friend; don't leave us now, and leave us disliking me."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. MANNERS BESPEAKS NINA'S INTEREST.

MR. MANNERS did not take offense and his departure after that second refusal from Nina. He was much too calmly sensible and thoroughly well disposed toward the young lady to do any thing of that sort. He thoroughly and sympathetically understood all the difficulties and disagreeables of Nina's position; and he knew well that if he went away hurriedly Lady Delany would know that all hopes of the marriage were over, and that Nina would suffer for that knowledge. So he staid on even longer

than he had intended staying when he did not know that Nina was there, and came imperceptibly to be regarded and treated as one of the family by them all.

The long autumn days would have been long indeed, and the dreary evenings in the meagerly furnished saloon would have been dreary indeed to Nina, if it had not been for his presence. The long walks through the rather flat surrounding country, and the long hours' fishing in the pretty winding river, would have been robbed of half their quiet charm if she had not had his companionship. More than ever she regretted, as he became more and more essential to her comfort daily, that she had compromised herself by giving Gerald Barrington that meeting at Sedgwick. Not that she had compromised herself in the eyes of the world—that she refused to consider she had done; but that she had given him such a tacit reassurance as should justify him in thinking that the old deep interest in him might be regenerated.

It came about very gradually, so gradually that somehow it seemed quite a natural thing, when one day, as they were walking together, Mr. Manners broached the subject of Gerald Barrington. "You have seen him again this summer," he said; and Nina asked, quickly:

"How do you know I ever saw him at all—how do you know any thing about him?"

"Oh! a man is sure to hear of such things in connection with the woman he loves," Mr. Manners said, quietly. This was the first time he had spoken of his feelings concerning her since he asked for her definite answer down by the black pool.

"Yes," then she said, laughing confusedly; "I saw him again this summer, and saw his wife too."

"She is dead now?"

"She is," Miss Delany said, briefly.

"And when a time of conventional mourning has expired he will seek you again," he went on; and Nina shook her head and said she had "no right to think that."

"He is sure to do it," Mr. Manners repeated.

"I wish I could feel equally sure that you would never listen to his proposals again. This I say quite without any regard to my own feelings toward you, which nothing can alter; but out of a conviction I have that he would not make you happy."

"One never can be sure of being happy with any person. You do not know Mr. Barrington. Why do you say such things of him?"

"Not out of empty jealousy. As far as I am concerned myself, it would be a bitter trial to me to see you married to any man—even to the man I thought most highly of; but that would be a suffering that I would willingly endure to-day, even to see you safe from Mr. Barrington."

"You have heard something against him," Nina said. "What is it? Not that I am likely to see him again."

"Oh yes, you are; of course you will see

him again. There is nothing to prevent such a catastrophe now; and I should not regret the probability if I did not think him a dangerously weak, unstable man—one who is utterly unfit to direct you. I have never heard any thing against him, save that he married in intemperate anger against you, and then had not sufficient self-respect to behave with consideration toward his wife. Probably you regard this latter as a venial error; but I don't."

Nina walked on in silence, and presently Mr. Manners resumed:

"I have ventured to say this to you to-day because I may never have another opportunity. I am going to leave to-morrow."

"Where are you going?" Nina asked, with a half-offended air.

"To Paris."

"Oh! to Paris. We are not gay enough for you, naturally."

"Would you like to hear my real reason for leaving?"

"Yes."

"It is this: Your father asked me this morning if you and I had made it all right; and I was obliged to tell him that you had very decidedly made it all wrong. He then seemed to think that it was better I should go. It rests with you to indorse or reverse his opinion by giving me your own."

"I suppose he is right," Nina said, in a low voice, feeling that she would give much to feel free to reverse the decree.

It was not pleasant at dull little Pont de Brigne after Mr. Manners left. Lady Delany, who had borne the solitude while there seemed to be a probability of her point being carried, sulked now that the probability had vanished. Heavy rain set in. Sir Arthur was seized with a mild attack of rheumatic gout, and, sadder than all else, there came mournful tidings from Ardleigh Vicarage. Poor Frank Eldon had caught typhus fever in one of his visits to a sick parishioner, and, after struggling vainly against it for a few days, had died, leaving Gertrude desolate indeed.

"As soon as I can think and act," the poor young widow wrote soon after her husband's funeral, "I shall leave this place, where I have known my greatest happiness and greatest misery, and go back to my own friends. When I am settled you must come and stay with me; but it would break my heart to see you here where I last saw you with my own dear Frank." This was in October, just as the Delanys were about to migrate farther south for the restoration of Sir Arthur's health; and from that time until their return to London, after Christmas, they heard nothing more from Ardleigh or Gertrude.

When they re-entered London one January night, Nina felt sure that now it must all soon culminate. Before long she would be called upon, and compelled to decide her own fate. Gerald Barrington would hear of their being home, and he would come and claim that which

she had given him a right to claim. As she thought this she regretted more bitterly than ever those hours at Sedgwick, which had been so sadly misspent in strengthening his belief in her unchanged love for him. But it was worse than idle to indulge in these regrets now. He would surely come, and she would surely have to marry him, and make the best of her mistake. While, as for John Manners, she did hope fervently that he would never marry a woman "who was not worthy of him," and she took some comfort from the thought then occurring to her that he was very unlikely to find such a one.

The crisis Nina had half expected and half dreaded did not come just yet. She was not put to the test of seeing Gerald Barrington, or, indeed, of hearing any thing about him. Mr. Manners came on the old familiar footing of intimate friend; but he never mentioned Mr. Barrington or his own former hopes and wishes. Nina could not help feeling disappointed and neglected. "They neither of them want me now," she thought, bitterly, as she remembered how eager each of these men had been for her in days gone by.

She could not help speculating curiously, sometimes, about Gerald Barrington and what had become of him. Was he at Ardleigh End still? There was no one of whom she could ask this question, for the widow Gertrude Eldon had left Ardleigh just before the Delanys came back to England. Moreover, if Mrs. Eldon had still been resident in the place, Nina would have hesitated about asking any question relative to Gerald Barrington, of a lady who had thought so little—not to say so ill of him as Mrs. Eldon thought. "I shall see her in time, when the sharp edge of her grief has worn off," Nina thought; "and then, in speaking of poor Frank's parish, she will be unable to avoid mentioning that one parishioner." Then Nina would sighingly wish that his poor wife had lived—that she (Nina) had never seen him as a married man—that, in fact, a goodly portion of the past could be erased altogether.

In the middle of the winter season a new element was introduced into her life. John Manners's mother came to live in town, bringing with her a pretty young niece, whom she had almost adopted. As a friend, John Manners asked Nina to see a good deal of his fair young cousin, Edith Graves. "I think you are the best companion a young girl could have," he said to her, frankly. And Nina told herself that if he had the faintest tinge of love remaining for her, he could not judge her so dispassionately and kindly, after her having refused him twice. "He is quite cured," she thought, bitterly; "he will fall back on that blue-eyed nonentity as contentedly as if I had never existed for him." And thinking this, she did begin to long for some sign from Gerald Barrington. A couple of defections in one year is surely too much for any woman to bear placidly.

CHAPTER IX.

TWO MEETINGS.

WHEN Mrs. Manners left her country home, for the sake of giving pretty Edith Graves a sight of life as it is lived in London, the good old lady made a considerable sacrifice. She had a deep-rooted dislike to small rooms, neighbors, smoke, German bands, tan-yards, and other minor evils to which flesh is heir in London. Nevertheless, she hurled herself into the midst of the possibility of all these things for the sake of the girl whom she loved as a daughter already, and whom she hoped to see bud into that relationship in law.

"You ought not to keep Edith mewed up all her life among the butter-cups and daisies, mother," John Manners had said on the occasion of his last Christmas visit to his mother's house. And on that hint Mrs. Manners spoke, begging him to find her a comfortable habitation in one of the least offensive suburbs of the great city, wherein, she never doubted, wary women were always lurking about seeking to devour him, and where Edith's sweet presence might prove a foil to their meretricious attractions.

So it came to pass that a house was taken for Mrs. Manners in the Victoria Road, Kensington, and that when midwinter was past she came there to dwell with Edith; and when she had been settled there a reasonable time Lady and Miss Delany came to call upon her.

Now the mother had never heard of these friends of her son's; and when she saw them an idea came into her head that they were among the dangerous ones of the earth, from whom Edith's pure little presence might preserve him. They knew too much about John altogether to be pleasant to her. So she made herself rigid at them, and counseled Edith not "to want to go gadding about with them;" and intensely aggravated her son by saying, "One couldn't wonder at a girl situated as Miss Delany was hunting after a husband."

And little pale, brown-haired, blue-eyed Edith, whose mouth and mind and hands were all small to match—little gristle-boned Edith—lashed out her little weapon of flagellation upon Miss Delany, and said, "Miss Delany seemed so lazy, never seemed to care to read any thing good, or to work any thing useful;" which accusation was true in a measure, for poor Nina was out of gear in these days, and found herself incapable of settling to any thing.

But as time wore on, and the lassitude which is nearly every one's portion in the English spring assailed the denizens of the little house in the Victoria Road, and as they found that acquaintances are not speedily picked up or friendships formed in exclusive suburbs, Mrs. Manners and Edith both came to regard Nina as rather a welcome presence. Perhaps this change in their sentiments was due to the fact of John's having always discreetly refrained from expressing pleasure when she did come or pain when she staid away. He was, in fact, apparently

utterly indifferent to her, and this indifference militated hugely in her favor with the women of his own house. So the year and the change rolled on slowly and surely together, and spring was merging into summer, and the bedding-out plants were arranged for the season in ribbon borders in Kensington Gardens, and London was getting very full again; and all this time Nina heard nothing of Gertrude Eldon or (which was far more annoying and puzzling to her) of Gerald Barrington.

The bright-faced beauty had almost resigned herself to the painful probability of being an old maid, for, as it would have been her will and pleasure now to marry John Manners, and as it was clearly (to her mind) her honorable duty to marry Gerald Barrington if he ever asked her again, it was out of the question that she should give her hand to any other man. She was growing resigned, though not reconciled, to the prospect—to the prospect of that fate for herself, and also to the prospect of the far fairer fate which seemed to be looming before Edith Graves, when the whole of her future was rudely broken up and disturbed.

One June day she was sitting in Mrs. Manners's little drawing-room bay-window waiting for Edith, who was up stairs preparing for a walk in Kensington Gardens. Nina was there in obedience to a request of John's, that she would get his mother and Edith out to hear the band that afternoon, and he had added weight to this request by promising to join them at the lower end of the "Row," if they would walk so far. While she was waiting her gaze wandered idly over to the opposite house, which had been unoccupied for a long time. She saw that the shutters were open, that delicate pale green French chintz curtains were shrouding the windows, that bronze railings had been put up to form little window-gardens, and brightly flowering plants were already blooming there. In fact, that there was a general air of refined occupation about the house.

"Oh yes," Mrs. Manners said in answer to some question Nina asked presently; "it is taken, but I don't know who by. I haven't heard her name, but I've seen her passing in and out while the house was preparing. Ah! they're a precious lot about here, I feel pretty sure. Ladies living alone with golden hair and little broughams I never feel snore of."

"Has this one golden hair and a little brougham?" Nina asked, laughing.

"She has the golden hair, but not the little brougham yet," the old lady said, sententious-ly. "She is a most lovely woman, I must say—in deep mourning; there she is at the window."

Nina looked across hastily, and then started to her feet, crying out, "I know her—it's Mrs. Eldon!" and then, without further explanation, she ran out, and across the road, and knocked eagerly for admission to the presence of her old friend.

There was a great scene of gentle recrimination and involved explanation when they met. Gertrude had not written because at first she had been broken-hearted, and latterly too busy. She had staid a long time at Ardleigh, for the present vicar was an unmarried man who didn't want the house, and was just as well satisfied to remain in lodgings, while it had suited her convenience to stay at the Vicarage. Then she had gone back to her father's house. But her mother was dead, and it was unpleasant, after being the mistress of a house of her own, to submit to the household authority of a younger sister. So she had resolved upon taking a small house in an accessible part of London, and she had succeeded in getting this, and wasn't it charming?

It was very charming; small, but exquisite. Brilliant, as women's rooms ought to be, with plate-glass and delicate-hued chintzes and flowers. A perfect little temple of refinement and beauty it appeared, and Gertrude was a mistress worthy of it. In her deep mourning—deep, though she wore no widow's cap—she seemed of a fairer beauty than ever. And her youth asserted itself so, in spite of the traces of mental suffering and heart-sickness that were still upon her face.

And at last she asked:

"And what of you, Nina, since we drifted away from each other? I have always been half expecting, wholly hoping, that I should hear of your marriage. Am I to hear of it now?"

Nina blushed an angry blush, and shook her head.

"Let us speak of something else," she said.

"Mr. Manners was with you when you wrote to me from Pont de Brigne," Mrs. Eldon persisted.

"He is with us constantly now; but I might as well hope to—I mean *wish* to—marry a star as to marry him." Then, for a moment, she longed and feared to hear something of Gerald Barrington. But the word was not spoken, and she fancied that Gertrude had forgotten him and his folly, and her (Nina's) share in it.

They talked then idly for a time of what had happened, and what might happen; but it was all spoken in a vague and undefined way that left Nina with a feeling of uncertainty upon her as to what Mrs. Eldon wished to do, and thought of doing. "It's a dear little house, isn't it?" she had said to Nina when the latter had made the tour of dining-room and double drawing-room, and bed and dressing room, and had duly admired the arrangement of them all.

"Yes," Nina said, "it is a dear little house, and I think a particularly nice neighborhood to settle down in. I think you very wise to have come here, instead of burying yourself in the country."

"I dare say I shall like the country again," Mrs. Eldon said. "I did enjoy it thoroughly while I was happy, you know."

"Like it again! Why, you don't think of

moving, do you, after so completely establishing yourself here?" Nina asked, in some surprise.

"Oh! one never knows how soon changes may take place," Mrs. Eldon said, drooping her head, and half averting her face from Nina's inspection. And then she inquired who Nina's friends over the way were; and when she heard that they were "the Mannenses," she put on that look of quizzical interrogation which is so specially hard to bear when the interrogated one has nothing to tell.

"Then I shall see Mr. Manners at last," Mrs. Eldon said.

"Probably you will if you watch for his coming and going."

"But you will introduce him to me."

"Indeed, I am not on such terms as to promise to introduce him to any one specially," Nina said, in an agony.

"Do you remember how I urged you to do as he wanted you to do when you were staying with me at Ardleigh?" Mrs. Eldon asked.

"Yes, I do," Nina answered; "and I was infatuated then and disregarded your advice. Well, I'm not going to complain now, but I will tell you, for your satisfaction, that you were very right in saying that I was throwing away the worthy substance for an unworthy shadow. I was an unaccountable goose, all things considered." Then she remembered that Mrs. Manners and Miss Graves were waiting for her, and went away quickly before Gertrude could reply to her half confession.

The last strains of the band were borne to them upon the still hot air long before they reached the spot where John had appointed to meet them. "Of course he will have given us up and gone back to town long before this," his mother said, testily—for Edith was looking very pretty, and Mrs. Manners had hoped her son would have been impressed with that prettiness. Now the old lady felt that all her own trouble and Edith's toilet had been thrown away.

"I am sorry that I should have caused the delay," Nina said, apologetically; "but Mrs. Eldon and I have not met since her husband's death. I was bewildered at sight of her."

"Humph!" Mrs. Manners said. "Her husband's death? How long ago is that, may I ask?"

"He died in the autumn of last year."

"A gentleman calls at the house very often," Edith struck in; and Mrs. Manners shook her head, and remarked that in her day widows conducted themselves as such, and wore caps, and didn't advertise the fact of being solitary, idle, and well off, by perpetually attending to rare flowers outside their windows.

They did not meet Mr. Manners. Evidently he had given them up, as evidently he did not care to see her, Nina thought. As for his mother and cousin, they were openly aggrieved, not at his not being there then, but at Nina's having prevented their being on the spot before. Altogether Miss Delany was not sorry

to part with them, and to make the best of her way back to Eccleston Square.

She was walking slowly along on the left-hand side of the Row, carelessly watching the rapidly increasing throng of equestrians who had come in for the afternoon ride, when her attention was caught by a gentleman who was coming slowly toward her, close inside the railings. Almost before she had time to realize who it was, she found herself bowing to Gerald Barrington, who had raised his hat and passed on without pausing, or giving the slightest indication of a desire to pause.

It was coming upon her, then, this crisis in her fate, which she had half dreaded, half expected, for so long a time. The old love was to the fore again, and he would soon find her out and test her truth, and—he must not find her false.

Her knees trembled under her now as she walked on, feeling that he would surely overtake her presently, when he had recovered the senses which must have been slightly scattered at sight of her. He would overtake her again presently; and she was very glad, after all, that she was so faultlessly dressed this day, though the dress had been designed to please the eyes of John Manners, and not of this old love of hers, who had been so strangely fettered, and was now so strangely free.

She went on and on—now faster, now slower—now with a feeling of thanksgiving that no one knew and could remark upon her—now with a self-consciousness that she was concentrating the attention of riding and sauntering London upon herself; and still, through all these phases of feeling, she walked on undisturbed, for that rider did not draw rein by her side. At length she found herself up close to the entrance by Apsley House, and there she did pause for a moment and look round.

There was nothing to be seen of Gerald Barrington, and with her heart strangely agitated, but still a little lighter, she went out through the gateway, and got herself home.

She was going to a party that night—a charade party that was to merge into a dance—and she was going under her step-mother's auspices. Lady Delany was always good enough to avow herself to be "in despair" about Nina in these days. But this night she was in very well-developed and special despair. "Nina looks positively old," Lady Delany said mournfully to her husband. "She has got a set, serious expression on that is absolutely ruinous to her face; and what will become of my child if Nina stays home, costing so much?" Then, finding her husband grossly insensible to his eldest daughter's appearance and his youngest daughter's prospects, Lady Delany tried the effect of her eloquence on Nina herself.

"At least, take a little eau-de-Cologne for your eyes," she said; but Nina preferred going with her eyes dark with thought to brightening them with spurious art.

When the charades were over, and other girls were standing about after the manner of



THE MEETING.

their age and sex—standing about in accessible places, hopeful of the right men asking them for the first waltz—Nina got herself into a small ante-room where was peace and quiet, and a comfortable divan. The lamps burned low in this temple of flirtation, thanks to the humanity of the hostess, and Nina leaned there for a while, fancying herself to be quite unobserved. Presently the seat by her side was taken by Mr. Manners. “I did not expect to meet you here,” she said; and then he apologized for not waiting for them at their trysting-place in the park; and she told him of her meeting with Mrs. Eldon.

“Life is so full of upsetting encounters,” she said, trying to smile.

“It’s not an upsetting encounter with me to-night, is it?” he asked, laughing. “You’re looking terribly depressed, or is it merely the dim religious light that gives you that appearance?”

“I am depressed. You would pass your evening more as you came to pass it if you went and danced.”

“But not so pleasantly as if I stay here with you.” Then he put his arm along on the back of the sofa just behind her shoulders, and Nina felt many shades less desolate, and a

strong conviction that he was going to say something important.

"Another old friend of yours is in town, too, Nina. Am I telling you news, or did you know it already?"

IN WALL STREET.

I WELL recollect the day I first arrived in New York. I came in the Camden and Amboy boat, and landed early in the morning. My worldly effects were packed—mother did it—in a long hand-bag made of bright Venetian stair-carpet. I remember I also had a blue cotton umbrella, quite new, with a yellow brass tip. Passengers coming from the boat with me regarded me with interest, and I was modestly pleased with this silent recognition of a promising young man entering upon the scene of his future fortunes. I could not help observing, too, that the hackmen paused a moment in their vociferations as I passed. They knew better than to offer the extortionate luxury of a ride to a sturdy fellow who was bound to make his own way. These were my emotions. Of course I knew very well that the best men in New York come from the country, and I was one of them. I supposed that the reason I was regarded with distinction was my manly and business-like appearance; but now I think of it, I should say that it was only the colors; for I remember that a suspicious-looking urchin offered on the pier to carry my things for me, and indeed undertook to take them from me; and when I resisted he forbore, and raised a great laugh by saying, "Well, go it, Rainbow!"

A few years' experience of city life modified my ideas, and my appearance too, doubtless; but after all, on the day I entered Wall Street in search of a situation in a bank, I felt more trepidation than in my first arrival, or in all my intermediate vicissitudes. That day stands out in my memory, with a few others I shall speak of, like two or three bright nickel cents in a tray of old coppers. It was a very hot day, fifteen years ago. On account of adverse circumstances I considered myself as rather "under the weather;" and I approached the great Rhino Bank, where I had some reason to believe that I should be at once engaged to fill a vacant situation, with the anticipation that I was reaching a haven of rest—that I was to land on the *terra firma* of a good salary in a hard-money business, after I had been battling with the waves and tides of desultory and temporary vocations.

I had a wholesome awe of a bank. In my estimation the president was the incarnation of cash. The directors were doubtless all philosophic and learned political economists, wielding the laws of trade so adroitly as to turn every thing into gold for their stockholders' benefit. I thought the business was the embodiment of all that was right, correct, unquestionable; that the most honest men, the most intuitive financiers, the most infallible accountants,

composed its officers and clerks; that the ledgers were spotless and pure, guiltless of scratch or erasure; and as to mistakes, if one of the clerks should make one, he would cut his throat right away from ear to ear, as the only way of avoiding the consciousness of an unutterable disgrace.

But this was before I had been *inside* the bank counters. I had watched the tellers and clerks as I had entered a bank on dealers' errands. I had seen them through their respective wickets, wrapped in dignity and surrounded with wealth. I had enjoyed the distinction of a customary nod from the receiving teller, and had been on speaking acquaintance with the book-keeper A to I. The bank clerk naturally considers himself at the head of all clerkdom. Have you not observed with what hauteur he exchanges recognition with an acquaintance outside the railing who daringly ventures to attract his attention? Well, I had been such an acquaintance, recognized to the envy of others; and now I expected to get within the rail, and stand among the perfected few who dispense money for the outside world.

Crude and silly as this feeling was, there is some foundation for it in fact; but I did not then know how exaggerated it is. I had not then seen how diverse the characters of the men who came together every morning to make up the *personnel* of the bank; how surely there will be found among men of integrity and fidelity others of assurance and an overbearing demeanor, which enables them for a time to conceal the want of those qualities. I had not seen from how many different associations, and with how many different purposes or no purposes, these men came together for the day, held to the same scene of labor for a quarter or a third of their time by a common paymaster, to separate again and scatter to their own likings after a few hours. I had not seen how the keen ambition of one plays upon the good-nature, the indolence, or the blunder of another; how vicious associations outside the bank occasionally reach in, and claim for their own one who had not before shown the evil side of his character to his employers; and how steady-going old stagers drudge on with the routine of their work, while others come and go. The force and decision evolved by the intensity of competing labor within a large bank make the ordinary chances and changes "as good as a play" to witness. Every thing is done with a snap. If a man is discharged, he is shot out into the street like a load of coal. He doesn't have a month to think about it. If a man wishes to leave, there are five or six pushing for his stool, and it is touch and go.

The banking-room in which I was engaged was not in the modern style. A long, narrow, dingy entry led from the street back to a rear building, whose windows were shut in on every side by gloomy brick walls. The air was close, and savored both of soiled money and of subterranean odors from the regions beneath, which

light and winds never penetrated. The counters and desks were in old mahogany, presenting an eminently respectable appearance outside. Inside were homely dusty cupboards, dead papers, empty ink-bottles, old ledgers, pieces of carpet, ink-spots, and spittoons.

Catching a glimpse of these things, with which I afterward became so familiar, I passed into the directors' room, and was ushered into the presence of the president.

Let me give you the portrait of this singular man. President Borrowbie was a portly person of fine presence. His hair, long and silken, was growing gray. On his smooth face the absence of whiskers was set off by the profusion of his shaggy eyebrows, which gave a fierce shade to his soft, mild eyes. He was supposed to be president by virtue of a large family interest in the stock, not because he was like any other bank president I have seen. His manner possessed all the vigor of a sharp, brusque spirit, but was modulated into courteousness by a native grace, and by a benevolent disposition. All his relations with Wall Street were of a time gone by, and he was then beginning to feel antiquated, which resulted in his taking a great interest in young men. He prided himself on his knowledge of character; and though he sat as handsome, and almost as silent, as a ship's figure-head, at all ordinary business, judiciously yielding to younger men, he came out strong whenever a new clerk was to be employed or a new depositor was introduced.

His conversation with me I shall never forget—it was so characteristic of him. After making some commonplace inquiries as to my capacities and references, he said:

"Well, young man, please be seated. I want to ask you some questions. I do this with all the young men who apply, though not many of them tell me the truth. They generally say what they think will please me. You can do just as you like."

To this I made no reply, because I did not know what to say. He looked at me quizzically, and seemed to enjoy my embarrassment. I next observed him looking into my hat. I wondered what there was in it to attract his attention. I afterward learned that it was one way he had of forming an idea of the cast of character by comparing the diameters of the head.

"Can you do work in a hurry?" said he.

"I have not been accustomed to," replied I, cautiously.

"Hm! Wall Street is a driving place."

As this was not a question, I made no reply.

"Can you make good excuses?"

I began to think it was not strange that some people answered his questions as they thought would best please him. For myself I could not tell for the life of me which answer would please him.

"Good excuses?" I began, inquiringly.

"Yes; when you make a blunder can you get well out of it?"

I reflected that if I should claim the virtue, it would not speak well for my accuracy; and if I should disclaim it, it would not speak well for my shrewdness.

So I laughed at this ingenious dilemma, and said, "Well, really, Sir, I should think the best way of getting well out of blunders in Wall Street to be not to make any. That's *my* ambition."

He looked at me as if I had uttered a very Utopian sentiment; but I felt the elation of having succeeded in saying that which pleased him, notwithstanding his worrying.

"Are you quick at figures?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir."

"Tell me the error in that," and he handed me a sheet. "Take your time," he added, as if it were a sort of crucial test of accuracy.

Between the desire to prove myself quick at figures and the ambition to make no blunders, I found my thoughts wandering; I went astray on the column, felt he was looking at me, blushed, began again, and finally returned him the paper, saying I thought there was no mistake.

"Well," said he, quietly. "You *think* there is none; perhaps there is not. I will get somebody else to look over it who will *know*."

I felt as if I could have sunk through the floor.

"And now," said he, turning the conversation, "about your references."

Here for a moment I hoped to make up my lost ground; but I was disappointed.

"We don't care any thing about those," said he. "Connections, and all that, are very good in some places; but they don't count for much in Wall Street. A recommendation from Boston or Philadelphia is only a stamp on a foreign coin. What we want is the bullion, and we'll put *our own* stamp on it here. Do you see? What we want is the pure metal. We know it when we see it; and we have our own dies to give it currency."

He looked at me in his kindly and quizzical way, and I felt great doubts whether I was hullion or brass. After my weak answer as to the account, I was inclined to think it must be the latter.

At this juncture the cashier came in, and I at once saw that the question of my engagement practically depended on him, though he was guided more than he would acknowledge by the president's opinion. After some further conversation I was set at work.

I went out of the president's presence impressed more deeply than ever with the necessity of the utmost accuracy, celerity, and certainty in banking business; and I entered on my duties with a most intense ambition.

Although the clerks laughed among themselves at the old gentleman's notions, the bank under his administration certainly had a smaller proportion of unfortunate employes than any other institution I have known.

In the intervals of the first few days' work the clerks asked me what the president said to

me. "Did he tell you his teller story?" asked one.

"No," interposed the note teller; "he never tells that story except to a new teller." This book-keeper was one of the queerest specimens of humanity you would meet in a long journey. He would look up at you with a cynical squint of his eye, as if he were mentally taking your average value, and then give you a short, crusty answer.

"What is his teller's story?"

"When the bank was first started the paying teller overpaid a man five hundred dollars on a large check, and the man came back in the afternoon to return the money. The teller was not aware of his mistake, and Borrowbie overheard the conversation, and came out to see what was going on. He interposed, and made the depositor take back the money which he had given to the teller, saying, 'If you have five hundred too much, Sir, you must have got it somewhere else.'

"No; I am sure it must have been here that I received it."

"Impossible, Sir; impossible! We have made no mistake. You will find it came from somewhere else. We can not take it."

"The depositor went to his counting-house, and in the course of the next few days advertised the accuracy and honesty of the new bank to a good deal more than the value of five hundred dollars.

"Borrowbie called the teller to his own desk, drew his own check for \$500, and handed it to him, saying, 'There, young man, that will square your account. Now remember! *This bank makes no mistakes, young man. This bank NEVER makes a mistake.*'

"That's the way he puts it to the tellers," said the book-keeper. "He says 'twas the making of the bank."

"Not exactly honest," said I, timidly.

"Well, the question is, whether you're guilty of deception in making a man a present of a thing by denying that it belongs to you. If you've given it to him, it don't."

I was not then so adept in the casuistry of banking, and did not see through the fallacy.

"He hasn't had to draw his check often for that purpose, has he?"

"What, for *these* tellers?" said the book-keeper, with a roguish sneer. "I can't say how often they make mistakes; but this I can tell you, they never thank any body for rectifying an overpayment. It makes 'em cross all day."

At this sally at the proverbial unthankfulness of bank clerks when mistakes made to their own disadvantage are corrected by others, the book-keeper plunged into his ledger.

President Borrowbie was very methodical, precise, and punctual. I well remember the first time he ever missed an appointment. It was considered a sign of his decadence. The attorney of the bank, a pert fellow, came in one afternoon to call him to attend a reference or

trial in a lawsuit. He found him reading a newspaper. "I declare," said he, "I forgot all about it."

"Why, Sir," said the attorney, with the gratification a small man sometimes shows when he finds a great man napping, "I thought you never forgot any thing."

"Young man!" said the president, "I have forgotten *more things than you ever knew.*"

THE RUNNER.

My first regular employment in the bank was that of runner. The runner's business is to present drafts, for acceptance and collection, to merchants and other men of business in all parts of the city. He has to travel the city through; from egg-cellars in the Erie Buildings to the sail-lofts in the fifth story in South Street—from a ship-chandler in Burling Slip to a Senator at the Astor House. He has to collect school-bills, rents, dividends, coupons, calls for installments on railroad stock, etc. So behold me at work—and irksome work it was!

The runner must get through his day's route and be back to the bank in double quick time, so as to make his returns to the tellers, who may be waiting for his items to close up their day's work. Consequently he has sometimes to stretch his legs in order to return in good season. That summer I thought I should give out. The weather was very hot, and, after having gone rapidly through my route and returned to the bank, I would go home, drop on a lounge, and not be able to get up again for the rest of the day, so exhausted did I feel. However, in a few months I conquered this, and became somewhat hardened to the work. After that I got on better. Let me attempt to describe a day's experience:

After entering the drafts (to be presented to firms and individuals for acceptance or payment) and the notes (to be presented at the different banks for certification as to genuineness) in a book for that purpose, and then arranging them for greater convenience in passing over the route (which is through the lower part of the city, and then up town as far as the drafts lay, and then back to the bank), I started out.

Passing from the bank around into Broad Street, I would leave a draft for acceptance, say at No. 30. Then, calling at 13 New Street, a draft would have to be presented for payment. Probably there would be two or three persons before me, so I would have to wait patiently until I could be waited on. Then on to 57 Broadway, to get a draft which had been left the previous day for acceptance. As like as not the person who had charge of it is out, or the draft has not been attended to, and then I have to wait until it is attended to; or, if I know the parties, trust to their promise that it will be sent up to the bank before 3 o'clock, as after that time non-accepted or unpaid drafts must go to protest. The next place is 20 Beaver Street. Here the parties are out; so I must

leave a notice for them to come up to the bank and pay it, say at 2 o'clock, at which time I expect to be back. Then on to No. 29 Whitehall Street. Here I leave a notice of a protest of a note (left for collection) not paid. The next place in order may be No. 18 South Street, a flour house, for a sight draft to be paid. Thence into Front Street, and call at one of the provision dealers, with a draft for acceptance. Sometimes the parties are obliging, and knowing that the draft is correct, accept it at once, and save me the trouble of calling next day. Sometimes the draft, if drawn at two or three days' sight, will be accepted, and dated by mistake the day after it has been left. This must be attended to, for if not seen to in time it will have to be taken back to be corrected. From this place I pass on to Wall Street, and get a sight draft paid by one of the auction houses. Then to Water Street, to leave a time draft for acceptance on one of the large hat manufactories. Then up Burling Slip to Pearl Street, to get a note certified at the Seventh Ward Bank, and to the Fulton Bank for a like purpose. Here the teller gives it back to me with the answer, "No funds." Sometimes it will be handed back with the answer, "No account," or that he has just certified a check to take it up with. From there it is likely I will have to go away up to the head of Cherry Street, to one of the iron foundries, with a draft for acceptance. Thence my route will take me to the ship-yards up town, to collect a sight draft. Probably I shall have to hunt all over the yard before I find the proprietor, and then as like as not he will give it back, saying, "I sha'n't pay it." I now jump into a stage and ride across to the Bowery, corner of Grand Street, to have a note certified there.

By this time it is 1 o'clock, and I begin to be impatient to get back, as it is becoming late, and I am still some distance up town. By the time I get over to Broadway I have become quite short and crusty, and don't stand on much ceremony. I dash into a place and out again as fast as possible, taking advantage, whenever I can, of a ride by stage or car to get ahead. So I pass down town in a zigzag course, down one street and through another, and so around to Wall Street again, and am back as near 2 o'clock as possible.

This lasted for some years. Sometimes I would become tired out, and resolve to leave. Then I would recover from the fatigue, gird up my loins, and at it again.

The runner has not only to be careful out of doors, to get along with the customers so as to give no offense, but he must take care inside to keep on good terms with the tellers, that there shall be no blow-ups between them. It is in the power of the teller to be very annoying, if he is so inclined.

Outdoors, the runner must also, in order to expedite his business, be acquainted with the short turns, the ins and outs of the streets, etc.

At the times of which I am now writing,

there was, in the lower part of Wall Street, the private banking house of an English firm, where they did every thing in true, bluff, dogged English style. I went there one day to get a draft cashed; it was near the end of a long day's running, and, as I was pressed for time, I watched the teller as he counted over gold pieces for a hundred and fifty dollars, to see that he counted them right, and then I dropped them into my pocket without a second counting, and rushed on. When I got back to the bank my funds were five dollars short. I was in a cold perspiration at the discovery; no counting or figuring would bring me out right. Here was a blunder, and my proud ambition was broken. I conjectured that the mistake was at B. and Co.'s, and I made excuse to leave the bank and run down there; but the hour of three had struck, and their door was closed, and rattling at it for admission brought no answer. I went back in a condition of despair. It was only five dollars, but it was a blunder. And to me who had then only sixty-three cents available means, five dollars looked like a small fortune. Being both proud and verdant, I was at my wits' end. As I walked hopeless into the bank, I saw a glimpse of President Borrowbie alone in the directors' room. The thought struck me, and I marched in without a moment's consideration, and pulling out my watch—a silver relic of time gone by—said to him: "Sir, I am afraid I have made a mistake; and if I have, I've no excuse. Will you be so good as to take my watch, and let me have five dollars until Saturday?"

Not a muscle of his face moved as he looked at me, and I looked at him watch in hand. I have often laughed since at the ridiculousness of my position, thus endeavoring to get my week's wages discounted in the directors' room on what was not very good security for ten shillings.

The good old man seemed to comprehend the situation. Without a word he took the watch, put it in a little drawer and turned the key, and then laid a half eagle on the desk before me. I went out in silence, and made my returns to the teller, where I was scolded for delay. That night I did not sleep much, though I felt a sort of exultation in having squeezed through. Among my first errands in the morning I went to B. and Co.'s.

"Do you remember," I said to the teller, "paying me a hundred and fifty in gold yesterday—"

"Here's your five dollars," he burst out, tossing it out, without allowing me to finish my sentence. "Now be off; you kept us here all night trying to find your mistake."

I seized it, too glad to retort, and disappeared. The first opportunity of finding the president alone the same day, I tendered him the identical gold piece. I said: "The man who made the mistake has rectified it, and I thank you, Sir."

He looked around to see that no one saw the

transaction, produced my watch, and took the money.

I remember that, as I turned to go out, he said I might shut the door; and, thinking he wished to speak with me, I closed it and returned toward him.

"You may shut it *from the other side*, Mr. Tillmann, if you please," said the courtly old gentleman. It was his polite way of piercing me with the conviction that such assistance would not be open to me a second time. I could have worshiped the old man for his goodness.

INSIDE.

Inside the bank the clerks were of a great number of nationalities—"braw Scots fra abune Abairdeen," American, and Irish; and among others a bluff Manxman, a subject of "his Majesty the King in Man."

There were the usual number of petty jealousies, and attempts to rule or ride one over the other, and as usual the weakest had to go to the wall.

What would the teller care for the comfort or convenience of the runner? This or that thing must be done by 3 o'clock, at any cost; for *he* was in a hurry to get away. The very next day, likely, the same thing was not of as much consequence—so arbitrary and overbearing does a person in such a situation become.

After getting in and making his returns to the tellers, the runner would have to enter notes that had been left during his absence, in the collection pass-books, and then prove the third or note teller's book.

If he was quite smart and wished to push ahead, he would count money for the second or third teller, or enter the deposits, or do some other work by which to ingratiate himself in the good opinion of those above him.

One of the smartest clerks was the general book-keeper. He would fly around the bank, picking up an item here, another one there, as he went around, apparently hardly doing any thing at all; then, summing these figures up, he would have his proof all correct.

He was very rapid in his movements, and would dart around and around the room again before he settled at the place he aimed at.

One of those who had to take his place temporarily complained that he "didn't see how the 'gen. book.' could make out his proof with a figure here and another there—hardly any thing at all—on a sheet of paper!"

Too many bank clerks have not enough to do, while others have too much put upon them. Some, who are "smart," soon get through their work; and others, who are "shirks," are much engaged in helping their superiors, to procure favor with them, leaving their own duty to take care of itself until it is thrust by those superiors on the less ambitious and more assiduous subordinates. There are always some fags upon whom neglected work falls.

Others lay their plans to rise by prying out the weak points of a superior. Woe to the un-

happy fellow-clerk who stands in the way of such a one! Our friend is bound to "rise" or be promoted by some means—good or bad; and if the person in his way "gives place" to his lordship, well and good; if not, he had better go at once, unless it should happen, as it sometimes does, that he is the hardest one of the two; then, indeed, ensues a crafty struggle for "getting ahead."

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

One thinks nothing of dogging the other's steps; listening to his talk while pretending to get an item to post; prying into his desk, *to get a pen or rubber*; looking to see if his ledgers are kept added up, or any other trick by which he may expect to catch his rival tripping. If our friend should succeed in his labor of love, he walks rough-shod over the one above him.

After a while I obtained the place of assistant to one of the book-keepers.

Here the duties are not so laborious, but more irksome. The checks for the day, of the accounts in the ledger, have to be entered in a book prepared for the purpose, and then proved, to see if the morning exchanges are right, and likewise the afternoon checks for the same purpose. Then the dealers' books had to be balanced; and sometimes there were very many checks. Then, if there was a difference, it might be some time before it could be found. One or two cents sometimes consumed hours of hard work in looking up. After that the checks had to be sorted away in a place prepared for that purpose. This was a troublesome business; but if one of the checks got mislaid, it was like hunting a needle in a haystack to find it.

One day, while I was busily writing at my desk, the quiet that reigned was rudely interrupted by a cry of "Stop thief! stop thief! stop him!"

Every one sprung up in astonishment as the sounds reverberated through that hollow and lofty chamber. I stood up at my desk, and saw streaming from the cashier's desk, along down the passage-way by the wall, a long line of men gallantly headed by the cashier in person—and, presto! they were gone before I could get my scattered senses together! I could hear them clattering out through the hall, with a "view-halloo," and then the noise died away in the distance. One of the first to join in the chase was young M——, a lazy, idle favorite. He ran around, and gave a spring over the counter, passing through the paying teller's gate as if he had been shot from a cannon. Would that I had the pencil of a Hogarth or the pen of a Walter Scott to picture or chronicle that ever-memorable chase!

The fugitive, after knocking down two or three of his pursuers, was obliged to surrender to superior numbers, and was brought back in triumph. But the triumph was brief. The man explained that he had picked up a check

in the street, and had merely presented it to see if it were worth anything before he should take the trouble to search for the owner; that the teller seemed to regard him with suspicion, and sent for the cashier; so, becoming alarmed at the turn things seemed to be taking, he abruptly departed, and this sudden movement gave rise to the hue and cry.

The cashier came back heartily ashamed of his share in the transaction; and as I had remained quiet, moralizing on the propensity of human nature to follow every poor hare that runs, I enjoyed my own complacent reflections on the result.

In the course of time I became assistant to the second (receiving) teller. This was a very hard and trying situation. It was a place to prove one's disposition, with nothing but steady work the best part of the day. The routine of this desk was as follows: The teller, after taking the deposit, handed it over to the assistant, to sort the checks and bank-notes into as many different pigeon-holes or boxes as there were banks with which the exchanges were made. The bills were counted and made up into packages, and then, with the checks, were put down on a slip of paper headed with the name of the bank to which the exchange was to be sent. Sometimes there would be great stacks of bills to be sorted and counted; and then, again, there would be no end to the checks to be put down on the slips. Frequently both these things would occur on the same day, and then there was nothing but drudgery for that day. I have known it to continue thus every day in the week.

The worst part of the day was about 3 o'clock P.M. Then the late and lazy depositors, with the large brokers, would come thronging in, and form a long line at the receiving teller's counter. Then there would be a long and tedious half hour till 3, when the teller ceases to take in the deposits. Sometimes a dealer's boy would try to put in his deposit ahead of the line. This would cause a beautiful explosion.

A smart teller, with his assistant, can get through his work by half past 4 to 5 o'clock. One of our tellers was a queer customer. What enormous quantities of tobacco he did consume in different ways—smoking, chewing, and snuffing! There was always a hecatomb of Mrs. Miller's boxes under his desk. What a strange being that man was! He was a droll fellow, with all his faults; and he made himself apparently very important, although he was indolent.

Any one would suppose that the business of the bank would come to an end without the presence of B——. If he was called away to the paying teller's desk, a customer would come in, and at once the question would be anxiously asked, "Where's B——?" "There he is, at the paying teller's desk." "Oh!" the dealer would say, as if much relieved, and as if then it was all right.

He was very free with his money, giving it

right and left with great profuseness. He would buy every thing that came along, and his desk was always crammed with as heterogeneous and nondescript a lot of things as one would often see; all pitched in any how, from a child's whistle to a can of honey. And couldn't he be lazy! Bless you! it did him good to loaf around, read the papers, talk politics, and chew tobacco. I verily believe that he came into the world purposely for this. He was never intended to work, not he! And then, if he had forgotten to attend to something that should have been done, and was scolded about it, with what an air he would button-hole the scolder, and accosting him as "Well, party," would tell a droll story, and would send him off laughing, having already forgotten all about the trouble.

After 3 o'clock there would be a little cessation in the labor, and those of the clerks who had not finished their work would light their cigars and puff away for dear life. Again B—— would be in his glory. Such droll remarks, such questionable stories he could tell. He would keep the rest in a roar of laughter all the time. Pretty soon one would say that tobacco did not agree with him; he did not feel well. Another would produce a white handkerchief, and, blowing the smoke through it, would laughingly show the black mark of the deadly nicotine. Then they would all puff away with renewed zest.

THE TELLER.

The functions of the paying teller are perhaps the most important of all the executive business of the bank. All the money of the bank is charged to him, and all checks are credited to him; and in this sense it might be said that all the business of the bank counters is done in his name. It all has to go through his head.

Your genuine paying teller is between twenty-five and forty. He is (in business hours) a grave fellow, with an intense look. If you did not see him through his wicket, you might take him for an active young lawyer of the most serious ambition. He is never corpulent. We do not grow fat by the intense mental preoccupations of counting all the money of a thousand great business houses with accuracy every day. He has generally dark hair, usually fine, and often thin. Imagine a fat, rolling person, with a tawny or yellowish gray head, and plump, heavy hands, trying to play paying teller! He would find it very hard to get his mind on it. The fine, yet strong, nervous organization of the genuine paying teller goes through a day's work as a racer goes over the course. He is bound to keep neck-and-neck with all Wall Street.

Perhaps some of my readers have never visited a bank except on the rare occasion of presenting a check to the paying teller. Perhaps you first wandered about, not knowing who was paymaster, and asked the wrong person, who pointed with his pen-tip to a little wicket in the high railing opposite the very door where you

entered. You handed him the check, he looked at it, and turned it over, and said, after looking at you a moment: "Madam, will you please indorse it?" In that moment he had to make up his mind whether he would disappoint and inconvenience you by refusing to pay it unless you could find some one who knew both him and yourself, and could prove your identity, or whether he would pay it and run the risk of losing the money if this stranger should turn out a forger. Your prepossessing appearance invited confidence, and his gallantry accepted the risk; yet perhaps you, ignorant of what was passing in his mind, condemned him for a curt, ungracious fellow.

"Indorse it?" you responded, inquiringly; "oh yes; let me see, how do you do it? Certainly. Ah! Would you be so kind as to do it for me, Sir?"

How provoking that the gloves would *not* come off, and the parasol *would* tumble down. By this time, too, there were other people waiting their turn.

"Impossible, madam," replies the teller, without a smile at the ignorance you disclosed. "It is to your order, and it must have your signature on the back. You will find a pen at that desk."

Then came the momentous question whether the signature should be lengthwise or across, and which way was right side up. This done, somehow you returned to the wicket and tossed in the check, saying, "There it is."

When any one speaks to you when you are counting money it throws you all out. "There, I've got to begin again." The teller knows how to be deaf. He is counting bills so fast that his fingers vibrate like the spokes of a wheel in motion. He finishes it, knowing that he is correct, hands the pile of bills to the customer next you, and then, taking up your check without looking at you, his mind hears for the first time the words that his ears heard some seconds before. The teller turns to the book-keeper, and learns that the gentleman who drew the check has not enough funds in bank to meet it. It would be proper for him to decline to pay you any thing. The bank always pays the whole or none. But if the drawer of the check is a good customer who is sure to make a sufficient deposit in the course of the day, it would not do to mortify him by a refusal. But he may have been a good customer up to to-day, and this may be the day on which he is to fail; for almost every body in commercial business fails one day or other, and it is not the custom to give any previous notice. The teller must determine his action on the instant. There is no stopping to think. He takes the risk. You are already impatient that he has turned away; and when he returns and counts out the money, you think it is a great deal of trouble for a very small matter; and you would think it was much more if you had appreciated the questions the teller had to determine, and that yours was but one of a long

series of such transactions running in an unbroken course through the day.

Just before my advent at the Rhino Bank the great Crupler, who was then well known as a large builder, kept an account with us; and getting tired, perhaps, of making money by the slow process of adding brick to brick, he tried his hand on our teller.

He came into the bank one day at the busiest hour of the day (just before 3 o'clock), and, letting the paying teller see him at the receiving teller's desk with his deposit-book in his hand, to induce him to believe that he was making a deposit, he then came around to the paying teller's desk, and taking his place in the line, when his turn came to be served got a couple of checks for a considerable amount certified. This was the easier to be accomplished, as he had heretofore always been correct in his bank account.

This over-draft cost the paying teller his place at once, and almost ruined him. The officers had no mercy on him. However, he is now in a very good position in spite of the petty behavior of the officials.

One of the tellers used to relate this story: "An old depositor came in one Monday and complained that the Saturday previous, in cashing his check, I had given him only four twenty-dollar bills for a hundred. He related how he put the bills in a wallet, and took nothing out till Monday morning, when he found the deficit. I referred him to the cashier, and the cashier, while believing my statement that I had not made such a mistake, said that he knew him to be an honest man, and was very set in his opinions, and that it would be better to pay him the twenty dollars than to offend him by discrediting his word. So I paid him, and he went away quite complacent. A few days afterward he came in with a sheepish smile, and gave me back the money as he passed through the room, saying he would explain it to the cashier. It seems that his wife, who had, as he said, often found fault with him for carrying rolls of bills about him, instead of keeping his money 'skewered up at home as she did,' took the bill out of his wallet Saturday night unknown to him, to prove to him, as she said, that he did not actually know how much he had, and might lose it without knowing it was gone. Having, as she supposed, made out her demonstration, she gave him back the lost bill in triumph on Monday night."

THE PANIC.

In October, 1857, occurred the suspension of specie payments. For some time there had been an apprehensive talk of trouble, and at last some of the smaller and weaker banks out of the "street" began to totter, and then to fall one after the other. We first heard of one here and another there. First it was the Banking Association, then the Bowery, then the People's Bank, and so on. Although it was fine weather and sunny mornings, yet every man's face wore an ex-

pression of gloom and fear, and trembling speculators with ashen lips whispered to each other the news of the latest disaster, or begged of cautious and frightened money-lenders for impossible accommodations, based on securities which a few days previous would have been considered ample. Values, at least all speculative values, disappeared like the frost-work on a window-pane on a winter's morning. Rich men suddenly became poor. Credit vanished. No man knew whom to trust. Crowds of anxious depositors gathered in front of the banks, and other crowds who had no deposits joined them out of sympathy, and they all groaned in unison as one institution after another closed its doors. It was something like knocking the underpinning from under a building—if you struck away one of the props, the house would begin to shake and tremble, and then one part after another would be displaced, until the whole mass would come down in one undistinguishable ruin. However, one or two stood the storm, and loomed up like some grand columns amidst the surrounding crash.

If you went into the street you would see that something strange was happening. People in business who knew each other well now began to be suspicious, and to glance at each other with apprehension.

At some of the banks you saw long lines of those who were making a "run on the bank," and were drawing specie for their bills, extending and stretching until the last comer would be far out in the street.

Some of the customers, fearing ruin, withdrew their accounts from the banks, and when all was over had much trouble in getting them back again.

At our institution, the first day, Monday, October 12, we were not much troubled. But on the second day, early in the morning, Tuesday, October 13, it commenced. The customers came streaming in, one after another, to see if they could get their change. In would come a pompous individual, with more money than sense, and would slap down his bills:

"I want the gold for that!" quite shortly.

"Certainly," said the paying teller, courteously (for he could be quite pleasant if he chose).

The gold was taken up, put into his pocket, and he departed.

Next came a laboring man, who would timidly ask:

"Please, Sir, can I have gold for that?"

"Yes," said the teller; and paid him in gold.

Then came along an unsophisticated individual with a bewildered air, nervously fumbling with his bills, until his turn came to be paid, when he threw down his money, with:

"Give me the gold."

"Very well," the teller said, and passed over the specie.

It was comical to see the perplexed look of the man as he received it. He gaped at the teller, turning the money over in his hands,

and, looking as if he could not believe the evidence of his senses, he departed, as if he was unable to fathom the mystery.

Those inside stood enjoying the scene, for there was hardly any thing done except at the paying teller's desk. He stood paying out with much rapidity the specie, which the specie clerk was busily counting, and the assistant teller was bringing to him. Never was there a more relieved man than he was when 3 o'clock came and he could shut his gate, though I believe he paid stray customers who came in afterward. He was well-nigh used up.

Among other calls we had one from that contrary-minded depositor who, I believe, always turns up at every bank when there is a run—the man who wants his money if he can't have it, and don't want it if he can.

He was a little old man, and in a high state of nervous excitement, oscillating between fear and hope. He threw down his check. "There," said he, in terror, "give me that balance in gold."

By the time it was counted out he had swung back toward reassurance, and he said, "So you've got it, have you? If it's all safe, I don't know as I want it. I thought you was breaking, and I came to draw my money because I was afraid I couldn't get it."

The teller put out his hand as if to receive it back, but this was enough to throw the poor man into consternation again. "No," said he, decidedly. "I tell you what, if you want it, I want it;" so he pocketed his money and went off. He was seen in the banking-room again in the course of the day, and I have no doubt he had come back to deposit his gold again; but seeing the run continue at the paying teller's wicket, he was seized with panic again, and retired. On the third day, Wednesday, October 14, there was a general suspension of specie payments by all the banks.

EXAMINATIONS.

About every six months there would be a vague feeling among the clerks that it was time for an examination of the cash of the bank. Once a year there was an examination of the effects of the institution; and then, at the end of six months from that time, the cash of the tellers only was looked over. But what passing glances were bestowed on the money! You might almost as well attempt to tell what was the matter with a man by making an examination of his face. How could the few moments given to this purpose effect the end proposed? A hop, skip, and jump, and away they go. For see how it was usually done: On a set day, which the clerks generally found out beforehand, the officers in the morning let the tellers know that their cash will be examined. Then there is a hurry through the day to get through in season, so that the directors may not be kept one moment (and, as a matter of course, they are kept waiting the longer).

As soon after 3 o'clock as possible, the first

one that proves sends up his tray with his cash, etc.; this is taken charge of by, say, three of the directors; then the next teller the same; and then the last one, if there are three tellers. After they had been examined, a sad lot of packages was returned to us. We usually had to set to work to rub out the pencil marks all over the figures before we could go on to prove the exchanges. Frequently the packages of bills had all to be restrapped again before they were in presentable order. And if there was a difference of a cent or two found (which they had not given us time to look for), it was accounted a serious result.

Two or three other directors took hold of the gold and examined that; that is, they would weigh one or two bags, making a terrible jingling with the scales, kick two or three others, and probably count the number of bags in the vault. After this tedious process, which was usually done with cigars in their mouths and their hands in their pockets, their work was about done. The rest of the unexamined bags might be filled with sand or lead for aught they knew. While this was going on the porters and clerks stood by with smiles on their faces. How can a couple of hours of investigation ascertain with much correctness the true state of the tellers' accounts? If they were overhauled unexpectedly the next day, it might have been found that a part was borrowed for the occasion. Such borrowing is occasionally practiced. If two or three days were devoted to the subject, probably then some approximate idea might be obtained of the state of the case.

DEFALCATIONS.

There are many varieties of tickets—tickets to the theatre, opera tickets, and pawn tickets, tickets to concerts, ball tickets, and tickets of leave, railroad tickets, soap tickets, and discharge tickets. And when I entered the bank I learned of another sort of ticket. I allude feelingly to the "charge ticket," the blessed means by which a foolish clerk anticipates his pay, and consequently finds little or nothing due him at the end of the month. The clerks were suffered to take small sums from the drawer, according to their needs, putting a ticket representing the amount in its place. The tellers would put tickets in each other's drawers. It was nothing but tickets, tickets, tickets. Frequently a clerk, at the end of the month, would be paid by his tickets instead of money.

The improvidence this begets is a bitter mischief. And it is the thin end of the wedge of crime. The receiving teller at one time seemed to take the money out of the drawer for his own uses as if it were his own. Very rarely was he seen to take any out of his own pocket. The clerks get so accustomed to it at last as to consider the money of the bank a common stock to be dipped into at pleasure. When this is permitted in *any* of the servants of a bank, who can wonder at their contracting loose ways

of living? When, by a common understanding, men allow each other to overstep the boundary, it would be strange if some of them did not wander on forbidden ground till they were lost.

At one time, when our bank was under a management both careless and partial, one of the tellers often left his money around exposed on the counter. One package disappeared, and then another. He was reprimanded by the officers, but as he was a protégé, they accepted his explanation that one of the parcels, which an express porter alleged he had delivered to him, was not so delivered; and a suit was brought against the express company in consequence. But the teller kept his place, although the contingent fund of the bank had to suffer for the amount in the end.

At another time, the bank porter, after the paying teller had gone for the day, found a package of five or six thousand dollars on the floor under his counter. This he had slung carelessly at his tin trunk, without troubling himself to see whether it went in, or over behind. The second teller, who was still in the bank, quietly put the money into his own trunk till morning, and then good-naturedly restored it to the first teller. If he had been of the disposition of some of our clerks, he would have made such representations to the officers that the careless teller would have lost his place, and the other might probably have gained it by promotion.

When slack management offers constant opportunity for speculation, and the ticket system offers temptation, there is sure to be trouble. My maxims for economy and success in the internal administration of a bank are: pay the best salaries, and enforce incessantly a thorough accountability, without indulgence or excuse. Pay well and watch well, will make the bank go well.

We had our defalcation during the oil fever. Then every one was getting rich; money was lying around in great bales two feet square. Three of us went to the Treasury one day and brought over as many great bundles of greenbacks as we could carry. The bundles lay around the place like bales of goods. One of our dealers brought in a wheel-barrow load of it, and we refused to take it. Quantities got to be a nuisance at last, and we clerks hated the sight of it.

Possibly we might have felt differently had it belonged to us.

But to return to the defalcation. Two of our fellows took advantage of the flush times to "put the bank through pretty handsomely," as we say in Wall Street.

The teller was a dissipated fellow, but he generally managed to come to time at bank hours. I have, however, known him to come down in the morning suffering so much from the effects of his last night's "good time" that he was unable to do any thing at his desk, and I would have to attend to his work as well as my own. A quiet laugh and significant winks

would be exchanged among the clerks. This was well known to the president and cashier, I think; yet very little notice was taken of it, except "blowing him up" sometimes.

He was an habitu  of the concert-saloons and other such resorts, where he was very popular as a valuable patron. He would frequently have trouble with the associates he thus formed, the point of the difficulty of course being their unsatisfied desires for money. The men and the "ladies" he consorted with lived on him.

It is accounted a great thing by these ear-iron crows of New York, as I call them, when they light on a bank clerk. The vultures are always on the watch. I was taken out once by a casual acquaintance to drive into the country, and was treated generously, as I innocently supposed, until I found out that the object of the excursion was to entrap me, and use me as a siphon to discharge the contents of the bank into the possession of these harpies.

"Pop," as we used to call the teller, found that his boon companions began to black-mail him in the street and at the bank. One I well recollect, who used to come in of an afternoon, after the clerks were gone, and we two were getting out our proof. Pop called him Tim, and told the porter and myself that he was a great fisherman. Tim, who did not look to me as if he were very fond of water, sometimes brought a string of fish, which we subsequently found out was only a cover for the money that the teller paid him.

There was another person, a woman dressed in black, wearing a thick veil, who frequently came to see him. They had a sharp controversy at one time, as if the teller was resisting her demands. He explained it to us afterward by saying that he had hired a house of her, but, in consequence of want of repairs, he had refused to take it, which made her angry. They disputed "hot and heavy" for some time, until, as I supposed, Pop was compelled to "come down." In the version he gave us, he said he had compromised the rent.

This teller, too, was shiftless. He was continually removing from one abode to another, changing from housekeeping to boarding, and from boarding to housekeeping. Such a life costs much money.

When, beginning with tickets, he had dipped into the funds of the bank as far as one hand could reach, he needed a coadjutor, and, in looking around, he found him where I never should have looked. He fixed on a young man who was the smartest in the bank—a married man, of a religious family, member of a church, neat and careful in his personal appearance—in short, the very opposite of the teller. How these two men ever came together in a fraud has always been a mystery to me; I can only conjecture that Pop gained the other through first infecting his mind with the oil fever.

However it began, in collusion they were. The teller gave this confederate large amounts

of money to invest in stocks, expecting to realize by their rise, and thus retrieve himself. The time, alas! never came. Losses followed losses, till more than a hundred thousand dollars were gone. This went on season after season, in spite of such examinations as the officers of the bank made every half year. And every morning the paying teller would return him his money, unexamined and not untrapped, just as he had given it in the night before. The clerks, however, began to have suspicions. Sometimes they would ask him: "Well, Pop, who was that scaly-looking fellow to whom you loaned some money? Did you make him give you a ticket?" Then there would be a laugh all around.

All things must have an end. If this fraud had not come to an end, our bank would soon have done so. One day, in consequence of the absence of several clerks, this confederate had to take the paying teller's place, and thus could not keep his own affairs in trim to avoid a disclosure. The poor fellows were both ruined.

These explosions come so often that the public are getting used to them. Newspaper men don't think a defalcation good for a respectable sensation unless it mounts above a hundred thousand, or has some peculiar romantic circumstances. But, on the other hand, there is more embezzlement than the public are told of. For every fraud that swells to the proportions of a public event, and agitates the surface of commercial credit, there are two or three going on in silence, sapping the foundations, and, when discovered by those interested, concealed from the public. A very prosperous man in Wall Street was asked how it was that he had never made any mistakes in his affairs, but every thing with him succeeded. "I make as many mistakes as other people," he replied; "but I don't talk about them." The more careless a bank is in allowing itself to be defrauded, the more unwilling it is to have its suffering known.

When will employers learn that, for places of trust, it is better economy to pay liberal salaries to secure first-rate men, than to employ unsound stuff at stipends inadequate for reputable domestic and social life, and that give no margin for better luxuries than whisky and meerschauums?

I affirm that, in any community, if the faithful services of intelligent men are wanted in a permanent employment, in the nature of a trust, they must be paid a compensation sufficient to enable them to live in a home of their own, with a family of their own, in a manner agreeable to the wholesome tastes and desires of men of such a degree of intelligence. I do not assert that it is *unjust* to pay less if the employ  consents to serve for less. I affirm that, in the long run, the faithful service can not be had for less. It is a vain attempt to elude inevitable social laws, and although the yearly salaries may be kept down to a few thousands, the occasional penalty of a few hundred thousands is an inevitable offset.

WAS IT H, OR K?

A WARM, lazy, summer afternoon. A tall, handsome, manly looking fellow is stretched on the grass at the feet of a bright, pretty woman, who sometimes crochets, and sometimes leaves off to watch the listless figure that does nothing but pull apart the clover leaves. She is only two years his senior, but his aunt, and married; so she is not his lady love, but his best woman friend, whom he loves dearly, and trusts entirely. She has just returned from a three years' stay in Europe; so now they are trying to "talk up" this long intervening time that has separated them.

"John," she says, after there has been a long, quiet pause, "there's one thing you haven't spoken about. I've been studying your face ever since I came back. There's a pained, hard look often in it now that I am sure some woman put there. And, besides, here you are at thirty not married yet, though there's nothing earthly to prevent, and you've been a perfect devotee of the sex ever since you were a baby in petticoats! So, John dear, I know there is a romance you have never even mentioned to me." And as she spoke she laid her little soft hand caressingly on his hair.

He turned his head, and met her loving glance with a softened look on his face; then he said, slowly, "Your woman's instinct has hit the mark, as usual, Kate. I think you love me, and there's no other woman in the world that does" (his mother was dead); "so I will tell you about it now, because I'm in the mood, and may never be again, and, besides, I trust *you*, Kate." And he took the little hand and kissed it reverently. Then, throwing himself back on the grass, leaning on his elbow—such a becoming attitude for a handsome man!—he began:

"It isn't so much of a story, after all, dear, and it all hinges on just the being able to tell if a single letter were an H or a K. The one romance of my whole life was in it, though; and since it failed, why, all the real brightness of my youth has gone forever. Strange God should let such trifles, such insignificant mistakes, have power sometimes to wreck a whole life! Just after you went abroad, you know, I went to California on some professional business. The first day out, as I was standing on the deck, smoking, I put my hand into my pocket for my cigar-case, and pulled out instead a small parcel, which, on opening, I found to be a morocco miniature-case. 'This is queer,' I said to myself, 'but interesting!' Then I remembered that the night before, when I was busy packing—my room at the same time half full of fellows who had come in to say good-by—that a servant had brought me this package, just left at the door for me, he said. Thinking it was the new cigar-case I had ordered, I thought no more about it just then, but tucked it into my pocket, and had forgotten all about it till now. I opened eagerly the case, and there was a photograph, a vignette, of such a

lovely woman! I certainly never saw a more charming picture; and you will admit that, in my long apprenticeship to the sex, I have grown critical, and am by no means easily pleased.

"The shoulders were turned away coquettishly, as if to hide their lovely outlines, but the face looked back on me with an air of archness that was captivating. The mouth was delicate, but full of character; the eyes, which met mine with the glimmer of a far-off smile in them, were large and very dark, contrasting strongly in color with the hair, which was light, and thrown off carelessly, in little waves, from a wide, low forehead, like a statue's. The whole face was that of a young, beautiful, spirited girl, already dangerous in her consciousness of womanly power."

"Ah, John!" whispers the aunt, coaxingly; "your description fascinates me. Will you not show me the picture some day?"

"No," answers the young man, with a heavy sigh; "because I gave it back to her long ago. Well, you can fancy my amazement at thus coming into possession of such a picture, the original of which I had never seen in my life. As there was no note with it, I turned with keen curiosity to the wrapper, which I had hastily torn off without looking at. Alas! one half only was lying at my feet; the other had blown into the water, where I could just discern it now, a little brown speck, for which I would have given almost any thing. For on the half I held was written, in a stylish, feminine hand, 'Mr. John H—'; there the wrapper was torn across most provokingly; for, looking at it narrowly where the lower part of the H was torn, it looked almost as though it might be a K, after all. How I pored over that wretched capital! If it were an H, in spite of the mystery—making it all the more charming—it belonged to me; if it were a K, then some unlucky being had, through a blunder of somebody, lost a picture that must be worth the world to him. Finally, I decided that it must be an H; and feeling a presentiment that some romance for me was connected with it, I took the greatest care of it, wearing it always in my breast pocket, and spending many an idle moment in California in studying it. I had to be for many months among the mines, where I had not a single friend; and when I grew almost heart-sick with seeing only the hardened, coarse, even brutalized faces of the poor women one finds there, it was such a blessed relief to take out this picture, which carried me straight back to civilization and home, with its soft, refined features, and its sweet, pure eyes! Then one day, by a strange chance—Providence, I ought to say—it gained for me a new charm, since it saved my life. I was riding alone, one dark night, through a gloomy pass, when the well-aimed ball of some hidden desperado struck directly on my breast; but the case of the little picture, which was there, broke its force, and saved me. The photograph itself was not materially hurt either, though the case was split to pieces. After that

the feeling I had for it amounted almost to a superstition. I staid in California a year; then, my business being successfully accomplished, I returned home to New York. Of course there were many thoughts crowding into my mind as we steamed up the harbor the morning I arrived; but, laugh at me as you will, uppermost among them was the feeling, or presentiment, or whatever you choose to call it, that I was coming home to find the original of my picture, and so meet my fate. I wouldn't for the world, though, have confessed as much to any one, and I never showed the picture. Nevertheless, it is the truth that I took the most unheard-of pains to discover the fair unknown, and I never went any where without a faint hope of seeing her. I stared at every woman I met with light hair and dark eyes, hunted through photograph saloons, and always looked into every body's album—a thing that ordinarily I detest—but all my efforts were in vain; and finally I gave up the whole thing as a mystery it was useless to puzzle my brains over. But at last, one day—

"Ah!" exclaimed Kate; "now she's coming, I know. I was beginning to grow impatient for her."

"Yes," he answered, with a smile at her earnestness; "now she's coming, Kate, and this was the way she came. I was hurrying home one afternoon in a sudden, blinding snow-storm that had just come up. In front of me were two young ladies rushing along under an umbrella, evidently overtaken, like me, by the tremendous storm. The wind was blowing their clothes about in the most unceremonious manner, evidently to their dismay—though one of them, I noticed, had the prettiest foot and ankle I ever saw—and beneath their closely tied blue veils they were laughing heartily as they tried to hold up their umbrella, and at the same time keep their footing on the icy sidewalk. I was watching them with much amusement and interest, especially the taller one, who was very graceful in spite of her difficulties, when a sudden gust of wind came sweeping round the corner, whirled the umbrella out of their hands, and brought them both down on the ice at my feet with a crash. The short one laughed and bounced up before I could help her, but the other reached out and took my outstretched hand with a little moan. 'I think I have sprained my ankle,' said she, in a soft, piteous voice. At that I lifted her gently with both my arms, and, as I did so, her friend exclaimed, joyfully, 'Oh, bless you, Mr. Haller! I'm so glad it's *you*!' and, to my surprise, it was my old friend, Mary Allyn, the jolliest, drollest creature, too."

"'Laura! are you kilt entirely? Oh dear, she can hardly stand! Mr. Haller, just hold her up long enough for me to introduce you to her—Miss Stanley. Now what are we to do?'"

"You don't mean to tell me," exclaimed Kate, with animation, "that it was Laura Stanley?"

"Yes," said the young man, quickly. "Why, do you know her?"

"Only by reputation, before I went abroad, as a great beauty and a most fascinating woman. She had such a host of suitors! So it was *her* picture you had? No wonder you were bewitched, John! Now go on, for I am ten times more interested than ever."

"Well, fortunately, a carriage was passing. So I hailed it; and, taking the half-fainting girl in my arms, put her into it, and Mary and I took her home. Just as we had seated ourselves in it, I supporting her carefully one side, Mary tenderly holding up the poor little foot the other, her veil came off, and there, to my utter bewilderment and delight, was the long-sought original of my picture, her head actually resting on my shoulder! There were the same wonderful dark eyes, the same light, wavy hair tossed back from the low, wide forehead, even the same brooch—an odd, foreign affair—at her throat! It was lucky for me that Mary was entirely occupied with her friend. Otherwise I don't know what she would have thought of my perfectly amazed and probably ludicrous expression as we drove slowly along. I am sure I couldn't have told whether I was in heaven or earth. She did utterly bewitch me that day, Kate, not only with her beauty, but her brave endurance of the pain—which, as soon as the faintness passed off, she made light of—and her naïve, sweet ways, the frankness with which she accepted my aid, and then the lovely blush with which she thanked me when, having carried her safely into her home, I left her.

"Of course I went home in a state of ecstasy, sat up half the night poring over her picture, and dreaming glorious dreams of the future; and of course, the very next morning, I presented myself at the Allyn mansion, ostensibly to inquire after Mary's health and condition, really to find out every thing possible about Miss Stanley. Mary was overflowing in her expressions of gratitude, both for herself and her friend; and after informing me that the sprain had proved very slight, raised me to the seventh heaven by rehearsing the thousand and one complimentary things that she insisted Miss Stanley had said about me. I told her that, as I didn't believe a word she was saying, we would change the subject, and asked how it happened that I had never met her friend before.

"'She has lived in Philadelphia till lately; has been a great belle there; but her father, who is a lawyer, and not well off, has moved now with his family to New York.'

"'She is very beautiful, and will find no lack of admirers here too.'

"'Ah!' said Mary, quickly; 'but she is already engaged.'

"Do you know, Kate, that when she said that I honestly felt as though some one had suddenly stabbed me. I don't think I showed it, though, in my face, and I said, quietly,

"'And who is the fortunate man?'"

"Mr. John Kuler, a Cuban on his mother's side—such a little, dark man! furiously jealous, they say, if she but smiles on any one else—and without an earthly attraction, that ever I could see, for a girl like Laura Stanley, unless it's his immense wealth, and his old family—one of the best in the city, you know."

"I had heard enough, as you may suppose, Kate, and walked home, calling myself a fool, and vowing never to look at, or care for her picture again. 'My little romance is over,' I said to myself, as I put the case carefully away. 'I might have known it would be so; so here's the end of it all for me. Ah, Kate dear, it would have been well for me if that had been the end of it."

"In August, finding the city hot, and needing a rest from business, I went for my vacation to—never mind the name—one of the fashionable resorts that summer. You know the sort of place—a large hotel filled with gay people, wide piazzas running all round the house, delightful for promenades in the morning, dangerously fascinating for the same in the evening; romantic pine woods (with lovers' walks in them every where) close by, charming drives in all directions, capital opportunities for rowing and sailing on the lake. In short, if ever a place was designed by Nature for every sort of good times—specially flirtations—that was the place. However, I didn't feel like flirting."

"For the first time in your life, then," suggests the aunt, quietly.

"Besides, there was really nobody worth one's while; all the first-class girls were dull and homely; all the pretty ones dreadfully second-class. So I kept by myself, and enjoyed nature outdoors rather than art in."

"Art," meaning their complexions, I suppose," says Kate.

"Certainly; also their 'tricks and manners.' One evening, however, there was an unusual stir in the house at a party of arrivals; and, lounging into the office to look at the book after they had registered their names, I will acknowledge that my heart gave a thump when I read, 'Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, and Miss Laura Stanley, of New York.' The next morning she appeared at breakfast, looking like a divinity, in the prettiest white morning dress. I took one rapid, sweeping glance, as she came in with a quiet, unembarrassed air, though there wasn't a woman in the room whose eyes were not taking her all in critically, and could find no fault in her, from the top of her head, where a coquettish blue bow fastened her lovely hair—"

"Wonder where she bought it?" asks Kate, wickedly.

"Every spire of it was her own, madam. It all came down once when we were riding horse-back together, and it looked like a mass of gold in the sunshine. I helped her put it up."

"No doubt you did," says the aunt.

"As I was saying," continued the young man, not deigning to notice the remark, "she was faultless down to the tips of her little bronze

slippers. The table at which I sat was directly opposite hers; and when, to my astonishment, during the meal, she happened to catch me looking at her, and recognized me at once with a sudden lighting up of her splendid eyes, and a charming bow and smile, I'm free to confess, Kate, that, 'scarred old veteran' as I am, I blushed up to my eyes with pleasure, like any boy of seventeen, and just fell head over ears in love with her there and then—Mr. John Kuler or any body else notwithstanding. Oh, what weeks of enchantment those were that followed! Some way we were wonderfully congenial, as we found, in all our ways of thinking, in our tastes, and in our likes and dislikes. She was cultivated and clever, and it was a pleasure to talk over my favorite books with her. She had, too, as keen a sense of the ludicrous as I. What a bond of sympathy that is, Kate! I couldn't love Venus herself if she had no sense of humor. And whenever any thing grotesque or absurd occurred, my eyes instinctively sought in hers the quick glance of amusement that was sure to respond. I am sure I had no thought of a flirtation. It was simply that I could not keep away from her; and I never came without meeting a welcoming glance or a reproachful 'Where have you been all the time?'—said time being perhaps from breakfast to dinner, when I had resolutely kept away, lest I should weary her. So, at last, we were almost inseparable. Oh, the long, merry walks we used to take in the fresh morning air, and the quiet, dreamy hours we spent sailing on the lake at sunset—she looking like a picture, in her broad straw hat and white dress, leaning over the side to dip her little hand in the water while she talked, and her cousin—a plump little chit of seven, who always went with us for propriety—lay curled up asleep at her feet! Then there were sunny afternoons in the pine woods, when I read to her, and glorious moonlight nights on the piazza, when the mere enjoyment of being together in such beauty was full of romance, and a dangerous luxury. Every day I felt more and more that for me, and perhaps for her, it was growing too sweet—only a sin and a snare—and I would resolve to break the spell, and tear myself away; but I could not."

"Did you never say a word about her picture?"

"Not a word. An odd thing happened, though, that I must tell you. Her mother, one day, was showing me her album—a very fine one—when some one remarked that the photograph of Miss Laura was very poor. 'Ah!' said her mother, sighing; 'I wish you could have seen the one she had taken for Mr. Kuler once! It was superb! He never got it, though, poor man! for it was lost in the most mysterious manner.'

"My heart beat guiltily under the picture, at that moment reposing in my breast pocket—you see it had resumed its old California place—and I will confess that I felt like a thief and a pick-pocket; but I calmly scrutinized the photo-

graphs, and asked, 'What could have become of it?'

"We suppose the servant must have left it at the wrong house; but though Mr. Kuler made no end of inquiries and fuss, it was never found. She had another taken for him, but it was not half so good.'

"I wonder what lucky wretch did get it?" said one of the gentlemen, laughing.

"Some unprincipled scamp, probably," said I; and there the matter dropped."

"I declare!" said Kate, laughing; "I think you were a brazen-faced villain! You ought to have given it up on the spot."

"Not I," said the young man. "John Kuler had one, and that was enough for him, since he had the original too. This was mine by right of possession, and I was highly gratified to learn that of the two I had the *best*, and I meant to keep it."

Kate shook her head disapprovingly. "John, you are incorrigible. But tell me. Where *was* her lover all this time? And then the gossips, the tabbies—did they let you alone?"

"Her lover was in New York, I suppose, attending to his business. As for the gossips—well, they *were* busy with us, that's a fact, but she cared not one whit for them. I think her mother used to remonstrate with her sometimes, too; but she was headstrong and willful, and as long as she was happy in the present—and I know now that those were halcyon days for her as well as me—she would not face the future. All at once there came the end—as there always does come the end, I find, to every thing sweet in this life." And the sigh with which John spoke the words was long and deep.

"We had just returned from a delightful walk, and were resting merrily on the piazza together, Laura fanning herself with her straw hat, when her little cousin ran to her with a letter. She opened it, and glanced through it; then I saw a shade pass over her face, and she pressed her lips closely together, turning her face away, as if to conceal it.

"When she spoke again it was in a constrained voice: 'Mr. Kuler comes this afternoon; will remain till we go back to town. I shall not be able to ride on horseback with you to-day, as I promised, Mr. Haller.'

"Was she glad or sorry that her lover was coming? I could only guess from her face, and that was hard and set. For myself, my heart gave a sudden bound, as I thought, 'She does not care for him; she loves me.'

"Mr. Kuler comes to-day, and I go to-morrow," I said, watching her face.

"She rose to go in, then suddenly turned and gave me her hand—the softest, prettiest little hand in the world, I think. 'Don't go to-morrow. I want you to stay. Will you?'

"What could I answer, Kate, with her face looking up so into mine, but that I would do any thing or every thing in the world that she asked me? Another minute, and I should have told her all—of her picture I had cher-

ished so long, of the love I felt for her now. I am sure she must have seen from my face what was coming, and perhaps was frightened at what she had done; for she escaped from me without another word. At dinner she did not make her appearance, and I heard her mother tell some one that 'Laura had a fearful headache!'

"All the afternoon I was out rowing desperately, making time such as I never did before, while my brain was in a whirl. I was sure she did not love this John Kuler whom she had promised to marry. I dared to hope, and I think she had given me every reason to hope, that she did love me. Why should she keep her engagement, and be miserable? At the first opportunity I resolved to lay myself at her feet, and run my chance of an acceptance—perhaps of a refusal, with a scathing rebuke.

"Coming in late to tea, my eye glanced at the Stanleys' table. There sat Laura, exquisitely dressed, and brilliantly beautiful (though with a little heaviness about her eyes, and an excited flush on her cheeks), talking and laughing gayly with Mr. Kuler, who sat beside her. As Mary Allyn had said, he was a little, dark man, with a fiery eye and a Cuban face. She looked up, and just nodded at me with an air of cool indifference that almost stunned me, making me feel all at once that I had been all day only dreaming the wildest dreams. You see, Kate, she was so deep; like all you women, too, 'light as fair weather.' I could almost hate myself that, in spite of all, I could not help loving her. She had virtually brought me to her feet; she was sure of the power she had over me; she even acknowledged to herself my power over her; but for all that, now that her lover had come, a better *parti* than I, she had determined to go back to her allegiance, and to show me that I was to be nothing to her any more.

"How that cool little nod angered me, and roused my pride! I resolved, as I quietly drank my tea, that now I would *not* go to-morrow, and so beat an inglorious retreat before this victorious rival. All the evening I danced and flirted mildly with a pretty young widow, who had just come, leaving my love, unmolested, to her fate. I had my revenge, however, in the uneasy glances I saw her throw in our direction, and especially in seeing that she and Mr. Kuler, who sat by themselves in a duly engaged manner, did not seem to be enjoying themselves supremely, as after so long an absence might have been expected. He looked moody, and talked little—he had a high, unpleasant voice—while she, instead of being all sparkle and animation, as usual, had a preoccupied air, and wore a forced smile. Once or twice I saw that she actually looked bored. You see, Kate, I had not been studying her face so long in vain, and I could read it now—or thought I could—like an open book.

"The next day Mrs. Stanley, a managing old woman, who had been distressed of late lest I

was interfering with her cherished plan, introduced me complacently to her future son-in-law. I noticed, by-the-way, that he regarded me with no benignant expression; and I soon found—Kate, don't think me a conceited fool for saying so; it was the simple truth—that, barring his immense wealth and aristocratic family, he was a man I should have nothing to fear from as a rival in Laura Stanley's heart. Well-bred, but narrow-minded and opinionated, without one particle of originality or enthusiasm, given to long, pointless stories and the dreariest platitudes in conversation, just the man to weary utterly a quick, intellectual, brilliant girl like Laura Stanley. From my heart I began to pity her. I felt that she was dooming herself to a life of horrible ennui, or else one of reckless misery, perhaps of sin.

"We had nothing but the most ordinary intercourse for several days; there was no chance for a *tête-à-tête*, and I sought none. I was wretched, but I doubt if I was more so than she, in the mask of happiness she was forced continually to wear. Wednesday came—I had made my plans to leave Friday, as Laura knew—a sailing party was gotten up, the Stanleys were going, so was I. Perhaps she was desperate, ennuied with her lover; at any rate I saw that she had one of her reckless days on. When the party were assembling on the piazza it happened that I was a little late, and so was she, and we met in the hall. It was a cool day; she had on a short dress of bright 'navy blue,' fitting her closely, and showing off her round, lovely form to perfection, and a little black sailor hat trimmed with blue set jauntily on her light hair; nothing could have been nattier or more becoming than her costume. I gave her a look expressive of my entire approval; she answered it with a bright, coquettish laugh—how she loved admiration, that girl!—and a saucy 'Glad your lordship's pleased, I am sure.' Then all at once her tone and expression changed and grew grave. I think it was partly in her ever-varying moods and ways that her charm lay—you never knew what she was going to say or do next; and she said, in a low voice, reproachful and tender:

"*Why* have you been so cruel to me? You have hardly spoken to me for days. Shall I save a place for you by me in the boat to-day, as I used to?"

"Mr. Kuler scowled when, after helping the ladies aboard, I jumped lightly into the boat, on the other side of Laura. But I cared not for his scowls, neither apparently did she; so I held her parasol over her, and beneath its protecting shade we laughed and talked and enjoyed ourselves together in the old way, till the sail was over, and the boat was returning to the landing-place.

"*'I have been so happy and so wicked all the afternoon,'* she said to me, almost in a whisper, bending over the side and dipping her hand in the water as she spoke; *'and this evening I must be good—and miserable!'*—this last in an almost inaudible voice, full of sadness.

"*'Miserable, not only for this evening, but for all the days of your life. Is it not so?'* I answered, looking at her steadily. *'Why not free yourself, and then be good as well as happy with me always? You know I love you!'*

"*'Hush!'* she whispered, without raising her head; and I saw her very neck grow crimson beneath her hat. *'You must not say that to me now. It is too late. I have not the courage; I fear my father and my mother and the world. Besides, you do not know me. I am intensely ambitious and worldly, and wealth and position give power. He loves me too—and—and after a while I dare say I may care for him. Promise me that you will leave me—that you will never tempt me again. I am not so strong in myself as I believed. I can not bear it.'* And her head sank still lower, and I saw her tears drop into the water.

"There was a choking in my throat that prevented my answering at once. She put up her hand hastily to her eyes with an impatient gesture, as though angry with herself, and then gave a sudden start and exclamation, looking at her finger. Her engagement ring (a magnificent solitaire) was gone! Mr. Kuler, who had been busy collecting the Stanley shawls, sprang to her side at her scream of dismay, and there ensued a general scene of confusion, in which every body was occupied in looking and lamenting. But the ring (which must have slipped off her finger in the water) could not be found. Mr. Kuler looked darker than ever, poor Laura pale and distressed—the loss of the ring giving her an apparent reason—and altogether it was a dreary party that returned to the house. For myself, I simply felt that love and the romance of life for me were over. I loved this woman profoundly—as I can never love any woman again. She had led me on to declaring myself, and then had rejected me—not because she did not return my love, for I felt that in every nerve of her body, in every emotion of her soul, she did; but she was not true enough to herself, not noble enough to give up the world for love. Now nothing remained for me but to go away and try and live this passion down, throwing myself heart and soul into my profession, and finding in that, if I could, a mistress, an absorbing occupation.

"I was sitting in my room smoking while I mused gloomily of these things and looked at the little picture which had so strangely been bound up with my life, when I was startled by a hand on my shoulder, and, turning, saw Mr. Kuler, who was saying:

"*'Mr. Haller must have been very deep in thought since he did not hear me, though I knocked twice. I—'*

"Then he stopped short. I had closed the case quickly when I heard his voice, but not quickly enough, it seemed. His voice changed and his eyes grew dangerous. *'You are fortunate in being the possessor of a picture Miss Stanley told me was lost.'*

"His insolent tone angered me, so I coolly put the picture back in my pocket. 'I was occupied, and did not hear you. Can I do any thing for you this evening?'"

"He looked as if he could have stabbed me on the spot. 'For me nothing now. I will see you later in the evening,' his voice quivering with suppressed passion. 'The ladies sent me to tell you that they are waiting for you in the little parlor.' And he strode out of the room."

"The rehearsal for some theatricals we were getting up was to be that evening, and I had entirely forgotten it. I went down stairs; but, as nobody seemed to be prepared, the rehearsal did not come off. I was heartily glad of it, and taking my cigar I went out on the piazza. It was a wild, gloomy night, so no one was out there; and I paced up and down in the darkness and dreary wind, which suited my mood so well, going over the day's events and revolving what I must now do about the picture, since it was known to be in my possession. An hour or more had passed in this way, when I heard low but excited voices at the further end of the piazza. Turning in that direction I saw Miss Stanley leaning against a pillar, her head thrown haughtily back; while before her stood Mr. Kuler, evidently under the greatest excitement, talking in angry, reproachful tones, his voice husky with rage. I caught the words 'treachery, revenge, you have deceived me.'

"Then Laura answered, indignantly, 'Can you not believe me when I say that I never gave him the picture?'"

"Instantly I walked up to them, and placed myself before Mr. Kuler. 'Your opinion of me,' I said, with all the calmness I could command, 'is a matter of utter indifference. But I wish to exculpate Miss Stanley from all blame whatsoever as regards her picture, which you have unfortunately seen in my hands.' Then, in the simplest, most direct way, I told the story of the picture, and what it had been to me in California, and ever since, and how it saved my life. Laura listened with intensity, her bosom heaving, her hands clasped closely together, as if she were holding herself down. Then—it was almost like wrenching my heart out, Kate—I took out the picture and gave it to her."

"Your picture can never be any thing to me now, Miss Stanley; and I have no right or title in it—have never had; so I restore it to you. Good-night!"

"She felt, for my voice betrayed it, that it was also 'farewell,' and that all was over between us."

"Good-night," she said, softly, and put out her hand."

"As I held it for one passionate moment I saw that her face was pale with repressed emotion, and she was trembling all over. As I turned and left them, Mr. Kuler attempted to stammer out something, perhaps an apology; but I did not wait to hear it, and I went up to my room. There was one of those tall, old-fashioned clocks at the head of my stairs, and

all night long, Kate, as I lay awake, I heard that clock tick, and I thought of Longfellow's

"Forever—never! Never—forever!"

"As soon as it was daylight I got up, packed my things, and by six o'clock was rushing on in the train to New York."

Here the young man made a long pause.

"Well?" said Kate, gently, after waiting a while.

"Well," he answered, with a long sigh, "you must be tired, and there is not much more to tell. I never saw her but once more, and that was after she was married. She sent me cards, but I did not go to the wedding, which took place that very fall, and was a grand affair. There was a long description of it in the paper, and of how 'the happy pair' had gone to Europe. They spent the winter in Paris, where they were very gay, and 'the beautiful Mrs. Kuler' was mentioned in all the accounts of the court balls. It was at a great party after she returned that I saw her. She was the most distinguished-looking woman in the room, but less brilliantly beautiful than she used to be, I thought. She seemed a little worn and weary, and there was a look about her that made you think that in solitude her face would be very sad. They say that her married life is very unhappy, that she is recklessly extravagant, and her husband close even to meanness, and terribly jealous. I was standing behind a pedestal of flowers, where I could watch her unseen, as I thought. Her hair was powdered, and without a single ornament, and heightened wonderfully the brilliancy of her magnificent eyes. Her neck, which was round and white as a Juno's, was flashing with diamonds; and all her movements had a sort of haughty grace. Suddenly she glanced in my direction, and our eyes met. She started and colored; then her face lighted up with one of her old sweet smiles. I started forward to go to her, but at that moment some one came and claimed her hand for the next dance, and I went home. Just that one look she gave me had set all my pulses to beating wildly. I felt that she had not lost one jot of her old power over me yet; and I did not dare to trust myself within the range of her influence again, and revive the misery that I had been striving so hard to forget. But I can not forget her, Kate, and I never shall."

WITH A FLOWER.

THOUGH but one blossomed spray I bring,
In that bright hair to twine,
I would that every budding thing
Of June and summer should be thine;
While heart's-ease all her purple wine
Should press for thee, wild roses red
All their cool, fresh spirit shed
Round thee, and forget to cease
Long as sunbeams in the fleece
Of heaven weave their shining strand;
And at last a heavenly hand
Give thee, give thee
Lilies of eternal peace!

ANNE FURNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MABEL'S PROGRESS," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE,"
"VERONICA," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

I ALWAYS liked going to my grandfather's. His house had an atmosphere of stillness and mystery that was alluring to me. No doubt my childish imagination magnified and distorted many things there, as the eyes of an infant are not able to see objects as we see them with our adult vision. Neither mind nor eyes attain their just focus at once.

In my own home, where there were the constant movement and occupation incident to a country house situated on a large and well-stocked farm, the servants wondered greatly that "Miss Anne" should like going to Mortlands—Mortlands was the name of my grandfather's place; and I have more than once overheard them opining to each other that it was very bad for a child to be moped up in a house like that, without a young or cheerful face for her eyes to rest on from sunrise to sunset; and a queer lot that lived there, too, by all accounts! Such speeches only aroused a contemptuous resentment in me. Perhaps, too, they served to put Mortlands in a more alluring light than ever, by their vague hints of something strange about grandfather's household, which appealed to my inborn love of the marvelous.

My father also found it somewhat singular that his little girl should be so fond of staying at a dull place where there were no pets or play-fellows. But my mother never expressed any surprise on the subject. Mother and I had a silent sympathy on that, as on many another, point of feeling.

Mortlands was situated on the extreme edge of the suburb of a country town in the north of England, which I will call Horsingham. Between it and the nearest house, going townward, was a space we called the Park, which was simply a large meadow, bounded by a hedge, with ancient elms growing in it at intervals—trees that might have been the veritable "hedge-row elms with hillocks green" of *L'Allegro*. In the other direction there was no dwelling within two miles of Mortlands.

The house had once stood on a considerable estate belonging to it; but that was before my time, or grandfather's time either. When he first inhabited it, it had long been shorn of its territorial glories. The only land still attached to it was a large, irregular, rambling garden inclosed within high stone walls.

This garden was my delight. I used to spend many long hours in it; sometimes with a story-book, curled up on a moss-grown old seat of rustic wood-work; sometimes wandering about the alleys, enacting imaginary scenes with imaginary companions. During these hours I was mostly alone, and this circumstance had a

great charm for me. I was left absolutely to my own devices, and as I was a child of a very active and vivid fancy, my own devices amply sufficed to amuse me.

I have thought sometimes that to explore the long-silent haunts of memory is like prying into one of the Etruscan tombs they tell of, whose walls were once covered with bright pictures of the busy life which that solemn, rock-hewn chamber shut out forever.

There are the familiar implements of household use—the spent lamp, the earthen pitcher, the moulded vase. There, too, is found the tarnished ornament of Beauty, or the diadem of Command. There, from the fitfully faded paintings on the wall, start out the most familiar scenes in strange distinctness; while, not a yard apart, some great event—a king sitting in judgment, a battle with chariots and horses, or a nuptial ceremony—is barely decipherable.

The pomps and vanities, the grave alliances, the cruel combats—nay, even the solemn symbols of worship, perish and disappear. Besides, kings, heroes, gods—all are fading. We take our little taper, and step awe-stricken into the long-unbroken darkness, and peer and gaze—Who was this? What was that? Here sits a royal figure on his throne, whose courtiers have fallen away from him. Yonder are two pledging their troth before the priest, and the clasp of their outstretched hands is interrupted by a crumbling gap, across which a bloated spider runs swiftly. But lo! as we shift the dimly burning light, some coarse, common scene starts into life, and we see the butcher's shambles, or the slave grinding corn, as vividly as the day they were painted!

Thus, out of the hazy past, certain days and certain things reveal themselves with capricious distinctness to my memory. For example, I was accustomed to be at Mortlands in all seasons of the year; yet the place is indissolubly associated in my mind with a soft, gray, autumnal sky, the smell of fallen leaves, and the faint chime of church bells wafted from a distance through the moist air.

My grandfather was called Dr. Hewson; my mother was his only surviving child out of a numerous family; and his wife had been dead many years before I was born. He was considered a very skillful physician, and had a large practice in Horsingham. He had the reputation of being very eccentric; and the household at Mortlands was considered "odd" and "out of the way."

The accusation of eccentricity was chiefly founded, I believe, on grandfather's withdrawal from society. He lived a very retired life. Except in his quality of doctor, the Horsingham world knew almost nothing of him. Now,

when a man plainly evinces a distaste for our company, it is a strong presumption of some twist in his mind; or even, it may be, of some cloud on his conscience, since it is evident to us all that our company must be agreeable to sane and respectable persons. Thus reasoned Horsingham, at all events.

To the second count—that of “oddness” in his household—I believe grandfather would have had to plead guilty. The inmates of his house consisted, besides himself, of two female servants, and a person whom he always addressed as “Judith,” but who was known to the rest of the world as Mrs. Abram. She was the widow of a long-deceased younger brother of my grandfather; and her proper style and title was, therefore, Mrs. Abram Hewson. But no one ever called her so. She was utterly dependent on grandfather. Her husband had ill-treated her during his life, and—having wasted her little fortune—left her destitute at his death. Grandfather gave her a home in his house. It was an act of disinterested benevolence, for Mrs. Abram could not be called an agreeable inmate. She was subject to fits of gloomy depression on account of her religious views; and I believe that she had at one time been so terrified by a zealous preacher that her mind became disordered. I remember, as a child, hearing from some of the servants at home that Mrs. Abram had been “in an asylum.” And although the phrase conveyed no very definite idea to my mind at the time, it served to invest her with a weird interest.

She was of so singular an aspect as made it difficult to guess at her age. Her face was of a dull brick-red color all over. Her skin was singularly coarse. Once, when I was little, some one showed me the palm of my own hand through a microscope, and I have ever since associated Mrs. Abram’s complexion with that scientific experiment.

She had a high Roman nose with a hump on the bridge of it, a high narrow forehead, very scanty eyebrows and eyelashes, and brown eyes, with queer yellow specks in them, which always reminded me of the coat of a tortoise-shell cat. Her hair had been cut short, she said, and was entirely concealed by a black net cap lined with brown silk, save two loops on the temples—flat festoons of hay-colored hair, whereof no man saw either the beginning or the end. She always was dressed in black, and I never saw any point of brightness about her person, but the casual glitter of her worn wedding ring.

Perhaps the strangest peculiarity about Mrs. Abram was her voice. It was a muffled, inward voice, whose tone I vaguely connected in my mind with the lump on the bridge of her nose. When she spoke she dropped her lower jaw and kept her mouth half open, moving the lips very little, so that her articulation was indistinct. Also, one effect which her conversation had on my nervous system was an overpowering desire to make her clear her throat,

and in default of daring to suggest such an operation to her, I was driven to clear my own, convulsively.

Poor Mrs. Abram! She was always very kind to me, and I believe she was sincerely grateful and attached to grandfather, and had a high respect for him; but that did not prevent her from being very despondent about his spiritual condition.

Then there was Keturah, grandfather’s cook, housekeeper, and factotum. She was a woman of remarkably low stature, with a large dwarfish head, and short arms like the flappers of a seal. Her face was very pale, almost livid, with bright dark eyes, deeply sunken, and strong black eyebrows, and black hair. Her features, though disproportionately massive for her height, were not ugly. And when she smiled her face became transfigured into something that, if it were not beauty, affected me with a charm like that of beauty. But then Keturah very rarely smiled.

The other servant, Eliza, was a staid young woman, who belonged to an obscure sect of dissenters, and employed her leisure in reading tracts and hymns. But, unlike Mrs. Abram, she was very cheerful and equable in a mild, soft way. She had pale reddish hair, and a freckled face, and was slightly deaf. My interest in her was strongly aroused by being told that she had been cruelly treated by a step-mother, and that her deafness was the consequence of neglect and ill-usage in childhood.

Such was the household at Mortlands; for Havilah, the man who groomed grandfather’s horse, and did whatever was done in the way of cultivating the garden, did not live in the house.

No doubt they were a singular set of people; and no doubt it was not unreasonable that my father’s servants should wonder what amusement Miss Anne derived from staying among them.

I loved my grandfather dearly; but that did not altogether explain my delight in Mortlands; for I also loved my parents—especially my mother—very thoroughly, and I was treated at home with the fondest indulgence.

I believe the truth to be that Mortlands afforded a freer scope than Water-Eardley (my father’s house) for the exercise of a faculty that is active in most children, and was peculiarly so in me—I mean imagination.

For example, the garden at home was trim, bright, and well cultivated, yet I cared nothing for it in comparison with Mortlands. I knew the former by heart; its red, yellow, or blue beds disposed in geometrical patterns, its clipped box borders, and smooth gravel paths. Nothing was left to the imagination. There were no nooks and hiding-places, no moss-grown walks, no mouldering walls and pleached bowers, no tangled thickets of heterogeneous growth to be peopled by childish fancies. At Mortlands the very air was thick with dreams. They swam in the moted sunbeam, and flut-

tered about the ivy, and brooded under the soft shadow of the sycamore.

My own home was a comfortable, modern country house. My father was a "gentleman farmer." His was chiefly grazing land, and he prided himself on his breed of cattle. He was fond of horses, too, and he always had a couple of hunters in his stable. Some of his friends considered this an unwarranted extravagance, and were kind enough to suggest (*to each other*, which was scarcely quite practical, but much safer than suggesting it to my father) that the money spent on the hunters had been better employed in buying a neat little carriage for Mrs. Bell—say one of those new park phaetons—and keeping a pair of ponies for her to drive. But I believe mother, gentle as she was, would have flamed out very angrily at any one who should have said such a thing to her.

My father and mother made a love-match. But it was also a quite "proper" match in the eyes of the world. In station and fortune they were quite suited to each other. He had inherited a flourishing and unencumbered little estate; she was the daughter of a country doctor, and brought her husband a good dowry. She very much desired, I have learned from my grandfather, to bestow her little fortune, as she bestowed her hand, on her bridegroom unconditionally. But grandfather would not hear of this; neither would my father. Her money was settled on herself, and the arrangements of her marriage were utterly devoid of the least spice of romance.

Nevertheless, it was, as I have said, a love-match. They must have been a very handsome couple. I have heard people say that when they paid and received their bridal visits, George Furness and his wife looked for all the world like a prince and princess in a fairy picture-book.

They had passed out of the picture-book stage by the time I can first remember them distinctly. Father rode nearly a stone heavier than in his fairy prince days, and mother's cheek had less rose-bloom on it; but they were still most delightful to look upon. Indeed, I think that my mother must have been more really beautiful than at the time of her marriage; but perhaps most people would not agree with me.

Grandfather Hewson had handsome, boldly cut features—a little stern, perhaps—and mother's face was a softened copy of his. It was to his as a cameo is to a marble bust. She had beautiful dark eyes, and penciled eyebrows, and a quantity of bright chestnut hair that fell in tendrilly ringlets on her neck.

When I was a little child mother and father saw a good deal of company, and visited much among their country neighbors. I was an only child. Two boys had been born after my birth, but they both died when infants. Thus, when my parents were absent, I had no society at home save that of the servants, and to their society I had an intense repugnance.

I was a dainty child ("more nice than wise," as my nurse-maid contemptuously expressed it),

and I shrank from our coarse, country-bred servants. Their boisterous movements, loud voices, and rough hands were disagreeable to me. The mingling of shyness and pride with which I regarded the inmates of our kitchen would, had I had no refuge from their company, have grown into positive hatred. But this tendency to a morbid tone of mind was greatly counteracted by my visits to Mortlands. At home the servants alternately scolded and spoiled me. They were, I believe, amused with my little disdainful airs, as they might have been amused at the shrinking of some delicate little animal from their rough but not unkindly touch. I had not the resource of solitude at will (which would have been far less injurious to a character like mine), for it would not have been safe to let a child of my years wander alone about the farm. There were perils by flood and field—the river, in which it was possible for me to drown myself, and the meadows full of cattle, into which it was not always safe to venture. Then, too, our house fronted the great high-road, and was separated from it only by a narrow sweep of gravel and a hedge. This dusty highway wound along, over hill and dale, from Horsingham all the way to London, and at certain seasons of the year it was thronged with a miscellaneous crowd, including tramps, gipsies, and generally disreputable characters, in whose too close neighborhood my parents would have trembled to trust their little girl. My nurse-maid, therefore, had orders never to let me out of her sight when father and mother were away from home.

Horsingham possesses a fine race-course, and was, and is, renowned for a great annual race, to which people flock from all parts of England. There is a spring meeting, too, but the great race is in the autumn. I remember Horsingham before there was a railway station there, and I consequently also remember seeing from my nursery window, which looked on to the road, the smart mail-coaches, laden with passengers, that dashed, with their four horses, toward the town at a certain hour every day. And then at "race time" the number and variety of vehicles that passed were endless. Water-Eardley was situated about five miles from Horsingham, and four from the race-course, which lay between us and the town. Mortlands was nearly opposite to the race-course. Only from grandfather's house all signs and symptoms of "The Great Autumn Meeting" were jealously excluded. Grandfather hated the very name of horse-racing, and all connected with it; and the earliest occasion when I remember, as a child, to have heard sharp words pass between him and my father was during a discussion on that subject.

However, Dr. Hewson and his son-in-law were very good friends in general, and father was never unwilling to allow me to go to Mortlands, although he might be puzzled by the oddity of my taste in wishing to do so. He had great faith in grandfather's medical skill, and believed that my health (which was rather

delicate when I was a little child) was benefited by Dr. Hewson's supervision. I doubt not he was right in so believing; but I am sure that the health of my mind benefited even more than that of my body by being subject to grandfather's influence. But I do not suppose it ever occurred to father to conceive that my mental condition needed any more subtle treatment than unlimited indulgence, so long as I did not make myself actively troublesome, and an occasional whipping (performed in a rather perfunctory manner) when I became a nuisance to my elders.

In endeavoring to describe the course of my uneventful childhood I shall present as faithfully as I can those things which are most strongly impressed on my memory, without much regard to the relative importance I should now attach to them. To revert to my former simile, I shall take at random those pictures which remain the most vivid in certain long-locked chambers of my brain.

For, although I be not skilled to analyze them, I doubt not that the causes which keep some memories fresh, while others fade and perish, are interwoven with the whole fabric of my nature.

CHAPTER II.

I HAD passed my seventh birthday at home. Mother had asked some children to spend the evening with me, and we had had cake and fruit and blind-man's-buff and magic-lantern. All this I know, because it is so set down in the chronicles of the family; but real remembrance of these festivities I have none—or a very slight one.

I remember the morning better; when I awoke to find a bright red doll's house, with green balconies, and a story-book by my bedside. The doll's house was from father; the story-book was mother's gift. I can see the book now, guiltless of illuminated borders or chromo-lithographs, but a treasure to me beyond all price. I could read it fluently. Mother had taught me to read when I was little more than a baby, by throwing bone counters on the floor for me to scramble for, on one side of which counters were two black, portly letters of the alphabet (a capital and a small letter), and on the other a colored picture of some bird, beast, or flower, whose name began with the same letter. This, too, is matter of faith with me, and not of knowledge; for although I distinctly remember the look of the bone counters—one especially, bearing the image of a prancing horse, with a coat of the color called by artists burnt sienna—that is because some remnants of this notable company of worthies lingered on in my nursery until I was at least nine or ten years old. I know not how they finally disappeared. Who *does* know how such things finally disappear?

At all events I was quite able to read my

birthday book, and I so enjoyed reading it that I insisted on carrying it to grandfather's when I went to Mortlands on the day after it was given to me.

Father and mother were going to spend a week with an aunt of the former who lived in the country, some miles from us, and I was to stay at Mortlands during their absence. This prospect was the only thing that could have consoled me for mother's going away. But no prospect could make me part from her unmoved. Dear mother! how pretty and graceful she looked as she stood at the door to watch me depart! I can see her now, with her delicate muslin dress, and a crimson ribbon at her throat, and her bright curls falling lightly from a high comb that gathered them together at the back of her head. But my last glimpse of her, as the dog-cart whisked round the corner of the drive, was dimmed by tears.

"Don't ye take on, Miss Anne!" said Dodd, the groom, who was driving, and beside whom I was perched on some cushions.

I did not wish my tears to be observed, and I turned my head aside, as if to contemplate the landscape, while I took out my little pocket-handkerchief to wipe my eyes. This, however, was an operation I could not perform unobserved, for my handkerchief was attached by a loop to a ribbon round my waist, and I well remember the difficulties connected with the using of that square of cambric.

Selina, my nurse-maid, perceived that I was bending myself double, and was twisted all on one side; and, leaning over from the back seat where she sat, exclaimed, "What's she doing? Why, Anne! if she ain't crying! Well, I wouldn't be such a baby!"

The effect of which sympathizing speech was to make my tears flow the faster.

Dodd was gruff but good-natured, and, despite his rough exterior, had more delicate tact than buxom, bright-eyed Selina.

"Come," said Dodd, "I don't know what you may think of it, S'lina, but it seems to me as a young lady of seven—*turned* seven year old—ain't exactly a baby! That's a funny idea, ain't it, Miss Anne? Turned seven—rising eight, as one may say! Lord, S'lina, I should have thought as you'd have knowed better than that!"

I glanced up at Dodd half distrustfully, but he kept his eyes steadily turned away, and flicked Ruby (father's fast-trotting mare) thoughtfully with his whip. This sagacious behavior had its due effect. I hastily wiped off the last tear with the extreme corner of my pocket-handkerchief, and prepared to comport myself with the self-command which the world evidently expected from a person of seven years old.

But Selina, with characteristic obtuseness, disturbed my returning composure.

"Ah!" said she; "the idea of crying when she's a-going to her grandfather's! Such a nice place to be at!"

I perfectly well knew that Selina by no

means considered it a nice place. I detected (or fancied I detected) a tone of ridicule in her voice; and ridicule directed against the inmates of Mortlands always stung me sorely. I said nothing, but I felt my cheeks burn, and my childish heart beat fast.

I know not whether it were mere stupid love of teasing, or whether Selina really fancied I was deceived by her clumsy acting; but at all events she continued to speak of Mortlands in the same sneering tone.

"Oh my, Miss Anne, how pleasant it must be there, to be sure! You always enjoy yourself at Mortlands, don't you?"

"Yes," I answered, sharply; "I do enjoy myself there; but I sha'n't talk to you about it."

"Hoighty, toighty! Why not, pray?"

"Because you can't understand things. You're stupid, and I don't like you."

Selina burst into a fit of laughter, which irritated me the more because I felt it to be genuine.

"Now she's on the high ropes!" she exclaimed. "There never was such a faddy little monkey!"

"Leave her alone," said Dodd; "what's the good of bothering the child? It's nat'ral she should love them as loves her. Every body ain't so hard-hearted as *you* be."

Selina had the good-humor of utter insensibility. She was not in the least put out by this speech. It sank into my heart though, and from that day forth commenced a new feeling in me for Dodd. I was grateful to him with a gratitude which those alone can understand who, in childhood, have needed and received a refreshing word of timely sympathy. It fell on my angry spirit like dew on a parched soil.

I was silent for a while. But the brightness of the day, the exhilarating movement of the vehicle through the fresh air, and the still more exhilarating sense of kindness at hand, soon restored my cheerfulness.

During the remainder of the drive I ignored Selina as far as possible (I had by no means forgiven her), and chatted away with Dodd. I had already read one or two of the stories in my new book, and I talked instructively, as I flattered myself, retailing much newly acquired information. One of the stories was laid in India; and I gave Dodd a glowing account of a country far away, where it was very, very hot always—far hotter than the hottest summer in England—but where there were strange animals and splendid plants, and where the people wore gold and diamonds on their clothes, and rode about on elephants.

To this Dodd replied that he didn't believe as he should think much of that country; give *him* horse-flesh! Which a little disappointed me.

When we arrived at the dear old garden gate at Mortlands, Selina got down to ring the bell, for Ruby did not like standing, and Dodd thought it unsafe to relinquish the reins.

Selina rang a peal at the rusty bell that made me quiver sympathetically as the clanging noise broke the peaceful stillness of the place, for I knew how it would jar against the calm that reigned there. At home I should not have cared had she made twice as much noise.

After a little pause the gate was opened, and Eliza appeared at it. She was no more flurried than if Selina's alarum had been the tinkling of a musical box. I reflected that, under certain circumstances, it was not wholly a misfortune to be somewhat deaf.

A little black trunk, containing some clothes for me, was lifted down and placed inside the gate. Selina gave me a sounding kiss on the cheeks, which I received with passive coldness, and mounted to her place again. Dodd touched his hat as I called out, "Good-by, Dodd; please tell mother that I am very well, and that I had a nice drive." And then Ruby, who had been fidgeting and chafing during the few minutes of her enforced stay, set off along the avenue of branching elms that bordered the road from Horsingham nearly all the way to Water-Eardley, at a pace that soon carried the dog-cart out of sight.

Eliza shut and locked the gate, and I stood in the garden, a little dizzy with my rapid drive.

From subsequent and repeated experience of similar days, I do not doubt that as soon as I had seen Mrs. Abram I was sent into the garden to amuse myself until the dinner hour, at which time grandfather would join Mrs. Abram and me. All the morning he was either seeing patients abroad (although he had voluntarily, and by degrees, already relinquished a great part of his practice), or was shut up in his study, where none of us would have dared to disturb him save on the very gravest emergency.

I say that, from subsequent experience, I do not doubt that I was welcomed by Mrs. Abram in her own mournful and husky manner, and was then sent out to amuse myself; but I do not remember that such was the fact.

The next picture that memory preserves of that day shows me myself nestling on the rustic, moss-grown seat I have once before alluded to, with the new story-book in my hand, and a heap of flame-colored nasturtiums on my lap. How well I recall the hot, pungent taste of their seed-vessels that I loved to bite at, although they burned my mouth! I was reading a story whose heroine was called Helen; and I have ever since connected that name with the color of yellow—an association due, of course, to the nasturtiums.

Presently, as it draws near two o'clock—grandfather's dinner hour—Eliza comes to call me into the house, and takes me to the little bedroom I always occupy at Mortlands, there to wash my face and hands, and brush my hair. And while this operation is being performed she reveals to me that she has got leave to go out to tea some evening toward the end of the

week, and to take me with her, if I am willing to go. This is great news. I am very willing to go, and begin to inquire about Eliza's friends with much interest.

"Are they nice people, Eliza?"

"Why, Miss Anne, they are humble, but godly. They have got religion, the whole family."

"Like Mrs. Abram?" I ask, doubtfully, for the phrase to my ears is not suggestive of festivity.

"Oh, Miss Anne, it is not for me to judge. They don't belong to the same Church, you know. They go to our chapel."

"Do they—do they have nice things when they ask people to tea, Eliza?"

The answer to this question was highly reassuring; it included hot butter-cakes and other dainties, so that I descended to dinner in very good spirits. I was not, in truth, a specially greedy child. But the only very "religious" person I knew at that time was Mrs. Abram; and her ascetism was such that I was prepared to find people renowned for piety indifferent to hot tea-cakes, if not absolutely disapproving of them. An enlarged experience has since entirely disabused my mind of that notion.

Grandfather was as kind and dear as ever, and even Mrs. Abram only gave a smothered sigh as she wished me many happy returns of my birthday. Grandfather gave me a beautiful toy dog, snowy white, with a red morocco collar round its neck, and standing on a green platform. Mrs. Abram presented me with a woolen jacket of her own knitting, and would have added a packet of penny books, but that grandfather peremptorily interposed to prevent her.

"Don't you think you shall be accountable for keeping the bread of life from her, Dr. Hewson?" remonstrated Mrs. Abram. She spoke so slowly and huskily, with such a far-off muffled tone (as of one discoursing inside an empty hog'shead), that I was impelled to clear my throat with a shrill sound that was almost a scream.

"No doubt I shall be accountable for that, if I am accountable for any of my actions, Judith. Come, come, eat your dinner."

Grandfather tapped sharply once or twice with his open palm on the table-cloth, and poor Mrs. Abram started from a melancholy drooping attitude she had assumed, and proceeded to obey him.

All through dinner-time he watched her closely, and, if he saw any symptoms of moodiness in her, proceeded to rouse her with a peremptory sharpness, which I did not then fully understand, but which I now know to have been dictated by kindness and wisdom.

I was radiant, and talked about my various birthday gifts with the genuine self-engrossment of a child. The toy dog's name was a matter for great debate and deliberation. When at length that was settled (I called it Jessie: I have totally forgotten for what reason) din-

ner was over, and I climbed on to grandfather's knee and petitioned to have a story told me. A story! That was my great delight. Any one who would tell me a story was sure of winning favor in my eyes.

Grandfather had a quantity of iron-gray hair tossed about in confusion over his head. Occasionally the whim would seize me to arrange this thick mane in what I considered a becoming manner, and I made loud lament that grandfather's hair *would* not "stay parted." It would no more "stay parted" than water will. And yet no lady's hair is softer and silkier than were those willful locks.

On this special day I claimed a sort of birthday privilege to combine the two enjoyments of combing grandfather's hair and listening to grandfather's story.

"What shall I tell thee, little Nancy?" asked grandfather, submitting with sweet patience to the ruthless operations of my seven-year-old fingers as they plunged into his hair.

"Oh, a story, please, grandfather: *any* story!"

"Once upon a time there was a man who was very poor, and got his living by cutting wood in a forest—"

"Oh, I know that one! That's the Forty Thieves!"

"Well, you didn't bargain for a *new* story, little Nancy!"

"No; but—please—*would*—you—because—yesterday—was—my—birthday?" said I, breathlessly, in one polysyllabic utterance.

"But I don't know any new stories."

"Then tell *about* something. Tell about savages."

"Oh, you little barbarian! I suppose you would like to hear about cannibals best?"

"Poor creatures!" murmured Mrs. Abram, shaking her head over her work. "How awful to think of the heathen!"

She raised her eyes as she spoke with such a strange look of terror that I clung closer to grandfather, under the influence of a nameless alarm. I was always very accessible to emotions of fear—a peculiar, formless fear, compounded of vague possibilities. In the presence of physical pain, or tangible danger, I was not a coward.

Grandfather stroked my head softly, and made answer, "No, no, little Nancy; we will have nothing savage in our birthday story. We will speak of something pleasanter. I have a true story that I can tell you; a story about a boy."

"What boy?"

"An Anglo-Scottish boy."

"What for?"

My question was merely intended to demand, in a compendious manner, all the information that could be given me respecting the boy. But Mrs. Abram interpreted it literally, and replied, as through a blanket, "Will of God, love."

"There were, once upon a time, two boys," began grandfather.

"Two boys—?"

He held up a warning finger to prevent further interruptions; and I nestled my head down against his breast so that I might *feel* as well as hear the vibrations of his deep voice, and prepared to listen quietly.

"These two boys were at school together. One was six years the elder of the other, so that he was quite an old boy in comparison to the little fellow."

"May I just ask this: what were they called?"

Grandfather paused a moment, and then said, "The big boy was called Abel, and the other Stephen. Stephen was a bright-faced, affectionate boy—very bold and generous by nature. About Abel I can not say very much, except that he was not mean or cruel, and did not like to see the small boys put upon by the elders. Steenie—that was Stephen's nickname—was another boy's fag." Here I again interrupted to have the meaning of that word explained to me; which being done, grandfather resumed:

"Steenie's master was a very brutal boy. He liked to tease and hurt animals, and to inflict pain on any helpless thing that could not resist him. Nobody liked him, but many feared him; for he was tall and strong, and ready to fight always. One day poor little Steenie had offended this ruffianly boy; and after school-hours, when we were all in a big playground together, he set upon the little fellow, and began to beat him so cruelly that several of the boys cried shame!"

"Why didn't they save Steenie? I would have *killed* that bad boy! I would have got a gun and shot him!"

I clenched my little fists, and sat uprightly on grandfather's knee, with cheeks on fire with indignation. He looked at me curiously, but not angrily. Mrs. Abram, on the contrary, raised her hands in reprobation of my evil passions.

"We didn't shoot each other, little Nancy," said grandfather. "The masters would have objected to the practice, and it might, if carried to any length, have brought discredit on the school. But Abel was very grieved and angry to see the poor little fellow so badly used; so he went up to the bully, whose name was Jackson, and told him either to leave off beating Steenie, or to fight him (Abel)."

"I hope he hurt Jackson ten times worse than Jackson hurt Steenie!"

"Well, he had all the will to do so, but Jackson happened to be twice as big and strong as Abel, and Abel got licked. But he had given Jackson enough for one while, and he never afterward was so cruel to little Steenie as he had been. And not long after the fight, Jackson left the school, and then Steenie became Abel's fag, and they grew very fond of one another."

"I should have loved Abel—oh, ever so! if I had been Steenie."

"Steenie was a very grateful-hearted little

fellow, and he did love Abel 'ever so,' although what Abel had done for him was a small thing, after all. One day Steenie jumped into the river, with his clothes on, to save a little dog from being drowned, just because he knew Abel was fond of the creature."

"I like Steenie."

"Yes; most people did like Steenie."

"Did he die?"

"No; he grew up to be a man, and became a soldier, and went away to India."

"Oh, I know all about India!"

"Do you, indeed, little Nancy? That is rather valuable knowledge in these days."

"Yes; it's awfully hot there."

"True. Well, that is nearly as much as some government officials have known about India within—the last cycle or so! You open big eyes, and don't understand a word I'm saying, little Nancy. Well, Steenie went to India, and married a pretty young lady, whom he was very fond of, there; and they lived very happily until the young lady died."

"What became of Abel, grandfather?"

"Oh, you want to know what became of Abel? Why, he didn't turn soldier. He took to killing folk in another fashion."

"Why did he kill them?" said I, a good deal startled.

"For the same reason as the soldier—to earn his living."

"Is Steenie the—the—Anglo-Saxon boy you were going to tell me of, grandfather?"

"Anglo-Scottish, little Nancy. No; the boy I had chiefly to speak about is Steenie's son, Donald Ayrлие."

"Oh! then it's ever so long ago the fight, and—why, grandfather, *your* name is Abel!"

"And *your* real name is Anne, if you come to that, little Nancy."

"No, but do tell me! Was it you that saved the boy and fought the other boy? But, grandfather, I'm sure you never killed any body? So you just told a story—there now!"

"You asked for a story, didn't you? But I must finish, because I want to go away, and there is an interesting part to come. Steenie's son, Donald, was sent home from India when he was a very small child. India—which you know all about—does not do for little white boys and girls to live in. They wither up like flowers that get no shelter from the sun. So Donald Ayrлие was sent to his mother's relations in England to be taken care of. But the relations are going to leave England; and Donald is now a good big boy at school. And his father wrote to me to ask if I would let him, for the sake of auld lang syne—"

"What's that?"

"I can not stay to explain it fully now. In short, Captain Ayrлие asked if I would let his boy spend his holidays here, now and then; and if I would look after him sometimes. And he is coming very soon;—*there now!* as you say, little Nancy."

Grandfather set me down on the floor, kissed

me, and bade me be good and not tease Mrs. Abram. And then he went away to his study.

I would fain have asked a hundred questions about this Donald, and about grandfather's school life, and many other things. But I knew that it was vain to beg grandfather to stay when he had once said he must go. I never knew him go back from his word in the most trifling things.

So I was driven to calm my excitement as best I could; and being in want of something to do, I accepted Mrs. Abram's offer of teaching me to do a sample, and sat down with a box full of scraps of colored wool and a square of canvas, to mark my name on it. Mrs. Abram took advantage of grandfather's absence to read aloud from one of the little penny books she had by her. My head was so full of other matters that I did not attend very much to what she was reading. I have a dim notion that it was the life (after his reformation) of a penitent "navvy," who had been a hideous reprobate, and who was quite sure that his own sins had been washed white as snow, but suffered a good deal from despondency about the sins of his neighbors.

But I was so engrossed with speculations as to what "Donald" would be like, that not only did he stand between me and the "navvy" (which perhaps was as well), but he absolutely obliterated the promised tea-drinking for a while. By-and-by Mrs. Abram went away to her own room. I think she usually took a nap after dinner, but I am not sure.

I was not sorry to be alone. There I sat before the red, glowing fire, dreaming delightfully. It was in the autumn. I am sure of the date by my birthday, which falls on the 17th of September, and this was the following day.

There is a fibre in my composition which always responds to the influence of a pensive melancholy. I suppose it is the same strain in my nature that, for as long as I can recollect, has made me prefer to spring and morning the evening of the day and the autumn of the year.

I have said that I was alone, but in fact there was another occupant of the room (I speak not of visionary creatures of the fancy, for they were thick as motes in a sunbeam, and made a society that I loved better than that of most beings in the flesh), namely, Tib, my grandfather's tailless Manx cat, whom I looked on as a rare and valuable phenomenon in natural history. Tib crouched on the hearth-rug beside me, purring drowsily, and blinking his green eyes at the fire. Perhaps he, too, was dreaming. The twilight grew deeper. The air was so still that not a twig stirred of the garden shrubs outside the long French window, and all the house was hushed in silence, save only the chirp of crickets on the kitchen hearth. I could hear their elfin voices across the broad stone passage that divided it from the dining-room, and Tib's purring droned out a dreamy bass to the shrill cricket chorus.

Suddenly, but softly, Eliza opened the door

and said to some unseen person, "Master is in his study. He can't be disturbed just now. Will you please stay here a bit until I can tell Dr. Hewson as you're come?"

The unseen person entered the room. Eliza left it and closed the door. I was much startled. The apparition of a stranger at Mortlands was an unprecedented phenomenon within my remembrance. I remained sitting on my little stool, with my scraps of wool and the square of canvas crumpled up on my lap, and it was a second or so before I ventured to raise my eyes. When at length I did so, they encountered nothing very terrible—merely a roundish head, dimly seen in the dusk, and by no means so high above my own as I had anticipated. My eyes fell again immediately, and lighted on a pair of clumsy high-lows, whereof the toe of one was uneasily hiding against the heel of the other.

CHAPTER III.

THE owner of the high-lows stood for half a minute without moving, further than to kick one foot against the other, as I have said. Then he advanced from the door toward the fire and sat down. But he took a chair that was out of the range of the fire-light, and was, besides, so far from the window as to receive no glimmer from thence, so that he was immediately swallowed up in a black gulf of shadow.

I observed Tib blink greenly toward the corner where he of the high-lows sat, and I envied Tib's power of vision, for I firmly believed that cats could see even in the most palpable darkness, and I took it for granted that the black shadow was to Tib transparent as a crystal screen.

I did not know what to do. I felt that I was not behaving with the ease and *à plomb* which, according to Dodd, might be expected from my years, and yet an invincible shyness bound me.

At length, after a silence which seemed to last an hour, I muttered, stammeringly, "Would you like to come nearer the fire, please?"

"Yes, I should," was the immediate response, delivered in a clear voice, and with an accent that was strange to my ears.

Encouraged by this prompt acquiescence, I ventured further:

"Would you like to have the other stool and sit in front of the fire?" As I spoke the stranger emerged from his obscurity, and I saw by the fitful light from the hearth—it was now almost dark outside—a little boy with light auburn hair and blue eyes, and a singularly grave and candid expression of face. When I observed his gloveless hands, red and purple with the cold, I did not wonder that he should be willing to approach the fire.

He drew up the stool I had pointed out beside mine, and sat down, stretching his legs out straight before him. They were not very long legs, and did not stretch far; but they

were stout and sturdy, as was the boy's whole build.

"How cold you are, ain't you?" I said, emboldened by finding a person apparently still more silent and awkward than myself.

He nodded, and answered briefly, "Pretty well." Something in the look that accompanied the words—a half smile, a little frank lifting of the brows—made me all at once sure that this could be no other than "Steenie's" son.

"You're Donald, ain't you?" I said, forgetting to be shy in my eagerness, and looking straight at him with all my eyes.

"Yes; I'm Donald Ayrlic."

He kept rubbing his hands, or clapping them together, and tapped with one thick boot against the floor, as though he were keeping time to a tune.

"I know about your father, and Abel, and the fight with Jackson. Grandfather told me. Grandfather was Abel. Did you know?"

"Who is your grandfather?" demanded Donald, looking at me very solemnly.

"Why, Dr. Hewson! He was very fond of Steenie. So am I. I like Steenie for saving the dog, don't you?"

It appeared on investigation that Donald was unacquainted with the story of the great fight between Hewson and Jackson, and the cause of that terrific combat. He merely knew in a general way that his father and my grandfather had been school-fellows. But he had not seen his father for a long time ("Not since I was quite a little fellow, several years ago," he observed, with gravity), and he was of opinion that when he left India he was too much of a baby to be talked to on such important topics.

"I'm seven years old," said I. "Turned seven!"

"Oh," answered Donald, "I was seven almost four years ago!"

While I was taxing my powers of calculation to ascertain the present age of this enviable person, who had been seven almost four years ago, he added, "I shall be eleven in two months."

We both sat silent for a time after this, looking into the fire. At length I resumed the conversation in the form of a catechism; which, indeed, was the form my conversation was apt to take.

"Did grandfather know that you were coming to-night?"

"I suppose not. The maid said I wasn't expected yet. Old Crowe said he should write in time, but I suppose he didn't."

"Who is old Crowe?"

"Our writing-master."

"Do you like him?"

"No; I should think not!" The answer was given in such a tone as made me feel that my question had involved an absurdity. Still I could not refrain asking, timidly, "Doesn't any body like him?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Donald, musingly. It was evidently a new idea to him that any body should be expected to like old Crowe.

"Don't his relations like him?"

"Perhaps they may. I shouldn't like him if he was my relation, that's all!"

I meditated on these words for some time, and at last resolved to pursue the matter further. I wished Donald to like me, and I thought that if he could be got to state his grounds of objection to old Crowe, I might obtain a criterion whereby to judge what was likely to win his (Donald's) approbation; so I put yet another question: "Why shouldn't you like him if he was your relation?"

"Old Crowe! Why he drops his h's! And he's so beastly greedy! Why he has turtle-soup every day at the pastry-cook's; and his wife and all of them have to eat scrag of mutton! I shouldn't think you'd like that yourself!" exclaimed Donald, in a tone of indignant remonstrance.

I hastened to assure him that I should *not* like that myself; and that I considered it very naughty and shocking to be greedy. I further reflected with secret satisfaction that I had been taught to pronounce my h's. But I did not mention this fact.

Presently I resumed my catechism.

"Who brought you here?"

"Nobody. I came by myself."

"Did—you—walk?" I demanded, hesitatingly.

"Walk!" echoed Donald. And the scorn in his voice made the hot blood suffuse my face until my very ears tingled. "Why, what a little silly you must be to suppose I could walk from one end of England to the other!"

"Oh! I didn't know."

"Did you never learn geography?"

I was forced, with unspeakable humiliation, to confess that I had not yet tackled that science. But I asserted (I fear quite groundlessly) that I was going to begin immediately.

"Well, I don't know much geography," was Donald's utterly unexpected reply. "We do Latin mostly. And a jolly lot of it too, I can tell you! You wouldn't be able to do a quarter of it."

I suggested that I thought I could learn Latin if I tried.

"Oh no, you couldn't," returned Donald, decisively. "Girls never learn Latin. Besides, you're too small. Hullo! What a queer-looking eat! Why, he hasn't got a tail! What a lark!"

Donald leaned across me to stroke Tib, who had arisen, and was stretching himself on the hearth-rug, thereby conspicuously exhibiting his lack of tail.

My self-consequence had been a good deal ruffled by Donald's cavalier speech about the Latin. The accusation of smallness, too, seemed to me injurious. I therefore seized on the present opportunity to retort; and answered, with dignity, "Why, he's a Manx cat. Manx is in the Isle of Man. And Manx cats never have tails. I wonder you didn't know that!"

"No! Haven't they, though? None of 'em got any tails? Are you sure? Have you ever been at Manx, in the Isle of Man?"

Donald was so simply good-humored, so willing to be as surprised as I would have had him, so far from resenting, or even perceiving, my little bit of a sneer, that I instantly put myself at the bar of conscience (to me, that has never been an indulgent tribunal. I have usually found my judgment of myself far sterner than the judgment of others upon me; but, alas, I believe, far juster also!), and became quite penitent. I hoisted up Tib in my arms, and set him on Donald's knees, as a peace-offering, advising him, at the same time, to stroke Tib, and feel how soft his coat was; and declaring that I dared to say Tib would make great friends with him very soon.

At this moment grandfather opened the door, and stood there for a second, looking at our two childish heads bending down close together in the shine of the fire.

Donald scrambled to his feet as soon as he became aware of grandfather's presence in the room, and the latter advanced and took the boy's hand kindly in his. His other hand he laid on Donald's head, and turned his face so as to see it as well as the gloom would allow.

"Hullo, Master Donald!" said grandfather, smiling with his mouth, but fixing grave, searching eyes on the blue eyes raised to meet his. "So you've stolen a march upon us! I did not expect you until Wednesday."

"I hope it ain't inconvenient, Sir," began Donald, blushing.

"Not a bit, boy; not a bit! Glad to see you. H'm! you're like your father. You couldn't be like a better man. Poor little Steenie! How the old times come back! But you're a giant to what he was when I first knew him. You're older, eh? Almost eleven? Aha! The years spin along 'swifter than a weaver's shuttle.' Men found *that* out in the ancientest days. *Good fave!*"

Grandfather uttered the last words half aloud, in a fashion he had sometimes of soliloquizing audibly. And as he spoke them, he relinquished his hold of Donald, and pushed him gently from him.

Then, as one who reads aloud closes a chapter with lowered voice, and begins a fresh one in a correspondingly fresh key, grandfather resumed in a quite different, and much louder tone, "Now, before I ask you a word about your journey, or any thing else, go up stairs and wash your hands and face, and brush your hair, for tea. You must be hungry. They're getting something ready for you. Here's Eliza. Show Master Ayrlic to his room, Eliza. Give him some soap and water. Eliza will look after you. She's a very good, kind young woman; a trifle deaf; so that if she don't answer you directly, you mustn't think her sulky. Be off!"

The instant Donald had disappeared I sprung upon grandfather's knee, and plunged into a

recital of all that I had said to Donald, and all that Donald had said to me, which lasted until Mrs. Abram came in, simultaneously with the tea-tray.

I did not then notice it as any thing remarkable; but I observe retrospectively that Mrs. Abram was never intrusted with any household duties; that she was never expected to take any share in the domestic administration; and that she never seemed to wish to do so. She, indeed, demanded little personal attention; but she contributed nothing in the way of labor or arrangement to the government of the house. In this department Keturah held undivided sway.

I gathered a general notion from what grandfather and Mrs. Abram said to each other that Donald had come a long way by the coach, and that he was at a great public school in a southern county. I remember Mrs. Abram murmuring, in her huskiest tones, "Did the poor child come by himself all that way, Dr. Hewson?" and grandfather's replying, "By himself? Of course he did! He didn't require a nurse-maid to take care of him, Judith."

Then Donald came down, with his face shining very much, and his hair all sprinkled with drops of water. Cold meat and some beer were brought up for him, and Keturah sent in a dish of mashed potatoes deliciously crisped and brown on the top, and afterward several relays of hot tea-cakes, for which she was famous.

Donald ate and drank with true, healthy, school-boy appetite. Mrs. Abram was aghast at the quantity of food that disappeared within his unwearied young jaws. But grandfather looked on with glistening eyes. I had my little cup of tea—a pale brown liquid, more than three parts milk—and some of the nice hot cake. But I looked longingly at the mashed potatoes, and was only restrained from asking for some of them by the fear lest Donald should think me greedy, like old Crowe.

After tea grandfather took his usual place at the fireside; Mrs. Abram sat opposite to him, on a specially uncomfortable chair she had selected for her own use, and began to knit something made of fleecy wool. I climbed on grandfather's knee, and Donald was bidden to draw his chair up before the fire.

"Now, Donald Ayrlic," said grandfather, "have you been duly presented and introduced to this young person? Miss Anne Furness, of Water-Eardly Manor, commonly called little Nancy—"

"Not commonly, grandfather," I whispered. "Only by you."

"Uncommonly called little Nancy," pursued grandfather; whereat I felt abashed.

"Have you made friends with each other, you two?"

"Yes, Sir," said Donald.

"That's right. I want you to be good friends. You are the only two young things in the house. All the rest of us are very, very ancient."

"Is Tib old, Sir?" asked Donald, simply.

"Tib is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf," replied grandfather.

"What is that, grandfather?" I asked.

"That is a way of saying that he is getting old; just as the leaves turn dry and yellow when they are near dropping from the tree."

"But the leaves grow again, don't they?"

"Ay, ay, little Nancy. The leaves grow again. But when poor Tib disappears from among us his place will know him no more. There will be other Tibs, perhaps; Tib's kittens."

"That's not the same! I like *this* Tib. I don't care for the other Tibs."

"Little Nancy!" muttered grandfather, musingly, while he laid a soft, lingering touch on my head. "Little, tender-hearted Nancy! Why, the tears are in her eyes! Oh, cheer up, little Nancy! What are you crying for?"

"I don't want Tib to die."

"Now look here, little Nancy; you are crying a little bit because you are fond of Tib, and a great bit because you have been excited and tired, and because it's getting near bedtime."

"No, I don't!" sobbed I, replying to an accusation understood, though not expressed; "I don't feel a bit sleepy, indeed, grandfather."

"You don't know that you do. But grandfather is wiser than little Nancy—which isn't saying much; is it, Donald?"

Donald had been looking on at this scene in mute surprise, I doubt not. He was sorry to see me shed tears, but could scarcely be called sympathetic, inasmuch as he was totally unable to imagine my state of high-strung nervousness. When grandfather appealed to him he got up, and lifting the cat very gently in his arms, brought it to me and made me stroke it. "Look here," he said. "Tib's all right. He's quite jolly, you see, isn't he? And he doesn't know he must die some day, so it don't matter to him."

"Well said, Donald," cried grandfather, clapping him on the shoulder. "You're not morbid, at all events."

"What's morbid?" I asked, trying to wipe off my tears with a corner of the inaccessible pocket-handkerchief.

"I think little Nancy must wait to have that explained until she is big Nancy. Meanwhile Nancy is not too little to attend to this: it is very nice to love Tib, and be kind to him; but it is still nicer to understand that crying because he must die does him no good, and annoys people who have more sense than poor Tib, and whom you ought to love a little too."

Among my other deep debts to my grandfather, I believe that it is to him I owe that I have not grown up a prey to an exaggerated sensibility. At home this trait was either laughed at or praised to the skies. Only at Mortlands was I taught, by precept and example, how much nobler is self-command than the weak indulgence of every passing emotion. We all easily grow proud of our faults; and I fear

I was peculiarly liable to have done so. But grandfather never shrank from telling me plain truths, and inflexibly enforcing his own will whenever it chanced to come into collision with mine.

I sat in silence, broken only by an occasional sniff, stroking Tib, and nestling against grandfather's breast, as he talked to Donald about his school life, and made many inquiries as to his lessons.

I did not understand a great deal that they were saying, but I perceived that grandfather was satisfied with Donald's answers. Gradually the sound of their voices sank into a confused buzz, and anon they became preternaturally loud and distinct, and Donald's barley-sugar-colored hair glittered and expanded into a kind of *auréole* of undefined outline. In a word, I was growing desperately sleepy; but the last thing I remember saying, while I was in the dining-room, was, "Oh no, indeed, I don't want to go to bed one bit, grandfather!"

Then I was dimly conscious of being carried up stairs, and of the ticking of a watch close at my ear—which proves that it must have been grandfather who carried me—and of being laid gently on my little white bed, where Eliza undressed me. The rest is silence.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT week at Mortlands passed away very quickly. I did the honors of the garden to Donald, and showed him all my favorite nooks, and timidly revealed to him a few of the legends my fancy had attached to them. But I did not find him so much interested in these latter as I could have wished. He rather hurt my feelings at first, by observing that the story of the White Cat was nonsense, and couldn't be true; and further, that for his part he was rather glad it wasn't true—for what a bother it would be for a fellow to have a lot of hands messing about him like that prince had in the white cat's palace, and to be dressed and undressed like a baby! And as for the rabbit-hunt they went to, why what was it to tiger-hunting in India? or buffalo-hunting on the prairies of America? That was the kind of sport for him! And when he grew up he intended to travel and see countries and wonderful things—*real* wonderful things, not make-believe nonsense like fairy stories.

But Donald also was able to make-believe on occasion. He turned the old rustic garden-seat into the deck of the *Erebus*, and, enveloped in one of Keturah's ironing-blankets, and accompanied by one faithful follower (myself, with my knitted woolen jacket tied round my neck by the sleeves, and with Mrs. Abram's muff on my head), we sallied forth across the trackless wastes of snow and blocks of ice—represented by a lettuce-bed and a so-called "grotto," meaning merely a heap of stones and shells overgrown with moss—to discover the North

Pole. We did discover it, as far as I remember; and if I am not mistaken, we stuck a twig into the ground to mark the spot, so that we might find the North Pole again without difficulty, and then hastened back to the ship to inform our brave mess-mates of the triumphant success of our expedition.

Another time Tib was made to do duty for a tiger of the jungle (I recollect that his peculiar conformation was accounted for by his having lost his tail in a trap set by the native hunters!), while Donald took aim at him with grandfather's walking-stick from an ambush of gooseberry bushes.

To me the North Pole and a jungle full of tigers were as replete with elements of the marvelous as the "Arabian Nights" or the "Child's Own Book;" and when I found that Donald's realism merely meant substituting one wonder for another, I was perfectly content, and entered into it all with the happy versatility of childhood.

But our great play was *Robinson Crusoe*. Donald implicitly believed in the truth of every detail of that immortal fiction. And as, moreover, it presented the almost unique advantage of a *dramatis personæ* (at least throughout the only part of the story that we concerned ourselves with) which numerically fitted our corps, there was an additional reason for performing it frequently.

Many an hour have we spent strengthening the fortifications around the cave, digging intrenchments, and "getting things neat and handsome about us" in the interior of the dwelling. Many a time, in my character of man Friday, have I spluttered and made faces over food cooked with salt, and smiled and nodded energetically to express approval of victuals dressed without that condiment. (Our fare, when it left Keturah's hands, was mostly bread and treacle, or it might be a slice of seed-cake; but by the time it reached our desolate island, behind the big elder bushes at the bottom of the garden, it was sure to have turned into goat's flesh, turtles' eggs, or wood-pigeon.) Many a time has Havilah, grandfather's "odd man," whom I have before alluded to, been assailed with a brisk volley of musketry from a rolling-fire and the walking-stick, which had already done execution on the tiger of the jungle, and compelled, blood-thirsty cannibal that he was, to take to his canoc, and disappear across the ocean into the distant brew-house.

"Many a time," I have said, and yet all these things happened within a week! But days were long then, and full of incidents. Tedium was unknown, as was that mournful kind of experience which teaches that to-morrow must be sad because it will be analogous to to-day.

It may be remembered that Eliza had spoken to me before Donald's arrival of a contemplated tea-drinking. She obtained leave for "Master Ayrlic" to join the party, and we all three went to her friend's house one afternoon.

Eliza's friend was called Kitchen. We children thought this a very odd name, but we refrained from saying so, for fear of hurting Eliza's feelings.

Mr. Kitchen lived in a tiny house in a remote, silent street called Burton's Gardens. All streets in Horsingham were more or less silent, except at "race time," when the whole town moved and babbled like a stream suddenly set free from frost; but Burton's Gardens was perhaps the dulllest and least-frequented spot in Horsingham. On our way thither Eliza gave us a long account of the Kitchens, from which it appeared that Mr. Kitchen was a widower, with one son and one daughter; that he was by trade a coach-maker, and had been foreman many years in his father-in-law's shop; that his father-in-law, Mr. Green, had saved a great deal of money; that the said Mr. Green was rather "near," but very strict in his moral views; that Mr. Kitchen's son was apprenticed to his father's and grandfather's business, while his daughter kept house; and that Mr. Green was confidently expected to bequeath his wealth to his grandchildren, Matthew and Alice Kitchen.

"So you see, Miss Anne," said Eliza, following out a sequence of ideas with which I was not then so familiar as I have since become, "the Kitchens are *most* respectable."

I should not deem it necessary to commemorate this tea-drinking but for the fact of its being the occasion of introducing me to people who were afterward closely connected with some of the chief incidents of my life. My remembrance of the evening has doubtless been greatly assisted by my subsequent knowledge of the people at whose house I passed it.

There was a strip of garden inclosed within green palings in front of the house—a garden so small as only to contain one flower-bed, of about the size and shape of the apple-pies Keturah gave us at dinner. A white chrysanthemum occupied this bed, which was bordered with London pride, and surrounded by a path not much broader than my sash, strewn in a geometrical pattern with various colored gravel. I remember that Donald and I admired this vastly.

We were received very kindly. The Kitchens were not at all gloomy, as I had expected. They laughed and talked and ate with great apparent enjoyment. I thought this rather strange, for the two or three books on a side-table that I peeped into (I could never see a book without longing to open it) appeared to contain matter of a very depressing and awful description; and I had heard Eliza say that the preacher at the chapel they attended was "enough to make your blood run cold" sometimes.

The whole was, as I have said, tiny; and the parlor we took tea in seemed scarcely big enough at first sight to hold us all; but we found room enough after a while. There was a great old-fashioned escrutoire opposite to the window, made of shining black wood. In the centre of

it was a flap covered with green baize, that turned down so as to form a writing-desk; and on this flap were disposed a huge Bible, an illustrated edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and a white china elephant with a gilt trunk, and a gilt turret on his back, which turret was an ingenious contrivance for holding ink; and there was a steel pen stuck into a hole in the turret, and I noticed that the steel pen appeared to be the only article in the room that did not look bright and clean. It was very rusty and dirty, and the wooden holder was thick with old ink-stains. I supposed that when Mr. Kitchen wanted to write a letter he took a better pen from some one of the many drawers in the *escritoire*; but on confiding this supposition to Donald, he answered that very likely Mr. Kitchen never did write letters.

Alice Kitchen, Donald and I decided, was a very pretty girl. She had row upon row of stiff light brown curls all round her head, and a fair skin, and she wore a blue bead necklace. Mr. Kitchen was an elderly man, who did not impress me particularly. He seemed rather fond of making jokes, most of which I did not understand, and he ate an enormous quantity of butter-cakes, saying, every now and then, "Alice, my daughter, go and see if the little maiden can not find yet another batch of butter-cakes in the oven. Let us enjoy the merciful gifts of the Lord. Let us not receive them with a thankless heart."

Donald and I very much approved of this doctrine, and devoured so much pastry as makes me bilious even to think of nowadays, though I do not remember that any evil consequences followed it then.

Both Mr. Kitchen and Alice appeared delighted at the quantity we ate, and kept hospitably pressing us to take more. This, I reflected, was very different from Mrs. Abram, who had a fixed idea that we should infallibly overeat ourselves at every meal. I have thought since that she possibly attributed this to the innate depravity of our unregenerate natures. I suppose that she herself must have suffered frequently from indigestion, for I remember that she used to "quack" herself, as grandfather called it, in secret. And I have seen him ruthlessly confiscate many a little round pasteboard box, wherever he laid hands on it. As for myself, I believe no child of the contemporary generation was physicked less. Grandfather had as mortal an aversion to dosing folks "as though medicine were poison," as Mrs. Abram plaintively observed; "and he's a doctor too!"

We had half done tea before Matthew Kitchen came in. He had been detained at the shop by stress of work.

"That is," explained Mr. Kitchen, "he hadn't ought to have been expected to stay over-hours, but his grandfather thinks no end of Mat, and has a fancy that so long as he's there things goes right. And Mat nat'rally doesn't like to put his grandfather out."

I took a strong and instant dislike to this

young man. He was clumsily and awkwardly made, and moved in a loose-jointed fashion. He had red cheeks and black eyes, a shapeless snub nose, and coarse, pouting lips of unspeakable sullenness, surmounted by a black down of incipient mustache.

His father and sister seemed anxious to propitiate him, I thought; for they made room for him eagerly, and Alice put fresh tea into the pot, and sent into the kitchen for hot cakes, earnestly assuring Matthew that they had been put aside specially for him. He said grace in a growling bass voice, and afterward a hush seemed to fall upon us all. Even the butter-cakes seemed to have lost their savor; but that may have been because we had already eaten so many.

The only incident of that evening worth recording is a sudden blaze of defiance elicited from Donald by Mat Kitchen. The word "blaze," perhaps, is too unsteady and fleeting to describe Donald's condition. It was rather a glow. It happened thus: Mr. Kitchen had been telling me (in an elaborately easy style, as of one painfully stooping to my childish level) how Dr. Hewson, my grandfather, had attended his (Kitchen's) late wife in her last illness; and how, although it was impossible to save her life, grandfather's care and skill alleviated her sufferings. I listened with much interest, and thought it kind and pleasant of Mr. Kitchen to speak so well of grandfather, when Mat (whom, in my subsequent knowledge of him, I discovered to be constitutionally averse to hear other people praised) interposed gruffly with the remark that the skill of the godless profiteth nothing.

"Grandfather isn't godless!" cried I, flushed and trembling in a moment.

"No, deary, no," said Alice, soothingly. "Don't ye mind. Matthew is very zealous in testifying. But he don't mean it, deary."

But this equivocal praise did not suit Matthew's temper.

"Yes, I do mean it!" he said, apparently beginning to enjoy himself more than he had hitherto done throughout the evening, and letting his pouting mouth relax into something like a smile. "I ain't a-going to be a respecter of persons. It won't pay to fly in the face of Providence for the sake of worldly men or worldly matters."

"Well, well, my lad," said Mr. Kitchen, rather uneasily. "Thou'st testified; now hold thy peace. We all think well of Dr. Hewson's skill in the healing art, and of his kindness in a carnal and unregenerate sense. That's enough."

"Nay, father," persisted Matthew, doggedly, shaking his head and shooting a vicious side-glance from his bright black eyes, like a horse that has got the bit between his teeth, and fully understands all that that implies; "nay, that is *not* enough. When is Dr. Hewson seen among the congregations of the godly? What is his religion?"

"That's no business of yours!" cried Donald, stoutly. He rose to his feet and faced Matthew, who, however, feigned not to notice him.

"Is he not as one of the vain physicians—as those who hold by worldly science, which is foolishness, and neglect heavenly things, which only are wisdom?"

"You come along, Anne!" said Donald, seizing his cap and taking me by the hand. "I sha'n't stop here to hear your grandfather abused. Come along out this minute!"

He had got hold of my little cloak by this time, and was trying to huddle me into it, with the hood trailing on the ground, and the hem round my shoulders. I was crying. Eliza, confused by her deafness, looked thoroughly bewildered; and Alice was vainly trying to make peace, but only succeeding in adding to the tumult.

No persuasion could move Donald to remain. He was quite inflexible, and insisted so masterfully on Eliza's dressing me and bringing me away, that we were absolutely on the point of leaving the house, when Mr. Kitchen said:

"Young Sir, you are under my roof, and have partaken of my humble hospitality. I do not think this a becoming manner of taking your leave."

Donald faced round in a moment.

"I don't mean to behave badly to you, Sir," he said; "but what does your son pitch into Dr. Hewson for? Dr. Hewson is a gentleman; and I think your son is very ignorant when he talks about science being 'foolishness,' and things like that. I'm very much obliged to you and Alice for the butter-cakes," added poor Donald, with a touch of bathos, "but I sha'n't stay here to hear things said against Dr. Hewson all the same. And *you* wouldn't like to hear your friends spoken ill of yourself!" he exclaimed, turning full upon Matthew with a strength of earnest indignation in his childish face that I shall never forget. "And I call it mean and cowardly to speak ill of people behind their backs; especially people that have never done you any harm, but have been kind to you; and really good people wouldn't do it. So all your talk is just cant, Mr. Matthew; and if I was big enough I'd thrash you."

With this final burst he marched out of the place, holding me by the hand, and followed by Eliza, who was a mere image of confusion and dismay.

I do not remember that much was said to us afterward on the subject of our stormy exit from Mr. Kitchen's house. Grandfather, I think, held a theory akin to that of the old lady who laid it down as a rule that children should be treated with a little *wholesome neglect*. At all events, he always avoided "making a fuss" about any of our sayings and doings, either to praise or to blame.

But I have a distinct recollection of hearing the matter debated by the female members of the household. Each took a different view. Eliza—who had the gentlest temper in the

world—mildly said that she thought Master Ayrle had been a bit too hot; Matthew Kitchen *would* testify, in season or out of season; and, of course, it wasn't like as if he'd said any thing against Dr. Hewson in a worldly spirit.

"I suppose you call it showing a heavenly spirit, for a young bellowing calf like Mat Kitchen to set himself up in judgment on a gentleman like master! And one as smoothed his own mother's last moments, and attended her as though she'd ha' been the foremost lady in the land, and took no fee because they was poor and in trouble at the time. I've no patience!" exclaimed Keturah, indignantly. And when Eliza meekly replied that no doubt Matthew had been moved by a sense of duty, and that it must have been a painful trial to the natural man to speak as he had spoken, Keturah rejoined with withering contempt: "Don't you believe a word on it! *His* nat'ral man's the kind o' creetur as hates to be grateful; that's what it amounts to. It ain't hard for fellows like Mat Kitchen to do their duty so long as they can make out as their duty is to pick all the hard words from the Bible and pitch 'em at folks' heads! To see them kind o' people ready to burst wi' overbearingness, and calling it religion! Ugh! it fairly turns my stummick!"

Mrs. Abram, as far as I was able to understand her utterances, attributed Matthew's want of charity to the fact of his being a dissenter. She moaned a good deal, I remember, and seemed to think we were all—including grandfather—in a bad way.

Soon after our visit to the Kitchens the time of my parents' absence from home came to an end, and I had to return to Water-Eardley. I left Mortlands with the hope of soon seeing some of its inmates again; for grandfather promised to bring Donald to see us, and he kept his word.

I had a great deal to say to mother when I reached home. I found that she was aware of Donald's arrival, and that she remembered having seen his father, Captain Ayrle, when she was a little girl, and before he went to India.

"I think," said I, one day, very gravely, "that when I grow up I shall marry Donald."

"Oh, indeed!" said mother, laughing, and stroking my hair with both her hands. "You have settled that, have you?"

"Well, I told Donald that I thought I should marry him."

"And what did he say?"

"He said he thought he shouldn't mind."

This speech was repeated that same afternoon to my father at dinner. He was immensely amused, and threw himself back in his chair to laugh—a good deal to my confusion and perplexity.

Of Donald's visit to Water-Eardley I have retained no special remembrance. But I do recollect that my father asked grandfather's leave to take him (Donald) to the races, whither I also was to go for the first time, and that

grandfather peremptorily refused, and there was sharp discussion—almost a quarrel—about it. Also I remember that, before going back to Mortlands, Donald confided to me that if my father would let that young black bull be turned into the river-side meadow by himself, he thought he could lasso him as they do in South America.

"For," said he, argumentatively, "you know it's more skill than strength that does it."

But my father's objections to the experiment proved insuperable, and Donald went away without having lassoed the black bull.

CHAPTER V.

WE went to the races—father, mother, and I—on the day on which the great cup was run for. That was a race famous throughout the length and breadth of the land; and the beautiful Horsingham course was crowded with people from far and near.

I scarcely recognized it under its changed aspect. The bright green turf, where I and Selina had gathered mushrooms many a morning, was trampled and strewn with a squalid litter of orange-peel, and nut-shells, and fluttering, crumpled papers. Merciless feet—brute and human—crushed the light elastic harebell and the short-stemmed daisy. There was a roar of voices in the air that ebbed and flowed like a tide—now louder, now lower. We were in an open carriage, in a good position to see every thing that passed. Strange, grotesque figures came and went in motley garb. I was amused and excited, and at the same time a little frightened by the unwonted throng. I remember once that vague feeling of terror to which I was subject took possession of me as the panting horses dashed past us, followed by the terrible roar of voices that seemed to rush along in their wake, as flame rushes through stubble.

I pressed up close to mother in silence, and turned my face away from the surging, shouting crowd. Then there was a pause, and another rush and roar as the horses came back to the winning-post. And then they said that the race was over, and that the favorite had been beaten.

Father had gone away before the great race began, and at its close he came back to the carriage, laughing and talking very excitedly. And he made Dodd pour out some Champagne, and told mother she ought to drink a glass to celebrate the occasion. And then he made me taste the foaming wine also, and said that he had been in luck.

I remember—how well I remember!—that mother shook her head and told him that he had been naughty, and that he had promised not to bet. And father turned quite red and angry in a moment, and asked how could she talk such nonsense? It could not be called betting; merely a few shillings. But it had

been a mere chance, the favorite not winning; and so he had won ten times what he had risked. And why hadn't she the good-nature to be pleased at seeing him in good spirits, instead of croaking and preaching?

This impressed me as much with surprise as pain. For I was happily unaccustomed to hear harsh words pass between my parents. The crowd began to move away from the course. Our horses were put to, and we drove slowly away amidst the press of other vehicles. As we were departing, father said to me, giving me a kiss, "Well, Anne, and how did *you* like the races?"

I answered that I liked it all very much, especially the little boy with the blue frock on, and the long white stockings that had sparkling silver things all over them, and the dog who danced on his hind-legs when the organ played. But that I wished those men that rode on the pretty horses would not whip them so, for I was sure the poor horses ran as fast as ever they could; and, for my part, I thought it was cruel.

But to this father made answer impatiently that I was a little goose, and that the horses liked the excitement of racing very much—which, however, I secretly doubted.

The air and the wine, which I was quite unused to, made me drowsy, and I fell fast asleep. I did not awake until we were driving in at the gate of Water-Eardley. I found myself tenderly covered with a warm shawl and with a cushion under my head. As I opened my eyes, I saw father holding mother's hand in his, and heard him say, "My darling Lucy, what is the use of making promises? Can't you trust me?"

Donald's arrival at Horsingham had been a great event in my life, and his departure left a blank for a long time. The prospect of his going away drove the races out of my mind. He was to return to Mortlands, but not until the midsummer holidays. Next summer! It seemed worlds away. You might almost as well have talked to me of next century.

I well remember a parting scene that took place the night before Donald returned to school. I had been spending the day at Mortlands. We children had revisited our favorite spots in the garden, and I had received injunctions from Donald as to the administration of a good deal of his property in Robinson Crusoe's Island during his absence. Also I had promised to look after some guinea-pigs he had purchased. He had at first had some intention of carrying them to school in his pocket, but grandfather dissuaded him. So the guinea-pigs were left under Havilah's charge, subject to my occasional supervision. I was not fond of the guinea-pigs. They had a peculiar mobility of nose which distressed me. And my private opinion was that they were not really affectionate. But I promised to be kind to them for Donald's sake. It had been a busy morning, and after dinner we all sat round the fire, gathered together for the first time that day. Grandfather and Mrs. Abram were in their usual places. I was scat-

ed on my little stool with Tib on my knee; and Donald stood by grandfather's chair. Grandfather had one hand on the boy's head, and was talking to him kindly and earnestly. As I looked up at the two it suddenly struck me that Donald, who seemed so tall and strong and wise to me, was but a little fellow beside grandfather after all. I began to ery at the image I had conjured up of Donald, friendless and unprotected, all those many miles away, among big, rough boys, who, perhaps, might even beat and ill-use him, as Jackson had beaten Steenie.

Grandfather lifted me up from my stool on to his knee, and soothed and comforted me with great gentleness and patience; but my tears continued to flow, and my sobs went on crescendo. I was vexed at Donald's apparent indifference, and I had a vague notion that if I cried very much it would pain Donald, and punish him for not being so sorry to go as I was at his going. I was perfectly aware that this feeling was evil, and I afterward suffered severely from remorse, for my conscience, as I have said, was as inevitable and implacable as fate; nevertheless, I yielded to it, and continued to utter ever-increasing sounds of lamentation.

"Come, Anne," said Donald at length, much disconcerted by my convulsive grief. "I say, Anne, don't cry any more. What's the good? Come! Have a snap."

With that he drew forth and presented to me a species of confection popular in Horsingham. It was a treacly kind of cake, full of holes, like a very thin section of petrified sponge, and it was known as "gingerbread snap," or, more briefly, as "snap."

Donald, in all good faith, held out a sticky snap, which had grown flaccid from a prolonged residence in his pocket. But far from accepting this singular panacea for woe, I clenched my little fist and struck him as hard a blow as I could with it—to his profound astonishment.

"Little Nancy!" said grandfather, in a deep, concentrated voice, which had the instant effect of making me try to check my sobs—still them at once I could not. They had got beyond my control. "Little Nancy!" I trembled, conscience-stricken.

"See now what all your affection is worth! You are sorry that Donald is going away, and that is natural. But you are also *angry*—angry that he too does not scream and sob and distress every one around him. And so, in your selfish desire to vex him, because you are vexed, you let yourself be ungrateful and violent and foolishly ill-tempered. I could not have believed this of my little Nancy."

I was so overwhelmed by the essential truth of this reproof, so confused at my childish mind being thus plainly read, so stricken to the heart by the thought that now Donald, seeing what manner of little girl I really was, would love me no longer, that I slid down from grandfather's knee on to the hearth-rug, burying my face in an agony of sorrow and mortification,

the bitterness of which, while it lasted, I am inclined to believe has never been surpassed throughout my subsequent life.

There was a silent pause that seemed to last for an hour, and that was only broken by Mrs. Abram inarticulately murmuring something about the Evil One—she habitually attributed all troubles to his direct and personal interference in the affairs of mankind—and by my stifled sobs.

Then I felt Donald kneel down close by my side, and he whispered in my ear, "Come, Anne, I say, don't cry any more; I shall come back at midsummer, you know. And I don't mind your hitting me; it didn't hurt me a bit. Come!"

"I d—didn't wa—a—ant the snap. But I—I—I've been so naughty. You'll n—never, n—never love me any mo—o—ore!"

"Oh yes I shall; all right. Come, don't cry. Here, Anne, I say, do have a snap."

I accepted the snap on purely sentimental grounds, for I did not in the least want to eat it, and clasped it convulsively in one hand, while I tried to wipe my eyes on the inaccessible pocket-handkerchief with the other. Heaven knows my grief was genuine enough, and yet at that very moment I began to lick off a few tears that had trickled down at the corners of my mouth, and to speculate wonderingly on the phenomenon of their saltness.

Of course I was finally kissed and forgiven; and I sat close beside Donald all the rest of the evening, holding his hand in mine. Once, in the fullness of my gratitude for reinstatement into his affections, I raised his broad sturdy little fingers to my lips, and kissed them humbly. And I recollect observing, as I did so, that they smelled of slate-pencil.

He went away the next day on the top of the mail-coach, looking very small up there, I thought, beside the burly men in great-coats. And for a long time, or for a time that seemed long to me then, I missed him sorely. When the spring began to clothe the trees with green again, I began to talk of Donald's return, and to look forward to it eagerly. Grandfather did not say much on the subject, but I knew very well that he, too, would be glad to see the boy again. He was a favorite with the whole household at Mortlands. Keturah had treated him with unexampled indulgence. I remember that my sense of justice had many a time been outraged by the difference made between him and me in sundry matters of tearing and spoiling clothes, etc. I could see no such fundamental diversity between a rent in Donald's trousers, and a splotch of ink or garden-mould on my pinafore, as made the one a pardonable peccadillo, and the other a serious lapse from virtue. But, although my reason rebelled against accepting the statement frequently made by Mrs. Abram—"Donald is a boy, love; boys always tear their clothes; it's in the nature of them"—as any satisfactory excuse for condoning his destructiveness (since it was clear that

it was equally in the nature of *me* to dirty my pinafore and crush my straw bonnet out of shape), I bore Donald no grudge for the preference shown to him. I loved him too well to be jealous of the love that was given to him; though I think it likely that I might have been jealous of the love that he gave, had any competitor in his affections come in my way in those days.

Be that as it may, every one liked Donald at Mortlands, and looked forward to his return. But there came a sad disappointment. Grandfather read us a letter one morning from a certain Colonel Fisher, who was a distant relative of Captain Ayrle, saying that he had obtained leave from the boy's father to take him to Scotland for the holidays, and that he thought it might be advantageous to the boy to make friends among his own people. A week or two afterward came a letter from Captain Ayrle himself, written a long time previously, to the effect that his comrade and third cousin was returning home from India with his family, and would look after Donald, and receive him during the holidays. And Captain Ayrle added that he hoped Colonel Fisher would reach England in time to save grandfather the bore of having the boy in his house at all, as it must necessarily be a nuisance to so quiet a household as Mortlands to have a noisy school-boy suddenly brought into their midst. And it was only his (Captain Ayrle's) reliance on grandfather's old friendship that had ever emboldened him to ask such a thing, in the difficulty of knowing to whom to intrust the boy. Great was the outcry when these disappointing missives arrived. As for me, although in honest truth I believe that time had already begun to make Donald's image fainter in my mind, I was in despair. It was my first great disappointment. I wanted grandfather to write and *demand* Donald without delay.

"Tut, little Nancy," said grandfather, slowly. "It will be better for the boy to live a healthy boy life among his own kith and kin in Scotland than to come here. Yes; he would have found it drearier and duller as time went on. Unless, indeed—Dry your eyes, little Nancy; I am sorry, too."

Two events soon happened to occupy my attention. The first event was the birth of a little brother; the second, my consequent going to school. The simple lessons that mother was used to give me were all interrupted by baby's arrival. Mother was not strong for a long time after his birth, and I was banished to my nursery during the greater part of the day. All the happiness that home had ever afforded me was gained in my parents' society. Debarred from that, Water-Eardley Manor was but an uncongenial place to me. I could not be always at Mortlands; and, if I could have been, there were no means there of prosecuting my education; so it was settled that I should go to school.

There was a lady who kept a boarding-school

in a fine old-fashioned house in Horsingham, on the outskirts of the town, and not very far from the race-course. I was to be what was called a weekly boarder, going home—or to my grandfather's house, which was nearer—every Saturday, and returning to school on Monday morning. I looked forward to this change (as well as I can recall my feeling on the subject) with, on the whole, more pleasure than pain. But it was not without a sinking at the heart, and some bitter tears, that I said "good-by" to mother, and gave a farewell kiss to my little baby-brother sleeping on her breast.

CHAPTER VI.

THERE is no need, for the clear understanding of the rest of these pages, that I should describe my school life at length. It was calm and monotonous. I can compare it to the course of the little streamlets that intersected some of the grass-lands on my father's farm. The natural channel was banked up, and guided without being distorted altogether from its original direction. Little ripples sometimes ruffled it; deeper pools lay brown and silent beneath its banks; blue forget-me-nots made the eye glad with their beauty here and there; there were reaches of weedless grass, green and smooth; and again there were tangles of hemlock, and spear-like clusters of pithy rushes. Slowly the little streamlet slid onward with a steady, secure current, until it joined the wider river, and must thenceforth flow through calm and storm unguided to the sea.

The greater part of my life during eight years was spent at school. Our governess, Mrs. Lane, was a widowed gentlewoman; tall, slender, stately, with a soft voice and a stern eye. To her the school was the world. Had she been the matron of a jail, or head-nurse in a hospital, I am inclined to believe that the universe would speedily have presented itself to her mind as all jail or all hospital. She had a passion for systematizing such as I have met with in no other Englishwoman. Her rules were inflexible, because they were the strictly logical result of her principles. Given the premise, Mrs. Lane's deductions must infallibly follow. Her intellect, though shallow, was very clear. She always reminded me of a fine frosty day: cloudless, pale sky, bright sunshine (delightful to look upon, impossible to bask in), and a little sharp *nip* pervading the serene atmosphere. Fortunately it was among Mrs. Lane's principles that ample and generous nourishment was necessary for young growing creatures. We were well fed and well lodged.

How well I remember Mrs. Abram (who, poor soul! had once been nearly starved to death at school herself) expressing the greatest solicitude about my diet, and making a suggestion, unknown to grandfather, that I should be provided with a tin case of captain's biscuits to stave off the pangs of hunger, should I find

myself reduced to a low ebb. I very much approved this scheme, and was eager to adopt it, with one trifling alteration, namely, that the tin case should contain, not captain's biscuits, but "snaps" and macaroons. But Mrs. Abram would not hear of either; partly because macaroons and snaps were bilious, as she said; but also, as I was secretly convinced, because they were nice! However, I had not been many weeks at school before it became obvious to all who looked on me that no such provision as Mrs. Abram had contemplated could be needful. I have mentioned that my health was delicate when I was a young child. But I grew stronger year by year, and I have been throughout my adult life a singularly healthy woman.

The few events that marked the course of those eight years which I have said I spent chiefly at school may be briefly presented before the little banked-in rivulet leaves its straight, safe channels for the wider flood.

Selina, my nurse-maid, got married, and who should her bridegroom be but Donald's old enemy, Mat Kitchen! I felt there was somehow a suitability in the match, although I was vaguely sorry for Selina, too. It had been brought about in this wise: My father had bought a pretty little pony-phaeton as a present for mother, out of his winnings on the day of the great race which I was taken to see. Some accidental injury having been done to this vehicle, Mat Kitchen was sent out to Water-Eardley by his grandfather, Mr. Green, the coach-builder, to see what repairs were necessary to it. On this occasion, and on several subsequent occasions, he saw Selina, and was attracted by her. Mat was by this time receiving good wages, being, I believe, skilled in his trade. Then, too, he had the prospect of an inheritance from his grandfather, and was considered altogether an eligible match.

"I was vexed with your father for buying me that phaeton," said mother once, thoughtfully. "I said I was sure that money got by betting would bring no blessing with it. But it has brought good luck to Selina, at all events. It has got her a husband."

Such amount of good luck as was involved in marrying Mat Kitchen certainly did fall to Selina's share. My parents helped to furnish her little house for her. I was taken to see it before the wedding; and there I saw the bridegroom-elect, looking, as I thought, more sullen than ever. He had shaved his dark upper lip, and wore a fringe of black whiskers. He eyed the furniture in a glum manner, and let fall no syllable of gratitude or gratification for the presents Selina had received. I could not help fancying—probably erroneously—that he kept remembering the evening when Donald and I had taken tea at his father's house, and secretly enjoying the recollection of having made himself so unpleasant. But he called me "little miss," and was not uncivil. Alice Kitchen was there too. She begged me to go and see her and her father some day, when Mat should be

married. I did go one afternoon on my way from school to Mortlands, accompanied by Eliza. I had discovered—I can not now tell exactly by what means—with the intuitive quickness of a child's observation, that Eliza was afflicted at Matthew Kitchen's marriage, and would have liked to marry him herself. Also I noticed that Mr. Kitchen and Alice seemed sorry for her, and made much of her, and I drew the conclusion that they would have preferred to have her for a daughter and sister rather than Selina. Mr. Kitchen's little parlor looked exactly the same as of yore, even to the white and gold elephant, with the rusty steel pen in his castle. I had some delicious butter-cakes, baked expressly for me. And they talked of Donald. Mr. Kitchen observed that he (Donald) was "a high-mettled young youth;" and seemed to think the phrase a happy one, repeating it more than once.

And now, as I look back, I perceive that during my school life the image of Donald had been fading, fading, until it had become the mistiest outline of a memory. Were it not for hearing him spoken of, I should, I feel sure, have forgotten him at this time altogether. Should the reader ask, "How, then, is it that you have been able to give so many minute details of your first acquaintance with the boy?" I shall reply by another question. Do you not now, O reader, if your years number more than some twoscore or so, recall the events of your childhood more clearly than you could have done at eighteen?

In the leafy summer-time we see only the screen of foliage that borders our pathway. Every hedgerow is full of life. Every branch bears its bloom. But when autumn, like some grave and wise enchanter of old time, touches the world with his golden wand, and the transmuted leaves fall yellow from the bough, we look back through the open tracery, and the landscape we have traversed lies softly clear beneath our gaze.

The seasons succeeded each other, and my life continued to be monotonous and tranquil outwardly. Within there was growth and struggle and change; as, I suppose, there must be in all young souls. Those by whom I was surrounded remained unaltered; or they altered so gradually that I scarcely as yet perceived any change in them. Only one thing I observed in my visits home; namely, that father had quite fallen into the practice of going to the races every spring and autumn. Sometimes he even went away to our county town to attend a great race there. Also I noticed that grandfather, who used to inveigh so heartily against horse-racing, had now become gravely silent on the subject at Water-Eardley; or, at all events, he was so whenever I was present. Once, however, on going into our dining-room, after dinner, with a message from mother to my grandfather, who had been spending the day with us, I found the two men in a vehement dispute over their wine. Father was hot and flushed and angry.

Grandfather's face was as stern and set as stone, only his gray eyes sparkled. As I entered I heard father say, sneeringly, "I wonder, Dr. Hewson, that you, who have such very *liberal* views on most subjects, should be so prejudiced on this point!" Whereunto grandfather made answer, "I do not think, George, that you in the least degree apprehend what my views *are* on any important subject. At least, let me assure you that my views do not include proclaiming full liberty of blackguardism to blackguards."

Then they both saw me standing scared in the doorway, and ceased speaking. My message put an end to the discussion, for it was to beg grandfather to come and look at my little brother Harold. The child had been ailing for some days; and mother said he seemed fevered and uneasy in his sleep; and she was anxious about him.

Ah! I am coming to a dark place in my young life; to a valley of shadow, watered by a fountain of tears. My little baby-brother! How we watch the sweet round cheeks growing hot and crimson, and listen to the piteous little cry, "Oh, mamma; oh, manma; Harry *so* *sirsty*!"

Almost more piteous is it, when he is for a time free from suffering, to see the little creature laugh and try to play his old romping games with me, and open wide appealing eyes when he finds that his baby strength no longer suffices to do as he has been used to do. For he grows weaker and weaker, and wastes and fades day by day. And at length the end comes. Care and skill, and the mother's sleepless devotion, can not save him. He falls softly into a slumber, with one little wasted hand clasping my finger, and the other laid upon his innocent lips, like a symbolic statue of silence. And the silence comes down solemnly—solemnly and sweetly. The waxen face changes to marble, and the tiny hand grows chill. I am brought face to face with an awful, irrevocable fact, that is blind and deaf to my sorrow.

After her baby's death, mother was ill for some time; ailing for some time longer. She and father went away to a sea-side place: very far away it seemed to my imagination. In my parents' absence I spent every Saturday and Sunday at Mortlands. I went with Mrs. Abram to a musty-smelling church, with damp, stuffy pews, and a black, shining wooden gallery. And there a clergyman preached long sermons, "full of sound and fury, signifying"—many things which I am averse to contemplate, even at this present period of my life; but which seemed to afford Mrs. Abram a gloomy and ghoulish satisfaction. Hideous images of the charnel-house, from which my soul revolted! How he harped on despair and dread, as if they made sweet music! No word of human love and charity can I recall that issued from his lips in the pulpit. "Good-will toward men," had been omitted from his gospel. That is not what the angel voices sang in *his* ears. Glad

tidings of good things were revealed to no mortal by his clerical voice. Dressed in a little brief authority, he dealt out death and damnation to all and sundry. But when he descended to the vestry, he grew milder; and by the time he had donned his coat, and reached the church-door, he became human, and held his little children gently by the hand. I even heard that in sickness and poverty no one was more benevolent than he; that he gave liberally out of his slender means, and grudged neither time nor trouble to his needy parishioners. All which things, as I grew older, I kept in my heart, and pondered them.

Mother came back from the sea-side with restored health. All fell into its usual track at Water-Eardley, as it used to be before our pretty blossom came and peeped upon the earth, and then folded his soft leaves again forever. At Mrs. Lane's I did not form any of the romantic friendships which are popularly supposed to make a necessary part of a school-girl's experience. I was not very gregarious by nature. I was fastidious in my choice of companionship. And then, doubtless, I was devoid of many qualities which insure popularity. I had very few acquaintances in Horsingham. Grandfather, as I have said, had lived in almost total seclusion from society for as long as I can remember. And the years, as they advanced, rather confirmed than diminished his dislike to mix with the world. My father's friends and relations lived chiefly in the country. Still there were one or two houses in Horsingham which I occasionally visited. Sir Peter Bunny's was one of these houses. Sir Peter had once been mayor, and was knighted on the occasion of heading some deputation during his mayoralty. He was a thin, handsome old gentleman, with dark eyebrows and white hair and small features. His portrait was exhibited one year at the Royal Academy; and the legend ran in Horsingham that enthusiastic visitors would point it out to each other as the very type and ideal of an aristocratic gentleman of ancient lineage, and would turn to their catalogues and say, "Bunny! Sir Peter Bunny! Of the Shropshire Bunnys, I wonder?" in a very genteel and knowing manner. But we Horsingham folks knew that Sir Peter made his money as a maltster, and that Lady Bunny's mother kept a boarding-house at Scarborough; and that despite the big coat of arms on their carriage, and the crest blazoned on every possible and impossible article of furniture in the house, the Bunnys are, in the pure eyes of *county* society, "nobody"—mere impalpable figments of the vulgar brain. They, and their man-servant, and their maid-servant, their eat-tle—and, in short, every thing save the stranger within their gates (who is usually, in his own opinion, somebody, and eats Sir Peter's dinners in a manner calculated to prove it!), being in any polite sense the mere baseless fabric of a vision.

Despite this Berkeleian theory of the Bunnys'

existence, they were greatly liked and respected. Their youngest daughter was a school-fellow of mine, and I sometimes took tea at her father's house, and spent a quiet evening there. Also, I had made the acquaintance of Mr. Arkwright, the curate of Mrs. Abram's favorite clergyman, whose direful ministrations I have spoken of; and of Mrs. Arkwright and the little Arkwrights—and the name of these latter is Legion. I never met Mr. Arkwright without being possessed by a yearning pity for him. The phrase sounds absurd, in our relative positions; nevertheless, it is strictly true. My more mature judgment leads me to doubt whether the case were one calling for all the compassion I lavished on it. But as a very young girl—little more than a child when I first knew him—I was unfeignedly sorry for the Reverend Edwin Arkwright in my heart. He was so very poor, and he had so many young children, and his wife, though doubtless the partner of his cares, appeared to me so little calculated to be the soother of his sorrows. He was known by all Horsingham to be in debt; and yet no one could blame him for extravagance. I once said to Mrs. Lane (I scarcely know how my speech was brought about, for my communications with her were rarely impulsive or confidential), "How dreadful it must be to be in debt! To feel that you have had people's goods, and have not paid for them!" And Mrs. Lane looked at me very strangely, and said, Yes; she supposed it must be dreadful; and hoped I should always continue to think in the same way.

A day or two afterward I was passing Mrs. Lane's sitting-room, the door of which was ajar, and I was surprised and startled to hear grandfather's voice within.

"We will settle the whole account now, if you please, Mrs. Lane," he said. "Three-quarters' schooling are due, are they not?"

Before I could gather presence of mind to move away, the door of the sitting-room was fully opened, and grandfather and Mrs. Lane came out into the hall.

"Anne, how pale you are!" exclaimed my governess. She looked quite alarmed, and made a movement forward to take hold of me. Grandfather gave me a searching glance, and said, "May Anne come home with me to Mortlands now, Mrs. Lane? I know that it is out of the regular course of things; but it will only anticipate the half holiday by one day, and I shall feel obliged to you if you will permit it."

Mrs. Lane at once assented. I think she fancied that my grandfather's medical eye detected some incipient illness in me. But there was none; I had merely been startled and seized upon by a vague feeling of uneasiness, which had immediately translated itself in my countenance.

Grandfather took me home to his house; and as soon as we arrived at Mortlands he bade me follow him into his study. I obeyed with a beating heart. I could recall no such

summons having happened previously. He kissed me and placed me in a chair, and then sat down opposite to me.

"Anne," said he, "what did you hear me say to Mrs. Lane? I saw in your face that you had been shocked and startled."

I told him what I had heard; adding, "How could it be, dear grandfather, that so much should be owing to Mrs. Lane? I had no idea—I thought—"

I stopped with twitching lips. An attempt to utter another syllable would have resulted in a burst of tears, and I was resolved not to give way to that weakness without a struggle to retain my self-command.

"Little Nancy, I did not know that the money was owing until yesterday. When I did know it, I got your mother to let me pay it—for her."

There was an almost imperceptible pause before the two last syllables, but my ear detected, my mind marked it. However, I did not press grandfather with any further questions at that time. He told me that all was well at Water-Eardley, and reassured me on the whole.

"By-the-way, little Nancy," he said, just before dismissing me from the study, "when you go home you will miss the hunters. That is to say, you might miss them if you chanced to go near the stable; or the servants might speak to you of them. In any case, do not say anything to your father about them. It is a sore subject."

"What has happened to the hunters?" I asked, wonderingly. "Are they dead?"

"No; they are sold."

CHAPTER VII.

FROM that time forth began a new era for me. Very shortly after the incident I have spoken of in the last chapter I was removed from Mrs. Lane's and returned to Water-Eardley. I was then between eighteen and nineteen. I am inclined to believe that I was more childish in some respects, and much less so in others, than most girls of my age. The sort of foretaste of the world—the preliminary experience of its buffets and struggles, its victories and defeats, which is supplied to a child by the competition of brothers and sisters, I had never had. Even my school life had not altogether stood in the stead of it. But, on the other hand, I had escaped the most imminent danger that usually threatens an only child: I had never been "spoiled." But for this blessing I have to thank my grandfather's firmness and wisdom. I had been accustomed to appeal to him and to lean on him with absolute trust throughout my young life; and he now stood by me with counsel and help when I had to face a new aspect of things, and to learn some lessons which only a practical contact with the difficulties of existence can teach.

My father was sorely pressed for money. I

had known that it must be so, when I heard that he had sold his hunters: the beautiful, docile creatures in whom he had taken such pride. And this, too, painfully explained why there were such long arrears of payment to be made for my schooling. But of what had caused my father's need I had no conception. Grandfather forbore to tell me. But poor mother, in her distress and her yearning to confide in a loving heart, soon revealed to me that my father had of late been involving himself deeply in what are called "turf speculations." In plain terms, he had been betting and gambling and losing, not recklessly—he was but too deeply plunged in anxiety as to the result of the risk he was running—but infatuatedly. It would be more correct to say that mother's face and voice infected me with apprehension and grief, than that my intelligence fully realized all that was implied in the word "gambler."

"Then, mother dear," said I, attempting to apply what little lore of life I had gleaned from story-books to the present case, "I suppose we are ruined?"

It appeared, however, that we were by no means ruined. Mother even smiled at my solemn face as I said the word; but her smile was like a pale sunbeam struggling through rain clouds. No; we were not ruined. Father might even have avoided the sale of his hunters by raising money in another way; but he had resolved, mother said, to make a sacrifice which should fall on him personally, and on no one else. And was not that noble and generous? Mother bade me note what liberal atonement he had made. And, after all, father had not been so much to blame; he had been led on and on by a run of good luck. And he had been persuaded and tempted by others: wicked men who had neither pity nor principle. But perhaps this taste of misfortune was a blessing in disguise: it would show father, before it was too late, what gulfs of ruin lay hidden beneath that smiling surface of good-fellowship. He had promised, he had given his word to bet no more. He was so good, so affectionate, so frank in acknowledging his error.

I watched mother's face thoughtfully while she spoke. When she had finished, finding that her countenance revealed something not altogether in harmony with her words, I said, "Then why should you be so sorry and so anxious, mother darling? If father has given his word, that is enough. You need not be afraid any more; need you, mother?"

"No, my dearest. You are right. I ought to have faith in my own darling; and I have, Anne. You must not fancy that I doubt father."

But her speech was closed by a sigh that seemed to come from the depths of her heart.

However, it seemed as if her apprehensions had in truth been excessive, for the storm cleared away, and left, as far as I could tell, no permanent disaster behind it. No comfort that

we had been accustomed to enjoy in our home was absent from it. The empty stalls in the stable, and the dismissal of one of the grooms, alone reminded us that we had narrowly escaped a far greater misfortune. My old friend Dodd, for whom I had always retained a kindly feeling, left us about a year after my return home. He married, and set up in a little roadside inn about seven miles from Horsingham, which inn, from its situation in close proximity to the main highway, did a thriving business with carters and carriers, at all seasons of the year, and with stray travelers during the race-time.

Dodd was replaced at Water-Eardley by a smart, sly, undersized creature, who had been for some time employed about Lord B——'s training stable. I remember father mentioning this fact as being a great recommendation when the man was first engaged, and grandfather making him very angry by replying, "Mercy on us! The fellow comes armed with a regular diploma from the school of perdition, does he?"

But grandfather seldom permitted himself such utterances as this. He had the talent of holding his tongue. (How rare and how precious a power!) He had a sincere desire to make peace. He knew that nothing is more likely to check the struggling growth of amendment than the cold breath of distrust. He encouraged my mother—he was cordial and pleasant as ever with my father. It seemed as if all were still as it had been. But it was only seeming.

Among other changes which I observed in my father, now that I lived constantly at home, was a listless indifference to the pursuits he had formerly been interested in; his farm and his stock were merely a care and a trouble. He sold off all the beasts he had of a famous breed of cattle (more than one silver prize-cup won from county competitions glittered on the sideboard in our dining-room), and replaced them with common animals.

I could not for the life of me have told why, but even to my inexperienced eyes the whole aspect of the farm was changed. The Germans have a homely proverb of rural life: "The master's footstep manures the field best." On our fields the master's footstep rarely fell. By degrees father entirely relinquished one farm, consisting of arable land, which he had rented, and retained only the grazing meadows. Father always had some excellent reason to give for every change that he made. He really was an enlightened farmer, and understood his business very thoroughly. This made it almost impossible for any one to remonstrate with him as to what he was doing, and what he was leaving undone. "You will allow, I suppose," father would say, sharply, "that I know something about land, and something about stock!" This being indisputable, he would add, "And I presume you will give me credit for using my knowledge to my own interest. A man will

care for *that*, at all events, whatever else he cares for."

Interest! His own interest? How strange it is that men should go on repeating the parrot-like formula, whose truth is contradicted by every day's experience! There is no petty passion in the human breast but will override "interest," in the sense generally attached to that word.

Father was constantly saying that farming was such a *slow* way of making money; that what you gained one year you lost the next; and making other grumbling speeches, which—I confess it—irritated me terribly. Once my mother exclaimed, very innocently, "But, George dear, what need is there for us to 'make money' at all? Have we not enough? Heaven knows I don't long for riches?" And father was out of humor the whole day afterward. Alas! that was coming to be a frequent occurrence. Father never had sweetness of temper comparable to mother's. He was what people call "hasty." But then whosoever made that remark almost invariably added, "It was over in a minute." For my part, when I hear such a characteristic mentioned in the way of praise, I am inclined to ask, "With whom is it over in a minute? With the hasty man himself, or the object of his sudden wrath?" Wounds given in haste will often take long to heal. But, at least, in former times when father was angry, those around him usually comprehended wherefore he was so. He had been frank-natured too, and disdainful of equivocation; but he was changing, changing, changing, day by day.

I am dwelling chiefly on the internal phases through which our home life passed, so to speak. These were mostly hidden from all who were not dwellers at Water-Eardley. The superficial part of our existence was, I imagine, much the same as ever in the eyes of strangers.

My parents, perhaps, did not go from home as much as they had been used to do when I was a child. But my father had a large circle of relatives in the neighborhood, and we visited a good deal; much more, indeed, than was agreeable to me. For, to say truth, I did not find all these tribes of second and third cousins by any means congenial to me. I had, to say the least, a distaste for their society, and I have reason to believe that the distaste was heartily reciprocated.

The few acquaintances I had made during my school-days in Horsingham I retained. Lady Bunny called upon my mother, and my mother returned her visit; and there ensued dinners at Sir Peter's house and at my father's; and a dance at the former place, on which occasion both Barbara Bunny, my late school-fellow, and I were introduced to the fashionable world of Horsingham. But this was a rare dissipation, and did not lead to much further gayety. It had the effect, however, of distracting my mind from other things for some time afterward. I found, to my surprise, that my studies

were flat and savorless; that I was haunted during the writing out of an exercise by the echoes of a tuneful waltz; that my thoughts were rather frequently busied with devising imaginary costumes for myself, and fancying how I should look in a lemon-colored crape dress, such as the eldest Miss-Bunny had worn, and other similar speculations. In a word, I discovered in myself a hitherto unsuspected taste for excitement, not to mention a considerable development of the organ which I believe phrenologists have designated love of approbation.

Since I had left school, I had, by grandfather's advice, and partly in consequence of a suggestion that he had made to my parents, continued certain of my studies under the auspices of the Reverend Edwin Arkwright. He was an excellent German scholar, and he gave me lessons in that language. Also he read history with me, and even imparted to me a slight smattering of Latin. Father had objected at first rather strongly to this latter study. He did not want his girl to be a blue-stocking. He hated learned women; they notoriously made bad wives and mothers. Home was a woman's sphere, and domestic duties were her proper employment. I remember in my inexperience earnestly endeavoring to discover father's reasons for thinking that the declension of *hic, hæc, hoc*, would undermine my principles, and harden my manners, and utterly failing to get any enlightenment as to his views on the subject. When I had recourse to grandfather, he merely said that every one had some prejudices, and that it could not be expected that my father should be totally exempt from them; but that he (grandfather) had persuaded father to let me learn from Mr. Arkwright, assuring him that there was no apparent danger of my becoming a portent of erudition. And indeed the discerning reader, who shall peruse these pages to the end, will scarcely require me to assert that whatever evils have happened to me in the course of my life have most undoubtedly been due in no wise to excess of learning: Heaven save the mark!

"But then, grandfather," said I, earnestly, "how is it? Does father want me not to learn well from Mr. Arkwright? Does he think it won't be a bad thing if I only *pretend* to learn German and Latin, but that it will hurt me if I really do study industriously?"

Whereto grandfather only replied, dryly, that I had better not make such speeches as that to my father, as he would probably consider them unfeminine. And then he added, more seriously, "Do not question your parent's conduct in a caviling spirit, little Nancy. No Latin in the world was ever worth a loving heart and a docile temper."

I went once a week to Mr. Arkwright's house to take my lesson; and I usually spent the evening of those days at Mortlands, especially during the winter and autumn when the daylight set early. To me my lesson-days were

times of almost unmixed enjoyment. At least they had been so up to the time of the dance at Sir Peter Bunny's. After that occasion, I found that the concentration of my mind upon my books was much more difficult than it had been: still I continued to go to the curate's house on the appointed days. I knew beyond the possibility of doubt that the sum paid for my lessons was an important object to the Arkwrights. It never occurred to me to question my parent's power of affording it. The exam-

ple of Mrs. Lane's over-due school bill might, it may be thought, have awakened some misgivings; but I believed that the causes which had led to that circumstance had ceased forever; and that the sun was not surer to rise each morning than was the price of my lessons to be duly and regularly paid to Mr. Arkwright. I may here record that it was so paid. But not until many years later did I learn from mother's confession, that the person who paid it was my grandfather.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

A LETTER TO THE CHRISTIAN WOMEN OF AMERICA.

Part II.

LET us now look for a moment at the actual condition of women in America, in connection with the predicted elevation. We are told they are to be elevated by the suffrage—and that by hanging on to the election tickets in the hands of their wives, the men are to be elevated with them. What, therefore, is the ground women now occupy, and from whence they are to soar upward on the paper wings of the ballot? The principal facts connected with that position are self-evident; there is nothing vague or uncertain here; we have but to look about us and the question is answered. We already know, for instance, from daily observation and actual experience, that, as a general rule, the kindness and consideration of American men have been great, both in public and in private life. We know that in American society women have been respected, they have been favored, they have been protected, they have been beloved. There has been a readiness to listen to their requests, to redress grievances, to make changes whenever these have become necessary or advisable. Such, until very recently, has been the general current of public feeling, the general tendency of public action, in America. If there appear to-day occasional symptoms of a change in the tone of men on this point, it is to be attributed to the agitation of the very question we are now discussing. Whenever women make ill-judged, unnatural, extravagant demands, they must prepare to lose ground. Yes, even where the particular points in dispute are conceded to their reiterated importunity, they must still eventually lower their general standing and consideration by every false step. There are occasions where victory is more really perilous than a timely defeat; a temporary triumph may lead to ground which the victors can not permanently hold to their own true and lasting advantage. On the other hand, every just and judicious demand women may now make with the certainty of successful results. This is, indeed, the great fact which especially contributes to render the birth-right of American women a favorable one. If the men of the country are already disposed to

redress existing grievances, where women are concerned, as we know them to be, and if they are also ready, as we know them to be, to forward all needful future development of true womanly action, what more, pray, can we reasonably ask of them? Where lies this dire necessity of thrusting upon women the burdens of the suffrage? And why should the entire nation be thrown into the perilous convulsions of a revolution more truly formidable than any yet attempted on earth? Bear in mind that this is a revolution which, if successful in all its aims, can scarcely fail to sunder the family roof-tree, and to uproot the family hearth-stone. It is the avowed determination of many of its champions that it shall do so; while with another class of its leaders, to weaken and undermine the authority of the Christian faith in the household is an object if not frankly avowed yet scarcely concealed. The great majority of the women enlisted in this movement—many of them, it is needless to say, very worthy persons as individuals—are little aware of all the perils into which some of their most zealous male allies would lead them. Degradation for the sex, and not true and lasting elevation, appear to most of us likely to be the end to which this movement must necessarily tend, unless it be checked by the latent good sense, the true wisdom, and the religious principle of women themselves, aroused, at length, to protest, to resist. If we are called upon for proof of the assertion, that American men are already prepared to redress actual grievances, we find that proof in their course at the present moment. Observe the patience with which our legislative bodies are now considering the petitions of a clamorous minority demanding the redress of a fictitious grievance—a minority demanding a political position which the majority of their sex still utterly reject—a position repugnant to the habits, the feelings, the tastes, and the principles of that majority. If men are willing to give their attention to these querulous demands of a small minority of our sex, how much more surely may we rely on their sympathy, and their efficient support, when

some measure in which the interests of the whole sex are clearly involved shall be brought before them by all their wives and mothers?

And again: they are not only already prepared to redress grievances, but also to forward all needed development of true womanly action. Take, in proof of this assertion, the subject of education. This is, beyond all doubt, the vital question of the age, embracing within its limits all others. Education is of far more importance than the suffrage, which is eventually subject to it, controlled by it. This is, indeed, a question altogether too grave, too comprehensive, and too complicated in some of its bearings to be more than briefly alluded to here. But let us consider education for a moment as the mere acquirement of intellectual knowledge. This is but one of its phases, and that one not the most important; but such is the popular, though very inadequate, idea of the subject in America. Observe how much has already been done in this sense for the instruction of the women of our country. In the common district schools, and even in the high schools of the larger towns, the same facilities are generally offered to both sexes; in the public schools brother and sister have, as a rule, the same books and the same teachers. And we may go much farther and say that every woman in the country may already—*if she is determined to do so*—obtain very much the same intellectual instruction which her own brother receives. If that education is a highly advanced one she will, no doubt, have some especial difficulties to contend against; but those difficulties are not insurmountable. The doors of most colleges and universities are closed, it is true, against women, and we can not doubt that this course is taken for sound reasons, pointed out by good sense and true sagacity. It is impossible not to believe that between the ages of fifteen and five-and-twenty young men and young women will carry on their intellectual training far more thoroughly and successfully apart than thrown into the same classes. At that age of vivid impressions and awakening passions, the two sexes are sufficiently thrown together in family life and in general society for all purposes of mutual influence and improvement. Let them chat, walk, sing, dance together, at that period of their lives; but if you wish to make them good scholars, let them study apart. Let their loves and jealousies be carried on elsewhere than in the college halls. But already female colleges, exclusively adapted to young women, are talked of—nay, here and there one or two such colleges now exist. There is nothing in which American men more delight, nothing more congenial to their usual modes of thought and action, than to advance the intellectual instruction of the whole nation, daughters as well as sons. We may rest assured that they will not fail to grant all needed development in this direction. One female college, of the very highest intellectual standard, would probably be found sufficient for a

population of some millions. The number of women desiring a full college education will always, for many different reasons, be much smaller than the number of male students. But there is no good reason why such colleges, when found desirable, should not enter into our future American civilization. Individual American women may yet, by these means, make high progress in science, and render good service to the country and the race. Every branch of study which may be carried on thoroughly and successfully, without impairing womanly modesty of mind and manner, should be so far opened to the sex as to allow those individuals to whom Providence has given the ability for deep research to carry them to the farthest point needed. But as regards those studies which are intended to open the way to professions essentially bold and masculine in character, we do not see how it is within the bounds of possibility for young women to move onward in that direction without losing some of their most precious womanly prerogatives—without, in short, unsexing themselves.

The really critical point with regard to the present position of women in America is the question of work and wages. Here the pocket of man is touched. And the pocket is the most sensitive point with many men, not only in America, but all the world over. There can be no doubt whatever that women are now driven away from certain occupations, to which they are well adapted, by the selfishness of some men. And in many departments where they are day-laborers for commercial firms they are inadequately paid, and compelled to provide food, lodging, fuel, and light out of scanty wages. Yes, we have here one of the few real grievances of which American women have a just right to complain. But even here—even where the pocket is directly touched, we still believe that women may obtain full justice in the end, by pursuing the right course. Only let the reality of the grievance be clearly proved, and redress will follow, ere long. Providence has the power of bringing good out of evil; and therefore we believe that the movement now going on will here, at least, show some lasting results for good. The "Song of the Shirt" shall, we trust, ere long become an obsolete lay in our country. Our women, twenty years hence, shall be better paid in some of their old fields of labor; and new openings, appropriate to their abilities, mental and physical, shall also be made for them. And here they are much more likely to succeed without the suffrage than with it. It is not by general law-making that they can better themselves in these particulars. Individual fitness for this or that branch of work is what is required for success. And if, by thorough preparation, women can discharge this or that task, not essentially masculine in its requirements, as well as men, they may rest assured that in the end their wages will be the same as those of their fathers and brothers in the same field of work.

And how is it with our homes—how fares it with American women in the family circle? To all right-minded women the duties connected with home are most imperative, most precious, most blessed of all, partaking as they do of the spirit of religious duty. To women this class of duties is by choice, and by necessity, much more absorbing than it is to men. It is the especial field of activity to which Providence has called them; for which their Maker has qualified them by peculiar adaptation of body and mind. To the great majority of American women these duties are especially absorbing, owing to the difficulty of procuring paid subordinates, well qualified for the tasks they undertake. The task of positive labor, and the task of close supervision, are both particularly burdensome to American wives and mothers. Thus far, or at least until very recently, those duties of wife and mother have been generally performed conscientiously. The heart of every worthy American woman is in her home. That home, with its manifold interests, is especially under her government. The good order, the convenience, the comfort, the pleasantness, the whole economy of the house, in short, depend in a very great measure on her. The food of the family is prepared by her, either directly or by close supervision. The clothing of the family passes through her hands or under her eye. The health of the family is included within the same tender, watchful, loving oversight. The education of the children is chiefly directed by her—in many families almost exclusively so. Whether for evil or for good, by careless neglect or by patient, thoughtful, prayerful guidance, she marks out their future course. This is even too much the case. American fathers love their children fondly; no fathers more affectionate than they are; they pet their children; they toil ceaselessly for them; but their education they leave almost entirely to the mother. It may be said, with perfect truth, that in the great majority of American families the educational influences come chiefly from the mother; they are tacitly made over to her as a matter of course. The father has too often very little to do with them. His work lies abroad, in the world of business or politics, where all his time and attention are fully absorbed. In this way the American mother rules the very heart of her family. If at all worthy she has great influence with her husband; she has great influence over her daughters; and as regards her sons, there are too many cases in which hers is the only influence for good to which they yield. Is there so little of true elevation and dignity in this position that American women should be in such hot haste to abandon it for a position as yet wholly untried, entirely theoretical and visionary?

It will be said that all women are not married, that all wives are not mothers, that there are childless widows and many single women in the country. Quite true; but in a rapid sketch one looks at the chief features only; and home

life, with its varied duties, is, of course, the principal point in every Christian country. The picture is essentially correct, without touching on lesser details. We pause here to observe also that almost every single woman has a home somewhere. She makes a home for herself, or she is ingrafted on the home of others, and wherever she may be—even in that wretched kind of existence, boarding-house life—she may, if she choose, carry something of the home spirit with her. In fact, every true woman instinctively does so, whatever be the roof that covers her head. She thinks for others, she plans for others, she serves others, she loves and cherishes others, she unconsciously throws something of the web of home feeling and home action over those near her, and over the dwelling she inhabits. She carries the spirit of home and its duties into the niche allotted to her—a niche with which she is generally far more contented than the world at large believes—a niche which is never so narrow but that it provides abundant material for varied work—often very pleasant work too. Let it be understood, once for all, that the champions of widows and single women are very much given to talking and writing absurdly on this point. Their premises are often wholly false. They often fancy discontent and disappointment and inaction where those elements have no existence. Certainly it is not in the least worth while to risk a tremendous social revolution in behalf of this minority of the sex. Every widow and single woman can, if she choose, already find abundance of the most noble occupation for heart, mind, body, and soul. Carry the vote into her niche, she certainly will be none the happier or more truly respectable for that bit of paper. It is also an error to suppose that among the claimants for suffrage single women are the most numerous or the most clamorous. The great majority of the leaders in this movement appear to be married women.

A word more on the subject of home life, as one in which the interests of the whole sex are most closely involved. It is clear that those interests are manifold, highly important to the welfare of the race, unceasing in their recurrence, urgent and imperative in their nature, requiring for their successful development such devotion of time, labor, strength, thought, feeling, that they must necessarily leave but little leisure to the person who faithfully discharges them. The comfort, health, peace, temper, recreation, general welfare, intellectual, moral, and religious training of a family make up, indeed, a charge of the very highest dignity, and one which must tax to the utmost every faculty of the individual to whom it is intrusted. The commander of a regiment at the head of his men, the member of Congress in his seat, the judge on his bench, scarcely holds a position so important, so truly honorable, as that of the intelligent, devoted, faithful American wife and mother, wisely governing her household. And what are the interests of the merchant,

the manufacturer, the banker, the broker, the speculator, the selfish politician, when compared with those confided to the Christian wife and mother? They are too often simply contemptible—a wretched, feverish, maddening struggle to pile up lucre, which is any thing but clean. Where is the superior merit of such a life, that we should hanker after it, when placed beside that of the loving, unselfish, Christian wife and mother—the wife, standing at her husband's side, to cheer, to aid, to strengthen, to console, to counsel, amidst the trials of life; the mother, patiently, painfully, and prayerfully cultivating every higher faculty of her children for worthy action through time and eternity? Which of these positions has the most of true elevation connected with it?

And then, again, let us look at the present position of American women in society. In its best aspects social life may be said to be the natural outgrowth of the Christian home. It is something far better than the world, than Vanity Fair, than the Court of Mammon, where all selfish passions meet and parade in deceptive masquerade. It is the selfish element in human nature which pervades what we call the world; self-indulgence, enjoyment, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, the pride of life, receive, in that arena, their full development. Society, on the contrary, in its highest meaning, becomes the practical development of the second great commandment, loving and serving our neighbor. In every Christian country there are many individuals, especially among women, to whom social life practically bears that meaning. Public worship itself is a social act, the highest of all, blending in one the spirit of the two great commandments—the love of God and the love of man. And whatever of social action or social enjoyment is not inconsistent with those two great commandments becomes the Christian's heritage, makes a part, more or less important, of his education, enters into the great stream of the better civilization. And it is here that we reach what may be called the more public duties of woman. From all duties entirely public she is now, or she may be if she choose, relieved by man. These more public duties of hers are still but the outgrowth of her home life, and more or less closely interwoven with it. They are very important, never to be neglected with impunity. The really unsocial woman is in great danger of becoming also unchristian. Every friend crossing the threshold brings social life into the home. The genial smile, the kindly greeting, the cheering word, all these and a thousand other gracious impulses, are, of course, but the first instinctive movements of the social feeling. And from these we move onward over a vast field of action, to the very farthest point reached by the higher charities of Christianity. There can be no doubt that the charm, the grace, and the happy cheerfulness of society are chiefly due to women; and it is also true that the whole un-

written common-law of society is, in a great measure, under their control. The world is constantly encroaching here, enervating and corrupting social life. To oppose wisely, skillfully, and effectually these treacherous encroachments, these alluring temptations, is one of the most difficult tasks possible. To contribute her full share toward purifying and brightening the social atmosphere about her, in accordance with the spirit of true Christian civilization, such is one great and essential part of woman's work in life. It is a work more especially her own. Man, without his helpmeet, can do but little here. His faculties are absorbed by other tasks, not more important, but more engrossing and essentially different. The finer tact, the more graceful manner, the quicker wit, the more tender conscience, are all needed here. Every woman in the country has her own share of this work to do. Each individual woman is responsible for the right use of all her own social influences, whether for good or for evil.

To keep up the standard of female purity becomes emphatically one of the most stringent duties of every Christian woman. For her own sake, for the sake of all she loves, for the sake of her country, for the service of Christ and His Church, she is bound to uphold this standard at a high point—a point entirely above suspicion. This task is of importance incalculable. But, owing to the frivolity of some women, and the very loose ideas of many men, it is no easy task. Undoubtedly, the very great majority of women are born modest at heart. Their nature is by many degrees less coarse than that of man. And their conscience is more tender. But there is one temptation to which they too often yield. With them the great dangers are vanity and the thirst for admiration, which often become a sort of diseased excitement—what drinking or gambling is to men. Here is the weak point. Yielding chiefly to this temptation, scores of women are falling every day. Vanity leads them to wear the extravagant, the flashy, the immodest, the unhealthy dress, to dance the immodest dance, to adopt the alluring manner, to carry flirting to extremes. Vanity leads them, in short, to forget true self-respect, to enjoy the very doubtful compliment of a miserably cheap admiration. They become impatient of the least appearance of neglect or indifference, they become eager in pursuit of attention, while men always attribute that pursuit to motives of the coarsest kind. It is generally vanity alone which leads a married woman to receive the first disgraceful flattery of dissolute men. Probably nine out of ten of those American women who have trifled with honor and reputation, whose names are spoken with the sneer of contempt, have been led on, step by step, in the path of sin by vanity as the chief motive. Where one woman falls from low and coarse passions, a hundred fall from sheer levity and the love of admiration.

To counteract this fatal influence young women must be taught to respect themselves, to be on their guard against vanity and its enticements, to cherish personal modesty in every way. The married woman who is quietly working by example or by precept among the young girls nearest to her, seeking to cherish and foster among them this vital principle of pure personal modesty in dress, in language, in reading, in tone of voice, in countenance, in manner—the natural outward expression of true modesty of heart—is doing far more for her country than if she were to mount the rostrum to-morrow and make a political speech eloquent as any of Webster's.

Sensible women may always have a good measure of political influence of the right sort, if they choose. And it is in one sense a duty on their part to claim this influence, and to exert it, but always in the true womanly way. The influence of good sense, of a sound judgment, of good feeling may always be theirs. Let us see that we preserve this influence, and that we use it wisely. But let us cherish our happy immunities as women by keeping aloof from all public personal action in the political field. There is much higher work for us to do. Our time, our thoughts, our efforts may be given to labors far more important than any mere temporary electing, or law-making, passed to-day, annulled to-morrow, in obedience to the fickle spirit of party politics.

THAT WORK IS TO PROMOTE BY ALL WORTHY MEANS THE MORAL CIVILIZATION OF THE COUNTRY.

Toward this work legislation, the mere enacting of laws, can do but little. We have all heard of the shrewd mind who considered the songs of a people as more important than their laws. The moral condition of a nation is subject to many different influences—of these the statute book is but one, and that not the most important. No mere skeleton of political constitution can, of itself, produce moral health and strength. It is the living heart within which does the work. And over that heart women have very great influence. The home is the cradle of the nation. A sound home education is the most important of all moral influences. In the very powerful influences which affection gives them over the home, by teaching childhood, by guiding youth, over the men of their family, women have noble means for working good, not only to their own households, not only to the social circle about them, but to the nation at large. All these influences they can bring into action far more effectually by adhering closely to that position which is not only natural to them, but also plainly allotted to them by the revealed Word of God. In no position of their own devising can they do that work half so well.

Political and social corruption are clearly the great evils to be dreaded for our country. We have already gone far enough in the path of universal manhood suffrage to feel convinced

that no mere enlargement of the suffrage has power to save us from those evils. During half a century we have been moving nearer and nearer to a suffrage all but universal, and we have, during the same period, been growing more corrupt. The undisguised frauds at elections, the open accusations of bribery in legislative assemblies, the accusations of corruption connected with still higher offices—of these we read daily in the public prints. And these accusations are not disproved. They are generally believed. It is clear, therefore, that something more effectual than universal manhood suffrage is needed to stem the torrent. And it is simply ridiculous to suppose that womanhood suffrage can effect the same task. Who can believe that where men, in their own natural field, have partially failed to preserve a healthful political atmosphere, an honest political practice, that women, so much less experienced, physically so much more feeble, so excitable, so liable to be misled by fancy, by feeling, are likely, in a position foreign to their nature, not only to stand upright themselves, but, like Atlas of old, to bear the weight of the whole political world on their shoulders—like Hercules, to cleanse the Augean stables of the political coursers—to do, in short, all that man has failed to do? No; it is, alas! only too clear that something more than the ballot-box, whether in male or female hands, is needed here. And it is the same in social life. The public prints, under a free press, must always hold up a tolerably faithful mirror to the society about them. The picture it displays is no better in social life than in political life. We say the mirror is tolerably faithful, since there are heights of virtue and depths of sin alike unreflected by the daily press. The very purest and the very foulest elements of earthly existence are left out of the picture. But the general view can scarcely fail to be tolerably correct. Take, then, the sketch of social life as it appears in some half dozen of the most popular prints from week to week. You will be sure to find the better features grievously blended with others fearfully distorted by evil. There are blots black as pitch in that picture. There are forms, more fiend-like than human, photographed on those sheets of paper. Crimes of worse than brutal violence, savage cruelty, crimes of treachery and cowardly cunning and conspiracy, breach of trust, tyrannical extortion, groveling intemperance, sensuality gross and shameless—the heart sickens at the record of a week's crime! It is a record from which the Christian woman often turns aside appalled. Human nature can read no lessons of humility more powerful than those contained in the newspapers of the day. They preach what may be called home truths with most tremendous force. From this record of daily crime it is only too clear that universal suffrage has had no power to purify the society in which we live. If no worse, we can not claim to be better than other nations, under a different political rule.

This admission becomes the more painful when we reflect that in America this full freedom of fundamental institutions, this relief from all needless shackles, is combined with a well-developed system of intellectual education. We are an absolutely free nation. We are, on the whole, and to a certain point, intellectually, an educated nation. Yet vice and crime exist among us to an extent that is utterly disgraceful. It is evident, therefore, that universal manhood suffrage, even when combined with general education, is still insufficient for the task of purifying either social or political life. The theoretical infidel philosopher may wonder at this fact. Not so the Christian. Great intellectual activity, and the abuse of that power for evil purposes, are a spectacle only too common in this world. Look at the present condition of the most civilized nations. Of all generations that have lived on earth, our own is assuredly the most enlightened, in an intellectual sense; mental culture has never been so generally diffused as it is to-day, nor has it ever achieved so many conquests as within the last half century; and yet mark how comparatively little has this wonderful intellectual progress accomplished in the noble work of improving the moral condition of the most enlightened countries. To the mind humbled by Christian doctrine, living in the light of a holy faith, these facts, though unspeakably painful, can not cause surprise. We are prepared for them. We have already learned that no mere legislative enactment and no mere intellectual training can suffice to purify the human heart thoroughly. An element much more powerful than mental culture is needed for that great work. For this work light from on high is sent. A thorough *moral education* is required, and the highest form of that education can be reached in one way only—by walking in the plain path of obedience to the will of the Creator, as revealed in Holy Scripture. We must turn, not to Plato and Aristotle, but to inspired Prophet and Apostle. We must open our hearts to the spirit of the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount. We must go to Sinai and to Calvary, and humbly, on bended knee, receive the sublime lessons to be learned there.

We should never have expected moral progress as an inevitable consequence of free institutions and mere intellectual education, had it not been that, like other nations, we indulge in idolatries, and among our "gods many" are the suffrage and mental activity. We are gravely told by philosophers that, with the vote in the hands of woman, the moral elevation of the race is secured forever! "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" The feeling is common in America that to doubt the omnipotence of universal suffrage in its extreme development is not only treason, but a sort of blasphemy. And this feeling is now leading many minds, unconsciously, perhaps, to shrink from opposing the present movement in favor of womanhood suffrage. They bow the knee to the common

idol. They dare not believe it possible for the suffrage to be carried too far. For ourselves we have no sympathies whatever with idolatry. We fearlessly declare our opinion, therefore, that no political institutions whatever, neither despotic, nor monarchical, nor aristocratic, nor yet the most free, are capable, in themselves, of achieving moral education for a people. Neither do we believe it more possible for abstract intellectual culture to gain this most important of all ends. Institutions wisely free are a very great blessing. Let us be fervently thankful for them. Intellectual education is equally important and desirable. These are both noble and admirable means to work with, provided we still look above and beyond them for a farther development of the race—for fullness of *moral civilization*. In fact, if we wish for a vigorous, healthful, lasting development of republican institutions, we must necessarily unite with these not only intellectual teaching, but also a sound *moral education*. This is a fact to which men, in the whirl of their political or commercial struggles, too often willfully shut their eyes. They are quite ready to acknowledge the truth of the assertion in a general way, but they choose to forget its vast importance in political or commercial practice. They recklessly lower the moral standard themselves, whenever that standard is at a height inconvenient for the attaining of some particular object toward which they are aiming. They are lacking in faith. Unlike women, who carry faith with them in private life, men act as if faith were not needed in everyday public life. At least the great majority of men, nominal Christians, fail to carry Christian principle with them into common business or politics. Faith, in the heart of women, is connected with love; consequently it is less easily stifled. They more frequently carry this principle with them in daily practice—not to the extent that they should do, but far more so than most men do. And here, Christian women, is your great advantage. It is the Lord's work to which we would urge you. The work of true faith, however lowly, is sure of a blessing. With faith unfeigned in your hearts, giving purity to your lives, you have it in your power to render most effectual service to the nation in your own natural sphere, far beyond what you could possibly accomplish by the path of common politics. You have never, as yet, done full justice to the advantages of your own actual position in this respect. You have overlooked the great work immediately before you. We have no magic talisman to offer you in carrying out that work. We shall not flatter you with the promise of unlimited success; we shall not attempt to gratify any personal ambition of public honors. We have no novel theories or brilliant illusions with which to dazzle your imagination.

Fidelity to plain moral duties—this is the one great principle to which we would most earnestly call your attention. There is absolutely no principle so sorely needed in the civilized world

to-day as this. We live in an age of false and inflated ambitions. Simple moral truths fare badly in our time. Imposing theories, brilliant novelties, subtle sophistries, exaggerated development, arrogant pretensions—these too often crowd simple moral truths out of sight, out of mind. And yet, without that class of duties in healthful action, corruption more or less general is inevitable.

Truth of word, honesty of action, integrity of character, temperance, chastity, moderation, sincerity, subordination to just authority, conjugal fidelity, filial love and honor—these duties, and others closely connected with them, bear old and homely names. But, Christian women, you can not ask for a task more noble, more truly elevating, for yourselves and your country, than to uphold these plain moral principles, first by your own personal example, and then by all pure influences in your homes and in the society to which you belong. In no other mode can you so well forward the great work of Christian civilization as by devoting yourselves to the daily personal practice, and to the social cultivation, by example and influence, of these plain moral duties. Your present domestic position is especially favorable to this task. You have more time for thought on these subjects; you have more frequent opportunities for influence over the young nearest to you; you have more leisure for prayer, for invoking a blessing on your efforts, however humble they may be. It is not enough to set a decent example yourselves. You must go to the very root of the matter. You must carry about with you hearts and minds very deeply impressed with the incalculable importance of a sound morality; you must be clearly convinced of the misery, the shame, the perils of all immorality.

In this nineteenth century the civilization of a country must necessarily prove either heathen or Christian in its spirit. There is no neutral ground lying between these boundaries. Faith or infidelity, such is the choice we must all make, whether as individuals or as nations. Thanks be to God we are not only in name, but also partially in character, a Christian nation. Faith is not entirely wanting. We all in a measure feel its good effects. Even the avowed infidel living in our midst is far more under its influences, though indirectly so, than he is aware of. And where there is life, there we have hope of growth, of higher development. To cherish that growth, to further that higher development by all gracious and loving and generous influences, is a work for which women are especially adapted. They work from within outwardly. Men work chiefly by mental and physical pressure from without. Men work by external authority; women work by influences. Men seek to control the head. Women always aim at touching the heart. And we have the highest of all authority for believing that this last is the most efficient mode of working.

"Out of the heart are the issues of life." This, therefore, Christian women, is your especial task. Use all the happy womanly influences in your power to forward the moral education, the Christian civilization, of the country to which you belong. Be watchful, with the unfeigned humility of the Christian, over your own personal course, and the example connected with it. Aim at keeping up, on all occasions, a high practical standard of sound morality at all points. Cultivate every germ of true moral principle in your own homes, and in the social circle about you. Let the holy light of truth, honor, fidelity, honesty, purity, piety, and love brighten the atmosphere of your homes.

What heathen civilization means we know from many sources, more especially from the records of Rome under the empire, in the days of St. Paul, when it had reached its highest development.

What Christian civilization means we learn from the Apostle: "Let him that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—think on these things."

A DREAM OF A DEAD FACE.

Dizzy with ocean's roar
I wandered by the shore
Where sullen heaving waters rose and fell;
When on the wave's green edge,
Swift o'er the sandy ledge,
Up to my feet there rolled a delicate shell—
A pale pink shell, dashed with the ocean's dews,
And painted fair with morn's divinest hues.

So beautiful it lay
In the last light of day,
Close to its pinky cells I held my ear.
Its hollow murmur stole
Into my troubled soul.

"Tell me," I cried, with rivaling hope and fear,
"O shell! that moanest by the lonely shore,
Where are the friends that come to us no more?"

The passionate question died
Along the ocean side,
Spurned by disdainful waves to quick disgrace;
When, lo! a stream of light
Dazzled my mortal sight;

The pale pink shell became a pale pink face;
And eyes I fondly knew, with light divine,
Smiled gentle memories as they looked in mine.

The murmur now which came
My restless soul to tame
Was music sweet of softly whispering lips:
"O friend, complain no more!
Safe on a happy shore
Rests the dear freight of all thy sunken ships.
Whether these fretful waves recede or swell,
To us who dwell beyond them all is well!"

A glow of rosy flame
Over the ocean came,
Trembling a moment on its blue expanse;
And in the fleeting ray
Floated too soon away
That sudden vision from my pleading glance.
The soul I loved escaped my beckoning hand;
The shell to which I clung dropped, broken, on the sand.

ANTEROS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE," "SWORD AND GOWN," "SANS MERCI,"
"BREAKING A BUTTERFLY," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOAMSHIRE, though a tolerably extensive county, was not large enough to contain several satraps of independent power. In the course of generations ancient families had died out or fallen into obscurity, and fresh ones had been founded; but neither from the old blood nor the new had any one arisen rash enough to challenge the supremacy of the Dukes of Devorgoil. Other great nobles, perhaps, might own estates as vast, but these were probably scattered here and there throughout the breadth of England; whereas the territory owned by this family, if not literally in a ring-fence, lay either within or immediately around the Loamshire borders. It was centralization not less than hereditary prestige that made their influence overweening. Occasionally, of late years, a radical candidate, smarting under defeat, has dared to speak evil of the august name; but such a diatribe, unless non-electors formed the bulk of the audience, was seldom favorably received. The Loamshire democrats evidently thought that the line of desecration and demolition should be drawn somewhere; much on the principle of their more advanced brothers, who, furthering all imaginable changes in Church and State, are not prepared to sweep away the crown.

The present head of the great house was not, and never could have been, personally popular; but this signified very little. People seemed to think that if such a magnate was decently affable in his public capacity, he might almost dispense with private courtesy; not that there was any thing rude or repulsive about the eighth Duke of Devorgoil—his self-assertion seldom verged on insolence, or his arrogance on oppression; he was only a frigid formalist, narrow of mind, and shallow of brain; more alive to the importance than to the duties of his station, yet willing to acquit himself of these decorously. His subscriptions to charities were munificent; but he had never been known to bestow the smallest mite on a beggar. He was regular in his religious observances, and every morning, in the castle-chapel at Grandmanoir, his pompous "Amen!" drowned the voice of his domestic chaplain at family prayers; but his creed was well-nigh as short and simple as Voltaire's, and the Bible in his chamber had never been opened since it was placed there with the rest of the furniture. His temper was neither violent nor particularly irritable. He was slow to take offense, simply because he found it hard to believe that any creature could intentionally thwart or beard him; but when he had once taken umbrage his wrath would rankle on for years, nor would atonement, ever so ample, abate its venom.

There were excuses to be made for him, certainly. Even at his baptism a heavy load was laid upon his infant shoulders: Lupus Fitzrol-land—these were only two out of many names bestowed upon him then; and how could any man be expected to walk through life, so decorated, without either staggering or stiffening himself under the weight of ornament? From the time that he could stand alone he was never natural or childlike. At Eton some few attempts were made "to knock the starch out of him;" but as he resided there with a private tutor he could always take refuge from persecution under the wing of that complacent and compassionate bear-leader. At Oxford the college authorities, from the dean to the cook, made obeisance to him; and fellow-commoners of as ancient if not as lofty blood as his own were not ashamed to be reckoned among his henchmen. He took the seat that had been kept warm for him in a family borough a month after he came of age; and before the house had decided whether his obstinate silence proceeded from choice or from incapacity, the death of his father invested him with the full imperial purple.

There was a striking contrast between sire and son. The first—free and debonair to a fault—seemed ever equally at ease, whether the blackened rafters of a farm-kitchen or the gilded damask of a boudoir sheltered his handsome head. In both, if all tales were true, he had a habit of making himself rather too thoroughly at home; and some of these tales were told with such a circumstance that even Loamshire loyalty could not entirely close its ears against them, and was fain to confess that "his Grace might be a little—just a little—gay." That same gayety of his caused some bright eyes to wax dim from remorse and shame, and some honest men to curse the hour when they first made him welcome under their roof; nevertheless, when he went to his account, there was a mighty flourish of funeral trumpets in the county journals; and it would have been treason to question aloud whether a heavy loss had befallen Loamshire. The eighth duke was a very different personage; from his youth upward until now, there could not have been imputed to him the faintest lapse in morals or derogation of dignity. He walked through life with the rigid uprightness of one who has never been strongly tempted to sin. He married early, and had issue—two daughters and a son; but the last died in childhood. This was the single blot on his prosperity; and he brooded over it, always with a bitter sense of personal injury. Though he treated her with due observance both in public and private, he never forgave his wife for not replacing the dead heir; and,

though he omitted no outward religious duty, he never forgave Providence for having visited him thus. Had his chaplain ventured—the good man never did so, be sure—to preach submission to the common lot, he would have answered that the common lot was not meant to apply to ducal houses in general, much less to that of Devorgoil. And for the unlucky accident of their sex he never forgave his daughters. Rachel Fontenaye was very hard, but Ursula very homely, of feature; and it was no wonder if neither had been sought for by an eligible wooer, for the chance of any much below their own degree would have been hopeless; and it had somehow got noised abroad that, despite their father's princely revenues, these august damsels would not be superbly dowered.

A small spare man—with a narrow sour face, and a sharp up-turned nose, changing color like a chameleon, under extremes of heat and cold—gifted with a slow, steady flow of speech, that, aided by a pompous clearing of the throat whenever he was at a loss for a word, carried him fairly through his frequent orations. This about expresses the Duke of Devorgoil at the age of twoscore years and ten.

He was any thing but a sportsman at heart; nevertheless, even here, he contrived to play his part creditably. The Grandmanoir preserves had been famous for generations; but the head of game had been rather augmented than decreased under his rule, and on the bench he was a turn more severe on poachers than on sheep-stealers. To his great *battus* there were invited, almost exclusively, chiefs of his own order—a belted earl counted rather low in the scale—and on these occasions it pleased him to walk about, followed by two giants in laced velvet, each bearing a gun, which his Grace never discharged, save at a corner so hot that his misses were bound to pass unnoticed. The partridge-shooting he meted out to the squirearchy and certain of the clergy in just proportion to their political influence and electioneering zeal. In early life he was occasionally to be seen at the covert-side, mounted on the gravest and gentlest of cattle; but his ideas of the pursuit probably much resembled those of a conscientious legislator, still to the fore.

Representing a constituency of which a good half are born centaurs, Mr. Talboys considered hunting a senatorial duty; and so maintained a costly stud, the which—being a welter weight with impossible hands—he generally managed to use up before the season was through. He never by any chance saw any thing of a run, but rode the line doggedly from end to end, of course with countless falls; and his rueful countenance never was known to light up save when fate favored him with a blank day. On a certain March morning he came to real grief over stiff timber, and lay stunned for a while. When his senses returned they heard him murmur softly—he was a pious person of Low-Church

tendencies—"Only a fortnight more of this, thank God!"—referring, you must understand, to the opening of the session, when the labors of others, and his rest, would begin.

If, in those by-gone times, the Duke of Devorgoil sacrificed his inclinations to public opinion, he took special care to sacrifice nothing more, and was never known to risk his serene neck over any thing larger than a water-furrow; a crowd at a gate he eschewed as if there had been pestilence in the midst thereof. The distaste for the saddle grew on him with advancing years, and now, when a meet was honored by his presence, he always came in state and comfort on the easiest of wheels. Despite of this, throughout his vast territory, the coverts were not often drawn blank; though, by some curious fatality, a straight-goer rarely was found close to Grandmanoir. They were too highly fed there, the keepers said, mournfully, and keepers always know best; albeit, why a hen-pheasant should be more harmful than a rabbit to vulpine training is a problem only to be solved by those faithful guardians of the game.

There were fixtures not a few on the Devorgoil domains; but, unless some royal personage or foreign potentate chanced to be his guest, the Duke never offered a lawn-meet, for this would have involved a breakfast; and any thing in the shape of chance entertainment was entirely out of his line. To stately set dinners he was fully equal, and dispensed such formal hospitality pretty liberally; but the idea of rustics, whom he scarcely knew by name, clanking in under his portals without special invitation, cutting and coming again under the scutcheon roof of his banqueting-hall, and so snatching refreshment on his sacred threshold, was quite too much for his nerves and sense of propriety. Absolutely discountenancing vulpicide, and subscribing largely to the hounds, he held himself *functum officio*, and to spare. But the L. H., as a rule, were honest folk, caring little for the coffee-house: so long as the Duke found them foxes they were content to trust to their modest sandwich-cases, and find their own jumping powder.

Hazlemere Cross was rather a favorite meet. Within half a league of the park fence, it was so far removed from the inner Capua of Grandmanoir as to make a ring not quite a certainty. If the fox sunk the bill, as generally happened when the wind lay right, he was bound to take a good line—a line, indeed, entirely after the heart of a Loamshire "hard," with lightish plows, and grass enough to satisfy any but a captious stranger; and, best of all, big fair jumping, from end to end.

Thitherward, on a murky morning that, if a breeze sprung up, looked as if it might lift toward noon, drove Lord Atherstone with his bride. With the exception of an occasional visit to Heslingford, it was the first time the pair had appeared in public since their marriage. Said Ralph at length:

"And the nerves, Lena—are they as steady as when we started? The farm where our horses are waiting is just over yonder rise, and the meet's a short mile farther on."

She smiled a little haughtily. "The nerves are as well as can be expected. It is rather a trial to be presented to a county and a fox on the same day; but there are only two things which I am really afraid of, monseigneur. The first is, that I shall commit some *gaucherie*, of which you will be thoroughly ashamed; the second is, I shall be terribly an encumbrance, if the hounds are running."

"I'll risk the *gaucherie*," he said, quietly; but one of those rapid changes came over his face as he turned it toward her. "And I can't fancy you as an encumbrance yet. I am more doubtful of how I shall acquit myself. I've never played pilot before, you know, and it's a stiff country, if we go over the vale. To be sure, I know every inch of it, and I've an idea there's a line of gates most of the way, though I never paid much attention to them; still I'm half sorry that I promised you should follow. You will remember *your* promise, though, that you would pull up the instant you felt nervous, whether it was before or after a fence. Perhaps we shall have no jumping to speak of, after all, but shall be ringing round the park all day. It wouldn't break my heart if that were to happen."

"I ought to take that as a compliment," Lena answered, "but I'd rather have gone on flattering myself that I was no great clog upon you. Could you have been so patient two months ago?"

"Certainly not. Many things are altered within the last two months; and all for the better, I believe. I shall care for hunting some time longer, I dare say; but never again as I used to care when my life was quite lonely. I never pay compliments, as I told you once before. But this seems to me quite natural."

"We won't argue the question, at all events," she returned; "and perhaps even a 'clog' might be useful, if it cured you of rash riding. I wonder if there will be a great crowd to-day, and whether the Grandmanoir people will be out! It's rather strange that none of them have called yet. Is it their way?"

Lord Atherstone knit his brows. Plainly his wife had touched the chord of thought that had already vibrated not harmoniously.

"I know very little of their ways," he said, curtly. "The Duke bears me no good-will, I fancy; but we've never come into collision, and he's always been formally civil when we chanced to meet; it's impossible that he can mean to be otherwise now. It's a long, heavy drive, remember, in such weather as we've had lately, from Grandmanoir to Templestowe. He rarely misses this meet; so he will probably speak for himself before long."

There was no time for more, for just then they were turning into the little elm avenue

that led up to the cozy farmstead where their horses had found shelter. The owner stood at the door, booted, spurred, and bareheaded, anxious to do honor to the new Baroness. Unpopular to a degree among the gentry and peasantry of his county, Ralph was not ill liked by the better class of yeomanry. He was a liberal, though a somewhat careless landlord; and, out hunting, often had a familiar word for a farmer, when he could scarcely spare a nod to a squire; besides, there were not a few admirers of his "bruising" style, and among these was John Langlands.

So Lena met with hearty welcome, and there were pressed upon her such varied refreshments that she was fain to compromise with a sip of home-made cherry brandy; and then she was mounted comfortably. At this ceremony the buxom hostess assisted with intense admiration. She had hitherto not conceived it possible that any who had come to matronly estate could get to saddle without the assistance of horse-block, or some substitute; and when Lena seemed to spring from, rather than be lifted by her husband's palm, Mrs. Langlands opened wide eyes, as though she witnessed a rare *tour de gymnase*.

"My lady went up as light as a soap-bubble, I do declare," she said afterward; "and yet as fine a figure of a woman as you'd wish to see."

So, the groom and John Langlands following, Lord Atherstone and his wife paced slowly up the long, gentle ascent, on the brow of which scattered brutes, growing denser fast, showed that the L. H. were like to muster strong to-day.

Will you prick forward and see who are the earlier comers?

CHAPTER XIX.

A PLOT of open ground, somewhat larger than an ordinary village green, the converging point of several roads and bridle-paths, crowning a low hill, from whence the view, on one side, though not very extensive, lies open over a vale, but is hemmed in on the other three by tall plantations close by, and by the towering woods of Grandmanoir farther afield. Such is Hazlemere Common.

Near the centre of it stands the cross—not a graceful spire, such as those that mark Queen Eleanor's resting-places on her long journey tombward, but a mighty monolith, roughly hewn, doubtless even at first, and now so maimed and worn by rough usage and weather that, passing it carelessly, you might hardly recognize the symbol of our faith. The date thereof and whether it was set up in thanksgiving or in penance, or to mark the place of blood-shedding, or to commemorate some pre-historic victory over the heathen, are not certainly known, albeit learned persons, coming from afar, had wrangled over it in language scarcely parliamentary; and on this stone many local antiquaries have whetted their maiden blade. There it has stood from immemorial time, keeping its

own secret, if secret there be to tell. And so it will be, perchance, after the men and manners of this our nineteenth century have become matter for archæologists.

Within a few rods of this same cross most of the personages worth your notice are grouped already. On principle, if not by choice, you will, of course, first inspect the hounds.

A level, compact lot, certainly; a little low, if any thing, and rather neat than airy-looking; indeed, you might pick out several necks and shoulders too heavily loaded for elegance, and one or two clear cases of throatiness. But there are some rare legs and feet, and, as a rule, no deficiency of bone. Such as they are, they thoroughly satisfy Loamshire critics, and almost satisfy their fastidious master, who, for years past, has given his whole mind to their improvement, and is pitiless in his "drafts."

That is he—the silent, sedate man, sitting betwixt his hounds and the gathering crowd on an equally sedate, though cleverly shaped bay. There is rather a workman-like look about him, despite a provoking preciseness of exterior, which even hunting-costume can not disguise. When he took the Loamshire country, purposing to be his own huntsman, his friends said it was a rash step in many ways; but Jasper Knowsley did not often err on the side of rashness, nor does he appear to have done so now. He brought to his task great patience, a perseverance akin to obstinacy, and no mean knowledge of the noble science, acquired by long, sedulous study in more or less famous schools. He never tried to make profit out of his office, and was liberal enough about earth-stopping, keepers' fees, and damages; nevertheless, he has contrived to show sport enough to satisfy all but inveterate grumblers, without seriously impairing his own modest revenue. His trim chop-whiskers are thickly sprinkled with gray; and even in his youth he was rather a neat than a determined horseman. So when they are running hard over a stiff country he can not be expected to ride right up to his hounds; but, knowing every gate, gap, and bridle-road, he generally contrives to be with them before they want lifting; and, should he fail, there is always Jem Spurrell—nominally first whip, though he never waits for the lagers in covert—to the fore, who, for the strange tricks he plays with his neck, might have been bred an acrobat, and would ride at a bull-finch on fire if it came in his line. Very mild, if not meek, of speech is our master, never rating even a hound violently; and when forced to chide human ignorance or impetuosity, prone rather to remonstrance than abuse; on extreme provocation he is capable of a certain acid sarcasm, of the which one instance may suffice:

It was late in the afternoon; and after a series of disappointments the hounds had got settled to a fox, and pushed him steadily through a chain of small coverts till he was bound to break over a fair stretch of open country, when

a youthful plunger (a squadron was always quartered at Heslingford), determined at all hazards to get a start, rode right down on the critical corner, so that a chop followed as a matter of course. There were murmurs, as you may imagine; but all held their peace to listen as Jasper Knowsley approached the offender, smiling sourly. "You're nearly a stranger in this country, Sir, and probably suppose that we met this morning expressly for your amusement. If it has given you any pleasure to spoil the sport of a hundred or so of your fellow-creatures, I'm sure nobody will complain; but now, if you're *quite* satisfied, and you don't want the hounds to run adrag, or any thing of that sort, I think, with your permission, I'll take them home." So, lifting his cap courteously, he turned away.

They say that the cornet wept. Certainly there are men who would liefer have taken their "month at the mill" than have sat then in his glistening boots; and most of those present held the punishment equal to the misdeed.

Perhaps our master would be old-fashioned enough to allow that a certain amount of loud and strong language is necessary to keep a field—particularly a provincial field—in order. But this part of his duty he shifted from his own shoulders long ago. And yonder sits his deputy—the huge, hairy man with a face like a full moon looming through mist on the big bony brown; you must have heard his hoarse voice before you rose the crest of the hill. This is Swinton Swarbriek's thirtieth season with this same pack; and though it has changed hands five times at least since he first was "blooded," he has never wavered in his allegiance, nor strayed far from those russet tilths that he still swears "carry a better scent than all your grazing-grounds." If his means had permitted it he would have tried his hand at the mastership ere now; but being free-handed to a fault, his estate, when stable expenses and his subscription are paid, scarcely suffices his needs. Nevertheless he is a man of great mark in the hunt, so much so that, when he curses a culprit, the anathema is supposed to descend with a semi-official weight. Years ago he talked himself into the idea that he was a bruising though unlucky rider; and though Loamshire has got his measure pretty accurately, strangers often find it hard to realize that all that laying down the law about "lines" and "points" does not entail jumping one blind or big place in a week. In spite of his swagger, Swinton Swarbriek is a sportsman to the marrow of his massive bones, and a prime favorite throughout his county with high and low. Even those who have been lashed by his unsparing tongue bear no malice. "He may bluster," they say, "but he's never nasty." And, to speak truth, one of Jasper Knowsley's slow, stinging sentences is more dreaded than a string of the other's voluble blasphemies.

Look a little to the left, to the rearward of

the cross, and your glance will be apt to linger longer than it has hitherto done on the centre figure of the group. Did you ever see a daintier, Amazon, or one more happily at home in her saddle, though it is clear that the dark chestnut wants some riding?

That is no other than winsome Cissy Devereux, the pride, if you believe her friends—the pest, if you believe her foes—of Loamshire. Polling the county through, the votes of the former would probably prevail; for even women find it hard to hate her, or, at all events, to sustain the feud. Whether her life's sky be bright or lowering, her clear laugh still keeps its ring—the laugh that, to some who hear it, is a better tonic than ever has been devised by mediciner: thoroughly sincere for the moment, if not always stable in her friendships, and frank even in her small treacheries; through good or evil report bearing herself always dauntlessly—it is no wonder if many prefer shutting their eyes and believing in her, to sifting her demerits. Her face is so provokingly pretty, too; and, though she is out in all weathers, the peach-bloom has not fled from her cheek, nor the sheen from her bonny brown hair; and as for her figure—is it not known how shapely women, envying her habit, have sought the studio of Herr Veltermann, and abased themselves before that artist, to secure an exact fac-simile, and how, having donned the master-piece and compared it with the original, they have returned home despondent, and ready to writhe the innocent garment to shreds? That she will go great, very great length in coquetry, her hottest partisans will allow; and whether there are any limits to her imprudence is a question that has been discussed without, as well as within, the Loamshire borders, and never, so far as society knows, been fully solved. She must assuredly more than once have strayed very near the verge of the crater, but the lurid sulphur fumes have never wrapped her round as yet, and she changes her light loves so often that the scandal-mongers get flurried, and, like a nervous shooter when the covey rises all round him, sometimes fail to pick their bird; moreover, however pleasant, it is not always a safe pastime to cast stones at your neighbor's wife, when the said neighbor is ready to catch them in the skirt of his mantle and send them back with a will. Now, foremost among the willful beauty's blind adherents above mentioned is her husband, Dick Devereux, still known among his intimates by his old regimental soubriquet of The Driver. "There's not a woman alive fit to hold a candle to Cissy; and if she has a bit of a temper, there's not an ounce of vice about her." So Dick believed when they were first engaged, and seven years of matrimony have not altered his creed. He takes his wife's bullying like a lamb; but toward the rest of the world carries a somewhat taurine temper, and, when fairly roused, is apt to run a rude tilt without distinction of persons or even of sexes. The fractiousness of the savage

brute he is riding obliges him to keep without the circle; but you may see, his heavy, handsome face light up, as one of Cissy's gay impertinences requites a point-blank compliment from Sir Manners Mannering—always pompous, when not coarse, in his gallantries—who looks as if he had been born in those high collars and stiff throat-gear.

Besides this somewhat bloated aristocrat the group is made up of Arthur Corbett, radiant in smiles and in attire; grave Malise Walwyn, heir to an ancient Catholic house, who, despite his fair prospects, is said to have a vocation for the priesthood; cheery Peter Assheton, the sporting parson, who, were he as powerful in the pulpit as in the pigskin, would count fewer dissenters in his parish; and a strong cavalry contingent from Heslingford, headed by Godfrey Colville, the keen-visaged man, with eyes and hair black and shining as jet; he is Cissy's "latest love," and will have the perilous honor of leading her to-day. Be it noted in passing, that, though her caprices take the widest range, she has rather a leaning toward military devotion. "Dick likes them best," she says, considerably, "and they're quite clever enough for me." Indeed, it must be owned that intellectual jewels, clumsily set, do not sparkle temptingly for the wayward lady.

And now—

There is only one poor hunting-horn available, and such pomps are not in fashion here; but, if we met on foreign ground, there would be a *fanfare* of bugles, for the gorgeous barouche, drawn by four grays, with outriders to match, sweeping down the road and drawing up with a jerk, brings the Duke of Devorgoil and his daughters twain.

His Mightiness does not seem in a specially gracious humor this morning. The sharp wind may, perhaps, account for the vicious flush at the tip of his nose; but the fidgety working of his thin lips, and the frequent contraction of his brow, bode no good; nevertheless, he condescends to answer the greetings of the master and the privileged few who venture to accost him, and acknowledges with sufficient affability the doffing of hats and caps, till Lord and Lady Atherstone appear on the further verge of the little common; then the signs of discontent on the ducal visage are no longer dissembled, and they darken as the pair draws near.

Hard-featured Lady Rachel—though one would think it difficult—waxes stiffer and stonier than her wont; and homely Lady Ursula looks half apprehensive, half amused; and certain of the by-standers, more curious than their fellows, edge nearer to the saluting-point, as if they expected something like a scene.

And as Ralph makes his way slowly through the throng, nodding a return to divers greetings, but never halting, or turning a hair's breadth aside, till he comes within speaking distance of the carriage, there is a quiet resolute look on his face, like that of one who—fully

aware of a danger—goes, not reluctantly, to meet it.

And a danger it is, of such a sort, moreover, as he has never yet confronted; for, though stout heart may help somewhat, strong hand may nothing avail.

We needs must drop the historic present here, for the root of these matters strikes deep into the past.

A MODERN BILL OF FARE.

THE conjunction of American ingenuity and administrative ability has nowhere displayed itself more eminently than in the management of hotels. At the time we were almost literally possessed of "a hundred religions and one gravy," and were in the very infancy of the secrets and value of the *cuisine*, we had daring spirits who conceived and carried into successful execution establishments for the boarding and lodging of large numbers of first-class people which had no example in any foreign country. The first step toward national distinction in this direction was made by the Tremont of Boston. Then followed the Astor, of New York, both destined to be eclipsed by the St. Charles, of New Orleans, which for long years was the grandest building and most lordly hotel in the world.

From the time of the success of these establishments every American city and every large town, sooner or later, has become possessed of buildings of striking architecture, grand gathering points of our local and traveling population; and the spirit of all this in our national and most irreverent humor has been concentrated in the apothegm that a very successful man in everyday business "can keep an hotel."

Some twenty-five years ago an English nobleman,* who had been for nearly half a century a European soldier and diplomat, made New Orleans for two seasons a winter residence. He was very fond, when with a few select acquaintances whom he accepted of as friends, of talking in a modest way of the varied experiences of his eventful life. We remember on one occasion, after being more than usually communicative and instructive, he ended off with a description of a military review he witnessed in Russia, when the Czar Alexander reviewed what was then almost the concentrated military force of his empire. Occupying by courtesy a prominent position on the imperial staff, our narrator had every possible opportunity of witnessing the imposing pageant; and he possessed the intellectual ability of bringing the scene vividly before his auditors. Suddenly stopping short, and possibly somewhat disconcerted at his own earnestness, and the deep impression he had made upon his friends, he paused a moment, and resumed:

"This review only struck me, after all, as

grand because of the immense physical resources it displayed of a rising nation; but, as strange as it may seem to you, I honestly say that I witness every day in this stately hotel what, more than all else I have witnessed, fills me with admiration, and it is this: I live under a single roof that affords constant shelter for over one thousand persons. This, gentlemen, affords a number of men about equal to two full regiments in the field. At three o'clock six hundred of these people at one time sit down to dinner. Every course (occupying in the routine about three hours) is brought to the table at the proper time, and, without the slightest confusion or mistake, is excellently served. There is an administrative power displayed in this work that would make these hotel-keepers better colonels of regiments than any I have met with in my military life; and it is this order and discipline that constantly commands my unbounded admiration—more than did the military review of the concentrated armies of Russia."

A few weeks ago we were talking on this subject of hotel-keeping with Mr. Warren Leland, who is among the few who have become representative men in this great department of our social economy, and on this occasion, as on many others, we were deeply impressed with the large mental resources, vast capital, and varied knowledge of human nature that were necessary to be combined to command success in hotel-keeping; and while thus impressed, and in the midst of our conversation, a number of letters were brought in by a servant, from one of which Mr. Leland drew a portly roll of MS., glanced his eye over its surface a moment, and, throwing it toward us, carelessly remarked:

"There is the entire bill of fare of the Union Hotel of Saratoga for the last summer campaign of a hundred days."

We looked over the long list of details, made out in the neatest possible manner by an expert clerk, and were inspired with the idea that, at an unexpected moment, we had gotten hold of a key to the inner life of a first-class American hotel. Here was a carefully written commercial statement of what our most opulent citizens, with every facility afforded by nature and money, consume as food. With the specification of each article and the relative quantities used, furnished by the careful book-keeper, we conceived the idea of adding the associated history, and thus making the interesting and useful record complete.

Beef, the great staple of all substantial food, as might have been expected, headed the list. From the States of Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, and New York are procured the best qualities. Of three hundred and thirty fattened bullocks there were only taken for hotel consumption the "seven ribs" and the "short loins;" the remainder of the carcass, the "inferior meat," being readily disposed of to the multitude of consumers residing in the city. The aggregate

* Sir William Drummond Stuart, afterward the Earl of Lorn, etc., etc.

of loins and ribs was forty thousand pounds. This meat, "killed and dressed" in the evening, packed in ice, is forwarded by express to Saratoga, so that it is in the hotel for the morning meal.

Of mutton there were consumed twenty-one hundred "racks" consisting of seven ribs each, ready at a moment's notice to be divided into chops. The gross weight of these "racks" was nine thousand five hundred pounds, including the choice parts of the carcasses of one thousand sheep gathered up from different parts of the Union. The average weight of a "dressed" sheep is sixty pounds; of this quantity only nine pounds are selected, the remainder is sold from the stalls. It is apparent from this exhibit that sheep-raising in the United States has not reached much perfection! We see in this statement the justice of Hawthorne's testimony, who somewhere writes that all America could not supply the President's table with such mutton-chops as were served up to him at Uttoxeter, England, in a dinner costing eighteen pence.

There were two hundred and twenty-five lambs consumed, amounting to two thousand pounds—the entire carcass of a lamb being considered "choice." These lambs are purchased from persons living in the Adirondacks and Green Mountains of Vermont, and are admitted to be superior to any similar food raised elsewhere in the country, and are probably not surpassed in delicacy and nutritiousness by any in the world. This superiority comes from the excellent character of the grasses, and the purity of the air found in the localities where these lambs are produced. The whole of the "Northern Wilderness" of New York, including "John Brown's tract," must at some future day become famous for sheep farms, and then the President's table will be supplied with a chop noway inferior to Albion's best.

Of veal, the shoulders of which are rejected, there were seven thousand pounds consumed, furnished by three hundred and fifty hind-quarters. These "creatures" were obtained from the farmers living in the immediate vicinity of the Springs. Three hundred and eighty-nine calves' livers, only served up by broiling; and two hundred and sixty beeves' kidneys, supplied from New York, made exclusively into stews. Both breakfast dishes.

"Sweet-breads," the choicest part of the calf, two thousand three hundred. This delicacy is universally popular, and difficult to obtain. A small number are supplied from the neighborhood of the Springs, but to procure any quantity they must be gathered up from different places. They are expensive, and always considered a luxury.

Thirty-seven thousand spring chickens were consumed in this hotel campaign of a hundred days, affording the gross weight of thirty-six thousand eighty-nine pounds. These chickens were obtained from regular traders residing in Saratoga, in the vicinity of Syracuse, in Bos-

ton, and in Canada. They are gathered up by peddlers, who do no other business, and who have their established districts and head-quarters. The country people raise this poultry as part of their farm crop, and depend upon its proceeds as their active capital for the purchase of articles not produced by home industry. The first ventures in business of thousands of farmers' children are connected with the sale of their broods of spring chickens. Tame ducks, one thousand six hundred and twenty. Young geese, three hundred and eleven.

One hundred and seventy-two thousand nine hundred and forty-four eggs, or one thousand seven hundred and twenty-nine eggs a day used for the table at breakfast, and for culinary purposes. These eggs are obtained principally from the neighborhood of Syracuse and from the regular dealers in New York.

Seven hundred and fifty-three fresh salmon, weighing nine thousand four hundred pounds, caught by professional fishermen in the Kennebec and other rivers of Maine, and sent to Boston, the head-quarters of this favorite food, and from this last-named point, after being packed in ice, forwarded to Saratoga. Bluefish and bass, two thousand eight hundred pounds. Salt fish—including smoked salmon, codfish, and mackerel—two thousand seventy-five pounds. Sheep's-head and black-bass from Boston. Lake trout, muscallonge, and white-fish from Lake Erie. Pickerel from Saratoga Lake.

Lobsters, eighteen thousand and seventy-nine pounds; caught off the coast of New England, and immediately boiled, after being taken from the trap, in salt-water, then packed in ice, and sent to consumers from Boston. Green turtle, one thousand three hundred pounds,* and forwarded by established fish-dealers from Fulton Market. Pickled oysters, four hundred and forty-four jars, put up in Baltimore; very choice, and, when in perfection—contrary to popular tradition—as wholesome in midsummer as in the winter months.

Extraordinary as the statement may appear, the hotel in a hundred days furnished its guests with two thousand and sixteen pounds of brook trout. This enormous quantity is obtained by the enterprise of a Mr. Hoxie, formerly a bank clerk in the city of New York, who, perceiving that his health was declining under the pernicious influences of a confined city atmosphere, ten or fifteen years ago moved to a home in the Adirondack Mountains. He at first occasionally offered small quantities of trout for sale, but upon receiving the encouragement of a named and liberal price for all he could obtain, he very

* Turtle is obtained from dealers in Fulton Market. The best specimens of this species are caught off the Florida coast and the island of Nassau. They average fifty pounds, but patriarchs have been caught that weighed nearly half a ton. Turtles caught in American waters are admitted by our custom-houses free of duty, but if they get within the marine jurisdiction of England or Spain they are named by our revenue collectors a foreign product, and have to pay an impost of twenty per cent. on their commercial value.

shrewdly organized a large and profitable business. His knowledge of the trout streams was taken advantage of to erect at proper places in the winter time a number of commodious ice-houses. He then engaged, by liberal payment, a number of men to fish the mountain streams for trout, the product of each day being deposited at nightfall in one or more of the ice-houses. The next morning the trout are packed in ice and moss, and, in a frozen state, carried to market. Mr. Hoxie, at the proper season of the year, has a dozen men employed in this business. The price paid is sixty cents per pound. We would add, for the comfort of all true disciples of Izaak Walton, that the fish, which average about four ounces each, are caught with a rod and fly.

The arrival of the trout is a marked event among certain good people of the hotel. They are on hand in force to admire the beautiful gem-speckled creatures, to select the largest for especial commendation, and they seem never to be wearied by asking the fish-monger innumerable questions about the streams and lakes where the fish are caught. An unusually large trout will afford material for exciting conversation among these professed idlers for a whole day. There is a tradition that there was a trout brought from the Adirondacks to the hotel that weighed three pounds and a half! Honest, truth-loving gentlemen saw it, and innumerable good and true men will swear to it; but old trout fishermen still doubtfully shake their heads; and well they may, for, with much experience in such matters, a brook trout, born of the mountain torrent, of a pound weight, is a thing to admire, for even such a one is seldom seen.

At the close of the revolutionary war an old Hessian soldier settled upon a small farm situated about two miles south from the centre of the village of Saratoga. It was a most picturesque place, and the "clearing" at the time was hidden from the public road by a dense pine forest. Just north of the farm-house is a little lake, which, in its primitive state, was so deeply overshadowed by tall trees that the sun never fairly illumed its mirrored surface. The consequence was, its waters, in the sultriest heats of summer, were of an almost icy coldness. It was, and is indeed, a natural paradise for trout. To this romantic place the earlier visitors of Saratoga who were luxuriously inclined used to carry their choice wines, and indulged in their nectar while eating trout caught from "Barhyte's Pond."

The owner was considered an eccentric man, for when he established himself on the farm he stated that the possession of that "pond" more than compensated for an inhospitable winter climate and a sterile soil. As time wore on, however, his taste was vindicated, for this same "crystal well" became a source of profit, and brought to his humble dwelling the best people of the land.

Among the visitors to Barhyte's, on one of

these memorable occasions, was Joseph Bonaparte. He had but recently arrived in this country, and was quietly looking about for some eligible spot whereon he could build himself, most literally, a "princely home." He was of France, and had been king of Sicily and Spain, and all that was favored by nature in soil, climate, and scenery was to him familiar. In pursuit of his purpose of founding a home in America, he had visited some of the most celebrated localities of the Northern and Middle States, but wavered in making a selection. The moment, however, he saw the little trout lake and examined its surroundings he seemed inspired. He threw aside all ceremony when conversing with its owner, he gratified the old German by indulging in familiar conversation and in smoking one of his "corn-cob pipes," and at last his ex-majesty announced his desire to purchase the farm.

Contrary to all expectation, Barhyte refused to sell. The real value of the property at the time might have been two or three thousand dollars, and Joseph Bonaparte increased his offer from the sum named to the enormous one, as then considered, of thirty thousand dollars; but the queer old proprietor refused to part with his domain—his trout pond, he said, should never be other than his while he lived. Thus escaped Saratoga the fashionable prestige of having a palace and a park, which were subsequently created at Bordentown, New Jersey; and such was the estimate that the eldest brother of Napoleon placed upon the trout ponds and scenery in the vicinity of the world-renowned Saratoga Springs.

Ohio contributed six thousand five hundred pounds of ham, two thousand thirty-three pounds of bacon, and one thousand two hundred pounds of mess pork.

Beef-tongues, five hundred and eighty-seven, from the "smoke-houses" of the New York meat-curing establishments.

Seventeen thousand three hundred and nineteen pounds of "extra choice butter," made by the farmers in the vicinity of Saratoga. The pastures in Northern New York and the Green Mountains are the best in the world for the production of pure, rich milk. All the butter purchased is received in June, and packed in a dark, cool cellar. The farmers rely upon this market, and the hotel is equally dependent on them. As all butter of a good quality is purchased, a dozen wagons a day often deliver their freight.

Flour—Rochester brand—one hundred and eighty-five barrels. Indian meal, one thousand one hundred pounds.

Thirty-four thousand eight hundred quarts of milk, or three hundred and forty-eight quarts per day. Four thousand seventy-six quarts of cream. These articles are procured from especial farmers in the neighborhood of Saratoga. Milk is obtained from one set of producers, and cream from another set; so that there will be no inducement to furnish an inferior article of either kind.

Certain named vegetables are obtained in the neighborhood—viz.: four hundred and sixty barrels of turnips; four hundred and thirty bunches of rhubarb, or pie-plant; four thousand one hundred beets; eleven thousand carrots; seven hundred and forty-three bushels of potatoes, which are pronounced to be superior in quality to any others raised in the United States; eleven hundred and fifty-two bunches of asparagus. From the South came thirteen hundred and twenty-two heads of lettuce; two thousand eight hundred cucumbers; three hundred and fifty crates of tomatoes, of two bushels each; seven hundred and fifty squashes. These vegetables are brought first from Charleston, South Carolina; then, as the season advances, from Norfolk, Virginia; then from Delaware. They are brought to New York city in the regular line of steamers, and represent a vast and growing business.

Of fruits, we have one thousand five hundred and ninety-five water-melons from Charleston and Savannah, the cost averaging over one dollar each; sixty barrels of apples, selected with care from orchards in the neighborhood of the hotel, and only fit for the table toward the close of the season.

Of green corn, fifty-two thousand ears, grown in the neighborhood. This delicious food is raised by gardeners who make it a specialty. The planting is so arranged as to produce a succession of crops; so that the corn is in its perfection each day, from the beginning to the very close of the season.

A limited amount of strawberries are obtained from the South; but as the season advances, Saratoga County, and its surrounding country, produce abundant crops of strawberries and blackberries, reaching a total of six thousand six hundred quarts.

One thousand five hundred and fifty-six cans of different kinds of preserved fruits, packed in the western part of the State of New York; Rochester being a prominent point. Three hundred and fifteen bushels of mint, obtained in great perfection in the neighborhood, and not used exclusively for sauces. One hundred and fifty-four bunches of water-cresses, grown in the neighborhood.

The game laws prohibit shooting woodcock before the 4th of July. After that time, one thousand four hundred and sixty-eight were furnished the larder of the hotel, at the contract price of seventy-five cents each. Northward and within a circle of ten miles, Saratoga being the centre, is one of the best woodcock regions in the Northern States. Four hunters are in the employ of the hotel, who make it their exclusive business to kill the game, and bring it in fresh from the woods. When this bird should be cooked, after it is caught, is a subject of grave discussion among the lovers of good eating. One school insists as soon as possible after they are killed; another, with truer taste, we think, would wait a while, at least, before consigning the precious morsel

to the spit. The chemist of the kitchen has, therefore, a difficult task to perform to meet the requirements of such opposite tastes. To one class, a bird just killed and immediately cooked would be more offensive than would be a bird cooked after its "gamy flavor" was widely pronounced.

Three hundred and sixty-one "quail," and two hundred and thirty dozen reed-birds, conclude the list of game, which is not large, owing to the time of year it is in hotel demand at Saratoga.

From abroad, among other things, came 134 boxes of sardines; 914 pounds of almonds; 38 boxes of raisins, 9 boxes of oranges; 33 boxes of lemons; 80 gallons of olives; 7 boxes of capers; 25 dozen cans of green pease, and 42 dozen cans of mushrooms, put up in France; 339 pounds of tea, the greatest part "black;" 2689 pounds of coffee; 427 pounds of chocolate, manufactured in New York, and superior to any that can be imported from abroad; 14,380 pounds of sugar; 160 pounds of farina; 427 pounds of rice; 115 pounds of samp; 200 pounds of hominy, and 600 pounds of wheaten grits. Italian macaroni, 450 pounds. Gelatine, New York manufacture, 348 pounds. Pickles, 11,300, sold by count, raised and prepared for market at White Plains. Vinegar, 333 gallons. Of spices—ginger, 46 pounds; nutmegs, 3 pounds; black pepper, 34 pounds; cinnamon, 10 pounds; cloves, 18 pounds; cassia, 13 pounds; mustard, 72 pounds. Miscellaneous—molasses, 32 gallons; cream of tartar, 125 pounds; olive oil, 60 cases. One thousand three hundred and sixty-eight baskets of assorted wines, principally claret and Champagne, an average of only 164 bottles per day.

In reviewing this list, it must strike the most superficial observer that, as a people, the Americans are dainty in matters of food, and that only the best and most nutritious things of nature's vast and varied storehouse are appropriated as articles of daily consumption, wherewith to obtain the physical and brain power of our active population. How much this fact of daintiness in food has affected, and will affect, our national character in the formation of a distinctive physical man and woman, to be known as the American race, is a subject of interesting consideration.

Of the nations mentioned in ancient history, the Romans, in our opinion, most resembled the people of the United States. There is a positive sameness in the spirit of conquest, in the absorption of surrounding countries, in colonizing, and then ingrafting all acquisitions on the national stock as one people. It is, therefore, worth a moment's examination to see what the masters of the Old World served upon their tables for daily food. In the palmy days of imperial Rome its wealthy citizens had their Saratoga Springs at Baden-Baden; and at that still-fashionable locality were hotel-keepers and learned gastronomic professors of whom we have no superior examples. The bill of fare of the

best class of people two thousand years ago is preserved to us with great minuteness; and upon examining it we are entitled to the uncton that the Romans, in their best estate, were a ruder people than our own. They were mighty in arms and in physical progress, but their bloody combats in the arena were consonant, as might be expected, with the grossness of their appetites.

The Romans considered beef the most substantial food, and it constituted the chief nourishment of the athletes; but they did not confine themselves to the bovines, for they considered donkey-flesh a luxury, and esteemed the flesh of the wild ass better than venison. They entertained the American estimate of the value of pork, but they knew nothing, apparently, of our many excellent ways of preserving the meat with salt. Plutarch, refined as he undoubtedly was, speaks of the gravid sow (after being trampled to death and the mass then cooked) as a dish fit for the gods! Pigs stuffed with asafoetida were esteemed a luxury. These Romans also ate dogs and foxes with a gusto that would do credit to our Apache Indians. Of wild fowl they preferred one of the coarsest that lives. The flamingo to them was a *bonne bouche*, and was most appreciated after the consumption of a hearty dinner. And yet, incredible as it would seem, cooks catering for such coarse appetites invented the inestimable *fois gras*, which has preserved its place as one of the daintiest dishes of modern cookery. The Romans were also strangely barbarous in the selection of fish, the lamprey eel being a great favorite, and, if fed upon human flesh,

it had a conventional quality of superior excellence. Among their eccentricities, they roasted snails on silver gridirons, while at table, and ate them hot, to give a more pronounced flavor to their splendid wines. Such were some of the favorite dishes of the Romans, composed of materials naturally repugnant to the human taste; and yet it is certain that these people, in their mild Italian climate and nearness to semi-tropical countries, possessed a larger amount of what are now at Saratoga considered luxuries (the wild turkey excepted) than we can command; and yet the Romans, as will be seen by examining our modern bill of fare, were, by comparison, so far as food is concerned, a coarse and rude people.

From these records of the magnates of the past we turn to the appetites of a people possessed of the largest pecuniary resources, and able to gather by the aid of steam any imaginable edible from the four quarters of the earth. With the same unlimited power to gratify the palate which in their day was at the command of the masters of the Old World, we find no abuse of God's evidently designed laws regarding things to be appropriated for food. The very creatures above all others suggested by nature as the proper and best nourishment of man have been carefully selected. And herein are the evidences of the refining influences of modern, we should say Christian, civilization, and a promise, possibly, of an eventual progress toward perfection in human development that moralists and statesmen, through intellectual influences, have already fancied they saw foreshadowed in the continent of the New World.

FOOTPRINTS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS was dead. It was hard to realize, but realized it was at last; and then there was no look or voice in London but repeated it over and over—Charles Dickens is dead! I remember but one other occasion when the death of a man could be read with equal plainness on every face one met, and that was when news of a great tragedy at Washington burdened and blighted the air like a sirocco. When Dickens died the crowds seemed to walk the streets with muffled feet, and if one encountered merry parties it was plain they must be foreigners who had not known the breadth and depth of the nation's bereavement. To them we might say, as Dante mourning for Beatrice to the pilgrims:

"Come ye from wandering in such distant land
(As by your looks and garb we must infer),
That you our city traverse in her woe,
And mingle with her crowds, yet tears withhold,
Like persons quite unconscious of her state,
Who ne'er have heard the heavy loss she mourns?"

Silently and quietly his body was borne to rest in Westminster Abbey, among the good and great who were his brothers. There old Chaucer was buried, because his official duties

were there brought to an end by death. He was, in one sense, the father of English literature, and they are his children whose dust reposes, or whose memories are honored, beside him—and none more than he who was last laid there, in whose genius, as in that of Chaucer, an era of English life is preserved. No sadder sight was ever witnessed in that old abbey than on the day when the grave was left open that the people might look down on his coffin. It was the people who were his mourners—the people who had found their lives touched into romance and pathos by his magical pen. The grave was almost filled with flowers—each flower the symbol of a heart. The grave was finally closed, but the tearful crowd could not leave it. They came day after day, and still heaped flowers upon the stone slab over him. There were long lines of children who came, each bearing a rose or a twig of evergreen, and the tears they shed were from the same fountains that had been touched by the woes of Oliver or Little Nell.

The death of Dickens did not, indeed, take his personal friends by surprise. For some time he had not walked the streets with the

old elasticity, and he had shown an increasing disposition to linger in his country home. An indication of the extent to which his more intimate friends had for some time been anxious about him may be found in a singular statement which I hear on good authority—namely, that the artist Frith, on the morning of June 9, said, “I dreamed that Charles Dickens was dead.” A few moments afterward he found that his dream was true. It may have been, indeed, that the anxieties, of which Mr. Frith’s dream was one expression, were partly caused by a somewhat mournful tone which the author himself had recently held—a tone which some of his friends have thought they could detect in his voice ever since the terrible Staplehurst railway accident, which he witnessed, and on the anniversary of which he died. “I begin to feel,” he said, when Maclise died, “like the Spanish monk of whom Wilkie tells, who had grown to believe that the only realities around him were the pictures which he loved, and that all the moving life he saw, or ever had seen, was a shadow and a dream.” They were words that might have seen the shadows of the brothers whose names and forms now encircle his in the abbey beckoning to him.

When a beloved one is dead it is a sad but a real satisfaction to trace over each step he has gone by our side, to touch the empty chair, to sit in the empty room, to read the volume he used to love. On the morning when I left the grave of Charles Dickens all London seemed to be his vacant room, and chair, and volume; and there seemed to be nothing left but to walk the streets and by-ways he had woven into the tissue of his work, to gaze on the houses that were his homes and the scenes he had interpreted. The three or four houses in which he resided—beginning with that in Furnival’s Inn, where he began to work for a lawyer at thirteen and sixpence a week, and afterward wrote his “Sketches” and “Pickwick”—are all common London houses, nowise distinguishable from those in which other young men are writing to-day for London journals, with hopes and aims as high as his were. One can observe with each change of residence another rung in the upward ladder gained. Forty-eight Doughty Street, where he lived from 1837 to 1840, is a plain brick house, such as one may see miles off in London; number One, Devonshire Terrace, where he lived from 1840 to 1850, is much more elegant, the home of a middle-class English gentleman; and still more elegant, with pleasant court-yards about it, is Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, where he resided from 1850 to 1860. But, after all, these houses do not represent the vestiges of Charles Dickens in London. For these one must walk the streets of which he was the poet, and of these the lowliest. Let us go to Covent Garden Market, the spot around which English genius has always hovered. In that house Johnson used to eat his chop, and there he first met Boswell; not a hundred yards distant the wits of the old *Spec-*

tator were wont to gather—Will’s coffee-house; and across the way, close together, are now Evans’s and the Savage Club, where the writers and actors may still be seen on almost any evening. Nay, the artist more like Dickens than any other found in Covent Garden the sources of his inspiration. Here in Maiden Lane, in an old house yet standing, but soon to fall, the barber’s boy, afterward to be known as Turner, was born. He covered the walls of England with gorgeous colors and scenes, yet Ruskin declares he can trace the dust, stones, baskets, cabbage leaves, oranges, and stall-women of Covent Garden in the finest pictures Turner ever painted. One of the first sketches that ever induced London publishers to ferret out the young writer of certain papers in the *Morning Chronicle* was about Covent Garden. It is not very far to go to Goswell Street, where any coffee-house may have been the original of Goswell Hall, where Pickwick nourished his comfortable frame. But most of all the genius of Dickens is associated with Field Lane, where Fagin had his den. Let one pass by Smithfield, where Sikes dragged little Oliver—wondering at the swarms of the market (it is covered now by a magnificent edifice which is still a market)—poor little Oliver, at the moment suffering as sad a martyrdom as Smithfield ever saw, and on to Field Lane. On the day after Dickens’s funeral I still saw the street signs, “Little Saffron Hill,” and “Field Lane;” but what a change has come over the place since the author made it the scene of his thrilling story! The alterations made by the new Holborn Viaduct have almost completed the work begun by the Underground Railway, and Field Lane is now one dismal row of houses, from whose front the opposite row has been swept clean away, leaving all its wretchedness and filth exposed to view, and calling loudly to be swept into the biggest dust-hole that can be discovered. Eight years ago the wretched place was still what it had been when Dickens fixed it as the spot for Fagin’s den. A large ragged school had appeared at one end of it, and a sturdy siege against the fortress of its furies had been begun; but the missionaries seemed to have no effect whatever. The chief commerce of the place was in old clothes, most of which were stolen. A gentleman with whom I walked the lane at that time related to me an incident which shows how felicitous the novelist was in apprehending the utmost details of what he wrote about: “In walking this lane with a friend when Dickens had made it much talked about I missed my handkerchief. It was plain that the Artful Dodger still lived thereabout. Some weeks later, passing through the lane, I saw in one of the windows my handkerchief exposed for sale, with my name still legible on it. I had the curiosity to enter the house and ask about the article, but two or three others were called in, and there began to be certain menaces, so that I was quite willing to depart, leaving the handkerchief in their hands.”

The old house which was pointed out to me as one which had been really a den resembling that of Fagin has disappeared, and on the spot there is to-day a very handsome Gothic church. In a year's time, probably, the Board of Public Works will have succeeded where the Board of City Missions failed, and every house that originally went to make up the terrors of Field Lane will have disappeared. The wretched inhabitants can not at all understand why they should be occasionally subjects of curious inspection. They are clearly unconscious of their fame, and have never heard of "Oliver Twist." Bloated, diseased, filthy men, women, and children still swarm at the doors like rats; and even now no respectably dressed person can walk past without being angrily chaffed. It were well if we could hope that the work-house system, whose horrible workings were exposed, along with Fagin's den, in "Oliver Twist," was as likely to be cleared away as the latter, and as soon. But, despite the sensation produced when the portrait of Mr. Bumble was brought to light, the London work-house system is to-day as bad as it was then—probably worse.

If from Field Lane one passes by Holborn Hill to Drury Lane, he will find there, at every turn, exactly the pawnbroker's shop which is described in the "Sketches;" but the same may be said of every spot invested by his genius. At Yarmouth one may see along the shore just such houses—half house, half vessel—as the Pegottys lived in; and at Canterbury I have seen the very tombs amidst which the poor outcast of that story might have crouched, listening to the hymn of the cathedral choir. At Ramsgate one can not remain through a summer's day without perceiving that the place has been photographed—body and soul—in "The Tuggs's at Ramsgate." All these are the works of one who knew the inmost nature of every Englishman, all its deeps and by-ways, and who has turned his bull's-eye upon all hidden spots, not with the spirit of a detective, but with that of a preserver. Some time ago, when it was proposed to return Dickens to Parliament for Newcastle, and he declined, some one said: "He is right. Why should he go into the House of Commons? He is a House of Commons in himself." And when we consider the new interest in the poor he has awakened, the wrongs he has brought to light, the measures which would never have been passed had he not written, we can not help feeling that he really represented this whole people before that highest legislature—Public Opinion.

The debt which America owed to this man was hardly less than that which England owed him. The insane fury with which his "American Notes" was received in our country was simply an outburst of the same rage that afterward was visited on Mrs. Stowe for her "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The outcries about "exaggerated and distorted statements" heard in England from poor-house authorities, when "Oliver Twist" was published, were counterparts

of the angry denunciations of slavery when Dickens published the advertisements about negroes which he read daily. I remember that the Southerners were also furious at his description of the roads and the driver in Northern Virginia, declaring it all a caricature. But I happened to have been born and reared close to that old Acquia road, and have often seen the stage and the driver which figure in the "American Notes;" and it was known to me, as to others dwelling in the same region, that the descriptions were all not only graphic, but photographic in their accuracy. John Randolph once described that same road as a "Serbonian bog," and Dickens illustrated the fact. The old negro driver's call to his laboring horses, "Pill, Giddy, Pill," was long proverbial in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg. It is probable that Dickens's sketch was the first thing that led to the improvements of a region which had become almost impassable—which have ended in the railway. And as his local descriptions of Northern Virginia were accurate, so were his reports of Southern institutions; and his brave exposures of slavery must also be counted among the agencies which swelled that shame and wrath which seized on the American people when they began to see themselves as others saw them, the sum and result of which is now a matter of history. The same must more and more be said by intelligent Americans concerning the other blots in their country upon which he laid his finger—as the system of solitary confinement, and the savage manners of some sections. "Charles Dickens," says Emerson, "self-sacrificingly undertook the reformation of our American manners in unspeakable particulars. I think the lesson was not quite lost; that it held bad manners up so that the churls could see the deformity." This is a judgment that Lord Jeffrey prophesied would come from the best Americans in the end. "The slavers," he wrote to Dickens, "of course, will give you no quarter, and, of course, you did not expect they would;" but the slavers were not to rule America forever; and it is not the least happy circumstance in the career of Dickens that he was able to visit America when her sons had left off the habit of seeing every thing through Southern eyes, and was able to let them feel the substantial and hearty love for them which beat in his breast. His first wounds given us were the faithful wounds of a friend; and in every English company his language concerning America has been for many years rather that of an enthusiast than of a critic.

The feeling in London concerning the People's Author seems to me to have increased with every day since his death. The paper that has a new paragraph about him is still sure of the largest sale for that day. As a scene of enthusiasm among ordinarily cool intellects, the sale of his effects was quite unparalleled.

After the sale of Dickens's pictures, which took place July 9, I repaired with a dear friend to the Charing Cross station, and took a ticket for the little village of Higham, in Kent. I held a little invitation to visit the home of Charles Dickens before it, too, should cease to be identified with him. It is not near; one must travel an hour and a half by rail to the village that is nearest Gadshill Place, and then go a mile and a half before reaching the house. For the first half hour we found ourselves soaring on our steam-wings over the red-tiled tops of London houses. It seems as if one would never get beyond these thick chimney-tops. How many times had the genius of London passed over these crowded homes, and how many dreams had he dreamed of the struggle with grim Fate going on beneath each of these roofs! We glide into the fields at length—on by pleasant parks, where the wealthy dwell; by the hovels of agricultural laborers, deforming the adjacent mansions; by spreading meadows and farms, where male and female tramps are making the most of the days of sunshine preceding their long hibernation; by wigwams of gipsies; by cricket-grounds, where youths in flesh are winning their innings or loafing about their tents; by the huge paper-mills of Dartford; by Gravesend, where the Indian princess Pocahontas died just as she was starting again for the dear wilds of Virginia, for which, amidst the court splendors of England, she still sadly pined; until at last we come to one of the wretchedest little groups of houses discoverable in this country. This is Higham, the nearest station to the spot which Shakspeare and Dickens have made classic. When we inquire for a conveyance the station folk eye us smilingly. A conveyance in Higham! We must walk. It is nearly four o'clock; exciting auctions are hungry affairs; we will find a luncheon at yonder public house. But the only room we find there is full of roughs and their smoke. We ask at the bar for a bottle of Bass's ale. The publican looks at us with amazement, as if we had asked for *Veuve Clicquot*. "You will not find Bass's ale in 'igham, Sir. People in gen'l 'ereabouts won't pay so much for ale as that comes to" (pints 6d.). "I've some hale werry good, Sir." This "werry good" ale was replaced on the counter after the first sup, the two-pence paid, and we started for Gadshill. It is a narrow, unpicturesque road, up hill all the way, and—it being in the time of the drought—dry and dusty. It lies through a country which supplies Covent Garden with fruit, and we experienced the probable emotions of Tantalus as we passed by laden cherry-trees and strawberry-gardens, from which no cherry or berry could be obtained, except by the bushel. We begin to feel weary and irritable, and doubt if we shall be in a fit frame of mind to enjoy the visit to Gadshill. At this moment we encounter two English gentlemen. "Are we right for Gadshill?" "Yes; but

are you not too late?" "Too late!" I look at my invitation and find that it is essential that we shall be there between ten and four, and it is now twenty minutes past four. This comes of the gigless unrespectability of Higham. "Don't you think they'll let us in? Surely they'll not let us, after coming so far, go away without seeing the house and grounds!" "I fear you'll be mistaken in your hopes; they didn't seem to be very accommodating." We trudge on. The next moment we see crowning this undeleatable hill a grove of beautiful large firs, and in the midst the charming little summer-house of oak and green colors, which some Swiss admirers presented to Dickens, and in which he passed the last morning of his life. Passing this, which is on the front division of the Gadshill grounds—reached from the house by a tunnel running beneath a public road—we see a pleasant, unostentatious brick mansion, with flowers and vines climbing on its walls. This, one would say, at first glance, is an ordinary country gentleman's home; the home, it might be, of the squire. But this is the house which seemed to fill the longings of Charles Dickens, when he felt that he had passed through the noise and storm of the great city, had heard the full music and learned all the rhythm of its myriad footsteps, and would fain find a quiet bower of literary leisure in which to pass his declining years. Visitors to Gadshill Place have often wondered that the author should have sought his seclusion so far away from the friends who were always so necessary to his social temperament; but, since his death, one of his personal friends has related the very touching story of its connection with the early associations of his boyhood. It was not alone, as he told us himself long ago, that it was in this neighborhood that he used to stroll when a school-boy—that it was these very trees that used to twine into frames about Roderick Random and shape themselves to the visions of Don Quixote. The "not very robust child, sitting in by-places, near Rochester Castle, with a head full of Partridge, Strap, Tom Pipes, and Sancho Panza," must have found this old hill peopled with a queerer company than Falstaff ever met here. But it now turns out that once, when rambling with his father, he admired this house, and the father said, "If you work and mind your book, you will, perhaps, one day live in a house like that." The words sank into his mind, and from that day the house became, as it were, a beacon to his life. He never lost sight of it, and on the day when he called it his own it meant more than success—it meant the fulfillment of a faithful father's hope.

Gadshill is not so dreary now as it is pictured in Knight's Shakspeare, but it requires all of its classical associations to make it picturesque. A dusty macadamized road, a public house, and one or two small tenements, go to make all of its human pretensions beyond

the one considerable residence we have come to visit. What few people walk the road or loiter at the door of the public house have that dull, seedy look which marks the country people of England, so many of whom are serfs of the soil in all except the freedom to drink as much bad beer as they please, and keep their children in ignorance—this last being a liberty before which the House of Commons itself lately faltered and sank. Here, where society is ever on the defensive, the gardens of the wealthy add no beauty to the road, unless to those who ride by in carriages, and can peep over their high brick walls; and Gadshill Place is only partially an exception to the rule. On the occasion of our visit its walls seemed particularly obdurate—written all over with the words, “No admission after four.” Nevertheless, I did not despair. An old farmer, on a wagon, said, “He was a good neighbor, Sir; there be many hereabouts that will miss him.” The walls that have inclosed a heart that has earned the love of poor and ignorant neighbors, as well as of the distinguished, must have a soft place about them somewhere. Yet there was certainly no appearance of any sentimental weaknesses about them. The huge oaken gates were shut fast and barred for the day, and, instead of pleasant grounds haunted with memories fragrant as their flowers, we found ourselves in front of a fortress, pondering how to enter it. The bell is pulled, and a handsome lad appears. He tells us that entrance after four o’clock is impossible. Various arguments—even the suggestion of sops—are tried on this smiling little Cerberus in brass buttons; but his heart is apparently hard as the nether millstone. At last I said, “Will you please tell Miss Hogarth that there are two Americans—” “Americans!” exclaimed the boy. In a moment he had vanished; in another the great gates were rolling back on their wheels; it was not to be that either in life or death the door of Charles Dickens was ever closed to an American. How the Englishmen whom we had met on the way could have said that those having charge of the house were unaccommodating I know not; I fear they must have allowed the Paul Pry element to preponderate during their visit; we were conducted kindly into every room in the house—even the bedrooms, wherein the most sacred family pictures and souvenirs were now kept, and at whose doors we hesitated—and found only affability and attention.

On entering, the first thing we behold is a frame containing an inscription to the effect that the house stands upon the Gadshill of Shakspeare. Beneath is the quotation from 1 Henry IV., act I., sc. 2: “But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o’clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visitors for you all, you have horses for yourselves.” There was something strange in the fact that

this old hill, so famous before Shakspeare’s time for robbers, should have been, as it were, tilled by his genius into the floral spot which now crowns it.

The library of Dickens was in the front of the house. The desk at which he wrote, the chair in which he sat, were there as we entered, close to the bay-window, through which he would see the road where the Canterbury pilgrims passed—the road where Falstaff and his fellow-robbers scampered away before Prince Hal and Poins, the eleven men in buckram. Here passed Chaucer, listening to the Canterbury tales; here followed Shakspeare, shaping the ancient ballad of “The Robbery at Gadshill” into one of those jewels, as Tennyson defines them, “which sparkle on the forefinger of Time.” And here at last came to live and die the one man alone among Englishmen worthy to be named with the others as a third among the representative writers of England.

There was something almost fearful in the vacancy of this library when the pen had fallen from the hand of the author. The vacant chair; the desk, on which were neither pen, ink, nor paper; the studious nicety of the little furniture remaining—all these had the horrible effect of a clean, varnished, and silver-mounted coffin. The book-shelves remained fastened to the walls on every side of the room from floor to ceiling, but not one single book was left. Every book had, however, left its mark upon the wall. Every thing spoke of the vanishing of the spirit that had here sat at its task. I knew the feeling of the superstitious who tread tremblingly at midnight in haunted houses. As in a dream, there arose before me all the faces and scenes which, in one among the millions of lives that have been somehow influenced by this master, had become intertwined with his memory.

Far away in a little town in Virginia it was, when, as a wondering child, I heard the elders tell of our wealthy neighbor who had broken a blood-vessel, and required the utmost care of the physician. It was related that he had been reading “Pickwick,” his laughter over which had brought about the casualty. The doctor prescribed “strict abstinence from Dickens.” Who is Dickens, I ask; and who or what may be “Pickwick?” But my father is a stern man, who doubts about novel-reading. Nevertheless, he relaxes a little for the novels of this one man; and I find myself entering a new heaven and a new earth through the pages of “Oliver Twist” and “The Old Curiosity Shop.” To this day I can not help suspecting the sanity of any one who does not concede that those are the two best novels ever written.

The writer of those books seemed to me to be so far removed beyond all other mortals that, when I was one day told that he was actually, and in the flesh, to pass through our little Virginian town, I should have been less amazed to hear that the man in the moon was to do that same. I remember the day on which he came—and went—for I marked it

around with charcoal, as that on which I first knew the iron touch of Tragedy. To have set eyes on the man who wrote "Oliver Twist" would for me have enriched life immeasurably. The thought of seeing him alight from the stage-coach at the hotel was a possible joy so great that it winged my feet as I went up that day to the schoolmaster, and asked release for one small half hour for that purpose. But the old teacher had never heard of Dickens, and he said, "No." Alas! old master, you have long ago passed into the grave, and I can not even remember other blows you may have inflicted; but this one which the boy of ten received it is still hard for the man to forgive—impossible to forget! The word "No" filled up the place of the sun that day. Under a mad impulse I leaped from the window of the school-room and ran toward the hotel where the author was to appear; but with each step the struggle between Ahriman and Ormuzd in my breast grew fiercer, until at last the latter prevailed and carried me back a penitent to the school. The old teacher was moved as I entered. "You can go, Sir, and see the man," says he. I ran like lightning; but it was too late; I heard only the hurrah of a group of people—only saw a carriage wheeling swiftly away with the one man on earth in it whom I wished to see.

When twenty years afterward I grasped the hand of that man, and listened often to the magic of his voice, there seemed a heavy injustice wiped out of my life.

I remember Dickens at the grave of Thackeray. An unhappy difference had for some years clouded the friendship between Thackeray and Dickens, but one day, encountering each other by merest chance, their hearts and hands rushed together as by some secret force of nature; and their relations were more cordial than ever—they were almost affectionate—up to the day when Thackeray died. On the day when that great and true man was laid in his grave in Kensal Green—close to the dust of others whom both had known and loved, Jerrold and Leigh Hunt—Dickens had a look of bereavement in his face which was indescribable. When all others had turned aside from the grave he still stood there, as if rooted to the spot, and watching with almost haggard eyes every spadeful of dust that was thrown upon it. Walking away with some friends he began to talk, but presently, in some sentence, his voice quivered a little, and shaking hands all around rapidly he went off alone.

Most precious, since his death, to those who heard and saw them are those wonderful impersonations of his which were called "readings." Readings indeed! A few years ago, when Mr. Carlyle was somewhat dejected, and, as his friends thought, confining himself too much at home, he was persuaded to go and hear Dickens read, and I heard him relate his experience thereof. "It didn't have a very attractive look at first," he said, "this of hearing a man read

his works; but I pretty soon found that 'reading' was a very insufficient description of the thing provided for us. The man's face and voice were made into a kind of stage, and he called up his people upon it so that we might see them act their parts. His characters seemed, indeed, to be related to his physiognomy, the further projections of him, to be mastered at will like his tongue and eyes. Such alternations of drollery and pathos, such ingenious grotesque sidelings into all the corners and crannies of human eccentricity and sentiment, one would have imagined quite impossible to any one man." The relation of Charles Dickens to the people was never more displayed than at these assemblies to listen to him. When he took his stand and glanced around it was with a certain look of love on his face, as if he felt that he had in the crowd around him the material out of which he had drawn his characters, and perceived that they had come to see themselves as they really were, and know how they were really performing their part. He received them imperially too, sometimes, as if they were all Rose Maylies, Nicholas Nicklebys, or Dr. Marigolds. And the occasions for the manifestation of this feeling were not infrequent in London. St. James's Hall is pleasant, but it was hardly large enough for the average audience that came to hear him, and there was often a difficulty in getting seats even for those who had paid for them. "I am sorry to interrupt, Sir," a man exclaimed, just as the author was about to begin one of his last readings; "but some of us who have secured seats can not get them." "Order—silence," cried the multitude of the seated; but Dickens said: "The gentleman is quite right, and I shall not begin until every one present who has paid for a seat has it." At another time when a lady in the body of the hall fainting the reader hastened to send her his glass of water before the audience knew any thing of what had happened. I do not know how it was in America, but here in London there was rarely an assembly which Dickens met which was not made to feel that they were all in some sort his guests. When he was leaving a room in which he had made any public appearance a crowd always waited at the door, as other crowds wait for the appearance of the Prince; but I have seen on such occasions manifestations of popular reverence such as never yet greeted any prince. I particularly remember when he was leaving the door of the Freemasons' Tavern, after the banquet at which he had bidden adieu to his friends, an aged and poor woman rushed from the pavement, caught his hand between both of hers, and looked with her withered face bent upon his. Dickens stood still, his face flushing, and returned her look with a sad smile. No word was said by either. The author entered his carriage and drove away; the people fell back to let the old woman hobble away into the Inane; and it seemed to me as if Charles Dickens had been met and blessed

on his departure by one of the Parcæ or one of the Incarnations of these London streets.

Alas, alas: memories, visions, scenes, all sink and fade: there remains this empty chair!

Gadshill Place is completely invested with flowers. There are roses climbing on the house, and blooming to-day with an almost mocking luxuriance; there are conservatories opening from the drawing-room and the dining-room, and on every side of the house. Along

the edge of the sward behind the house are large stone urns, or rather basins, of bright red flowers, and the front garden is also glowing with parterres. There are some graceful trees also, laurel and ivy and holly among them; and from these, with the permission of the kindly woman who conducts us, I gather a handful of leaves—green and yellow, in which I shall not be at a loss to find some symbolism in the years to come.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"I KILLED the old hen the day before Independence," said the farmer's wife; and her phrase restored all the old flavor to the festival. It suggested a calendar which dates from American Independence, preserving the exact historical significance of the day, and recalling John Adams's jubilant prophecy. The more modern phrase is "the Fourth," which has no uncertain meaning, but yet does not so directly remind us of the occasion. And how fast we are coming to the centennial anniversaries! This is the hundredth year since James Otis retired from active life. The 5th of last March was the hundredth anniversary of the Boston massacre. In December, 1773, the tea was thrown overboard in Boston Harbor. In the spring of 1774 the Committee of Correspondence was formed in New York, which proposed the "Congress of Deputies from the Colonies in General." In 1775 came Lexington and Bunker Hill. In 1776 the Declaration of Independence. Already Philadelphia has begun to reflect upon its immense responsibility, and will devise some vast and adequate ceremonial. But every where the day will be the highest festival ever known in the country.

This year the day was in itself so cool and delightful as to be memorable. Usually it is intensely hot, and the heat is aggravated by the incessant and universal tumult and exasperating crack of gunpowder. The city of New York is always given up upon the occasion to squibs, fire-crackers, pistols, and rockets; and an unhappy gentleman, lying seriously ill in a hospital, wrote to the papers a pitiful tale of his sufferings and those of others from this senseless noise—a tale which was undoubtedly as accurate as it was dismal. It is long since there has been a city oration on Independence-day; but the Tammany Society holds an annual meeting on that day, at which there is an immense effervescence of rhetoric, and prophecies pop as glibly as Roman candles. It is perhaps too exclusively a partisan festival to satisfy the requirements of the Revolutionary patriot. But he would find the same difficulty probably every where, and in the words of men of all parties.

And who shall satisfactorily interpret the Revolution? The Easy Chair was once beguiled into delivering a Fourth of July oration, in which it expounded what it believed to be the very doctrines of the fathers. During the discourse it observed a grave, white-headed gentleman cherishing a dignified gold-headed cane, and intently

listening. When it was ended the listener waited, and as the orator approached the old gentleman remarked, "Sir, excuse me! But if those were the opinions of the Revolutionary fathers, I know nothing about them." He then began to talk with the Easy Chair, and to endeavor to persuade it that it had entirely misconceived the men and the times of the Revolution. The truth is, that the better men of each party believe themselves to be the heirs of Revolutionary principles, forgetting, perhaps, that the men of the Revolution were almost as warmly divided as we. There is nothing ferocious in our party disputes that can not be paralleled among our fathers; and there is no partisan rivalry of the best men of the opposition for which there is not the most painful and startling precedent in our history. If any body is disposed to give up the ship because of the difficulties and perils that surround it, let him take heart as he recalls the awful typhoons which it has survived. It is not worth while, indeed, to be enervated by optimism, but it is not therefore desirable to be paralyzed by despair. The old faith that the burden is proportioned to the strength is justified in nations as in individuals.

But, although there is no city oration, there are, and there always will be, orations under some auspices upon the great day, as there will always be the private if not the public pyrotechnics, to relieve the swelling emotion of the occasion. Indeed, the curious observer has sometimes supposed that he detected a close resemblance between the two, and has even, in moments either of too utter forgetfulness or of too shrewd perception, imagined that he was hearing the rush of rockets and the jubilant *feu de joie*s at the wrong end of the day. As a penalty for political offenses, how would it do to sentence culprits to six months of Sing Sing and a reading course of all the Fourth of July orations of the last quarter of a century, with discretion reserved to the Executive to commute the punishment, upon proof of good behavior, into two years of Sing Sing without the literature? But why should the explosive rhetoric surprise us? The Fourth of July orator has a painful consciousness that he is to compete with ginger-pop, gunpowder, and the circus, and that he must somehow produce the impression of remarkable "somensets," or the clown over the way will bear the bell. The orator is at a lamentable disadvantage. The day is pitched in a key of high and rollicking excitement. He must be in tune

with it, and, to do him justice, he usually tries to be. But the clown has more practice.

Yet there would seem to be a better way. Instead of spreading his sheeny vans to soar in the empyrean of hifalutin, why should he not leave the lovers of the noble spectacle of jumping at flying speed through beribboned hoops to their own refreshment, and address himself to another taste? Considering how constantly and copiously we have talked for nearly a hundred years about the Revolution, the general knowledge of the subject is a little ludicrous and shameful in its small extent. Governor Seymour, in his address at the Cornell University, said that it was the part of our history with which we are most familiar. But that was only a polite way of saying that we don't know much of any part of it. If you look into any of the anniversary orations, what strikes you most is their avoidance of the text. There is very little information in them about the Revolutionary men or events, and yet what exhaustless themes they are!

If all the orators next year should agree to select some hero or conspicuous Revolutionary man, each a different one, and tell his story, what immense freshness and charm the day would have, and how we should all rise from our seats wiser men! Each of the old thirteen States would furnish every orator in it with some son whose life would be well worth the telling. Here in New York there would be Hamilton and Jay and King and Morris and Clinton and the Livingstons, to begin with. And the old thirteen could furnish all their younger sisters with subjects, so that on Independence-day, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the air would be loud not only with the general sound of rejoicing, but with the words of special and individual remembrance that would make the old men and the old time live again. The whole land would be an Old Mortality giving that day to the graves of the honored dead, and scraping away the moss from every headstone. We are evidently to have a memorial day of the later war; let us not less reverently decorate the graves of the Revolution by refreshing the memories of its heroes in our hearts.

It was a little odd that some of the more conspicuous orations of this year dealt with a question of population, and from a new point of view. Hitherto the Independence orator, with exhaustless national hospitality, has held wide open the gates of the land, and cried aloud to "the oppressed of all nationalities" to enter. "America," he has exclaimed, as if through a tremendous speaking-trumpet, whose notes were to reverberate through the vast whispering-gallery of the world—"America is the final refuge of the wanderer. The toiling millions crushed beneath the EFFETE DESPOTISMS of other lands are welcome here. The bird of American freedom, spreading wide its sheltering wings, and holding the Star-spangled Banner in its mighty talons, would fain gather beneath its brooding bosom all who would fly to its protection." This has been our gushing Independence strain. But on this anniversary the chief orator of both the great parties in the country filed a bill of exceptions, while the Senate of the United States, sitting upon the national Sabbath itself, was stormily debating a proposition which forbade all persons born in China to become citizens.

It was a little comic when it was remembered

that two years ago we were all complacently rubbing our hands because, under American auspices, the Chinese wall was about to be broken down, and an American had been selected to announce to the rest of the world that China wished now to be admitted *ad eundem*. "The most hoary and ancient of nations," we said, "joins hands with the youngest. The most venerable of civilizations blends with the most juvenile. Day-before-yesterday hobnobs with Day-after-tomorrow." There was immense feasting. Delmonico gave the dishes of an entire dinner complimentary Chinese names. The dearest orators said delightful things about China. We do not recall a single allusion to paganism. Not one of the eloquent gentlemen suggested that the "Mongolian race" should give us pause. The inability of Asiatics who are addicted to joss-sticks to bind themselves by Christian oaths was not even mentioned in the flow of festive speech. Somebody in Congress, indeed, carried an appendix to the treaty to the effect that it was not to naturalize any body; but the fact was not remarked in the general hilarity. We were all to go and make our fortunes by building railroads and telegraphs in China, and all to wear cheap grass-cloth jackets in summer, and pack our winter woollens in camphor trunks.

This pretty dream was painfully brief. Day-before-yesterday began to hobnob with Day-after-tomorrow in a pleasant rural town in Massachusetts. But Day-after-tomorrow was for handcuffs and tomahawks rather than hobnobbing; and the sitting down of seventy-five Chinese on the shoemakers' benches of North Adams shook the whole country. It was a very small detachment of the oppressed of other lands—a mere squad of the victims of the effetest despotism of all; but many of the orators hastened to shut the gates in their faces, and to declare that we didn't mean those particular victims, nor the oppressed of that especial despotism. The protest was limited, indeed. It did not declare that no Chinese should come, but that they should not be brought over as virtual slaves by contract. Yet it was said with such an air of alarm, and with such a denunciation of a degraded race, that the argument seemed to apply to the permitted as well as to the proscribed.

It is all right, and every thoughtful American will agree; but he will still smile at the contrast between the exuberant festive eloquence that saluted the treaty, and the kicks and cuffs that greeted the arrival of "the most ancient of peoples and civilizations." Indeed, our rhetoric is a frisky nag, and on great occasions he runs away with us. On Independence-day, especially, there is such a blazing and popping that he is quite unmanageable, and we go like John Gilpin—we ride as we were mad. John did not mean to run toll, and we don't mean to transcend common-sense. But we get going, and clear all bounds. Then, again, on Independence-day, or indeed on any other, an "effete despotism" affects us as a head was to affect the well-advised Irishman in the shindy. Wherever he saw it he was to hit it. So we have struck out at the "Old World," and we have stimulated the excellent bird of our country to cluck all people under her wing; but we now discover that we don't wish all to come.

The truth is, as we were saying, that if the

orators would not undertake to rival the circus, but would reflect that nations, like persons, have their laws of health, which can not be safely outraged, obedience to which is neither pusillanimity nor treachery, and illustrate this great truth by the Revolutionary example, when the Colonies, although fighting for liberty and independence, did not hesitate to deal with the disaffected who gave aid and comfort to the enemy, then the orators would do us a service for which a resolution of thanks would be carried unanimously and with enthusiasm.

ANGELICA writes to the Easy Chair that she had set her heart upon voting in Vermont at the next election, and that the wickedness of the present voters in forbidding her affects her so deeply that she feels that the cause is henceforth hopeless. Indeed, she seems to take it so much to heart as to imply that if another State should decide otherwise it would not satisfy her. Apparently the change must begin in Vermont or nowhere.

The argument of the young gentleman with his schoolmate, that if he couldn't have it his way he wouldn't have it at all, is one of the most familiar of arguments. And it results from this disposition that the failure of our own method seems to us to involve the failure of the whole cause in which we are interested. Thus, in Congress, a warm partisan, who has set his heart upon a railroad to the moon from the top of the Andes instead of the Himalaya—for what patriotic American would ever concede that an Asian point of departure could be superior to any upon our own majestic continent?—the Congressional advocate of the Andes route, we say, in the ardors of his eloquent appeal, exclaims: "Mr. President, the eyes of the country, of the world, are upon us. Our duty is plain. I have shown the merits of the case, and it remains for the Senate [or the House] to decide. But, Sir, I warn those honorable gentlemen with whom I am politically connected that if they turn a deaf ear to the appeal of reason and common-sense—if, dazzled by any illusion or seduced by any sophistry, they consent to sacrifice their own continent to another, and to prefer the cloudy peaks of Asia to the heavenly heights of America, they will assume the dreadful responsibility of destroying the party; and so total will be its annihilation that at the next election there will be no sign to show that such a party ever existed."

This gentleman thinks so. The meaning of his speech is, that if his advice is not followed universal night is at hand. And it is a very common belief. In a late religious convention one reverend gentleman urged with great earnestness the imperative, the vital necessity of building a neat little denominational wall. "I appeal to the good sense of my brethren. How shall we ever know where we end and our neighbors begin if we do not invoke the favor of the tutelary Terminus? If any inquiring friend demands how far we go or where we stop, shall we refuse to enable ourselves to answer him? If any ill-disposed traveler sneers that apparently we run over all creation and have no bounds whatever, shall we lie naked to his merciless gibes, or shall we not rather throw up a neat and elegant hedge or a decisive stone wall or a simple wire fence upon which we can lean triumph-

antly, and tell him that if he has eyes he can see, and that if he has not 'tis a pity, but can not be helped, forasmuch as it is the business of a sect to build walls, which we have done, but not to furnish eyes, which we shall not undertake to do? And, brethren, one thing is evident. The time has come for a wall. It is a crisis. All the signs in heaven and upon the earth cry aloud for a wall. In the still watches of the night I hear a voice which says, Build a wall! Posterity pleads with us for some little structure of that kind. As Peter the Hermit, preaching the Crusade, cried, God wills it! God wills it! even so I feel constrained to shout, God walls it! God walls it! Our Zion must no longer be left unwallled. If we would sit under our own vine and fig-tree unmolested, we must fence them in. If we do not—if our hearts are hardened, and we abandon them to the chances of a garden without hedges or ditches—for even a ditch will answer—a ditch in which the unwary or the designing, poaching upon our limits, may be mired—then, brethren, the end is sure. I give you two years, and when they are passed this fair and fruitful denomination will have utterly vanished from the face of the earth—and all for the want of a wall."

This gentleman also thinks so. Like the honorable member of Congress, he feels that, if he can not have his way, not only will he be disappointed, but in the one case a party, in the other a sect, will have been willfully destroyed. And this conviction is a beautiful provision of nature, because it inspires such zeal and tenacity. The men who achieve great results are those who are persuaded that every thing depends upon the success of their particular plan. The work must not only be done, but it must be done so, and not otherwise. But when two of these positive currents meet—when, after A has shown that if you do not make the Andes the starting point chaos will immediately follow, B arises, and with equal conviction and eloquence proves that the same chaos is sure to overwhelm us unless we start from the Himalaya, we are naturally inclined to listen with a great deal of attention to C, the honorable member from the Atlantic Ocean, who says: "Mr. President, this is at least the tenth time this session that the party has been at the last gasp. If the Senate refused to order a quart bottle of mucilage for each Senator, we were solemnly told that the party was going into liquidation. If this body was unwilling to adjourn at the first dinner bell, we were warned that we were wantonly hostile to the deepest instincts of the party, and that the party of our faith was doomed. Sir, the party is not—I say it with profound respect for all my honorable friends in this chamber—it is not a bob to the tail of any man's kite."

And so in the religious convention, when the friend with the wall eye, so to speak, had seated himself, after his very sincere declaration that without a wall the denomination would be gone in two years, another friend, with equal conviction, arose—the other positive current—and said: "Ever since I have known anything about the denomination it has been expiring and expiring, always upon its death-bed, always surrounded by a weeping company, and always as alive and alert as it is to-day. It is evident that it does it no harm to die. If the want of a wall is

to be fatal, why, the denomination is used to fatalities; and it can do no more, as Brother Walrus says, than die of that want, as it is perpetually dying of all its other wants. Dying doesn't hurt it, but a wall would. In the Christian sense—and, of course, Brother Walrus has no other—to die is to grow. But to be walled in is to be imprisoned and dwarfed. The truth is, that we are always pushing out our boundaries. Terminus is to us the chief of false gods. If we should build a wall, we should only break our heads against it. Our Zion is not a yard, but the world." It was very clear that the want of a wall would not be so fatal as the first orator had represented, and unquestionably believed; and the brethren resolved to take the risks.

In one of Browning's most subtle poems, "A Soul's Tragedy," he describes a revolution in an Italian town. The provost is to be overthrown. If he is not, say the revolutionists, tyranny and anarchy will reign supreme. Well, he isn't, and tyranny and anarchy do not reign; and the provost, as he sends the ringleader into a little exile, wholesome for reflection and improvement, remarks, sententiously, "I have known *four-and-twenty* leaders of revolts."

The truth is, that great systems and parties and sects and causes of every kind do not die so easily as gentlemen with theories suppose. They are, in a certain sense, independent of their supporters, as principles are independent of human volition. The mistake of the Commonwealth men in England, as of the Terrorists in France, was in supposing that to cut off the king's head was to destroy kingship. It is easy enough to kill a monarch, but not a monarchy. So it is easy to defeat any particular method or measure, without harming the principle from which it springs. It is certainly a good thing, for instance, to establish still further intercourse between the moon and the earth. To that end a railroad is very desirable. But even if A's route from the summit of the Andes, and B's from the Himalaya, should both be defeated, the resolution to have further communication with the moon will certainly remain. The honorable A and B, like the young gentleman at school, may decline to take any further interest if their plans are not adopted. But they speak for themselves only. The great cause of lunar communication is not a bob to the tail of their kites.

The Easy Chair observes that in some quarters the conduct of the Senate Committee in asking to be excused from further consideration of the petitions of certain women for fair play, and the extremely attenuated minority which supported the same proposition in the Vermont Convention, are good-humoredly regarded by others than his correspondent, Angelica, as what the same young gentleman at school would call "settlers" or "sockdologers." They certainly do not indicate an immediate or easy success. But the Easy Chair trusts that the petitioners will not lose heart. The victorious provost may chuckle that he has known *four-and-twenty* leaders of revolts, meaning that so many efforts have failed. It is not surprising. The huge intrenched political system of the city of Faenza could no more be overthrown by a riot than its palace walls could be pushed down by enthusiastic hands. But the *fifth-and-twenty* leader of revolts may do the business. And if not the

fifth-and-twenty, then the *fifth-and-twenty hundredth*.

The petitioners should remember that they really ask for thought rather than for action. Of course the demand for action is the best way to stimulate thought, and thought once aroused will bring down both the provost and the palace. But the substance of their petition is so new that it has approached public consideration very much as Wolfe's advance crept to Montcalm's lines upon the Heights of Abraham. The camp was in peril of being carried almost before it knew it. So society has been smiling and dozing along its lines, not believing a serious assault possible upon that side, and lo! here it is. Here is Birnam wood coming up the hill to the castle! It is incredible, but it is a fact. And now the cry to arms resounds every where.

Still, gentle enemy, the castle is yours, although you must fight for it. You will not carry it by a *coup de main*, and so much the better. You will prove your endurance, your resources, your valor, as well as your skill. The particular point at which you aimed is for the present lost. But the success every where else makes that point finally surer. On every hand the gates of opportunity are opening. Colleges, special schools, special training of all kinds invite you, more and more. Fiction, the most powerful of modern advocates, pleads in Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife" for fairer laws, and fairer laws thunder at the doors of the House of Lords, and demand to enter into the British code. The outworks of mere tradition are giving way. Here and there your far-reaching batteries are planting thoughts in the very citadels of prejudice. Your cannonade has set the world thinking, and therefore your victory has begun. If the minority in the Vermont Convention is one only—"how far that little candle throws his beams!" If the Committee of the Senate ask to be relieved from considering your petition, it is because it has been taken up by society in Committee of the Whole.

"THE victors of Jena survive." These are the last words of the French declaration of war against Prussia. It is the war proclamation of a Bonaparte; and before such words and the associations they awaken more than a half century disappears. When these words are printed the war will be far advanced. The two most military nations in Europe, whose adjoining frontiers are a constant irritation, whose mutual jealousy and hostility are profound, whose armies are in perfect condition, suddenly spring into fierce collision, and the concussion shakes the world. Yet to every contemplative Easy Chair how humiliating as well as exciting the spectacle is! For how many of the people of those countries really wish the war? We read with incredulity the stories of kings plunging countries into war for their private quarrels; and we think with relief that such days are passed. The splendid but terrible campaigns of Marlborough, the days of Blenheim and Ramillies, of my Uncle Toby and the profane army in Flanders, how cruel and causeless they seem now! The most peaceful districts ravaged, the most harmless people slaughtered, universal interruption of industry, universal desolation, the most hopeless oppression—these are what we read between the lines that record the famous

battles which made a few men rich and renowned.

"But what good came of it at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 "Why, that I can not tell," said he;
 "But 'twas a famous victory."

Little Peterkin may well ask now what good can come of the new war, and whether our times are much more civilized than those of Marlborough and the Prince Eugene. Let us see how the story of the present war could be truly told to little grandson Peterkin. My dear boy, the people of Spain wanted a king. So the officers whom they had appointed to govern until a king was found asked Prince Leopold, a relation of the King of Prussia, to allow the representatives of the Spanish people to vote for him, and to become King of Spain if he received votes enough. But when the Emperor of France heard this he said that he would not permit any relation of the King of Prussia to become King of Spain, and he began to march troops and to get ready for war. Then Prince Leopold said that he did not wish to make trouble, and his father told the people of Spain that the Prince would not be a candidate for king.

But the Emperor of France was not satisfied, and he declared that the King of Prussia must promise not to allow any of his relations to become King of Spain; and he continued to march troops, and to make ready for war. One day the messenger of the Emperor of France met the King of Prussia walking in the street, and he said to him: "I wish you to tell me at once whether you will promise that none of your relations shall ever be King of Spain." But the King of Prussia did not answer, and told the messenger to go home. Then the Emperor of France said that he was insulted, because his agent was sent home; and because of that insult, and because the King of Prussia had not himself ordered his relation, Prince Leopold, not to be King of Spain, and because he permitted him to decide for himself, the Emperor of France declared war against the King of Prussia.

This is the simple and true story. Now, dear little Peterkin, war is always terrible, but it is sometimes justifiable and necessary. Sometimes it is the duty of brave and good men to fight for their own liberty, and that of those who are dear to them. Sometimes governments are so wicked and oppressive that, in order to end their cruelty, they must be overthrown. But it is wrong to take arms to overthrow them until it is evident that no arguments nor appeals will change their conduct. And when it is plain that there must be war it is the most dreadful necessity. For however just and defensible and unavoidable a war may be, it is full of horror and suffering. When, therefore, the Emperor of France declared war against the King of Prussia, he ordered that thousands and thousands of men should be killed and wounded; that they should be tortured by shot and shell; that they should waste away by the most painful diseases; that countless homes, as pleasant and peaceful when this summer began as ours, little Peterkin, should be desolated; that houses and barns should be burned and sacked; fields trampled down and ravaged; mothers and wives and sisters left weeping and broken-hearted; and towns and cities ruined. And ships from other

countries, quietly sailing upon the sea, are to be chased and seized and carried into strange ports, and their cargoes stolen and their passengers annoyed; and for many and many a year afterward the taxes will be so enormous that the price of bread will be very high, and thus the poor will feel the oppression of the war long after the last gun has been fired.

Do you ask, little Peterkin, whether there was such intolerable suffering upon the part of the Emperor of France, which he had tried in vain to remove by arguments and appeals, that he was forced to declare war against the King of Prussia, and to cause all the lamentable consequences that we have been describing? You must judge for yourself, little boy. The Emperor says that the King was impolite to his messenger, and that he ought to have promised that he would not permit any of his relations to become King of Spain. Now if these are good reasons for all the killing and wounding, and burning and stealing, and suffering and heart-break, then the Emperor has done right. But if they are not, what will you call the Emperor? If you ask why he was unwilling that the Prince Leopold should become King of Spain, the answer is that the Emperor and the King have never been friends. The King owns some land upon the banks of the river Rhine which the Emperor wants. This has always been a difficulty between them. And lately, while the King of Prussia was becoming more famous and powerful, the Emperor of France has been acting foolishly in Mexico, and his pride has been hurt because he knew that he was becoming of less consideration in the world.

So, when the people of Spain asked Prince Leopold to be their king, the Emperor, knowing that the Prince was a relation of the King of Prussia, thought that the King would be a more powerful and dangerous neighbor than ever, and that that fear would be a good excuse to make war upon him, and try to get possession of the land upon the Rhine that he has so long wanted. But when Prince Leopold said that he would not be King of Spain, the Emperor had that excuse no longer; and as he did not like to lose the opportunity of taking the land, he said that the withdrawal of Prince Leopold would make no difference unless his relation, the King of Prussia, would promise to do hereafter what the Emperor wished. As the Easy Chair has already told you, Peterkin, the King would not promise; and so there is war, with all its woeful consequences. The Emperor says that he accepts the war which the King of Prussia imposes upon him. But the little Peterkin has read the fable of the wolf who stood up the stream and said that the lamb muddled it, and must therefore be eaten; and Peterkin will probably think of that fable now. But the Emperor of France will not find the King of Prussia a lamb.

If little Peterkin does not think it a wanton and wicked war, he will differ from most of his elders. For you can see, little boy, as well as Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli, that the demand of the Emperor upon the King was an insulting defiance. No king or government, that has not been forced to it by war, ever makes such a promise as the Emperor demanded. And no ambassador who understood diplomatic etiquette, as the Emperor's messen-

ger did, ever made such a demand as he did, and in such a way, without expecting and intending that it should be resented by his dismissal, in order that his dismissal might be called an insult, and invoked to justify a war. Peterkin, the Emperor of France is like the Irishman at the fair who carried a chip upon his shoulder and jostled his neighbor, then accused him of knocking the chip off, and proceeded to fight him.

When the Emperor declared that he would not permit a relation of the King to sit upon the Spanish throne, he made the old plea of the balance of power. This was a theory that certain great nations in Europe must be content with certain limits, and that none of them must become so disproportionately powerful as to threaten the others. But when the Prince withdrew, the balance of power was no longer threatened. To plead an apprehension of a possible wrong as a justification for actual wrong is criminal. But this is what the Emperor of France has done. Suppose that he is victorious, what wrong will have been righted? What will Europe or mankind have gained? France may push her frontier to the Rhine. Does such an end justify the means?

There is now an imposing and intelligent public opinion of the world which should hold imperial and royal offenders accountable. There should be—little Peterkin, let us at least hope there will be—a powerful protest from the press of civilized countries in the interests of public morality and international amity against this monstrous war. The Peterkin and Wilhelmine

of Southey's poem have grown to full manhood and womanhood now; and the soft satire of the familiar verses should have become a general cry of shame and indignation:

" 'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
 'Who put the French to rout;
 But what they fought each other for
 I could not well make out.
 But every body said,' quoth he,
 'That 'twas a famous victory.

" 'My father lived at Blenheim then—
 Yon little stream hard by;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly.
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

" 'With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
 And many a childing mother then
 And new-born baby died:
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.

" 'They saw it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won,
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun:
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

" 'Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,
 And our good Prince Eugenc.'
 'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!'
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 'Nay, nay, my little girl!' quoth he;
 'It was a famous victory.

" 'And every body praised the Duke
 Who this great fight did win.'
 'But what good came of it at last?'
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 'Why, that I can not tell,' said he;
 'But 'twas a famous victory.'

Editor's Literary Record.

NOVELS.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS, in the preface to the English edition of his new novel, *Man and Wife* (Harper and Brothers); advises us of a difference between this book and those which have preceded it. "The story here offered to the reader," says he, "differs in one respect from the stories which have preceded it by the same hand. This time the fiction is founded on facts, and aspires to afford what help it may toward hastening the reform of certain abuses which have been too long suffered to exist among us unchecked." The novel is, in short, an indictment of the marriage laws of England, Ireland, and Scotland—in the matter of marriage very far from a United Kingdom—and would be very effective if Mr. Collins had only taken the trouble to ascertain what those laws are. His general charges are, indeed, scarcely too sweeping. The confession of Hester Dethridge represents a state of bondage from which, happily, American legislation has, in most of the States of the Union, emancipated the outraged wife. The scene in which Geoffrey Delamayn carries off the wife he hates to her prison-house, and Sir Patrick Lundie is powerless to interfere because there is no other proof of the brutal husband's murderous intent than his ugly face, will prove, perhaps, quite as effective an indictment as John Stuart Mill's statement of the law under which such an outrage is possible:

"If she leaves her husband she can take nothing with her, neither her children, nor any thing which is rightfully her own. If he chooses, he can compel her to return, by law, or by physical force."* But the plot turns on the supposed state of law in Scotland—law which is so loose, in fact, that it did not need exaggeration to turn public sentiment against it. In the alleged marriage between Arnold Brinkworth and Anne Silvester Mr. Collins builds up a man of straw to knock it down again with a club of the same material, in the equally supposititious marriage between Geoffrey Delamayn and Anne. Even under Scottish law proof of an actual agreement is indispensable to marriage; and that Arnold should, in a piece of good-natured thoughtlessness, pass for a single night for poor Anne's husband as little constitutes him hers, without such an agreement, as his passing for Geoffrey Delamayn changes his identity. Mr. Collins himself points out this fatal weakness in his plot when, at the close of the story, he represents Delamayn's lawyer as advising his client that Anne's unfortunate night at Craig Fernie Inn is not even ground for a divorce. But Anne is as little Delamayn's wife as Brinkworth's. His promise to the girl he had ruined—"Upon my soul, I'll keep my promise"—his signature—"Your loving husband *that is to be*"—is

* This, however, is not true in any of the States of the Union.

not marriage, but only a promise to marry. In the case of Dalrymple *vs.* Dalrymple, to which Sir Patrick Lundie appeals so confidently, and before which Mr. Moy bows so submissively, there was an agreement in writing, signed by both parties, acknowledging each other husband and wife; and the Scottish court, in that case, marked the distinction, which Mr. Collins's lawyers so curiously overlook, between a promise to marry in the future, and a marriage accomplished as a fact in the past. In short, Delamayn was as free to marry Mrs. Glenarm as Arnold was to claim Blanche. Mr. Collins has built an admirable superstructure, but on a foundation of sand.

As an indictment a failure, as a romance "Man and Wife" is pre-eminently superior to any fiction of the year. Grant the man of straw to be a real man, and the club of straw to be a real club, and the battle becomes intensely exciting. Nor is its only or even its chief merit the ingenious structure and working up of the plot. In incident, in characterization, in description, and in honest, earnest, moral purpose animating all, it is entitled to high, if not the very highest, praise. We have met Lady Lundie before, both in novels and in real life; and Blanche, though a very sweet character, is not a remarkable one. But Anne Silvester and Hester Dethridge are unmistakable originals. Sir Patrick Lundie, the Scotch lawyer, with his provokingly cool head and his tenderly warm heart, would alone entitle the man who drew him to high rank as an artist. Arnold Brinkworth's sailor-like frankness and thoughtlessness in getting into the tangle whose unraveling constitutes the story, and his mistaken sense of honor which keeps him from getting out, is very true to a nature which the reader loves, and is out of all patience with. And Geoffrey Delamayn, the "villain," is characteristically unlike the conventional villain of the novel and the stage in that he is an animal—merely an animal—though a somewhat cultivated and a very admirably trained one, and his villainy is the natural product of a training which spends all its energies on sinew and muscle, and leaves the mind and moral powers untaught. Some of the descriptions in the book are fine; that of the foot-race at Fulham, for example—an admirable and courageous reply, as is the whole life and character of Geoffrey, to the glorification so common of the muscular sports of modern muscular Christianity. Despite its one radical and inherent defect, "Man and Wife" is intensely interesting, and is entitled to, and will take, a high rank in English romantic literature.

Stern Necessity, by F. W. ROBINSON (Harper and Brothers), barely falls short of being a great novel, and does not fall short at all of being a very good one. Whether the author's carelessness is an ingrained trait of character, such as no education can overcome, or whether it is the result of a want of that patient application without which no work of art can be more than second-rate, whatever he writes leaves on our mind the impression that he might have written better. The story is certainly original; the plot ingenious; some of the descriptive passages—that of the Spitalfields emporium, for example—admirable; and some of the characters, as that of its proprietor, Marmaduke Spanswick, good enough to remind us of Dickens, and yet original enough

to be no imitation. But the book opens better than it closes, and is a capital novel for the season, without being likely to survive it.—*Kilmeny*, by WILLIAM BLACK (Harper and Brothers), a story cast in autobiographical form, is readable and pleasant; what the English critics call a "clever novel"—just that, and nothing more. The fact that the reader is carried by it into the Tyrol is no excuse for the plentiful interlarding of German jargon—a sorry piece of affectation, and the book's worst blemish.—In Harper and Brothers' complete edition of *Miss Thackeray's Works* we renew our acquaintance with some good friends in the five stories founded on the old fairy tales; and very charming variations on the old themes they are. It is not infrequently said that genius exhausts itself, and leaves no inheritance for its children. The history of England's two great novelists does not justify this remark. Charles Dickens's son, who has inherited from his father the editorship of *All the Year Round*, has also inherited from him a very graceful pen; and Miss Thackeray has, though a very different genius from that of her father, one equally unmistakable. Without his force and spirit, never employing that sarcasm which was so favorite a weapon with him, like him only in her quaint but quiet humor, she is a graceful and charming writer, a graphic photographer, and writes with a geniality and sympathy which win our affections, rather than enforce our conscious admiration.—The heroine of *Gwendoline's Harvest* (Harper and Brothers)—the author himself so designates her—is an English Lucretia Borgia. She falls madly in love with a hero who begins as a fool and ends as a roué. She is not so madly in love as to believe in love in a cottage; and as to her intended husband's ever doing any thing to earn a competence for them both, a plan so commonplace does not enter the mind of either. She attaches herself to a wealthy old man; helps worry his invalid wife into the grave; carries off the husband, and marries him as the "vidder" married Tony Weller; finds he is not to be worried into the grave, and takes a shorter mode of disposing of him—prussic acid—which an easily cajoled doctor prescribes on her demand; sends for her former lover, who has been awaiting on the Continent what should turn up; marries him; finds her step-daughter in the way; and, having grown probably somewhat audacious, is detected carrying a vial of prussic acid No. 2 into the step-daughter's room, to send her after her father. Whereupon, self-exiled, she retreats to the island of Calypsa, there to live with her husband, who has learned to hate her, and whom she has learned to hate, and so to reap her harvest. *Moral*.—It is never safe to commit more than one murder in a lifetime. The plot is sufficiently absurd, the characters sufficiently unnatural, the scenes sufficiently highly wrought, the whole story, in plot, incident, and characters, sufficiently vivid and dramatic to make the book a sensational novel of the very first water.—Of *The Lady of the Ice* (D. Appleton and Co.) it is only necessary to say that it is by the author of the "Dodge Club," and has the rollicking humor and uproarious fun of that most absurd of writers, yet entertaining withal, JAMES DE MILLE, an author who gives you a double laugh—one at the folly of the book, another at your own folly in being interested in it.—*Summer Drift-wood for Winter*

Fire, by ROSE PORTER, and *White as Snow*, by EDWARD GARRETT and RUTH GARRETT, his sister, are of a class of books which it is hard to designate. Both are published by A. D. F. Randolph; both are, in form, stories; in fact, embodiments of certain types of Christian truth or Christian experience. The first purports to be the diary of a young lady who, going away for the season, gathers in the pages of her journal some drift-wood for the winter evenings. The love-story, which is sad in its ending, is subordinate to the religious teaching, which is cheerful and attractive. The second is a series of short and simple stories, full of charming tropes and figures and quaint conceits and truths compressed into happily turned sentences, which render it a delightful companion for a quiet Sunday afternoon.—A somewhat similar book is *Lifting the Veil* (Charles Scribner and Co.), a pleasant and helpful tract, much after the order of "Gates Ajar." Its theology is of the evangelical school, but is embodied in real or imaginary experiences that carry it to the heart, and make it a consolation to those whose Christ is veiled from them by some bitter and inexplicable sorrow.

POETRY.

SELDOM has there been left unfinished by the death of an author solely adequate to the completion of his difficult task a work more tantalizing in its incompleteness than WARTON'S *History of English Poetry* (G. P. Putnam and Son). Neither Macaulay nor Buckle was more exceptionally fitted for the accomplishment of the histories of politics and morals they left forever fragmentary than was Thomas Warton for the kind of literary history in which there has been no nearer successor than the quite dissimilar work of Hallam. The most highly gifted of a family distinguished for its poetical talent, the son of an Oxford professor of poetry, to whose chair he himself succeeded, brought up among the precise surroundings needed to develop his strongly marked taste for the studies of his life, with full command of the accumulated stores of the libraries of either university, and with access to many private collections, there was wanting no condition for success in the career in which Thomas Warton, and in a less degree his brother Joseph, became eminent. But, though the verses of them all were smooth, scholarly, pleasing, with much elegance of fancy and refinement of feeling, neither father nor sons possessed that genius which alone insures poetical immortality; and, although Thomas enjoyed the distinction of being the one poet-laureate, during a long period, who was neither obscure nor ludicrously conspicuous, the preservation of his family from oblivion is due solely to the merit of his critical writings, and especially of his "History of English Poetry." Dr. Johnson, in one of the numerous letters to Warton which find place in Boswell's "Life," pays his friend a very honest acknowledgment for the advancement of the literature of their native country. "You have shown to all," he says, "who shall hereafter attempt the study of our ancient authors the way to success, by directing them to the perusal of the books which those authors had read." The compliment is in allusion to Warton's edition of Spenser's "Faëry Queen;" but the method adopted in it was also that of his annotations

upon other poems, and of his "History." The research exhibited in this volume is immense; and the author's industry and learning, his familiarity with out-of-the-way nooks of poetical antiquarianism, his command of bibliographical and biographical details, and the range of reading displayed in his collatings of the development of English literature with that of contemporary continental Europe, are equaled by the just taste and true judgment which he applies to the examination of the writings passed under review. The book amply redeems its author's promise "to develop the dawns of genius, and to pursue the progress of our national poetry from a rude origin and obscure beginnings to its perfection in a polished age." From the Norman-Saxon period of the century succeeding the Conquest, to the eve of the reign of Elizabeth, the survey of the growth of English poetry is faithful and minute without ever becoming tedious. Several of those digressions, in which the completing of the topic in hand led him to disregard the considerations of chronological uniformity, show our author's thorough familiarity with the Elizabethan writers, and his strong appreciation for what he has termed "the most poetical age of our annals." The loss is irreparable; yet we have reason to be thankful that our guide only fails us when we have been conducted to a comparatively familiar region, and when we have already received instruction which is of immense assistance to the literary student, and gives to the ordinary reader, within the compass of a single work, the essence of libraries enormously voluminous, and largely inaccessible.

BIOGRAPHY.

A REALLY good biography of Charles Dickens, a book which should tell us something of his personal life and habits, and which, more than that, should disclose to us his real character, which should make us acquainted not with the author whom we know already so well and love so dearly, but with the man whose abhorrence of interviewers found such an expression in "Martin Chuzzlewit," and who is so curiously unknown to his myriad readers, such a book would be more than useful—it would be endeared to us all. That both the secular and the religious press should have engaged in such prolonged and imbittered discussions of the great novelist's religious character is, after all, the greatest compliment that could have been paid to him. The religious character of a stranger is no concern of ours, and to inquire too curiously into it is a piece of sorry impertinence. But what can concern us more than the religious character of our friend?—and it was the peculiar character of Charles Dickens's pen that it made every reader of his pages a personal friend. It need hardly be said that F. B. PERKINS'S *Life of Charles Dickens* (G. P. Putnam and Son) is not a work of this description, and will not satisfy the public appetite for a more personal acquaintance with the man who so nobly fulfilled his own avowed life purpose, "to contribute to the common stock of healthful cheerfulness and enjoyment." Mr. Perkins does not pretend to have enjoyed any personal acquaintance with Mr. Dickens, or to have had any access to his private papers, or any peculiar facilities for becoming acquainted with his per-

sonal life and character. Except, perhaps, the mere date of his birth, Mr. Perkins's book tells us nothing that we did not know before; but it conveniently comprises, in the compass of a few pages, all that an assiduous study of contemporary criticism could afford. As a résumé of what the newspapers have said for the last few weeks, and of what English, and, considering Mr. Taine's elaborate *critique*, French criticisms have said for the last score of years, it is a very readable and entertaining substitute for something better; something better, too, which is happily promised. For it appears that Mr. Dickens was not infrequently pestered while he lived by applications for material by would-be biographers. He sheltered himself from these applications by alleging a purpose to relieve them from all such labor by writing, at some future time, his own life—a task which he did nothing more toward fulfilling than by the preparation of some tolerably full autobiographical notes. These, it is said, have already been handed over to his friend, Mr. John Forster, Landor's biographer; and until the production of his pen appears we must fain content ourselves with such glimpses as are afforded by less elaborate attempts. Among those which have been hastily put forth to catch the tide of popular interest, the most satisfactory as a biographical and critical sketch is a volume entitled, *Charles Dickens: the Story of his Life* (Harper and Brothers). In spite of hasty composition it is both interesting and valuable. Without any pretense to fine writing, it sets forth the main facts in the life of the great novelist in a pleasant and attractive manner; and those who are interested in knowing when his stories appeared, and under what circumstances each was written, will find the desired information in these pages. Sprinkled through the volume are many pleasant anecdotes illustrative of Dickens's character and way of life, most of which are now printed for the first time. The account of the origin of the "Pickwick Papers," and the dispute as to whether Dickens was indebted to the artist Seymour, or Seymour to Dickens, for the figure and character of the immortal Chairman of the Club, is fuller and more satisfactory than any we have met with elsewhere. The volume is adorned with numerous illustrations, including several portraits of Dickens, taken at different periods of his life, and views of the residences he has occupied. It is altogether a very interesting and attractive work.

On the whole, however, Harper's publication of an edition of the *Speeches, Letters, and Sayings of Charles Dickens* gives a better insight into the character of the man than any thing short of a confidential and semi-autobiographical life could do. This volume gathers into 150 pages the public addresses of Mr. Dickens, ranging through a period of nearly thirty years. Of their earnestness, of their genuine benevolence, of their cheery humor, of their occasional sarcasm, and of their honest, downright, plain Anglo-Saxon calling of abuses by their right names, it is not needful to speak, since these characteristics are well known to all who read what Dickens wrote. But they are full, also, of hints and suggestions that tell us some things of his character and life which his books do not. We note that of the fifty-six speeches reported here, though

nearly all are after-dinner speeches, made in the hour when men mostly give themselves up to pleasant but meaningless civilities and small talk, there is hardly one to be found which has not an earnest purpose animating it. Most of them are pleas for benevolent institutions. It is quite clear—we need go no further than this volume for the evidence—that Dickens did not use the poor to ornament his stories, but employed his stories to cheer and elevate the poor. The same voice that pleads so eloquently for "Joe," pleads for the Hospital for Sick Children in accents not less pathetic. The voice which tells with such inimitable humor the story of Mr. Vincent Crumple, manifests sympathy for the distressed actor in more than one speech for the Theatrical Fund. The heart which beat with such honest indignation at the Yorkshire schools, and scourged them so terribly in the person of Mr. Squeers, in soberer tones, scarcely less effective, pleads for popular education. The man who dared arouse all the indignation of the Circumlocution Office by giving it a name—it will carry with it to its grave, dares—a more difficult deed—to face the managers of what he accounts a mismanaged charity with such words as these: "The question raised by the resolution is, whether this is a public corporation for the relief of men of genius and learning, or whether it is a snug traditional and conventional party, bent upon maintaining its own usages with a vast amount of pride, upon its own annual puffery at costly dinner-tables, and upon a course of expensive toadying to a number of distinguished individuals." And, finally, the man who seemed to leap at once to his position as the foremost novelist of the age explains in two sentences the secret of his success: "When I first took literature as my profession in England, I calmly resolved within myself that, whether I succeeded or whether I failed, literature should be my sole profession"—a sentence which gives a new significance to Richard Carstone's unsettled and disastrous life; a purpose which, nevertheless, might have led to failure but for the spirit with which it was prosecuted. "My own imagination or invention, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, toiling, drudging attention."

No man's character has been a greater riddle than that of Frederick W. Robertson. He belonged to no school, yielded allegiance to no creed, owned no man master. It is simply impossible to comprehend his utterances without studying the man. In his *Life and Letters* (Harper and Brothers) is to be found the key to his otherwise enigmatical sermons. STOPFORD A. BROOKE's memoir we have come to regard as an almost ideal book of its kind—a book which does much to redeem religious memoirs from the charge of stupidity not unjustly brought against them as a class. It is a book we love to recur to again and again, as to a friend, a book one no more gets weary of than he would of Robertson himself.

G. P. Putnam and Son republish the *Life and Times of John Evelyn, Esq.*, long known in England as a classic, and to the student of history an indispensable companion to Hume, Hallam, and Macaulay. Indeed, from such a diary one may get a far more accurate picture of the interior life of Great Britain, in the days of Crom-

well and the Stuarts, than from the more labored and pretentious histories. Minute and photographic, it ranks second only to the famous "Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys."

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

DR. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN'S *Grammar of Assent* (Catholic Publication Society) is one of those rare books which add something to the store of theological thought. It is well-nigh impossible for a Protestant to comprehend the mind of a devout Roman Catholic. The Protestant demands that the Romanist prove to him the truth of his irrational creed—transubstantiation, infallibility, the immaculate conception. The Romanist can not prove them—hardly essays to do so. Yet he is not dismayed, nor his faith shaken, by his inability. He believes them none the less because they are incapable of proof. Dr. Newman explains this singular characteristic of the Roman Catholic mind. Conviction and assent, he says, are two different intellectual acts. We are convinced of some truths by arguments. We yield our assent to others upon the mere statement and showing of them. Religious truths are not to be proved; they are to be assented to. "Of the two, I would rather have to maintain that we ought to begin with believing every thing that is offered to our acceptance than that it is our duty to doubt of every thing." That is the Roman Catholic theory of faith in a nutshell. The Œcumenical Council proclaims the infallibility of the Pope. The Protestant mind, listening to the dogma, at once asks, Why? But this is to doubt; this is to demand conviction. "There is no why," replies the Romanist. "The creed is not a conviction. Just believe; believe without questioning, without a reason." This is faith. What the mother declares for truth the child assents to. He does not doubt, investigate, become convinced. He assents without conviction. So the race, children in knowledge, are to receive what the Holy Mother Church tells them, assenting without investigation, receiving without questioning, convinced of nothing, trusting all things. This is the basis of the Roman Catholic theology. It has never received a clearer or more admirable statement than in the "Grammar of Assent." Let us add that in this psychology of faith there is so much of truth that the book is really a valuable contribution to theology, not merely a curiosity of literature. In clearness of thought and perspicuity of expression it is admirable, as is every thing from the pen of Dr. Newman.

The value of an illustration in bringing home a thought to the popular mind is realized by many clergymen and other public teachers, who are at a loss to find what they want in the hour of their need. Rev. ELON FOSTER'S *New Cyclopædia of Illustrations* (W. C. Palmer, Jun., and Co.) is designed to meet the want of such persons. The true way for every man is to make his own cyclopædia. Spurgeon abounds with anecdote and illustration. "How fertile a mind," cries Rev. Dr. Dullard; "he never forgets any thing." Ah! my dear doctor, he keeps, and has kept for years, a note-book, in which goes down every thought, trope, figure, illustration which observation, experience, or reading suggests. Out of this well-stocked granary he draws his stores. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways

and be wise." The mere jotting down impresses on the memory, and the figure, forgotten for a while, returns when it is needed. But many men are too lazy, and many too busy, and many more not forehanded enough for this; and for all such Elon Foster's dictionary will prove a very useful book. It is based, we judge, though not avowedly, on one or two similar English compends; but for the American reader it is certainly a great improvement on them. If your minister is a little dry, and you a little inclined to nod during the long exposition of doctrine, we commend you to give him a hint by presenting him a copy of Elon Foster's dictionary. If you are called on to make occasional addresses at school celebrations or temperance lodges, and are at a loss for a story, which always helps to enliven an otherwise dull speech, this book will serve you a very useful purpose. Apart from this, its more legitimate use, it is not dull reading for the half hour when your mind is too wearied to read any thing connectedly, but is in just the mood to glance down a page, catching now a story, now a figure, now a moral sentiment; getting a taste from all, making a meal of none.

How to break up a family, on how small or great provocation husband and wife may separate, this is the great topic of discussion in American circles. It is refreshing to turn from these disputes about divorce to such a book as *Life at Home*, by Dr. WILLIAM AIKMAN (S. R. Wells), the object of which is to tell how the family may be preserved and the husband and wife live happily and cheerily together. Without any pretense to being a great book, it is, what is better, a very useful one. Dr. Aikman, very unministerially, spends no time in discussing theories of marriage; but, assuming the fact, drives straight to the practical question, how it shall be made pure and happy. It is a book of eminent good sense and of still more eminent good feeling; and a practical regard to its precepts—rather a practical acceptance of its kind and loving spirit—would make life at home what it always should be, an earnest of the home toward which we all are traveling, and where our eternal life of love shall be.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To the young man entering upon the study of the law, bewildered and almost lost in the extent and complexity of the labyrinth before him, WARREN'S *Law Studies* (John D. Parsons, Jun.) is much more than a mere map or guide-book in his explorations. It gives him rather the sense of the living presence of a genial companion, familiar with the devious turnings and returnings of the catacombs filled with the dry bones of arbitrary rules and principles which constitute our jurisprudence. So far as any book can, it is well adapted to supply the lack of the living teacher; and law generally is, and of necessity must be, studied under that disadvantage. The author has succeeded to a great degree in infusing his own personality into his work, and this, with its earnestness and good sense, and the frankness with which the results of his own experience and observation are set forth, has given it, in spite of manifest defects of arrangement and an uneven and sometimes faulty style, a deserved success. The later English editions have been greatly enlarged, the modifications and ad-

ditions by the American editor seem judicious, and the book in its present form—though much reduced in size, and perhaps in value, by omissions—will probably be more widely useful on that account. Many of the chapters would be as valuable to other students as to the class to whom they are addressed; and general readers will find the work, largely illustrated as it is with anecdotes and extracts from the sayings and writings of the great lawyers, superior to the gossip in the ordinary books about the profession. To the general public Mr. Warren has long been well known as an essayist, and as the author of "Ten Thousand a Year" and "The Diary of a Physician."—The very existence of such an organ of engineering, manufacturing, and building as *The Technologist* (which has now passed, in its improved form, its eighth number) is one of the most striking evidences of the development of those arts from a merely mechanical to a scientific level. We know not how any engineer or builder who means to achieve progress in his profession can do without it, and it is not without value to any one interested in the mechanical progress and developments of the age.—We want space to commend as highly as it deserves Professor M'ILVAINE's treatise on *Elocution* (Charles Scribner and Co.). It is, indeed, the only treatise strictly confined to elocution that we ever remember to have met with—and our search has not been limited—which raises the subject above an imitative art to the grade of a true science. Professor M'Ilvaine has, with success,

traced the hidden power of oratory to its source, the securing and maintaining of true vital relations with the audience by the direct action of mind on mind; and though he has by no means developed the full meaning of this law, nor stated all the conditions necessary to its application, nor measured its relation to some indubitable and very perplexing phenomena, which, because science can not explain, it leaves in the hands of the quacks; nevertheless, in dwelling upon it and demanding its recognition, he has given to his book a dignity which few treatises on elocution possess.—*The Gentleman's Stable Guide*, by ROBERT M'CLURE (Porter and Coates), is a capital treatise on the stabling, feeding, grooming, and general management of horses. No man can afford to leave a horse wholly to the care of a groom, since professional groomsmen are rare, and conscientious groomsmen are still rarer; and we know of no other treatise on this subject in which may be found so much of practical information condensed into so small a number of pages.—We are not a connoisseur in pigs. We have no penchant for them, dead or alive. Of *Harris on the Pig* (Orange Judd and Co.) we can say, for the benefit of our agricultural readers, that it covers the whole ground of the breeding, feeding, housing, and rearing of that unpleasant animal, and that an agricultural friend, who has familiar acquaintance with piggy's ways and wants, assures us, after a careful examination, that we can cordially recommend it as an admirable practical treatise.

Editor's Scientific Record.

OCCURRENCE OF MARINE FORMS OF ANIMALS IN THE GREAT LAKES.

MUCH interest was excited some years ago by the discovery, in the deep waters of Lake Ontario, of a new genus of cottoid fishes (*Trigloopsis*) of a purely marine type, and only known from being found in the stomachs of the lake trout and ling. Within a very recent period some dredgings prosecuted in the deep waters of Lake Michigan, off Racine, by Drs. Stimpson and Hoy, have resulted in the discovery of a new crustacean allied to Arctic marine forms, and furnishing a parallel to the similar occurrence of a marine type (*Mysis*) in the depths of Lakes Wenner and Wetter, of Sweden. These lakes are believed to have been formerly arms of the sea, but cut off by the gradual upheaval of the coast, since which the water has been changed from salt to fresh, but still retaining some of its original inhabitants, as the *Mysis* in question. How far the same change is to be inferred for our own lakes, and whether, as in the Swedish lakes mentioned, the deepest water is still salt, remains to be decided; but there is no question that a thorough exploration of the deepest parts in the entire chain will result in discoveries of the greatest interest.

GERMINATION OF SEEDS.

Some curious statements have recently been published in regard to the extent to which the germination of seeds can be facilitated by chemical agencies, especially by ammonia and oxalic

acid. By placing them in a solution of the latter substance, they will begin to germinate within one or two days, even after having been kept for forty years, and are then to be planted out in the usual way. Coffee seeds, which are proverbially hard to start, are best forwarded by placing in a covered vessel, containing equal parts of water and of spirits of sal ammoniac, at the ordinary temperature. At the end of twelve hours the roots will be found to have started, and even the young leaves can be discovered by careful inspection. In 1834 wheat was exhibited to the German Scientific Association, raised from seed found in an Egyptian tomb, 2000 to 2500 years old. This had been soaked for a considerable time in fatty oil before planting.

CLEANING KID GLOVES.

However well adapted benzine is to the cleaning of kid gloves, certain precautions are necessary to insure entire success. These consist mainly in not rubbing the gloves with the benzine, but immersing them in a glass vessel, so that the benzine stands above them. The gloves are then to be removed; and, after being well squeezed, hung over a line to dry in a strong current of air; and when the smell of the benzine is removed as much as possible, the gloves are laid upon a glass plate, placed over a vessel filled with boiling water, and another plate laid over this, but so as not to touch the gloves. The heat of the boiling water drives out the remainder of the benzine, and removes all the smell

of it from the gloves. These are then to be stretched and shaped by means of the ordinary glove-stretchers. It will be understood that great care must be taken not to bring any fire or lighted lamp too near the scene of operations.

HORSE-TOOTH CORN.

A variety of Indian corn called the carragua, or horse-tooth corn, has been lately introduced into France from Nicaragua, which is asserted to be superior in many respects to those already known to agriculturists. The point of excellence in this corn consists in its availability as a fodder plant—the yield per acre being nearly four times as great as that of the ordinary varieties—and its cultivation for this purpose alone is highly recommended. It attains a height of from twelve to eighteen feet, and, when fully grown, the stalks are so stout that they require to be divided longitudinally before they can be fed to cattle. The yield of grain is said to be from one-fourth to one-half greater than that of common corn; but it produces more bran in proportion, and less starchy matter, which, however, is of unusual whiteness. The principal objections to this corn are the length of time required for it to reach maturity, and the necessity of a very rich, fertile soil, with plenty of moisture, for its successful cultivation. Where these conditions can be combined, and the season is long enough to permit the crop to mature, as in the Southern and Western States, it is probable that its cultivation might be profitably introduced into the United States.

EXHALATION OF AMMONIA BY MUSHROOMS.

It has recently been ascertained that growing mushrooms of various kinds give off a measurable quantity of ammoniacal gas in a normal condition. This exhalation seems to be a continued function, acting in all stages of growth, and depending simply upon the chemical action of the elementary organs, and not proportional to the weight of the plant.

SELENIUM IN COMMERCIAL COPPER.

The occurrence of selenium in various forms of the copper of commerce is a fact not without its interest to the chemist. It may be shown by oxydizing the metal in a muffle-furnace, and bringing the oxide thus formed, after placing it in a glass retort, to a red heat in a current of dry and pure air. After a time, if selenium be present, there will be seen near the end of the tube a white volatile crystalline ring of selenic acid, forming a mass of transparent, elongated, and homogeneous crystals. With reducing agents, such as hot hydrogen, or moist sulphuric acid at the ordinary temperature, the white ring is transformed into a red ring, possessing all the characteristics of selenium.

CANINE MADNESS.

An elaborate memoir has recently been presented to the Academy of Sciences in Paris by M. Bouley upon the statistics and method of cure of canine rabies; and its general conclusions may be summed up in the following propositions: First, that by having resort to cauterization by fire, with the least possible delay after the bite occurs, injurious or fatal results may be

almost entirely obviated; and in default of the immediate application by fire, certain other preventive applications will also have a beneficial effect. Second, that it is possible to diminish, in a very great degree, the disasters caused by the bite of a mad dog by applying with great strictness against dogs known to be, or suspected of being, infected, the sanitary measure of seclusion, prolonged for at least eight months, in preference to killing them at once.

COMMENSALISM.

It is very easy to show that life on the surface of our globe does not consist of an accumulation of isolated objects, but that there is a definite relationship between one form and another of the plant or animal; so that the existence of the one is involved in that of the other. We are all familiar with the fact that the occurrence, in a given region, of certain insects can always be predicated on the existence of certain plants, and *vice versa*; the insect feeding on the plant, or the plant depending on the insect for the proper fertilization of its flowers. A similar relationship exists between certain animals, the one being dependent on the other for food, or for some equally necessary assistance.

A still different kind of association between animals is that which has lately been described by Professor Van Beneden as *commensalism*, or that of being fellow-boarders at a common table, the one not interfering with or injuring the other in the slightest degree. This able naturalist has lately published a memoir on this subject, in which he classifies the different kinds of associates: first, as "Free Fellow-Boarders," and second, as "Fixed Fellow-Boarders." Illustrations of the free fellow-boarders are found in the case of a fish which makes its abode in the body of the holothuria, a radiated animal, looking not unlike a prickly cucumber. This fish often has as fellow-inhabitants of its house different kinds of crabs, which seem to thrive upon the same kind of food which is taken into the body of its host. In another instance a certain fish lives in association with the star-fish; while in Brazil a fish of the siluroid family furnishes a lodgment in its mouth for certain small fishes, formerly supposed to be its young, but now known to be entirely distinct. The occurrence of little fish in the body of the sea-anemone has lately been brought to notice by Dr. Collingwood; and the interior of certain jelly-fish is similarly inhabited by small fish of another species.

Another instance of a like character, with which we are all familiar, is that of the small crab found in the oyster, and which is not met with under any other circumstances. On the coast of Peru there is a small crab found in the anus of the sea-urchin, while still another species inhabits the thick branches of the coral, and is sometimes completely inclosed in them, so as to be unable to escape. The hermit crab, which, as most of us know, depends entirely for the protection of its soft body upon the shelter of a dead shell, has with it very frequently a small worm, the two living together in perfect harmony. Many other instances of a similar sort are mentioned in the memoir of Professor Van Beneden, and they may be increased almost indefinitely, the current researches on the part of naturalists continually bringing to light additional cases.

Among the fixed fellow-boarders may be mentioned the barnacles, a form of crustacea inhabiting the bodies of whales of different species, and each species of the latter having generally its characteristic form. Sharks, tortoises, and various forms of invertebrates are also similarly favored. The *Remora*, or sucking-fish, also belongs in this category, being usually found attached to the body of some larger animal, and is not unfrequently made use of on the coast of Mozambique for the capture of sea-turtles, a string being fastened around its tail, and the animal directed toward the turtle; when the remora has fastened upon it, the two are drawn in together.

PETRIFICATION OF TISSUES.

Many of our readers have heard of the remarkable process of petrification discovered by Signor Segato of Florence, by which a stony hardness was imparted to the muscles and viscera and other parts of the body without apparently altering the shape and color of the original. These specimens, as ground down and made into Mosaic tables, and other objects, have long been the wonder of visitors to that city. The process was kept a secret by its inventor, and its details died with him. Many attempts have since then been made to accomplish a similar object, but entirely in vain; until lately, Messrs. Tarchiani and Billi, of Florence, have succeeded in discovering, if not the same process over again, at least one equally efficient. By it they now prepare entire animals, such as cats, dogs, and birds, with the hair, feathers, and all parts kept in their natural condition, and perfectly indestructible.

The objects to be preserved are placed in a bath containing the necessary ingredients, which are said to be moderate in price and simple in application; and the same solution may be used over and over again for a number of different operations. The details of the preparation are still kept a secret, although it is probable that it will not be long before they are revealed. An analogous process has been applied by the same gentlemen for the preservation of meat and poultry for exportation as food, and which, after being treated, were found, after a lapse of six months, to be perfectly sound, exhibiting the same appearance as if kept in pickle, with a natural color and an entire absence of odor.

DETECTION OF BRAIN DISEASES.

In a recent communication to the Academy of Science, M. Lieuvillie endeavors to show that the pathological modifications in the vessels of the brain—aneurisms, for instance—may be detected by the observation of corresponding changes in the retina. These latter are observed by means of the ophthalmoscope, an instrument consisting of a concave mirror, which reflects light through the pupil into the cavity of the eye, and is perforated by a central aperture, through which the observer makes his examination, either with or without the aid of a lens interposed. This instrument, it will be remembered, has attained considerable prominence during the present year, in consequence of its use by Dr. Hammond and other experienced physiologists of New York in preparing evidence to be used in the trial of several persons for murder,

in which the defense consisted in the plea of insanity.

According to the statements made as the result of ophthalmoscopic observations of the retina, they can be used advantageously in determining many conditions of the brain—such as congestion, softening, tumors, etc.

TRANSMISSION OF NERVE FORCE.

According to Dr. Place, of Leyden, the rate of transmission of nerve force along the motor nerves in man may be estimated at about 180 feet per second.

CHEMICAL INTENSITY OF TOTAL DAYLIGHT.

According to Professor Roscoe, the mean chemical intensity of total daylight for the hours equidistant from noon is constant; and although the chemical intensity for the same latitude, at different places, and at different times in the year, varies according to the difference in the transparency, yet the relation at the same place between the altitude and intensity is always represented by a straight line.

NEW LINK BETWEEN REPTILES AND BIRDS.

The gap existing between the reptiles and the birds of modern times, as already remarked in these columns, is being rapidly bridged over by the discovery of fossil forms that serve as intermediate links. The latest announcement of this kind relates to a skull obtained in a coal mine in Germany, of the upper cretaceous period. While possessing reptilian characters, it is said that the convexity of the occiput and its gentle passage into the roof of the skull, together with the presence of a transverse ridge in the occipital region, the absence of sutures, the globular form of the condyle, and some other peculiarities, show a very intimate approach to the birds. The new genus, which may indeed become the type of an order, has been named *Struthiosaurus*.

INFLUENCE OF CEREBRAL AND MUSCULAR ACTION ON THE URINE.

Some curious experiments have lately been made by Dr. Byasson in regard to the relationship between cerebral action and muscular movement and the composition of the urine. An experiment, prosecuted for many days, during which the amount and character of the food was carefully regulated, and all extraneous influences held in abeyance, showed that during the time when the brain was exercised in study, the body being kept quiet, the principal constituents of the urine were urea, phosphates, and alkaline sulphates; and, on the other hand, when the muscles were kept in constant action, the brain being quiet, the products were urea, uric acid, and the chloride of sodium. From these facts our author concludes that the occupation of an individual, whether mental or physical, during a given period, can be determined by an examination of the urine, and the relative percentage of the two modes of exercise ascertained by a similar test.

The experiments in question are still in progress, and the final conclusions to be arrived at will be looked for with much interest. The physiological deductions to be made from them may also be of the highest importance, in furnishing hints as to the supply of material to compensate for the waste of the animal economy.

BLUE COLOR OF THE SKY.

According to a recent writer, the color of blue in the sky and in the landscape is simply the result, in the former, of the darkness of space as seen through the white light contained in the atmosphere; and, in the latter, of the dark and distant portions of the landscape as seen through the interposed medium of the air filled with white light. The color of aerial blue is thus due in both cases to the same cause, namely, a dark body neutralized, as to its darkness, by being seen through a white and transparent medium.

METHOD OF COVERING A BANK OF EARTH WITH GRASS.

To cover a steep bank quickly with grass the following method is recommended by a German horticultural association. For each square rod to be planted take half a pound of lawn grass seed, and mix it intimately and thoroughly with about six square feet of good dry garden earth and loam. This is placed in a tub, and to it liquid manure, diluted with about two-thirds of water, is added, and well stirred in, so as to bring the whole to the consistency of mortar. The slope is to be cleaned off and made perfectly smooth, and then well watered, after which the paste just mentioned is to be applied with a trowel, and made as even and thin as possible. Should it crack by exposure to the air, it is to be again watered and smoothed up day by day, until the grass makes its appearance, which will be in eight or fourteen days, and the whole declivity will soon be covered by a close carpet of green.

COLOR OF LARVAL SALAMANDERS.

Much interest was excited some years since by the result of certain experiments instituted in Paris upon the larva of a Mexican salamander, which laid eggs while still in the immature condition, these eggs hatching out in the water, and ultimately developing into the perfect salamander form. The progeny of this salamander tadpole has been distributed since that time over Europe, and there are few collections of any importance without specimens, either in alcohol or living. In experiments upon breeding these salamanders it was found that when reared under orange-colored glass they were bleached exactly as if they had been kept in the dark—this appearance (due to the absence of pigment in the cellules of the skin) contrasting very remarkably with the dark gray tint of those reared in vessels of transparent glass. The bleaching in question is supposed to be due to the absence of blue, violet, and ultra violet rays of the spectrum, which are absorbed in passing through the glass.

EXTRACTION OF SUGAR FROM MOLASSES.

The attention of a French chemist was drawn to the fact that, after extracting all the sugar easily obtainable from beet juice, there was still left in the molasses 50 per cent. of its weight of sugar that could not readily be secured. He has now published as the result of careful experiment, and applicable to any kind of molasses, the simple process by which 70 per cent. of the remaining sugar can be obtained in a perfectly pure state. Alcohol of 85 per cent., mixed with 5 per cent. of monohydrated sulphuric acid, is to be added to the molasses, and all shaken well together. The liquid is then to be filtered, and

additional alcohol of 95 per cent. is to be added. The sugar is now taken up by the stronger alcohol and retained in a state of so-called supersaturation, and would remain so for a long time, with but a slight deposit in a crystalline form. By adding a small quantity of powdered sugar, however, to the mass, the other sugar will be rapidly deposited with the new, and in a perfectly pure state, to be washed and freed from the alcohol in the ordinary way.

The advantages claimed for this process are: first, the extraction of 35 per cent. of the weight of the molasses in sugar; second, the obtaining of the pure sugar directly, without the necessity of various complicated processes; and third, the almost total suppression of the use of animal black in sugar refineries. The scientific theory of the process need not be given here, the statement of the facts and results being sufficient for our present purpose.

DEVELOPMENT OF HEAT BY NERVE ACTION.

According to Professor Schiff, the excitation of one of the higher senses under favorable conditions—that is, if it reaches the cerebrum—produces an elevation of the temperature in the latter region, the facts being determined by the arrangement of properly constructed thermoelectric needles. It is also stated that when the nerves of animals, after being at rest or narcotized, are suddenly roused and put into activity, they produce a very sensible effect upon the galvanometer. Another conclusion from the experiments of this author is that the life of the brain does not cease immediately after the cessation of the circulation, since, when in animals poisoned with the woorara the sensory nerves were irritated after the movement of the heart had stopped, the temperature of one of the hemispheres of the brain still continued to rise as before, though unquestionably to a less extent. The elevation was observed to occur for as many as twelve minutes after the entire cessation of the beating of the heart.

IDENTITY OF BETAIN AND OXYNEURIN.

According to a German physiologist, a substance found in the sap of the beet, called betain, is identical with the oxyneurin, a product of the excitation of the neurin of the brain. It is also said that in plants of the turnip tribe a substance occurs of the same complicated composition as the protogen of the brain, and that these elements split up naturally, in the same manner as they do when decomposed artificially, and in both cases phosphoric acid, sugar, and nitrogenous substances like neurin and oxyneurin, result from the process.

DECORATIVE PAINTING.

A new method of applying paint in houses has recently been introduced into Paris, by which the disagreeable smell attendant upon freshly painted surfaces may be entirely escaped. This consists in applying the paint in the shop first upon tin-foil, which is spread upon damp glass and treated exactly as if it were a surface to be coated. As many coats are given of such tints as may be desired, and when perfectly dry the foil with its paint is removed from the glass, rolled up upon a roller, and carried to the building where it is to be used. A water-proof mixture is first ap-

plied to the wall or surface to be coated, and then the painted foil is put on as if it were wall-paper. The flexibility of the foil permits its application, even to surfaces of an irregular character; and it may be so skillfully done that it is difficult to realize that the paint was not put on coat by coat, as in common painting. Gilding may be effected in the same manner by first applying the gilt leaf to the tin-foil, and then fastening this to the surface desired. The advantage of this method of tin gilding consists in the fact that it does not so easily become tarnished as the ordinary gilding.

COMPOUNDS OF GELATINE AND GLYCERINE.

An English journal mentions certain properties of the compound of these substances as of much importance in the arts. It solidifies on cooling, and then forms a tough, elastic substance, having much the appearance and characteristics of India rubber. If a corked bottle have its upper end dipped into the melted composition several times, allowing each new coating to dry before repeating the operation, the stopper will be sealed almost hermetically. It may be further stated that the two substances united form a mixture entirely and absolutely insoluble in petroleum or benzine, and that the great problem of making casks impervious to these fluids is at once solved by brushing or painting them on the inside with the compound. This is also used for printers' rollers and for buffers of stamps, as benzine or petroleum will clean them when dirty in the most perfect manner and in an incredibly short space of time. All these applications have, we believe, been made the subject of patents. Water must not be used with the compound, except as a passing application.

CAUSE OF VARIEGATION OF LEAVES.

According to Mr. Morren the difference in the color of the leaves of the variegated plants, which form so ornamental a feature of our green-houses, is due to a disease which is at once contagious and capable of being transmitted from one species of plants to another, by a kind of inoculation. He considers that the alteration of the chlorophyl (which he compares to the red globules of the blood), or green coloring matter, gives rise to variegated leaves, which consist of a mixture of green parts with others more or less yellow. If the discoloration is general it produces death. Among the higher orders of plants only those which are parasitic can exist when entirely deprived of chlorophyl. Variegation is a sign of organic disease; the discolored or variegated portions of the leaf have lost their power of reducing the carbonic acid of the atmosphere; the plants are generally weaker, smaller, their flowers and fruit much poorer, and their power of resisting cold diminished. Variegation can be propagated by means of layers, buds, or grafts, showing that the buds themselves are infected. The seeds, however, from variegated individuals usually produce normal and healthy plants.

TIN CANS.

Every one knows the difficulty experienced in ordinary domestic economy of opening or unsealing the soldered tin vessels containing canned or preserved fruits, meats, etc. The suggestion has been made of using fusible cement, instead

of the ordinary solder, which, while sufficiently tenacious at ordinary temperatures, will readily yield to the heat of boiling water poured upon it. An additional advantage of this method would be that any one could fasten up a can filled with the substance to be preserved without the aid of a tinner or his soldering irons.

SPECTROSCOPIC EXAMINATION OF CANDLE-FLAME.

Mr. Lockyer has lately shown that phenomena observed by his new method of spectroscopic observation in the sun may be produced in the common candle-flame, care being taken to examine the flame, as Mr. Lockyer examines the sun itself, namely, by means of its image thrown on the slit of the spectroscope. In this way the existence of an outer layer of sodium vapor, often invisible to the unassisted eye, is shown, which gives a bright line outside of the spectrum of the candle, in the same way that the red flames give a spectrum of bright lines outside that of the sun's photosphere. Inside of this sodium layer is another layer of carbon vapor; and by imitating a storm in the sun by means of a blowpipe, mixing the white-light-giving substance of the candle with the outer layers, the phenomena of a solar storm were almost absolutely reproduced, sodium being substituted for hydrogen of the red flame, and the carbon vapor for the lower lying sodium and magnesium vapors in the sun's atmosphere. Mr. Lockyer has also shown that the phenomena have a distinct bearing on those of the sun's atmosphere.

HEAD LETTUCE.

It is said that heads of lettuce can be produced in winter in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours by taking a box filled with rich earth, in which one-third part of slacked lime has been mixed, and watering the earth with lukewarm water; then taking seed which has been previously softened by soaking in strong brandy twenty-four hours, and sowing in the usual way. We are assured, but will not vouch for the fact, that a good-sized head of lettuce may be obtained in the time mentioned.

COUNTER-PRESSURE STEAM-BRAKE FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

The engineering journals of America and Europe are filled with commendatory notices of a new attachment to locomotive engines, by means of which counter-pressure steam can be made to serve as an elastic brake, enabling the driver to manage his engine and the train with a degree of certainty and efficiency far exceeding that obtained by any arrangements which have hitherto been in use. It consists simply of a pipe, which carries water from the boiler into the branches of the exhaust-tube, to be converted into a fine spray by contact with the heated metallic surfaces of cylinders and piston. While carrying this and absorbing the heat produced in the motion of the parts, the steam acts not only as a brake, but can be made to produce a discharge from the blast-pipe sufficient to keep any gases from the smoke-box.

The system in question places the control of speed directly in the hands of the engineer, enabling him to use the whole load on the driving-wheels as a brake, with little physical effort, and

no danger to himself; and thus enables him to dispense, in a great measure, with the use of brakes on the tender and cars. The apparatus can be applied to any locomotive at a small cost, and has already been used in thousands of engines in Europe. We presume that it will not be long before the experiment is tried in this country; and if its results are as important as they have been represented to be, much good will ensue from the ability of the engineer to arrest the speed of the train in a much shorter time than has heretofore been possible, thus enabling him to control its motion to any desired degree.

DISEASES OF THE SILK-WORM.

Few persons have turned the use of the microscope, in the study of the cryptogamic vegetation, to better account than M. Pasteur, of France, since it is to his researches that we owe most important announcements in regard to the nature and cure of diseases of the silk-worm, the preparation and preservation of wines, and other subjects of economic importance. This gentleman has recently published, in two volumes, a final report, or résumé, of his researches upon the silk-worm and the various affections to which it is liable, supplying an encyclopedia of reference of the utmost value.

The principal diseases attacking the worm he finds to be three in number, namely, the muscardine, the pebrine, and the flacherie. The muscardine is produced by a cryptogamous plant of the genus *Botrytis*, allied to the mould and mildew, which attacks the worm, and, gradually penetrating all its tissues, finally destroys it. This pest is abated and extirpated by washing the silk-worm houses and their furniture with a solution of sulphate of copper, by which means it can be readily kept under proper subjection. The same, unfortunately, can not be said in regard to the pebrine, which, for twenty years past, has been the cause of immense injury to the silk-worm establishments of Europe, and even of the East. The disease itself consists in the development of corpuscles which invade all the tissues of the worms, the chrysalids, butterflies, and the eggs; and it is often transmitted by contact, by the rubbing of the worms against each other or against infected objects. M. Pasteur shows, however, that the disease can not pass from one generation to another, excepting through the agency of the eggs; since the corpuscles which permeate the silk-worm houses at a certain epoch, and which are not removed in the cleaning up of the houses, do not survive over the season, and can not reproduce themselves in the following year. This circumstance furnishes the means of counteracting the evil. If females exempt from the disease are preserved for the propagation of the race, the transmission of the malady can be arrested.

Flacherie may be spontaneous, hereditary, or transmitted from one generation to another. It is due to a ferment which multiplies with infinite rapidity in the tissues of the animal, and causes its destruction. The starting point appears to be in the fermentation of the mulberry leaves upon which the animal is fed. But once developed, the germ of the evil can pass also to the egg, to be preserved there and to be transmitted from it. The hereditary transmission may be

avoided by selecting females exempt from the disease; and the development of the evil can be guarded against by caution in selecting the leaves to serve as food, and in keeping them from fermentation. The small size of the silk-worm apartments used in Europe is given as the principal source of these diseases. By having them much larger, such as are used in Japan, it is said that the trouble may be much more readily avoided.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN IN DECEMBER, 1870.

Astronomers in all parts of the world are now busy in making their preparations for observing the eclipse of the sun in December 21-22, 1870. Although it will not be visible in the United States, it has been suggested that some of the American observers of the last eclipse be sent abroad for the purpose of taking part in the observations of the one in question, and Congress has already appropriated \$29,000 to the Coast Survey for the purpose. Great praise was awarded by foreign physicists to the American astronomers for the excellence of their work, and especially for the remarkable photographic pictures that were taken, and at so many points; and it is urged that these same gentlemen, or a selection from them, would be admirably fitted for a renewed investigation of the kind, since their experience of the first phenomenon would enable them to utilize their time to better advantage during the second. According to a recent writer this eclipse will begin in the North Atlantic Ocean, the line of central and total eclipse, moving in a southeasterly direction, crosses Portugal a little to the south of Lisbon; passing over part of Spain and the Mediterranean Sea, it enters Africa near Oran, and soon afterward attains its extreme southern limit; the shadow of the moon, now moving in a northeasterly direction, leaves Africa, and, crossing the island of Sicily, the south of Turkey, the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azof, disappears; the penumbra of the moon, decreasing rapidly, leaves the earth with the setting sun in Arabia. The sun will be centrally and totally eclipsed at noon in lat. $36^{\circ} 38' N.$, long. $5^{\circ} 1' W.$, a little to the northeast of Gibraltar.

NEW SILK-WORM PARASITE.

The long list of difficulties attendant upon the cultivation of the silk-worm has been lately increased by the appearance, in Japan, of a parasite insect belonging to the order of diptera, and recently described as the *Tachina Andji*. This, it is said, attacks indifferently the worms, the chrysalis, and the perfect insect.

ADULTERATION OF VINEGAR BY SULPHURIC ACID.

A method of testing vinegar, for the purpose of ascertaining whether it has been adulterated with sulphuric acid—a trick which is said to be not uncommon—consists in covering a vessel of boiling water with a wide saucer, placing a layer of a solution of sugar upon this, and after this has evaporated to dryness, and is still hot, laying upon the sugar a drop of the vinegar to be tested. Pure vinegar does not produce any blackening of the sugar after a considerable time of trial; but this result takes place if it has been falsified with sulphuric acid. In case it is desired to determ-

ine the presence of a very trifling percentage of sulphuric acid in any liquid, a similar experiment may be employed. A drop of water hanging to a glass tube, which contains not over an eighty-thousandth part of sulphuric acid, will produce action upon the heated layer of sugar. In this case there is no blackening, but the change is into green. Other acids, such as phosphoric acid, hydrochloric acid, nitric acid, etc., do not produce this alteration of the sugar.

MICA SPECTACLES.

The use of mica in spectacles, for protecting the eyes of workmen from the heat and glare of the fire, is rapidly coming into general favor; and complete masks, and even cylinders entirely encircling the head, are sometimes used for a similar purpose when a greater safeguard is required. Experiments have been lately made in regard to the manufacture of blue spectacles from this material. The best method of accomplishing this has been found to consist in the use of plates of transparent blue gelatine fixed between two layers of mica, thus protected from the action of the heat. The experiment of applying the blue coloring matter directly to the surface of the mica itself failed in consequence of the impossibility of forming a suitable combination; but the gelatine layer, as indicated, answers all the purposes desired.

WAXED PAPER.

An article known as waxed paper is in very extensive use in Europe, especially on the Continent, for tying up the necks of bottles, covering preserve jars, and for enveloping tobacco and other substances that require to be kept from the air, replacing generally tin-foil and similar substances. It is generally prepared there on a large scale by taking a quire of paper and opening it flat upon a table, and then going over it quickly with a very hot smoothing-iron, against which is held a piece of wax, which, melting, runs down upon the paper and is absorbed by it. A little practice will soon determine the amount of wax that should be melted off from time to time. When the upper sheet is saturated it is taken off, and the one below is treated in a similar manner. Any excess of wax applied in the first instance readily penetrates through to the lower layers.

IGNORANCE OF BLUE AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

Dr. Geiger, of Frankfort, calls attention to the curious fact that in all the most ancient writings there is no term used to indicate the color blue, notwithstanding the inducement to this in the description of natural phenomena, such as the cloudless sky, etc. Neither in the Rig Veda nor in the Bible, the writings of Hesiod, the Zendavesta, nor in the Koran, is there any reference to the blue color of the heavens. Theocritus and Virgil speak of a sun-burnt countenance, and compare it with the black of the violet and the hyacinth. Cassiodorus confounds blue with gray. References to green even do not occur in the highest antiquity, although it is mentioned earlier than blue. In the Rig Veda and Zendavesta, in speaking of trees and plants, golden fruits are described, but no mention is made of the green color of the leaves; and among the Greeks green was frequently confounded with yellow. Xenophon, Aristotle, and

the Edda, recognize only three colors in the rainbow; the Pythagoreans, four; while the Chinese and Arabians are the first to add green to the list. We find that in the very earliest periods the colors black and red are very sharply and accurately defined. From this, and many other facts adduced by Dr. Geiger, he concludes that the most refrangible rays of the spectrum were last of all appreciated by the human eye, while previously only the most brilliant portions around the red were noticed. He infers, therefore, a successive improvement in this important sense. The speculations in question are highly curious and interesting, and deserve to be followed up, although it seems hardly possible that entire nations should be insensible to the existence of certain colors in early times, or should be, in a measure, color-blind. If, however, the deductions referred to are legitimate, such a conclusion would seem to be a natural consequence.

TREATMENT OF ZINC WHITE.

The practice of mixing zinc white with any preparation of lead as a paint is condemned by a recent author as unadvisable. He recommends the preparation of zinc-white paint with an oil treated in the following manner: Instead of mixing it with the ordinary boiled linseed-oil, two hundred pounds of linseed-oil are to be boiled moderately, first for five or six hours alone, and then for at least twelve hours with twenty-four pounds of coarsely broken peroxide of manganese. By this method an oil is obtained which dries very quickly, and is especially adapted to mixing with zinc colors. This oil is to be kept excluded from the air, to prevent its becoming too thick. When used, from three to five per cent. of it is to be added to paint prepared in the ordinary manner with raw linseed-oil.

TEMPERATURE OF NEW-BORN INFANTS.

Since the experiments of Edwards and Despretz it has been the general assumption, although controverted by eminent authority, that for a short time after birth the temperature of a new-born infant is considerably less than that of an adult. Recent investigations by M. Andral, however, seem to show that this is not the case, and that for the first half hour of extra-uterine life the temperature is the same as that of the adult. It is true, indeed, that a reduction of temperature has frequently been observed; but this is said to be the result of evaporation from the surface of the skin of the amniotic liquid in which the infant had been bathed, the resulting cooling being sometimes so excessive as to produce injury, if not death. A natural inference may readily be drawn as to the necessity of applying to the new-born infant such covering as shall prevent this evil.

BITE OF VAMPIRE BATS.

According to Hensel, the bite of the vampire bat is not injurious so much in consequence of the amount of blood which it extracts by the bite as because the wounds attract flies, which leave their eggs in them, thus producing running ulcers in a short time. It is stated that it is horses and asses particularly, rather than cattle, that are bitten by the bats.

NEW GLAZING PUTTY.

A new glazing putty, known as thermo-plastic putty, has been recently introduced into England, and applied to fasten glass into the roofs of railway stations, green-houses, and other structures where iron sashes are employed. This article hardens in a few hours after being used; but when exposed to solar heat sufficient to cause an expansion of the glass and metal becomes plastic, and on cooling again hardens to its original firmness, thus obviating the danger of breakage, which is so frequent when ordinary glazier's putty is employed.

BROMIDE OF POTASSIUM.

M. Namias, in prosecuting certain experiments upon bromide of potassium, finds that this salt is eliminated not only by the urine, but also by the saliva; and, in fact, a post-

mortem examination of an individual who had taken large quantities of this salt revealed its presence not in the blood merely, but in the other liquids of the system, as well as in the liver, lungs, brain, the spinal marrow, etc. He also found that bromide of iron might replace advantageously, in certain cases, the bromide of potassium; since, while an appreciable quantity of bromine was found in the urine, but little of the iron was detected, this having probably been retained by the blood. In discussing the preceding communication, as presented to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, M. Balard urged the propriety of the use of the bromide of sodium in preference to that of potassium. He stated that soda is the alkali which is usually present in the animal juices, potassa occurring to a much less degree.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 30th of July.—The following is a brief summary of the proceedings of Congress previous to adjournment *sine die* on the 15th:

The Senate, on the 1st, passed a bill for the continuance of the income tax at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for two years, \$2000 being exempted. The bill was passed by the House on the 9th, the provision continuing the tax for two years being rejected.—On the 6th, in the Senate, the Conference Committee on the Currency bill reported in favor of the adoption of the bill as passed by the Senate, with a modification fixing the amount of additional currency to be issued at \$54,000,000. The bill, which, in accordance with this report, was adopted, provides for the immediate distribution of this additional issue of currency among the several States, and for a redistribution after the census of 1870 shall have been taken. This bill was on the 7th passed by the House.—In the Senate, on the 7th, the Naval and Fortification bills were passed. Also, on the same day, the Congressional Apportionment bill, fixing the number of Representatives at 300, with an amendment providing that States having a fraction exceeding one-half over the amount of population required for one Representative shall be entitled to an additional member.—A bill was passed by the House, on the 7th, to regulate the mode of ratifying constitutional amendments, 128 to 54. This bill makes it unlawful for any state officer to certify a repeal of a ratification once made, and affixes a penalty of fine and imprisonment for an attempt to repeal a ratification after it has been once consummated.—The Senate, on the 9th, passed the Army bill nearly as reported by the Conference Committee. This bill reduces the army to 30,000 men. Officers who have served during thirty years may, if they desire, be placed on the retired list, the number on which may be increased to 300. Officers on the active list are forbidden to hold civil offices on pain of vacating their commissions. The payment of the General of the army is fixed at \$13,500 per year; that of the Lieutenant-General at \$11,000; that of a major-general at

\$7500; that of a brigadier-general at \$5500; that of a colonel at \$3500. Officers on the retired list are to receive 75 per cent. of the pay due their rank.—The appropriation for the Polar Expedition was reduced by the Senate on the 9th to \$50,000. C. F. Hall is to have command of the expedition.—On the 13th the Senate adopted the reports of Conference Committees on the Tax and Tariff and on the Funding bills. In respect to the Funding bill Mr. Sherman explained that the Committee had provided for three classes of bonds—two hundred millions of five per cents; three hundred millions of four and a half per cents; and one thousand millions of four per cents. The expenses of negotiation had been fixed at one-half of one per cent., under the control of the Secretary of the Treasury. The seventh section, relating to the national banks, has been stricken out, leaving the bill merely a voluntary bill. The House adopted the report of the Conference Committees on the Tax and Tariff and on the Funding bills on the 13th.—On the 14th the Senate passed a bill allowing Mrs. Lincoln a pension of \$3000 a year.—In the House, on the 14th, a bill was passed appropriating \$5,000,000 for the carrying out of Indian treaties. This action was sustained by the Senate on the 15th. As finally passed the bill contains a proviso that nothing in it shall be so construed as to ratify, approve, or disaffirm any treaty made with any tribes, bands, or parties of Indians since July 20, 1867; or to either affirm or disaffirm any of the powers of the Executive and the Senate on the subject. The President is to control the disbursement of the appropriation. The bill continues the Board of Peace Commissioners for another year.—On the last day of the session (July 15) a special message was communicated to both Houses by the President, calling attention to the breaking out of the war in Europe and the necessity for the increase of our commercial marine by the purchase of ships. In the Senate this message received little attention, and was finally laid aside without action. In the House it was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means, with instructions to report forthwith. Two reports were received, the majority postponing ac-

tion and the minority reporting a bill favoring for a certain time the registration of foreign-built iron vessels. A long debate ensued on the subject of free ships. No action, however, was taken.

John Lothrop Motley has been removed from the post of Minister to the Court of St. James. On the 14th the President sent to the Senate a nomination of Frederick T. Frelinghuysen as his successor. This nomination was confirmed on the 15th.

EUROPE.

It was announced on the 6th of July that Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern had formally accepted the Spanish crown. This fact was known to the French government on the 5th, and "a firm and energetic note" was addressed to Baron Werther, the Prussian ambassador, upon the receipt of which the Baron departed for Ems to meet the King of Prussia. What the tenor of this note was may be inferred from the statement made the next day in the Corps Législatif by the Duke de Grammont, Minister of Foreign Affairs, namely, that "it was true that General Prim had offered the throne of Spain to the Prince of Hohenzollern, who had accepted it; but the people of Spain had not pronounced on the transaction, and France had to know the details of an affair which had been conducted in secrecy. The French government would persist in its policy of neutrality, but under no pretext would it permit a German power to place one of its princes on the throne of Charles V. He hoped, however, that prudence in Germany and wisdom in Spain would avert extremities." The *Moniteur*, on the evening of the 9th, said: "The abandonment of the Hohenzollern project on the part of Prussia is not enough now. France must prevent the recommencement of similar projects, and on the part of Prussia demand an entire fulfillment of the Treaty of Prague—namely, the liberty of South Germany, the evacuation of the fortress of Mayence, the renunciation of military influence beyond the Main, and the settlement of the Schleswig-Holstein question with Denmark." The position assumed by the *Moniteur* was that maintained by the French government. For, notwithstanding the withdrawal of Prince Leopold, the French government insisted upon the official renunciation now and forever of all pretensions to the throne of Spain on the part of any member of the Hohenzollern family. The Prussian king refused to receive Count Benedetti, the French ambassador, bringing the above demand from the French court. On the 15th the French government, sustained by the Corps Législatif, declared war against Prussia. This declaration asserts that the Emperor of the French was obliged to consider the proposal to elevate a Prussian prince to the throne of Spain as an attack on the security of France; that he desired that Prussia should disavow the scheme, which Prussia refused to do, reserving her right to be governed by circumstances; and that the Emperor was forced to consider this determination as equally menacing to France and the European equilibrium, and, particularly, as it was rendered the more significant by the communication made by Prussia to the cabinets of Europe, giving an account of the refusal to receive the French ambassador. The declaration

concludes: "The French government, therefore, is taking steps for the defense of its honor and injured interests, and having adopted all measures which the circumstances render necessary, considers itself at war with Prussia."

The London *Times*, of July 25, published a projected treaty submitted by France to the Prussian government, guaranteeing its authenticity. The following are the points of this document: The preamble sets forth that the King of Prussia and the Emperor of the French, in order to strengthen the ties of friendship between the two governments and peoples, etc., hereby conclude the subjoined treaty: In the first article, Napoleon admits and recognizes the late acquisitions of Prussia from Austria; in the second, the Prussian king engages to facilitate the French acquisition of Luxembourg; in the third, the Emperor acquiesces in the union of the North and South German States, Austria excepted; in the fourth, France finding it necessary to absorb Belgium, Prussia lends her assistance to that measure; the fifth article is the usual one of offensive and defensive alliance between the two nations.

Count Von Bismarck pronounces the copy of the treaty as published by the London *Times* to be authentic, and says it was the same as proposed to him by the French Minister in 1866. The publication of this secret treaty created intense excitement in England.

Up to the time of closing this Record the other European governments have maintained a position of neutrality. England insists that the territory of Belgium must not be invaded.

Thus far no engagement of importance has been reported. On the 25th the French fleet was to have sailed for the Baltic.

The French Emperor left St. Cloud for the field on the 28th, taking with him the Prince Imperial, and leaving the Empress as Regent of France during his absence. At that date the Prussian army was concentrating between Treves and Merzig on the River Saar.

In the British House of Commons, July 1, an amendment to the Education bill, providing for free education, was defeated, the majority against it being 225.—In the House of Lords on the 8th the Irish Land bill was read for the third time, and passed.

In the Ecumenical Council, July 13, the dogma of Papal Infallibility was adopted by a vote of 450 to 88. The dogma was, on the 18th, proclaimed by the Pope with imposing ceremonies.

OBITUARY RECORD FOR JULY.

Rear-Admiral John A. Dahlgren, of the United States navy, died at Washington July 12, aged sixty years.

Hon. Daniel S. Norton, United States Senator from Minnesota, died in Washington on the 14th, aged forty-one years.

M. Prévost-Paradol, who arrived in this country on the 13th as Minister from France, committed suicide in Washington on the 20th. He was forty-one years old.

Chevalier Charles F. De Loosey, for the past twenty years Austrian Consul-General at New York, died suddenly on the night of the 21st, aged sixty years.

Madame Marie Ratazzi died at Florence July 27, aged forty years.

Editor's Drawer.

A WESTERN NEW YORK friend furnishes the following hitbert to unpublished reminiscences of James T. Brady:

In the summer of 1867 the writer met the gifted and lamented Brady in a company of gentlemen of the bar, and remembers now, with great pleasure, the genial, kindly address, and rare faculty of entertaining, shown by the great advocate. The anecdotes that fell from his lips derived peculiar humor from his way of telling them, which could neither be imitated nor described. There was nothing of the actor about it. He entered heartily into the fun of what he was relating, and laughed as loud as the loudest.

"There is Counselor M——," he said, referring good-humoredly to an advocate of considerable distinction—"quite a brilliant jury-lawyer, and a pretty strong man, but with some peculiarities. Did any of you ever notice his queer parentheses in his summing up? For instance: If he desires to allude to any one connected with the case in terms of condemnation, you'll always hear him begin in this fashion:

"Then, gentlemen of the jury, there is the defendant (God help him!),' or, 'Observe, gentlemen, the character of the witnesses marshaled here to crush us; and, first and foremost, we have John Smith (God help him!),' etc., etc.

"Now, I think," pursued Mr. Brady, with a mirthful twinkle, "that if Mr. M—— would only direct his appeals to tribunals where he has some weight and influence, he might always have a reasonable expectation of success."

Some one speaking of the great public interest manifested in a successful lawyer, Mr. Brady jocosely said: "I really think that has been all the other way with me. Some of my most flattering victories at the bar have passed almost unheeded by my personal friends and acquaintances; but once let a jury find a verdict against me, and I would be certain to be stopped by half a dozen men between Chambers Street and the Astor, each with the same question—'I say, Brady, how did that suit go?'"

On another occasion, desiring to make an assurance that he gave to a lawyer present particularly emphatic, Mr. Brady said: "You may depend upon it; I give you my word—the word, in fact, of a brother-in-law."

A NATTY little book has just come over from London, entitled "Reminiscences of America; by Two Englishmen," which describes the manner in which the twain rippled through the country, what they saw in the country, and what they heard in the streets. As instances of the "hyperbole" of the country they record the following:

In describing the large trees of the Yosemite Valley one said that "it took two men and a boy to see the top of them." One being asked by a friend if he saw a certain mosquito on the weather-vane of the State House (!) at St. Louis, answered, "Yes, I see it winking." A third, in describing the prices of carriages at Niagara, asserted that the "hack fares are so high that the Falls are insignificant by comparison." Another story is related, with the appearance of

truth, of a boy who was watching his school-fellows as they snow-balled an old gentleman's windows. The old gentleman rushed out of his house, determined, if possible, to inflict some severe corporal punishment on the offender, saying, when he caught the boy, "Now, you rascal, I'll thrash you within an inch of your life!" Accordingly he began to beat him, when the boy immediately commenced laughing, and continued until the old gentleman stopped beating him, with the exclamation, "Boy, what are you laughing at?" "Well," said the boy, "I'm laughing because you are awfully sold: *I ain't the boy!*"

JUDGE DOWLING has many a queer and ingenious rascal before him, but seldom one with more delicious coolness than was possessed by a young fellow, decently dressed, who was arraigned for having stolen a watch. It was his first error, and he was ready to plead guilty. The Judge addressed him in very gentle tones, and asked him what had led him to commit the theft. The young man replied that, having been unwell for some time, the doctor advised him to *take something*, which he had accordingly done. The Judge was rather pleased with the humor of the thing, and asked what had led him to select a watch. "Why," said the prisoner, "I thought if I only had the *time* that nature would work a cure!"

At one of our "Institutes" the following was sent in among the "compositions:"

ON INDUSTRY.—It is bad for a man to be idol. Industry is the best thing a man can have, and a wife is the next. Prophets and kings desired it long, and died without the *site*. The End.

ARRPOS of the anecdote of Governor Butler, in the July number of the Drawer, a correspondent at Omaha, Nebraska, sends the following from that young State:

The science of legislation out here is rather crude. Our "assembled wisdom" have a hearty contempt for the verbose law-makers of the East, and, as the result, the simplicity of our "acts" is only equaled by the strange fix in which they sometimes put things. A few years ago a statute was passed to regulate the sale of liquors. One of its provisions, after imposing a fine of \$25 for sales of liquor to minors, and that complaints for the offense should be made before a justice of the peace, wound up thus: "And on proof of the violation of said section, or any part thereof, the justice shall render judgment for the whole amount of fine and costs, and be committed to the common jail until the sum is paid!"

At an early day Judge Wakeley, now a leading practitioner of the Omaha bar, presided in our highest Territorial court. This was in '55, when such a thing as a "Form Book" was a scarce article, as the sequel will show. At one of the first terms in an interior county his Honor took his seat on the bench—and this is how court got opened:

"Mr. Sheriff, open court."

A long pause ensued, the sheriff staring with a bothered and inquiring look around the room and at the judge, as though "he couldn't see any thing about that ere court" that particularly needed "opening."

"Come, Mr. Sheriff," the judge repeated, "open court, if you please."

Here the bewildered sheriff, resolved not to seem quite so ignorant of his official duties, laid aside the old prairie hat, and giving a rake through his thatchy locks, tangled by the winds, proclaimed: "*By request of Mr. Wakeley, this court is now open.*"

OMAHA is the metropolis of Nebraska, and Judge Lake, who at present holds the office of Justice of the Supreme Court, is universally esteemed as an able and upright jurist, and somewhat noted for administering *plenty* of impartial justice to criminals. Toward the close of the term of the District Court held by him last January, a number of prisoners were brought up from the jail to have their bail fixed. Among them was a negro boy named "Sam," charged with chicken-stealing. The grand jury had been discharged for the term just prior to Sam's arrest. His bail was fixed at \$50. Sam couldn't muster that much, and, addressing the Court, said, "Yer Honor, 'tain't no use tryin' to gib dat. I 'pose jus' to plead guilty, and *hurry along wid dis ting, somehow!*"

Of course the proceedings lacked the important step of an indictment, and the judge therefore enlightened Sam's mind as follows:

"You mustn't steal chickens *just after* the grand jury have been discharged. Hereafter, be careful to do it *just before* they adjourn. Then your case will be quite likely to receive their early attention."

Sam's square proposition to plead guilty, and "hurry dat ting along, *somehow,*" cost him the three months' additional detention that intervened before the next empanneling of a grand jury. He simply remarked, "Golly!" and hied him to his cell.

A CORRESPONDENT at Vincennes, Indiana, has been among the Quakers, and picked up the following:

In — County a Quaker maiden, who had reached the age of sixty, accepted a matrimonial offer from a man who belonged to the "world's people" and the Presbyterian Church, and began to prepare for her wedding. As usual, a delegation of Friends from her meeting waited on her, and remonstrated with her for marrying out of meeting. The bride-elect heard the visitors patiently, and said:

"Look here! I've been waiting just sixty years for the meeting to marry me, and if the meeting don't like me to marry out of it, *why don't the meeting bring along its boys?*"

That seemed to settle the matter. The delegation "farewell'd," and evaded the premises.

THE high courts of Colorado have become the arena of poetical merriment, as we are informed by a correspondent dating from the "Sherman House, Trinidad, Colorado, June 30, 1870:"

At the June term, just closed, one of the causes tried was that of Father Munnicom, a

priest, against one Skelly, for sundry expenses incurred in the burial of a child. Boyles and Baird were for the plaintiff, and E. J. Hubbard, an ex-judge of New Mexico, for the defendant. As is quite often the case in serious matters, the lawyers became jocose over it.

Judge B——, of New Mexico, led off thus:

"The doughty Hubbard and the sapient Boyles,
In strife forensic, spread their cunning toils;
While those who listen to the wordy 'sum'
Wonder which side will make the Munni-com."

This being passed to the presiding judge, Hallett, that dignitary wrote under it the following:

"If plaintiff fails his suit to gain,
The end is clearly this.
That Munni-com is money gone,
And Hubbard's crowned with bliss."

This was sent down to District-Attorney Stone, who ended the matter:

"The fee-hungry Hubbard,
At a suit-able cupboard,
Picks the *Skelly-ton* of the dead;
While the soup-erior pot Boyles
Over ecclesiastical spoils,
And makes Munni-com down with the red."

Declining to express any opinion as to the legal right to sepulture, or to enter upon the theological argument, we may venture to intimate that the doggerel may be regarded as "A 1, Colorado."

A FASHIONABLE New York Church, worshipping in an unfashionable part of the city, a short time since sold its edifice and moved further up town. The purchaser chanced to be a livery-stable keeper, who thought he needn't be more particular than the original Christian owners, and turned the building to the most ignoble uses of his business. Whereupon the pastor, in the spirit of old Matthew Byles, composed a gently satirical hymn, supposed to be sung by the congregation on meeting for the last time in the church, of which we rescue the concluding stanza from oblivion. It ran on this wise:

"And for the last time here to-day
We marshal Zion's forces;
No more we'll meet to praise and pray,
For we give place to horses."

SOME years since, when there was no usury law in Iowa, a lawyer of the name of Jenks brought suit on a note held by his client, which drew thirty per cent. interest, and recovered judgment. It was supposed that the maker of the note was insolvent, but it afterward transpired that such was not the case. The note had been running three or four years, and the judgment would only draw six per cent. interest, while, if that could be set aside, the note would draw the thirty per cent. The opposite party took the case to the Supreme Court, to reverse the judgment, which Jenks was willing should be done. Jenks was a fine scholar, but would at times imbibe too much. On this occasion he came into court quite "tight." After his opponent had finished an elaborate argument, Jenks, after one or two attempts, succeeded in getting on his feet, and, remembering only the point of the case, *i. e.*, the thirty per cent., said:

"Mer brother 'turney 'nis argumen' has mos' sassfied me ther judgt [hic] orter be sesside. I'm sassfied this judgt orter be 'versed [hic]; antershow ther Court I'm 'nernest, I'll tell yer

whatel do. If yerl 'verse that judgt I'll give yer fivedolls!"

One of the judges, a punctilious man, indignantly asked him if he meant to insult the Court.

This seemed to take Jenks by surprise. Straightening himself up, and thinking a moment, a new light seemed to dawn on his mind, and he said, with an air of putting the thing right at last:

"Nosr! I don't meanter 'sult the Court—the Court m'sunderstoo' me—I mean five dolls 'piece!"

WITH the thermometer at 90° in the shade, let our writers of editorials bear in mind that it is a good thing to be brief. Column editorials do try the patience. The compound, double-back-action, reversible, self-adjusting, patent cut-off and condenser, is what should be introduced into every newspaper office during the dog-days. What is now needed is a summer editor—a shrinker; some such sort of man as the late Colonel Samuel L. Knapp once encountered in a printing-office—a dapper little man, who had started a magazine, which he was puffing at a great rate, and in the most "highfalutin" style, in all the journals in the country. To this periodical Colonel Knapp was invited to contribute. He consequently sent in an article, which overran, by half a page or more, a "form" of eight pages. Unwilling to extend the number of pages, because of the cost, the proprietor changed a comma into a period at the end of the closing line of the page, leaving the *gist* of the article, the very *dénouement* of the story, undeveloped!

The author, as may readily be supposed, was "a little riled."

"Print the article as it was *written*, Sir, or leave it out altogether!"

"My dear Sir," responded the dapper little proprietor, "what's the *use*? It 'stops' very handsomely as it is. Just let it go in! It makes another half form if it runs over, and that I can't afford!"

Reasonable as this request was considered, the author of the article peremptorily declined. The discomfited proprietor now took *another* tack, interposing what he thought would prove "a clenchier," and remove all objections:

"Let it stand, Colonel Knapp—let it stand. It is very good as it is. I like it just as well as if that last part were tacked on to it; and if it *ain't* quite so nice it don't make no difference—*nobody will read it!*—so what's the *use*?"

Bear it in mind, ye brethren who write "leaders," and such! When the thermometer is only 10° below "par" "it don't make no difference; *nobody reads 'em!*"

ABOUT these days expect Agricultural Fairs and Plowing Matches. And remember the good advice once given by the President of a State Agricultural Society, on presenting a silver cup to a young man who had won the first prize at a plowing match: "Take this cup, my young friend, and remember always to plow *deep* and drink *shallow*."

THE recent session of the *one* General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, at Philadelphia, and the clever things said, as well as the good things done there, re-

calls a little anecdote of two notable men in their day, Krebs and Breckinridge, in an ecclesiastical battle that occurred many years ago in one of the General Assemblies held in Philadelphia.

Dr. Krebs was pressing his antagonist, Dr. B., hard with his authorities, and at last came down on him with this: "And now I will proceed to quote Breckinridge against Breckinridge."

Instantly, without rising from his seat, Dr. B. exclaimed, "And you could not possibly cite an authority that would have less weight with me!"

LAST winter the Rev. W. E. S——, of Lowell, Massachusetts, was spending a few months in Jacksonville, Florida, for his health, and while there manifested great interest in all things pertaining to the welfare of the freedmen. On one occasion, while attending the Sabbath-school of the Colored Baptist Church, a class of boys was turned over to him as instructor. The lesson of the day was the 5th chapter of St. Mark, relating to the manner in which the Saviour cast devils out of the demoniac and into the swine. After the chapter had been read, Mr. S—— turned to the class and asked:

"Now, boys, do you think that those were real devils that possessed this poor man?"

The boys looked at each other hesitatingly, but no one ventured a reply. He finally spoke to one of the boys on the front seat, who was black as Erebus, and evidently the "logy" one of the class, and asked:

"Do *you* believe that men in those days had devils in them—real devils?"

The young "amendment," solemnly rolling up the whites of his eyes, replied:

"Yas, I dus; and *dar's* heaps on 'em wot's got de debble in 'em now!"

Whatever might have been the moral status of those Gadarene people who became so troublesome to the swine, there is no doubt whatever that the Floridian freedboy was quite exact in saying that "dar's heaps wot's got de debble in 'em" at the present writing.

WE were not aware, until informed by a correspondent at Lyons, Iowa, that the eminent geologist, Dr. Mantell, was a man of unusually gigantic stature. The fact is sufficiently authenticated in Dana's "Text-Book of Geology," page 181, where this statement occurs:

"To the group of Dinosaurs belongs the Iguanodon, of the Wealden beds, first made known by Dr. Mantell, whose body was *twenty-eight to thirty feet long*, and which stood high above the ground, *quadruped-like*, the *femur*, or *thigh-bone*, alone being nearly three feet long."

What a long man—on the whole!

THE following little incident occurred recently in the Sunday-school of the Greene Street M. E. Church in Piqua, Ohio, which exhibits the brightness of the "coming boy" of that State:

Professor Ingles, of Illinois, was addressing the school, telling them what his State was doing in the Sabbath-school work, and reverting to the great work in progress among the convicts in the Illinois Penitentiary. He asked if any one of the children present could tell him how many convicts there were in the prison of his State. No response.

"Well," continued the Professor, "can any one tell me how many there *ought* to be?"

"A million!" was the instant response of a bright-eyed urchin.

According to the census of 1865, the population of Illinois was 2,145,000. To say, therefore, that a million ought to be in the penitentiary would seem to be out of proportion. The boy, however, may have understood the matter better than we do.

IN the course of a description of Brigham Young's city and dominion, the following is given as an encouragement for the "Saints" to make prompt payment of their tithes:

TITHING SONG.

[AIR—"The King of the Cannibal Islands."]

Now, male and female, rich and poor,
Who wish to keep your standing sure,
That your salvation may secure,
Come forward and pay up your tithing.
A tenth, that is, and nothing less,
Of all you do or may possess
In flocks and herds and their increase,
With pigs and poultry, ducks and geese—
A tenth, indeed, of all your toil,
Likewise the produce of the soil,
And if you've any wine or oil,
Come forward and pay up your tithing.

Chorus.

Then if to prosper you desire,
And wish to keep out of the fire,
Nay, if you to he saints aspire,
Come forward and pay up your tithing.

A HYMN of about the same "grade" is one that can occasionally be heard at the cathedral of the Shakers, at New Lebanon, said to have been dictated by the spirits:

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

[To those who are bound Heavenward.]

The fare is cheap, and food is plain,
For you can eat as you ride along,
For there is no grease to soil your clothes,
No bones to pick, or scales of fish to interfere.

SOME five-and-twenty years ago, when Buffalo and Rochester were smaller, but not less enterprising cities than they are now, there was not a little rivalry and "pride of place" between them. Sometimes it led to droll talks. At the time we speak of our friend Lawrence Jerome was a newspaper man, and kept the *American* (not a hotel, but a newspaper thus entitled). Talking one day with a gentleman who had been on a pleasure tour through the western portion of the State, the latter said:

"You have a fine, growing city, though probably Buffalo goes ahead of you."

"Not a bit of it," replied Mr. Jerome. "In five years we can beat her, and give her six."

"But Buffalo is a very flourishing town."

"It is," replied the estimable Lawrence—"it's *all* flourish!"

SOMETHING of the same sort is this: A gentleman wearing a peculiar hat entered one of the news-dealers shops in this city, and asked:

"Do you have the Philadelphia papers?"

"No."

"Do you keep the *Boston* papers?"

"No, Sir; we don't keep *any* village papers."

WE are indebted to a government official in North Carolina for the following narrative, set-

ting forth the manifold troubles occasioned in a single family by the late war, and the solicitude felt on the part of the patriotic survivor to rehabilitate himself by a zealous devotion to "the whisky business," about the manufacture of which he laudably desires instruction. We copy verbatim:

—ARK. March 25. 1870.

DEAR SIR—I ask a favor of you. I wont you to give me sum instructions. I live near a flearishing little town Greenville in Hempstead County. I am a manican. A pore man. I wor pore before the wor, and in time of the wor the rebs cleand me out becaus thay compeld me to leave my home. I made my wa to fayette ville. thay shot at me like a woof and wonded me. I suferd much in gitten to Fayette ville. I got thare on the 7 of Feh 63 and joind the first Ark infantry. thay tuck two of my Suns oft in the servis. one of them dide the other like to hav dide. he has marred sence the wor. he lives with me & has fits. the way thay trated him is the caus of it. he discearted them three tims. the last tim thay tuck him to little Rock, Hineman had percession of that place. he had him cort marcheld and condomb to be shot but the day before the lord delivrd him out of his hands. he fled to the moun tains and when the feds tuck that place he got to them joind the service and stade with them and fit the rebs until peace was made.

the other one of my suns a younger one wos with me when thay wos after me & got cut oft from me. and frozed to death that night.

thar is lots of the boys living about fayette ville you can ask for information.

several of them lives thare yit that wor in the first rigment.

if you pleas giv me a full hystory of what it will cost me to meck whiskey and sell it by the hole sale or retale

we lov whiskey

it sells high

it sells hear now in Greenville at 150 per quort.

pork is high hear. I want to raze hogs.

I have got the best Spring cold good water and in about one hundred yards falls 20 feet. wood plenty

I can doo my own grinding and in about one mile and one half from Greeneville.

pleas wright to me. wright to Mineral Springs Hempstead County Ark.—yours Truly

JEROTHUEL LUMMIE.

SOME few years since, when the oil fever was at its height, a very good man, who officiated as a sort of surveyor and prospector in the oleaginous region, furnished to a party desiring it the following document:

"A Discription of Mr. Shattick's Lot of Land, this Land is partly Upland intersperst with Rills and Ravines also with Hillocks and hollars every Holar is an oil site every Ravine is intersperst with oil Sites, for i have Surveyed this Land Sistematically and Theologically, and it is Rich with Oil in my Jedediah Kissam opinion."

SPEAKING of the American's devotion to business, we have this:

A New York merchant who for six years had left his home at 6 A.M., not returning until 8 P.M., after his children were in bed, was aroused on a Sunday afternoon from a nap on the sofa by the voice of a child crying out, "Ma, ma! quick! there's a *man* in the dining-room!"

Didn't know its own dad!

IN —, Ohio, reside two or three families who have grown so as to form quite a "settlement" of their own. They were never a people of high aspirations, and their descendants have followed the paternal example. They never went to "meetin'." Not long since one of the S— family died, leaving a large family, as well as a brother near his own age. The Methodist minister of the town was called upon to go

to the settlement and conduct the funeral services. After doing this he accompanied the funeral procession to the country grave-yard. Upon arriving there the various teams composing the cortège were "hitched," and all proceeded to the grave. After the ceremonies there were ended, and as the assembly were dispersing, the clergyman, who was walking with the surviving brother, being anxious to know what impression had been made upon his mind, addressed him thus: "Well, Father S—, you will soon be going home too." To which the bereaved old gent responded: "Yes, yes, pretty soon; the boys have gone now to unhitch the critters!"

Further consolation was not tendered.

It is no sin not to be well up in the classics. 'Liakim Dutton was not. But he loved the American fair. In fact he loved two of them. Those two felt emotions of love toward 'Liakim. And they quarreled about him like two Kilkeny pussies. Consequence was, all three were brought into court. 'Liakim, being the cause of the struggle, was thus addressed by his Honor:

"And so those women were fighting about you?"

"I believe so, Sir."

"You are a sort of Adonis, then?"

"Sir?" inquired 'Liakim, his eyes protruding, and a shade of pallor creeping into his face.

"You are an Adonis," the Court repeated.

"Oh no, Sir—never as bad as that; *but I've been in the penitentiary for stealing horses.*"

THE recent decease of Mr. William Gilmore Simms—a name well known to the readers of this Magazine—recalls a little thing of his, written many years ago, the beauty of which will be especially appreciated by every one who is so fortunate as to be blessed with a young daughter:

"My little girl sleeps on my arm all night,
And seldom stirs, save when, with playful wile,
I bid her rise and press her lips to mine,
Which in her sleep she does. And sometimes then,
Half muttered in her slumbers, she affirms
Her love for me is boundless. And I take
The little bud, and close her in my arms;
Assure her by my action—for my lips
Yield me no utterance then—that in my heart
She is the treasured jewel. Tenderly,
Hour after hour, without desire of sleep,
I watch above that large amount of hope,
Until the stars wane, and the yellow moon
Walks forth into the night."

A DIRECTOR in one of our orphan asylums mentions the following:

Last Christmas the directors assembled at the asylum to witness the effect upon the little people of old Santa Claus's visit. Among them was a bright-eyed boy, whose present was a pair of copper-toed boots—a long-desired present, truly; yet a shade of further longing hung upon his face. Finally, with some hesitancy, he approached the matron and asked,

"Mayn't I kick Joe *just once*?"

Alas, that that final joy should have been denied the youngster!

A CLERGYMAN, in a certain town in Massachusetts, having occasion to call in the services of a brother minister, tendered to him at the close of the day the usual fee for preaching, which, in those days (it was before the war), was ten dol-

lars. Such a sum for such work was then thought good pay. But on this occasion the man seemed slow to take it, and finally said, while putting it in his pocket-book:

"I talked to the Sunday-school nearly half an hour; and, besides, I had some conversation with an impenitent sinner on the steps of the church, and I thought *fifty cents more would be about right.*"

The extra charge seemed reasonable, even before the war, when \$0⁵⁰/₁₀₀ had some "purchase" to it, and was readily paid.

In the office of our clever young friend Surrogate Hutchings many curious documents come to light in connection with the disposition of property. Not long since an old lady, being in infirm health, and wishing to make a will, sent for an Irish friend to put it in proper form. After receiving the lady's instructions he commenced to write, beginning with a phrase he had heard was used in such documents, viz., "In the name of the benevolent Father of all," etc. But after he had written *Pa*—he stopped, recollecting it was a *woman's* will, and made what he thought to be the necessary change. Fortunately the old lady recovered from that illness, but subsequently went the way of all old ladies, and her will went the way of all old wills—to the surrogate, who, on opening it, read what was to him a novel commencement: "In the name of the benevolent Mother of all, I, Ellen M'Tavish," etc., etc. Nevertheless the rest of the document seemed to meet the legal requirements, and was admitted to probate.

WE all know the man who sells his things for less than cost. He is to be found in every village. He of whom we write lived in one of the numerous "cities" of Michigan. In addition to farming he made a little (some said much) money by selling beef. But, according to his own statement, he always lost money by it. While serving his customers with tender steaks he would speak feelingly of how much was lost on that "critter."

"Well, Uncle Johnny," said a customer, "if you lose so much money, why don't you quit the business?"

Uncle Johnny was equal to the occasion, when he replied, in slow and thoughtful manner, "Well, the fact is, I've just bought the farm next south of mine, and *it's got to be paid for!*"

Exactly. So much that "must be paid for," and so we sell for "less than cost." At least it is so stated in the placards.

THERE lived in the northern part of Vermont Judge Turner, who in his day (he has been many years dead) was very famous for his wit. A few of his repartees are furnished to the Drawer by Mr. John G. Saxe:

When a practicing attorney, many years ago, he happened, while arguing a question of some difficulty, to illustrate a point in his case by a pretty free use of the vocabulary of the card-table. The presiding judge abruptly inquired what he meant by addressing such language to the court.

"I meant, your Honor, to be *understood*," was the reply.

On another occasion a judge, vexed with the

difficulty, or irritated by the insignificance, of a cause which Turner was conducting, cried out:

"Sir, why do you bring such a case as this into court? Why not leave it out to some of your honest neighbors?"

"Because, your Honor," replied the barrister, "we don't choose that *honest* men should have any thing to do with it."

In the early days of Vermont jurisprudence the strict decorum which now very generally distinguishes the New England bar was comparatively unknown. Nothing was more common than sharp altercations between the bench and the bar; such wranglings, indeed, as would now be deemed "contempt of court" were they to occur only between the lawyers themselves. On one occasion Judge Turner, who was then plain "Esquire," had addressed a sound argument to the court and sat down. The judge, who chose to argue the question rather than decide it at once, replied in a feeble argument, which the lawyer in his turn demolished. The judge rejoined by repeating, without any material variation, his first reply, and then "closed the pleadings" by an adverse decision.

"Your Honor's two arguments," said Turner, addressing himself partly to the court and partly to the bar, "remind me of a story. A foolish old woman in Connecticut, being one evening at a party, was greatly at a loss for something to say. At length she ventured to inquire of a gentleman who sat next her whether his mother had any children. The gentleman politely pointed out the absurdity of her inquiry. 'I beg pardon,' exclaimed the old lady, perceiving her mistake; 'you don't understand me; I meant to inquire whether your *grandmother* had any children.'"

HERE is an old story done into doggerel, and very well done at that:

A country curate, visiting his flock,
At old Rebecca's cottage gave a knock;
"Good morrow, dame! I mean not any libel,
But in your dwelling have you got a Bible?"
"A Bible, Sir!" exclaimed she, in a rage;
"D'ye think I've turned a pagan in my age?
Here, Janey, haste, and run up stairs, my dear,
'Tis in the drawer; be quick, and bring it here!"
The girl returned with Bible in a minute,
Not dreaming for a moment what was in it;
When, lo! on opening it at parlor-door,
A pair of spectacles fell upon the floor.
Amazed, the dame was for a moment dumb,
And then exclaimed, "Oh, Sir! I'm glad you've come,
'Tis six months since these spectacles were lost,
And I have missed them to my poor eyes' cost."
Then, as the glasses to her nose she raised,
She *closed* the Bible, saying, "God be praised!"

A MASSACHUSETTS gentleman writes to the Drawer: We have a "popular preacher" in our town. He draws; and here is a literal copy of a passage in his last sermon. Speaking of the wisdom of all Nature's works:

"The bird was made to live in the air, the fish in the water, the mole in the ground. Put the first in the element of the second, it struggles and is strangled; the second into the element of the third, it flounders and gasps and dies; and should the mole attempt, like the eagle, to *soar above the mountain crags*, 'twould make him dizzy!"

THE proceeding known to lawyers as "polling the jury," is the calling over the list after

the verdict has been rendered, with the question to each juror, separately, "Is this your verdict?" Thereanent a story is told of two lawyers, both standing very high in the profession to-day, who, years ago, met as opponents in the arena of a certain court, composed of a presiding judge and two associate justices, for the trial of an important case. During the trial a point was raised by lawyer No. 1 which the presiding judge instantly decided in his favor. Lawyer No. 2 was taken by surprise at the ruling, and thinking that he discovered signs of dissent in the faces of the associate justices, he blandly inquired,

"Are we to understand that such is the decision of the Court?"

The judges laid their heads together, and briskly discussed the question in low tones, while lawyer No. 1, alarmed at the turn the affair seemed to be taking, began to argue earnestly for the point. He was presently interrupted by the presiding judge, who said:

"I decided in your favor, Mr. Blank, as I was convinced was right, and I still think so. Much to my surprise, I find my brethren are both against me. It is therefore the decision of the Court—not mine—that the evidence which you offer must be rejected."

Lawyer No. 1 (*sotto voce*): "Well, I declare! I've often heard of polling a jury, but this is the first I ever knew of *polling a court*!"

FROM the correspondent who sent the foregoing we have the following account of a scene which recently amused a crowded court:

By the District-Attorney: "You are well acquainted with the prisoner?"

"Yes, Sir; know him well."

"What is his disposition as regards being quarrelsome, or otherwise?"

"Pretty ugly, I should say; that is, when he's drunk."

The District-Attorney, having "interviewed" the witness beforehand, and knowing what his answer to the question would be, judiciously concluded to allow the defendant's counsel to ask that question. The defendant's counsel plunged into the trap, in this wise:

"You say you know defendant well?"

"Yes."

"How long have you known him?"

"A matter of five years."

"How often have you seen him in that time?"

"From four to five times a week."

"Every week?"

"Just about every week."

"And you say he is ugly when he is drunk?"

"Yes; wants to fight, and such."

"Well, Sir—now tell this jury what the prisoner's disposition is when he is sober."

"That I can't do; *I never saw him sober!*"

"You can go down, Sir."

WHEN Dr. Gross was at the zenith of his fame in Philadelphia he was taken dangerously ill. Shortly after his recovery he met one of his lady patients, who remarked to him:

"Oh, Doctor, I rejoice to see that you are out again; had we lost you, our good people would have died by the dozen!"

"Thank you, madam," replied the Doctor; "but now, I fear, they will die by the *Gross!*"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXLV.—OCTOBER, 1870.—VOL. XLI.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.



EMPLOYMENT COMMITTEE.

IT is now about a quarter of a century since a dozen clerks in the heart of London met in the upper story of one of its great commercial houses for the purpose of spending an hour in religious and devotional exercises. A few of the more sanguine among them entertained the hope that some of their fellows might perhaps be induced to join them. The first thought of the founders of this meeting did not involve the idea that their field was any larger than the house to which they belonged. But, by one of those sudden and unexpected movements by which the Great Father seems to delight sometimes to surprise His children, who receive the more because they expect so little, the influence of this little meeting spread with wonderful rapidity to other houses. Even those clerks who had the least inclination for devotional exercises found a social gathering of this description an agreeable relaxation from the worry and wear of business. Daily prayer-meetings were multiplied. Finally, a conference between

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those who had become interested in this movement was held; and on the 6th of June, 1844, a society was formed for "Improving the Spiritual Condition of Young Men in the Drapery and other Trades." This was the foundation of the Young Men's Christian Associations, which, extending first upon the Continent and then to this country, now embrace between twelve and fifteen hundred local organizations, and from one to two hundred thousand members.

From London the movement, which was so little organic that we may designate it as spontaneous, crossed the Channel. In Paris it met with some obstacles which were unknown to Englishmen—impossible, indeed, under English law. By the French Code, no public meeting can be held without authority from the police.

This new movement the police were unable to comprehend. They feared that it was a blind to conceal ulterior political purposes. Assured that it was purely religious in its character, they asked, with naïve simplicity, if there were not already churches enough in Paris. They watched with suspicious eyes the first sessions, when permission to assemble had been reluctantly granted. Placards posted on the walls forbade all political discussions. These were, perhaps, not unnecessary in Paris, where the temptation to make the most casual meeting an occasion for a political debate is very great. However, the suspicions of the police were at last allayed. The new organization secured the confidence of the prefect. It grew rapidly, and multiplied itself by establishing local associations in connection with the various Protestant churches of the city. Seventy or eighty of these associations have been since formed in France.

Fortune, or, should we not rather say, Providence, placed it in the power of these young men to render to the cause of Christian truth an essential service, and, at the same time, to secure the increased confidence of the government.

Monsieur Rénan issued his "Life of Christ." All Paris rushed after it with an enthusiasm equal to that with which the earlier romances of Sue, Sand, and Dumas were greeted. The French government suspended the learned but unbelieving lecturer from his post. All literary Paris was thrown into a fever heat by the deposition. The "Life of Christ" was made more popular by the martyrdom of its author. The Paris that had rarely spoken the name of Jesus except in jest or in derision read with avidity the romance of Monsieur Rénan, and studied the character of the Nazarene with seriousness; at least, with as much seriousness as may reasonably be expected of the modern Vanity Fair. The Paris that knew of Jesus only as an ecclesiastical ornament—one whose reflected glory made Mary mother of God and an object of holy adoration—was made, for the first time, to realize that He was indeed a man, who lived, ate, drank, slept,

sorrowed, suffered, died. The Young Men's Christian Association availed itself of the excitement of the hour. Under its auspices Protestant lectures were delivered in reply to the curiously inconsistent but fervidly imaginative pictorial representations of the French romancer.

These lectures were thronged. Hundreds, before inaccessible, listened with avidity, if not with profit. The Association obtained by this act a status with the Churches, the people, and the government which it still retains. The Young Men's Christian Association of Paris is the embodied spirit of youthful Protestantism.

From London and Paris these associations have gone on extending throughout all Protestant Europe. They are to be found in Great Britain, in France, Switzerland, Germany; and, since the revolution, we believe, in Spain, in Holland, Belgium, Italy, and the Mediterranean coasts. Thus not only sectarian distinctions, as we shall presently see, but national and political lines also, are disregarded. In the Young Men's Christian Association there is a congress of nations, and of all Protestant denominations. Between these various organizations there is indeed no other bond of union than that of a common work and a common sympathy, though the latter has found occasional expression in international conferences.

The relations between England and America are such that any religious movement originated in the parent country is sure to be repeated in a modified form in the other. Almost simultaneously associations patterned after the London model were organized in Montreal and Boston. They were followed by similar societies in New York, Washington, Buffalo, and Cincinnati. Smaller towns felt the national pulsation and imitated the example which had been set them. It were well if the fashion which the cities set the country could always be followed to so good advantage. The first association on this continent was organized at Montreal in December, 1851. In one year from that date thirteen were reported. At the time of our writing there are said to be over seven hundred in the United States and the Canadas.

There are two characteristic features of these associations to which we should perhaps advert before passing to speak in detail of their labors. Both are indicated in their title.

The first is, that they embody the youthful enthusiasms and the youthful energies of the Church. They are *Young Men's* Christian Associations. In one or two organizations women have been admitted to equal or nearly equal privileges with their brethren. This is the case in Brooklyn, the activity and efficiency of whose society has been greatly improved by the change. In Washington women have all the privileges of the library and reading-room, and certain hours are set apart for their use of the gymnasium. In Boston, debarred from active participation in the Association, they have organized a Young Women's Christian Association. Thus far, however, they have generally been

excluded from the benefits and the labors of these organizations, or admitted only as spectators to certain of the more public meetings. It is certainly a serious question whether the associations of America have not in this respect followed too closely their transatlantic model, and whether, except possibly in the large cities, the social, moral, and spiritual efficacy of these bodies would not be greatly enhanced by uniting in one society the combined energies of both sexes. In the present form of organization a problem of some difficulty, and of considerable practical importance, is presented by the question, What constitutes a young man? No man is ever old in America till he dies. No man is willing to confess to himself that the life blood flows less vigorously in his veins, or that his eye grows dim, or his step more feeble. Yet it is of the very essence of these associations that they should embody the *youth* only of the country, and that the freedom of their social and religious gatherings should not be impaired by the fear of older and more experienced men.

Forty years has been generally fixed as the utmost limit of youth. When a member passes that age he ceases to be an active and becomes a counseling member only. In France marriage serves practically as the standard which is so purely conventional here. *Old bachelors* are unknown. No man is old who is a bachelor; no man is young after he is married, according to Parisian philosophy. The Young Men's Christian Associations of Paris are therefore chiefly bachelor brotherhoods.

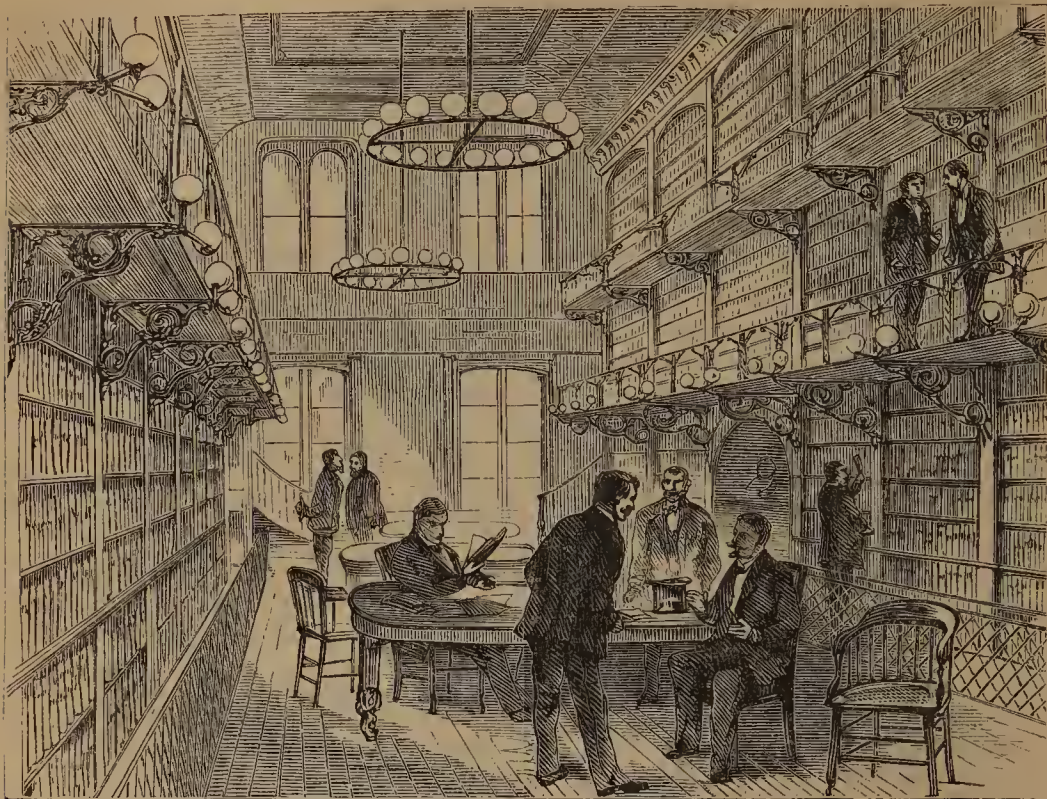
The other characteristic feature of these organizations is their undenominational character, the fact that they are purely and simply *Christian* Associations. We doubt whether they could have been organized half a century ago. They certainly could not have been maintained at any time during the eighteenth century. It is, indeed, a curious fact in the history of religious philosophy that the controversies which for so many years after the birth of free thought in religion imbibed and divided the religious world have simply sunk into oblivion. They are not settled. The problems—that is, the theoretical problems, on which Arminius, Calvin, Wesley, and Edwards expended their strength—are no nearer settlement to-day than they were three hundred, or even fifteen hundred years ago. The Calvinist is just as much Calvinist, the Arminian is just as much Arminian, as ever. But the subjects themselves have been supplanted in the minds of men. They are by a sort of common consent remitted to the store-house where the world keeps its unsolved and insoluble questions. Meanwhile Churchman and Independent, Immersionist and Pedobaptist, the follower of Wesley and the disciple of Calvin, recognizing in One greater than all their only Master, combine in common work for him. Nor is this union the result of a stifling of free discussion, or any doubtful compromise of principle, or any mutual accom-

modation of doctrine. The odious sign forbidding free discussion of political and theological topics is now rarely to be seen in the rooms of any association. For experience has proved that the interest in theological disputes is so slight, and the dread of theological controversy is so great, that the utmost freedom of discussion is not dangerous to the utmost cordiality of good-fellowship. To the general statement that no regard is paid to denominational considerations by the Young Men's Christian Associations one exception ought, however, to be made.

A broad line seems to separate what are generally known as Evangelical Christians from those which represent what is perhaps best known by the title of a Liberal Theology. The differences of temperament, of methods, and of religious convictions between the adherents of these two schools are so great that it has been almost universally regarded best to work in separate organizations. So far as we know this separation has taken place without bitterness of feeling or rancor of controversy. In the sixteenth century Calvin decreed the burning of Servetus, and Protestant Europe approved the sentence. In the nineteenth century it is a long and hotly disputed question whether the followers of this deposed and executed heretic shall not be admitted into full Christian fellowship with those of his austere orthodox judges. Surely in Christian charity the world has made progress.*

Most of these associations are tenants. Halls used at times for other purposes, business offices, generally contracted and not always cleanly, rooms in out-of-the-way buildings, removed from the association's proper centre of operations, are very often the best that can be secured. For the Young Men's Christian Associations are far from rich when compared with other somewhat analogous organizations—the Masons and the Odd-Fellows, for instance. Recently, however, a more ambitious policy has been adopted. "I expect," says D. L. Moody, of Chicago, "to live to see a building for a Young Men's Christian Association in every town of considerable size in the country." This happy day must be somewhat distant as yet, we

* In this country the condition of active membership in the Young Men's Christian Associations is almost, if not altogether, without exception that the applicant be a member of some Evangelical Church. Others are admitted as associate members to all the privileges of the association except voting and holding office. In the London, and generally in the English associations, any person is "eligible for membership who gives decided evidence of his conversion to God." As a general rule, however, none are admitted under this provision unless they are already connected, or about to connect themselves, with some Church. In Holland no such conditions are affixed. Any young man of good moral character is admitted to full membership. "Our associations," says Mr. P. J. Moeton, "are founded upon this principle—that it is not to be expected that any young man comes to us who is not seeking for the kingdom of God, and though he is not decidedly a Christian, when he is seeking for Christ we should welcome him in our midst."



LIBRARY, YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, NEW YORK.

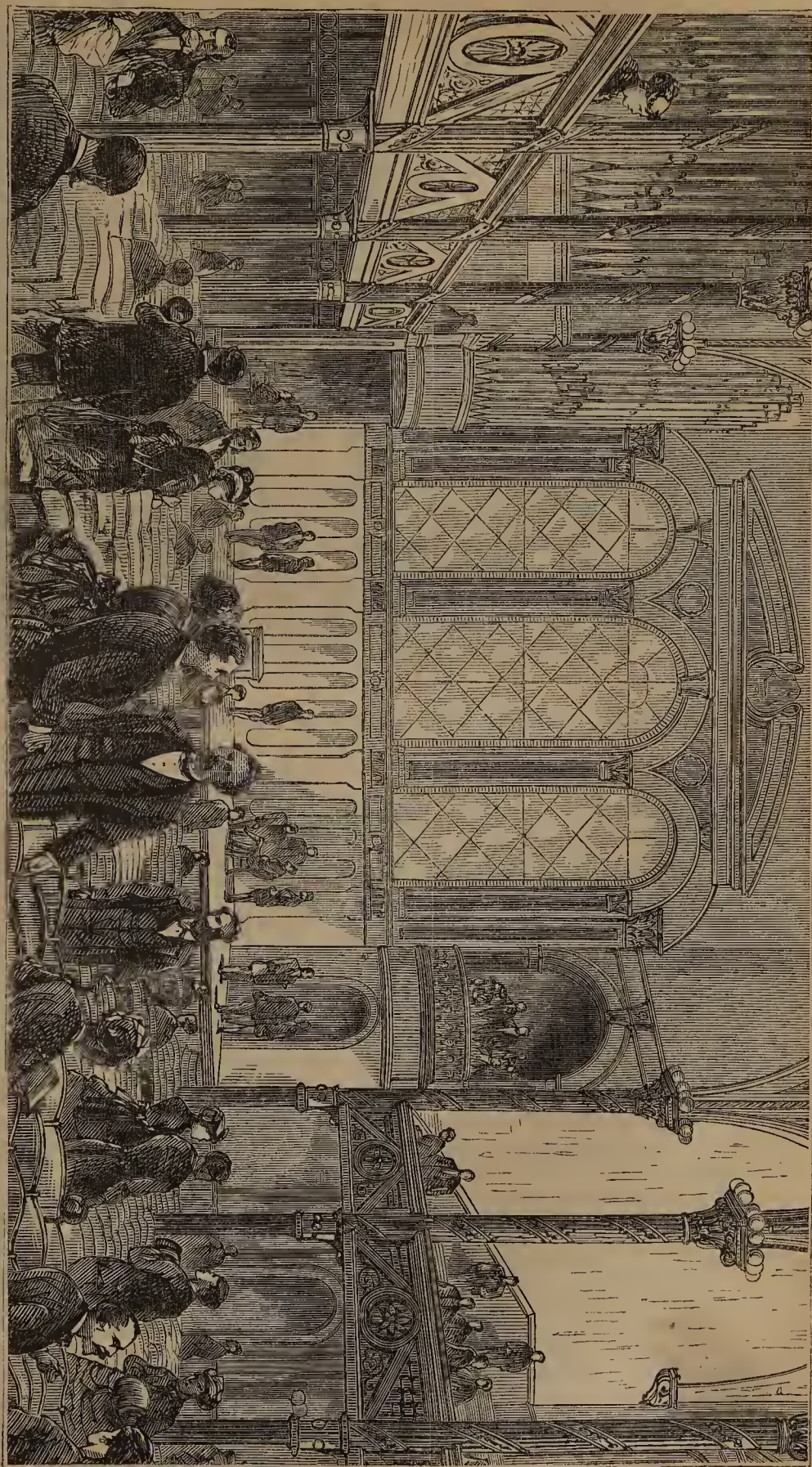
think; still, not a little has been done toward its realization. Not only in the larger cities, as New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, and San Francisco, do the Young Men's Christian Associations own the buildings which they occupy, but they are beginning to do so in some of the more flourishing and prosperous of the smaller towns, as, for example, in Meriden, Connecticut; Bethlehem, Pennsylvania; Newtown, Long Island; Poughkeepsie, New York; Springfield, Massachusetts, and in similar places. A recent report which lies before us estimates that not less than a million and a half of dollars are invested, and under the control of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States, either in buildings already erected, or in funds for the purpose of erecting appropriate buildings.

Of the houses which the Church has erected for its young men, undoubtedly the finest, not only in this country but in the world, is that recently completed in the city of New York. It is, indeed, fairly entitled to be designated the handsomest club-house in the city. Club-house we call it, for such in fact it is, both in its appliances and its purposes, though consecrated neither to politics as are some, to social festivities degenerating too often into gambling and intemperance as are others, nor to literature and polite society as are one or two, but to the cause of good morals, of pure religion, and of Him who is the divine inspirer of the one and the divine founder of the other.

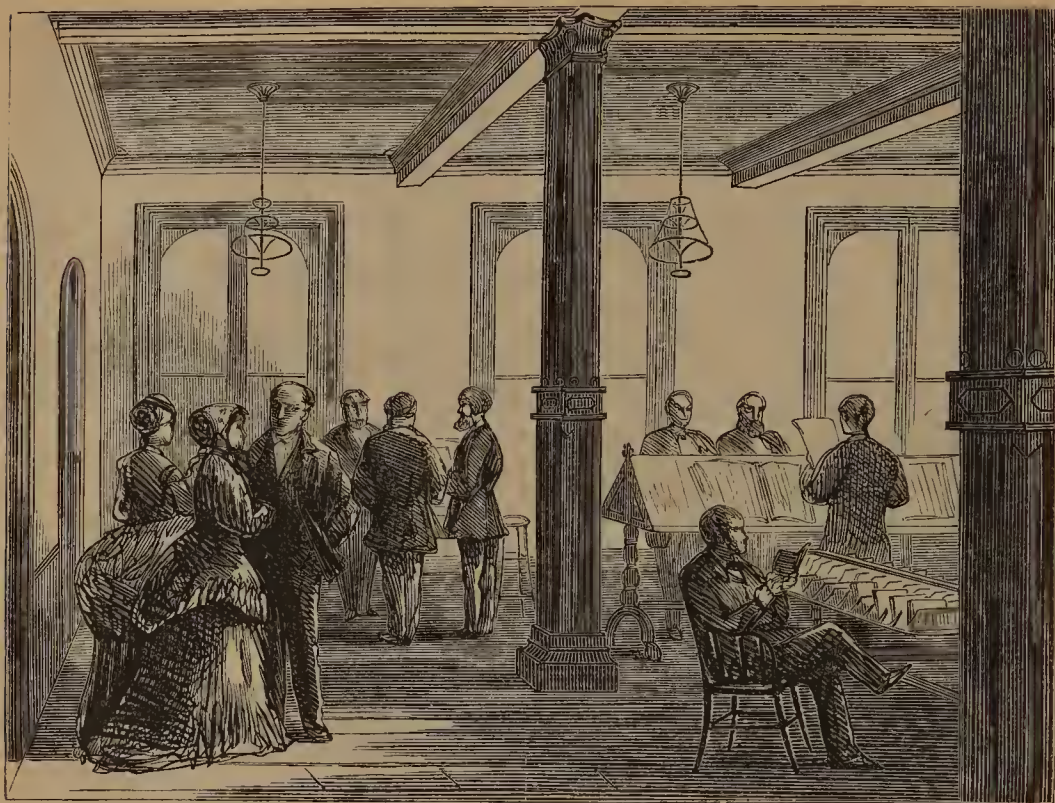
This building, erected of dark Belleville

sandstone, in the French Renaissance style of architecture, is five stories in height, and covers about a third of an acre in area. The ground-floor is occupied by stores, the rent of which, with that of the offices in the upper stories, considerably more than pays the interest on the mortgage debt of \$150,000.

The two upper stories are devoted chiefly to artists' studios. The second and third floors are appropriated exclusively for the rooms of the Association. Ascending a grand staircase, and turning to the right at the head of the stairs, the visitor finds himself in the Lecture-room, one of the most convenient halls in the city of New York. It is arranged in modern fashion, with iron seats cushioned, separated from each other by arms, and numbered, for the purpose of lectures and concerts. A large gallery runs the whole length of the room, broadening out in horseshoe form across the rear. Opposite is the stage or platform, with a retiring-room upon one side, and upon the other an organ, which is curiously furnished with a drum, a triangle, and a pair of cymbals, so as to be a martial band as well as a church organ. This hall, which is two stories high, and is capable of seating over fifteen hundred persons, is rarely idle. To-day it is employed for an organ exhibition, to-morrow for a lecture, then for a concert, then for a public meeting of the Association. On Sabbath-day it serves the purpose of a church, where public religious services are held, the different pastors of the various city churches ministering in turn on invitation of a



LECTURE-ROOM, YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, NEW YORK.



READING-ROOM, YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, NEW YORK.

committee which has these ministerial services in charge.

If the visitor, having glanced in at this Lecture-room, turns back, and enters a large door which stands at the opposite side of the staircase, he will find himself in the Reception-room of the Association. The Secretary's private office opens off of this Reception-room, and here, almost any hour of the day between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M., may be found the Secretary, Mr. Robert R. McBurney, a man of few words in public, little known to fame and little covetous of it, but the one to whom, nevertheless, the Young Men's Christian Association of New York is largely indebted for its prosperity. Here also is to be seen, almost every day, the President of the Association, Mr. William E. Dodge, Jun., who by no means confines his official labors to the nominal work of presiding at its public meetings, but is its real executive head, and whose rare combination of energy and urbanity peculiarly fits him for the post, to which he has now been elected for, we believe, several successive years.

Opening out of this Reception-room, which is occupied only by the desks of some of the Secretary's assistants, are the Reading-room and parlors—Social Parlors they are called; but they rarely present an aspect of sociality, except on the occasion of some public reception or other similar gathering, when they are thronged with members and their friends, and ladies, as invited guests, add their attractions to the scene. In truth, as yet, the most important

part of the work of the Young Men's Christian Associations remains but imperfectly fulfilled—the development of the social life of the homeless and the friendless of the great cities. It is in their social life they experience their greatest dangers. Vice is not bashful, and there are plenty of doors which are open to the young man who, far from home, feels bitterly in the long evenings the lack which nothing but a true home can well supply. Reading-rooms, libraries, and prayer-meetings do not compensate for the loss of the social circle to which in his native village he had free entrance. The difficulties of providing any genuine social life to serve as a tolerable substitute, and the real, and still more the imaginary, dangers of "mixed society," are so great that hitherto conservatism has not really dared to essay to conquer the one and provide the other. The society which the Young Men's Christian Association furnishes is as yet only *club* society.

A flight of stairs leading directly down from the Reception-room conducts the visitor to the best substitute which has as yet been practically employed for the missing home. It is not found that books, papers, and prayer-meetings practically compete with the concert saloons, the theatres, and the gambling hells; at least, not to such an extent as to preserve from them those whose danger is greatest, and whose natures are, because most generous and noble, therefore most susceptible to the temptations of city life. Not only, therefore, are lectures and public receptions added to the attractions of the

Christian club-house, but the means also of physical enjoyment and physical recreation in an admirable Gymnasium and Bowling-Alley. This is open only to members of the Association, and can be reached only by going through the public Reception or ante room.

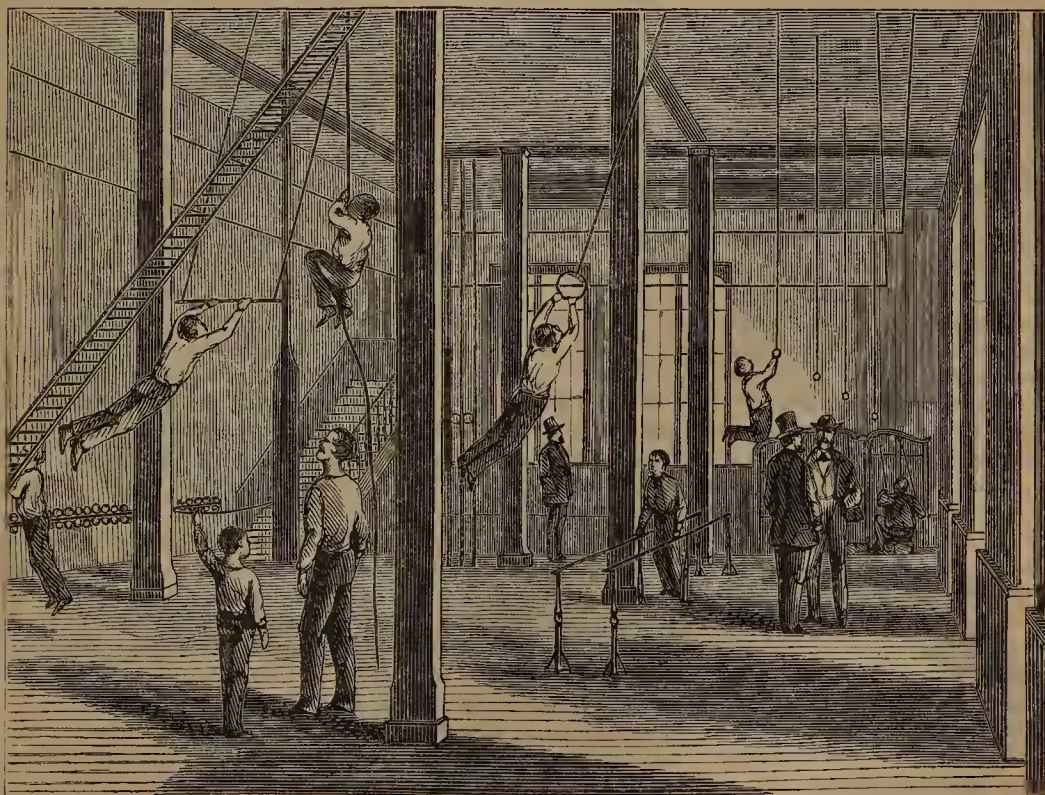
Returning up the long flight of stairs, and ascending still another flight, the visitor finds himself on the second story of the Association's apartments, the third of the building, and on the same floor with the gallery of the Lecture-room. Here is a very pleasant room appropriated for prayer-meetings and Bible-classes, smaller apartments for week-day classes in the various languages, and, we believe, also in writing and book-keeping, and a very attractive Library-room, which needs only a good collection of books to be one of the most attractive in the city.

We have described thus in detail the new accommodations of the New York Young Men's Christian Association, because they are undoubtedly the finest in the world, and afford the best illustration of the sort of work which, with fewer conveniences, though perhaps with no less real success, the Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the country are endeavoring to do. Generally, however, a single room is compelled to serve the manifold purposes which are served by these spacious and really elegant apartments. An association which has two rooms, one for reading and study, and the other for conversation, considers itself fortunate.

More frequently one room serves the purpose

of library, reading-room, place for quiet conversation, with, perhaps, occasional games of checkers or backgammon, and on occasions, regularly and pretty frequently recurring, for prayer-meetings, Bible-classes, secular lectures, literary exercises, and social reunions.

The Young Men's Christian Association, however, by no means confines itself to the work of a Christian club. One peculiar feature about these organizations is their flexibility. This is due, doubtless, partly to their constitutions, which, very wisely, do not limit them in their methods, but chiefly to the young men themselves, who are little hampered by prejudices or precedents. This flexibility of organization was curiously illustrated at the breaking out of the civil war. The famous bombardment of Fort Sumter, which shocked the whole country with so rude a surprise, threatened the Young Men's Christian Associations with utter disruption. Many of them disbanded; others temporarily discontinued their meetings and closed their rooms. The confederation, which had united the various local societies in one national fellowship, dropped in pieces. The national conventions were abandoned. The publication of the central organ was, we believe, discontinued. The work of the preceding ten years seemed to be demolished at a blow. Then it was that a few thoughtful spirits perceived at once the duty as well as the danger of the hour, and provided for escaping the one by performing the other. A convention of Christian Associations was called in the city of New York. Only forty-three delegates attended; but fifteen



GYMNASIUM, YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, NEW YORK.



PACIFIC RAILROAD MISSION.

associations were represented; the entire session lasted but a day and a half. Still the end was accomplished. It was resolved that it was the duty of the associations represented to take active measures to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the soldiers and sailors of the United States. A Christian Commission was formed for the purpose. For the three years that followed the Young Men's Christian Associations, without changing their form of organization, became Committees of Supplies. They worked in fact, though not in form, under the direction of the Commission which they had created. To describe their operations in detail is unnecessary, and would take us too far from our theme. But the thousands who gathered in camp at the sound of the evening song, to be wafted by the familiar hymn to the dear fireside and those who gathered about it, and with them up to the throne of Him whose presence makes the tent a temple and the bivouac holy ground—the thousands who in the hospital received their first palatable food from the hands of a Christian stranger, and caught their first gleam of hope from the kindly words of Christian consolation and of Christian invitation which he spoke to them—the thousands of fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, who could not be in person

by the bedside of the sick and wounded ones far away, but who found for their overflowing hearts some relief in the poor privilege of sending messages and mementoes of their love by the hands of Christian delegates going thither—these can never forget that for this ministry of mercy in the nation's hour of peril they are indebted to the prayers, the thoughts, and the labors of the Young Men's Christian Associations.

A scarcely less characteristic indication of the peculiar flexibility of the organization of Young Men's Christian Associations is afforded by what is known as the Pacific Railroad Mission. The building of the Pacific Railroad did not probably tend to produce in the country any greater amount of open and flagrant vice than is usually characteristic of new countries where the civilizing institutions which belong to a more developed state of society, the restraints of an educated public opinion, and, above all, the refining and restraining influence of woman and the purifying power of the home circle, are either altogether or almost entirely wanting. But partly because the Pacific Railroad was a matter of national importance, and every thing which was connected with it was of public interest and made a subject of public comment, and partly because the railroad opened new

land more rapidly than new countries are ordinarily opened by the slower processes of a natural emigration, and partly because it carried with it a rude and ignorant foreign population, and concentrated in temporary towns the people who, but for its existence, would have been scattered over a much greater expanse of country, the open and flagrant vice and crime which accompanied the building of the railroad were at least more apparent, and also more easily accessible to Christian influence, if not positively greater than that which always more or less characterizes border lands, where civilization insensibly melts into barbarism, and the vices of both flourish without being redeemed by the virtues of either. Each new terminus became for the time being a town, generally of tents and rough board shanties. The days were devoted to labor, the nights to drinking, to gambling, and to murderous brawls. The men who accompanied these doubtful pioneers of our boasted civilization had, with a few honorable exceptions, gone West simply to make money, and embraced, with some true and pure as well as energetic spirits, a great quantity of the refuse and offscourings who found the communities which possessed a penitentiary and an organized judiciary disagreeably dangerous to men of their profession. The churches did not keep pace with the railroad, partly because the independence of our Protestant ecclesiastical organizations, with all its advantages, does not fit them for aggressive work outside their own communities so well as the more centralized organization of the Roman Catholic hierarchy; partly because the towns were temporary, and it was impossible for the wisest forethought to adjudge with any approach to certainty where were the locations in which permanent churches should be planted. For if the wilderness of to-day became a city to-morrow, it is also true that the city of to-day, following the railroad, left its site a wilderness to-morrow.

In July, 1868, the members of the Young Men's Christian Association of Omaha organized a movement to meet the peculiar demands of this peculiar field. They sent out a company of lay-preachers whose office it was to keep pace with the dram shops and the gambling hells, and by organized effort to reverse the parable, and sow what wheat they could in a field already pretty well occupied with tares. Accompanying the delegation were members from Chicago and New York. Arrived at a station where the number of tents and barracks seemed to give promise of a population sufficient to justify their labors, they left the train. Separating in companies of twos and threes, they visited every shed and shanty, inviting, without respect of person, every individual to an evening meeting. This was held sometimes in the open air, sometimes in the rough shed which served as a temporary dépôt, sometimes in a big gambling tent which the proprietor surrendered to them for this purpose, induced by a mixed motive in which were

probably intermingled curiosity, the love of notoriety, good-nature, and possibly that intuitive religious sentiment which no career of vice is able utterly to extirpate. At the close of the service, those who were professors of religion were invited to come forward and unite in a more permanent organization. It was not infrequently thus discovered that in a community where no one had supposed there were any religious men there were really not a few. One delegate found in eight families on one street, within thirty yards of each other, seven professing Christians, some of whom were connected with leading Eastern Churches, who had never found each other out as Christians.

To bring these into Christian fellowship was the first but by no means the only aim of this traveling church, this itinerant but unordained ministry. Sometimes a Sunday-school was organized, sometimes a Young Men's Christian Association formed, sometimes the nucleus of a future church was gathered. At all events, at least for once, the old familiar service of prayer and praise was heard, recalling to many a deadened heart dear memories of childhood, and bringing to many a furrowed cheek the tear of at least a transient sorrow and the unaccustomed flush of a brief shame, that sometimes awakened hopes and aspirations not to be repressed, but blossoming out in a resolute purpose of reformation, and fructifying at last in a new and divine life. Whatever faults characterize such a community, miserliness is not one of them. The delegation were rarely suffered to pay their own bills. A little later the National Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States took up the work thus initiated, and appointed an agent to continue it. He is still in the service. His first annual report lies before us as we write. His whole traveling expenses charged to the Association for nine months' service, in which, by boat and rail, he journeyed over eight thousand miles, is forty-two dollars! This movement, which was started simply to meet a temporary exigency, has thus grown into one of national significance. Until permanent churches and local associations shall render it unnecessary, the Pacific Railroad Mission will probably continue to be no insignificant part of the work of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States.

It is time, however, that we returned from this glance at what must, in the nature of the case, be a temporary work, however important, to consider their more permanent, if not their more legitimate, work. Of that work a very important part is performed under the direction of what is known as the Employment Committee. In the great cities, especially in the West, there are always to be found, and most of all in times of commercial depression, numbers of young men out of employment, perhaps far away from home, vainly seeking something to do, and subjected at once to peculiar temptations by reason of their enforced idleness, and to peculiar

depression by reason of their consequent poverty. Often these young men are without a situation through no fault of theirs. Quite as often they have lost it through their own inattention or intemperance. It is at such a time the as yet not abandoned pleasure-seeker is most susceptible to Christian influences.

Less to compete with the various labor agencies, which have been established and maintained by money-making organizations, than to secure the attention of heedless ears and the affection of careless hearts, the Young Men's Christian Associations of the country have established, especially in the great cities, employment agencies. It is the office of the committee under whose direction these agencies are conducted to keep a list of employers and situations on the one hand, and of applicants for service on the other, and to bring employer and employed together. In the city of Chicago, where this department has received the greatest attention and attained the greatest success, it has sometimes provided, in a single year, employment to eight thousand men and boys, besides women and girls. In a season of commercial depression the Labor Bureau affords a singular opportunity for the study of human nature, and presents many a case of real or fancied distress, that can hardly fail to awaken the keenest sympathies. The day-laborer, ready for any job of rough work—the needy mechanic, forced out of employment by a lack of building or by the harsh operation of some of the despotic rules of the despotic trades unions—a gentlemanly clerk, whom adversity has deprived of his jovial friends, and necessity has reduced to the extremity of begging any thing to earn an honest living—the temperate and hard-working unfortunate—the bleared-eyed and red-nosed victim of intemperance, who carries in his face the explanation of the reason of his discharge, mingle in a motley crowd, each in turn demanding attention, and each in turn requiring from the attendant clerk something of personal thought and personal sympathy. The associations have scores of letters from those whom they have thus served, testifying to the fact that not only through their instrumentality honest men have been furnished with the means of livelihood, but also that by this very service they have been rescued from lives of present vice and possible future crime.

It may seem at first difficult to perceive upon what principle so many widely different operations are undertaken by one organization, which is alternately a lyceum, a church, a missionary society, a labor bureau, and a soldiers' aid society. The truth is, however, that whatever the association seems to do, it in reality does but one thing. Whether it establishes a gymnasium, or opens a bowling-alley, or provides chess and checker tables, or founds a library and reading-room, or gives concerts and courses of lectures, or opens an employment agency, or sustains a missionary, or engages in tract distribution and neighborhood prayer-

meetings, or holds open-air services, or organizes a Bible-class, however remote the means may seem to be for the end to be gained, that end is rarely forgotten; and it is but right to say that, as a general thing, the prosperity of the association has been in the exact ratio in which that end has been steadily kept in view, and all other things made subservient to it.

Other agencies there are which establish libraries and lectures and labor bureaus and gymnasiums, but none which employ these secular agencies exclusively for a direct religious purpose. If in describing its methods we have devoted a large proportion of our space to those which are somewhat secular in their character, it is because in the ordinary religious instruments which it employs—the prayer-meeting, the Bible-class, the tract distribution, the sermon—there is nothing peculiar, nothing which is not thoroughly familiar to our readers. Of its distinctive religious work there are, indeed, only two features which are so peculiar as to demand special mention—the open-air service and the saloon work.

It is never a difficult matter to gather an audience in the streets of any of our great cities. It is not so easy a matter to retain its interest and to instruct it. A delegation of half a dozen young men start out on a Sunday afternoon. They reach a public square, and take their station at the point selected for their afternoon services. A dry-goods box, a door-step, or an old cart, serves the purpose of a pulpit. There is no indication of the presence of any material from which to gather a congregation. Half a dozen boys are playing marbles on an adjoining sidewalk. Three or four young men are lounging in front of a neighboring dram shop or engine-house. A few pedestrians are passing to and fro, and here and there at the open window of a boarding or tenement house there sits a woman languidly enjoying the summer breeze. The delegation is under the command of one of their number, who acts as leader. He distributes little hymn-books or song-papers, and they commence a familiar hymn. At the first verse the boys drop their game of marbles, and come over to see "the fun." At the second the loungers on the door-step of the dram shop saunter carelessly across to within easy hearing distance. Pedestrians stop. Windows are thrown open. Boys and girls, men and women, come, unexpectedly, from side streets and mysterious lanes. Before the hymn is finished a congregation varying in size from one to five hundred is gathered. It comes no man can tell how, no man can tell whence.

The leader calls on some one to offer a short prayer—short it must be, for this congregation is not accustomed to long prayers. Another hymn is sung. The song-papers are freely distributed through the crowd. There are enough among them who can sing to make a very respectable chorus; and by the end of the second singing the congregation has still further sensibly increased. Then the preacher of the after-



STREET-PREACHING.

noon mounts the temporary pulpit. Let him beware. He speaks to a critical congregation.

If he is honest, earnest, full-souled — if he speaks because his heart is burdened with a message which cries out for utterance, he will not find in costliest cathedral an audience more attentive, more genuinely respectful. He need fear no interruptions. If some single scoffer breaks in upon his address, the sense of the entire audience is against the interruption, and instantly silences him. But there is no audience which detects so instantly, and rejects so remorselessly, the conventional piety and religious finery which, in more cultivated audiences, are suffered to pass unrebuked. There is no such counterfeit detector as a street audience. The speaker must strike the heart of his subject in his opening sentence. He must be short, sharp, clear, ringing, incisive. A truce to all wordy declamation, to all frothing and foaming now. On the other hand, he need not select his words and trim his phrases, lest he offend some sensitive ear. The boldest proclamation of the most obnoxious doctrine will not disturb the serenity of his congregation, if

it is uttered as the honest conviction of the speaker's heart. But woe to the dull speaker who lacks the magnetic power which fixes every eye upon him and compels the attention of the inattentive! Five minutes of dull platitudes suffice to begin the process of dispersion. The outer circle of the ring melts away. The rough-faced washerwoman, with her babe in arms, tires of standing to hear nothing, and starts for her home again. The loungers lounge back to the dram shop. The boys begin to feel in their pockets for their marbles. Now, if the leader be worthy of his place, he measures instantly the mettle of his speaker, and checks the threatened dispersion of the congregation. The battle-field is no place for courtesies. He strikes up a familiar air. The congregation joins in. The astonished speaker comes to an abrupt and enforced pause. A substitute is beckoned to the platform. In three minutes the damage is repaired. The congregation have gathered again, and stand reverently still, with fixed eyes and beating hearts, listening to the truth of God, uttered in the simplest, plainest forms, enforced only by the power

of a conviction so strong as to amount to a passion.

Nowhere have these street services been carried on to a greater extent or with greater success than in Washington. Nowhere, perhaps, are they more needed. They have been held in the parks, and on the street corners, on board the gun-boats, along the wharves, and among the marines at their barracks, in the hospital, and among the soldiers at Lincoln Barracks. On some Sabbaths as many as sixteen or seventeen of these open-air services have been held. To add the labor of this work to those which already overtax the clergy would be a questionable method of doing good. In fact, open-air services would be impracticable, if not impossible, were it not for lay-preaching. For the inauguration of lay-preaching the Church may rightfully hold the Young Men's Christian Associations responsible; its results the Young Men's Christian Associations may fairly claim as among the results of their labors. Among the most effective preachers in America, albeit they have neither clerical education, clerical methods, nor the clerical office, are Judge Smith and Mr. Durant, of Boston, H. Thane Miller, of Cincinnati, D. L. Moody, of Chicago, A. K. Burnell, of Milwaukee, and Major-General O. O. Howard, the President of the Washington Young Men's Christian Association. These names have attained a national prominence; but they are only representatives of a host of preachers whom modern methods of Christian labor have called to the work, though not to the office, of the ministry, and who justify their preaching not by ecclesiastical ordination, but by the success which attends their labors.

If it requires Christian courage to carry on street-preaching, it requires Christian audacity to inaugurate the saloon work.

To gather a transient audience in the public streets, and, without the aid of those sacred associations which cluster about the church and are evoked by its solemn services, to attune all the discordant elements of a mixed assemblage, in which every form of religious faith and religious error, and every type of vice and crime, have their representative, and out of the audience thus assembled call forth the harmonies of true, noble, devout feeling, may well try the utmost powers of the true, because the earnest and inartistic, orator. But to go down to the very haunts and dens of infamy and shame, to make the very grog-shop and gambling hell for the time being a sanctuary, to supplant the ribald song with the song of praise, the loud blasphemy with silent prayer, the obscene story with the story of the Cross, this is an attempt so audacious that wonder that it should ever have been attempted yields only to the greater wonder that it should succeed. But succeed it does; and the singular meetings which have been held in the dance houses and drinking haunts of our great cities, and the more singular results which have attended them, present

a phenomenon so remarkable that we wonder that it has not secured in a larger degree the attention not merely of the Christian Church, but even of the student of psychology. It would be hard to find in any events of ancient or modern times a more singular and striking evidence of the almost irresistible power of the truth, not abstract truth held in invisible solution as vapor in the air, nor truth in fossil forms contained in dogmas, but living truth enshrined in human hearts as a profound conviction. We can not better illustrate this phase of the work of the Young Men's Christian Associations than by describing it as it was prosecuted by the Association in the city of Providence, Rhode Island. For the substantial facts of the narrative we are indebted to Mr. E. R. Holden, the Chairman of the Missionary Committee.

In the fall of 1866 a few earnest members of the Young Men's Christian Association of Providence met in the office of one of the leading manufacturing establishments of the city, to consider what could be done to reach that class of young men for whom the lecture and the library had no attractions which could compete with those of the concert saloon, the card-table, and the dram shop. It was resolved, with some foreboding, to go where they were, and carry to them, in their customary resorts, an invitation to attend a prayer-meeting, which should be held at the rooms of the Association that very evening. The resolution was no sooner taken than it was carried into effect. The little band separated for their work, going in pairs in true apostolic fashion. Each delegation undertook to visit one saloon and carry to those present a personal invitation to the prayer-meeting. The very novelty of the movement attracted attention and awakened interest. Whether induced by curiosity or by higher motives, enough accepted the invitation thus given to fill the room to overflowing on that first night. The next step was to endeavor to inaugurate a meeting in the saloons themselves. The boldest and worst of these saloons was visited, and the permission of the proprietor requested. It was readily granted. He even advertised the prayer-meeting. If he thought thus to gain a cheap notoriety he was not disappointed. If he thought to secure additional customers he failed in his purpose. The saloon was crowded indeed, but there was little drinking, and no gambling. It did not pay. The proprietor forbade further gatherings, but found it easier to open his doors than to close them. The pressure was so strong that he could not resist. The drinking saloon became a house of prayer. The conscience of the proprietor himself was touched. From attending the meetings which were conducted in his own saloon he came to one which was held in the rooms of the Association. "At the close," says Mr. Holden, "he invited several of us to go back to the saloon with him. We went in, found the music there, and quite an audience gathered. Mr. O—— stepped upon the

platform and said to the men he employed that he should need their services no longer. Turning to the audience, he said, 'This is the last night this place will be opened for such purposes. I have decided to be a Christian, and now I beg of you who have listened to me in the days that are past, listen to me now when I have something far better to offer you.' He closed by kneeling and offering prayer." The final result was the permanent abandonment of the saloon and, the permanent reformation of its proprietor, who has become a worthy and honored member of society and of the Christian Church.

The victory is not always, however, so easily achieved. Obstacles which at first seem to be invincible are thrown in the way of those who undertake this peculiar form of labor, obstacles which, however, yield in the most surprising manner to the exercise of what Milton has well termed the "invincible might of weakness."

A delegation of a dozen young men resolved to lay siege to another concert and drinking saloon, frequented in large numbers by the fast young men of the city. They set apart an

evening for their visit, entered two by two so as not to attract attention, and requested of the proprietor leave to sing. They met with a surly refusal. Nothing daunted, they took their seats at the card-tables which were scattered about the room. Then simultaneously all bowed their heads in silent devotion. It was impossible to take offense. It was equally impossible to resist the influence of that silent prayer. The shuffling of cards, the rattling of dice, the clinking of glasses, the buzz of busy voices, all ceased. A solemn stillness pervaded the room, a singular awe rested on all hearts. The weapon was one these men knew not how to meet. When the bowed heads were raised half of the occupants of the room had already quietly slipped out. A few weeks later the auctioneer's flag was flying at the door of the Empire Saloon, which has now become a commercial store-house.

To approach the habitués of such dens as these requires, as may be imagined, the utmost caution and the utmost courage—a soul at once audacious and sympathetically sensitive. Four young men are playing cards. A Christian



"HE WHO DRAWS THAT CARD WILL HOLD THE BEST HAND HE EVER HELD IN HIS LIFE."

delegate approaches. Neither time, place, nor circumstances seem auspicious for religious work. But he who waited for an auspicious moment would have long to wait. The Christian delegate watches a moment, studies the scene, then casts upon the table a card. On it is inscribed, "Why am I not a Christian?" "He who draws that card," he says, quietly, "will hold the best hand he ever held in his life." It might be imagined that so sudden an interruption would only provoke a contemptuous, if not an angry, response. No! These young men have been brought up amidst religious influences. They have been educated to respect the religion which they do not possess. Their faults are those of a good-natured thoughtlessness, rather than of a deliberate wickedness. He who neither fears a *rencontre* nor courts it rarely has it to meet. We can not, perhaps, better describe this phase of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association than by inviting one who was reformed through its labors to tell the story of his reformation. We therefore reproduce a letter received by the Providence Association from a liquor seller of the lower class after, in consequence of the persuasions of one of the members of the Association, he had abandoned his shop and destroyed his stock. We amend neither spelling nor grammar, because we are glad to afford our readers a little insight into the character of a class of men who are seldom mentioned but to be reviled, and who, perhaps, might be found more accessible to kindly and Christian influence than we are apt to imagine.

"— ENGLAND, 3 Month, 10 day, 1867.

"FRIENDS,—We got safe across the Ocean to Liverpool and took the cars for our home our folks were glad to see us Come home once more and when I told them I had been selling liker for a living they told me I ort to be ashamed and when I told them that before I came away from providence I throed my rum away they didnt beleve me and I told them if they didnt beleve to ask hannah and they asked hannah and she said yes and they asked me why I didnt sel my liker and I told them God wouldnt let me and they asked me why I didnt kep on selling liker and I told them that a lot of young men had got to going round in providence to the rum shops and telsing the folks that kept them that they would lose their sols if they didnt stop it and I told them that one came in my shop one Saturday nite and I put a tumbler on the bar for him to drink but he didnt step up to the bar but said to me that bisness was dul and I said yes rather and he

said it was because it rained so hard. I didnt know what he was trying to get through him he told me he was a Christian and was a member of the Young Mens Christian Association and he asked if I would give up selling liker and love Jesus and save my sol or kep on selling liker lose my sol and I told him that was a pretty hard question to answer and he asked me three times and I asked hannah and she said Yes Abraham Certainly Abraham and I told him to come next Saturday nite and I would tell him what I would do he came Wensday and said he was going to strike the iron while it wus hot I told him to look at the empty bottels on the shelf and I asked him what he thought of that and he didnt say anything and I told him, I had throed my liker in the gutter and he didnt beleve me and I took him out and shoed him where I had throed it and went in the house and went up stairs where hannah was and the children and he prayed for us and now we are going to join the church the first sunday in April hannah and me both love Jesus and want you to pray for us and hannah wants you to pray for her two brothers that are not Christians I put this in Mr. —'s for it cost so much to send two letters

"From your friend

"— — —."

Influences unseen and unperceived are the most potent. This fraternity of young men, one hundred thousand strong, leagued together in the name of Christ and for the promotion of the Christian religion, exert by their personal and combined sympathy an influence vastly more powerful than any which they consciously exert by their religious labors. In a word, the Young Men's Christian Association *is* more than it *does*. Into the innumerable discussions to which their operations have given rise it has been no part of our province to enter. The relations of public amusements to sound Christian morality, the extent to which it is proper to provide them, the proper relations between the Association and the Church, the right and duty of the laity to preach, the propriety of endeavoring to carry on the most sacred services of prayer and praise in dens dark with shame, redolent with vice, and from which the echoes of obscenity and profanity have hardly died away, present questions on which the best and wisest men will doubtless continue to differ more or less in the future as they have in the past. But we shall be disappointed if the candid reader does not cheerfully concede that the Young Men's Christian Association is an institution which Protestant America can not fail to nurture and to strengthen by her sympathies, her prayers, and her pecuniary aid.

MORNING-GLORIES.

GAYLY the fragile, aerial blossoms
Open, in rose and in purple arrayed,
Bright with the hues of the clouds of the morning,
Transient as lovely, unfolding to fade:
Soonest they wilt where the sunbeams are falling;
Longest they linger within the deep shade.

So with our spirits: the hopes that are purest,
Hopes with a brightness that is not of earth,
Which, from our noblest and best aspirations,
Spring in their heavenly beauty to birth,
Oft cheer us most in the darkness of sorrow,
Often fade first in the sunlight of mirth.

SIX WEEKS IN FLORIDA.



WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, OLD ENTERPRISE.

corporations and a helpless public, be ever thanked, passed safely over the ragged, rickety, decayed railroad between Mobile and Montgomery, and from there to Macon. From this place to Savannah, however, thanks to Sherman and his army, who destroyed rails, ties, and rolling stock of this road, every thing is now new and of the best kind.

Savannah is the natural base of operations for the Florida campaign. You can reach this most important of the Southern Atlantic seaports by many ways. Steamboat and railroad lines concentrate here from all quarters of the country. And here you had best come if you desire to make a comfortable entry into the land of orange groves and alligators; and to this place you must return to find those comforts not to be obtained except in those localities where large

IF I were to write all that might profitably be written about Florida, more space would be required than that included within the limits of a magazine article. In its historical associations, Florida has more of romance and dramatic interest than have befallen any other locality on this continent. To these we shall refer incidentally, but the chief intent of this article will be to give entertainment and information to those who may have visited this singular region or hope to go there, or to that other larger class who are not able to journey, and would be interested to know why it should or should not have been called Florida, the Land of Flowers.

Perhaps the best way to accomplish this will be to describe the experiences of a party of us who, last winter, made the excursion. We had already accomplished some twelve hundred miles of steamboat traveling on the Mississippi River; we had passed through New Orleans and Mobile; and, a good Providence, which sometimes stands between merciless railroad

communities are congregated together.

"There are two ways of getting to Jacksonville from here," was the advice of a gentleman who had spent many winters in Florida. "And whichever you choose, you will be sorry you had not taken the other. There is the night train by railroad, which brings you to Jacksonville in about sixteen hours; and there is the steamboat line, which goes inland nearly all the way, and which may land you in a day, or you may run aground, and remain on board for a week."

With this consolatory counsel we chose the steamboat and coast line for a first experiment, partially by my advice to my traveling companions; for at the termination of the great campaign of the March to the Sea it had been my experience to voyage through these wide wastes of marsh land and islands of sand, and it impressed me as a peculiar aspect of nature which ought to be seen.

It was a showery morning in February when

we got on board the little steamboat *Nick King*, and pushed rapidly out from among the crowd of shipping, down the river, past the threatening obstructions placed in the stream during the war to keep out the Yankee fleet, and finally turned into the big creek, which, by crooked and strange ways, wanders through the waste of marsh land. Sometimes there was hardly room for our little boat to make the turnings; and when, about noon, we came to a full stop, with the nose of the *Nick King* stuck fast on a mud bank, the memory of a similar occurrence came vividly to my mind. Six years before, while yet our soldiers lay in the trenches before, or rather behind, Savannah, I accompanied General Sherman on an expedition which he took, with Admiral Dahlgren, over to Hilton Head. On our way back it was so rough outside that the Admiral considered it unsafe for the *Harvest Moon* (of old a tug-boat) to combat the roaring sea; so we attempted this inside passage, and at very nearly the same hour of the day, and precisely the same spot, went aground. How long the flag-ship remained there I do not know; for the General, who had not been used to a dead halt of this kind, and who had already been absent from his brave men longer than he or they liked, became fearfully impatient, and tearing about the ship, among other places was found on the larboard or starboard—whichever was the improper side—of the fore-castle deck, if, indeed, it was not an altogether heinous offense to be in that part of the ship at all. However that may be, the proper officer, with trembling limbs and pale face, at once ran to Admiral Dahlgren and reported this breach of etiquette; but the Admiral had already become aware that in his visitor he had drawn the elephant, and reassured his subordinate with the words:

“Let him run about; he will do no harm.”

But the General could not wait the movements of the waters or the ship; and the polite and obliging Admiral took us into his gig and pulled up the river until we met a tug-boat, and were finally restored to the bosoms of our families.

When the tide turned we of the *Nick King* got under way, and steamed quickly along; the gray marsh, as we proceeded, stretching away farther until all around the horizon the mist and rain united land and sky, except where a clump of trees varied the strange monotony, or some other steamer came to meet us, standing out above the level of the grasses as if propelled over the land. After a while we came out into Sapelo Sound, and the sun came out from the clouds, and a fresh wind came up from the sea; and then we saw a glorious sight, such as makes the artist's heart ache with despair that then and there he can not fix the fleeting vision upon enduring canvas. Overhead the air was filled with golden mist, pierced by broad beams of sunshine, except where the sky arches to a gray and blue wall, and descends to the glimpse of the sea

which we catch between the islands, and where the white breakers come rolling over the wide sand-bars; while to the left, standing out with indescribable force and distinctness, there is a low island of white sand, crowned with masses of dark cedars, and between us and it the waters spread along in wide sheets of yellow and purple. For an instant it is there, a perfect picture, and then the rain and mists swallow it all up. Soon we approached a portion of the sound which for hundreds of acres was covered with dark objects.

“What is that, captain?” asked a group of observers.

“Ducks,” was the sententious answer.

“Ducks!” exclaimed an incredulous old gentleman.

“Ducks?” inquired an intelligent traveler, who came to see, and believe in all he saw.

“Ducks!” exclaimed a would-be sportsman, who rushed madly for his gun.

“Ducks! ducks! ducks!” was now shouted on all sides, with all sorts of exclamations; for as we neared this black sea the ducks rose into the air by thousands upon thousands; and, united in masses like dark clouds, they floated away toward the ocean.

When night came on we had entered Mud River. Next morning we came to Brunswick, which has a good harbor, and is the terminus of a railroad, whose business it is to bring timber to be shipped. During the same day we touched at St. Mary's, which is one of the most ancient of places on this continent, and before the war quite a village; but one day, in retaliation, it is said, our gun-boats went in and tore the houses all to pieces; and there the ruins stand as they were left eight years ago. This terrible affair is one of the unwritten chapters of the war which I would like to see recorded. Near nightfall we came to Fernandina, where, because of a storm outside, we remained all night and next day, giving us an opportunity to go over to the great beach, where we saw miles of splendid waves come tearing and roaring over the white sand with a force and majesty such as only Andreas Achenbach imitates upon canvas. From Fernandina to Jacksonville the passage is an outside journey of several hours; and as the worthy, broadly built captain of our boat, who, by-the-way, is Nick King himself, feared to take us out into the storm which was still prevailing, a party of the passengers—some thirty in all—chartered a train on the Cedar Keys Railroad, and about nine o'clock of that night we found ourselves in the town of Baldwin, where there is a crossing by the Savannah and Jacksonville Railroad. Here we took such misery as we could not avoid in one of those log shanties, which seem to have had chills and fever since their birth, which form the burg. What this place is in the summer season the demon who presides over all poisonous fevers only knows. In the morning we came forth as out from damp and mildewed tombs, and took our rapid way by rail to Jacksonville, where we ar-

rived in time to take the steamer *Florence* up the St. Johns River.

Just at this point in the narration of our personal experiences we will halt for a space, and try to tell the inexperienced traveler what at the time and place we would have been glad to know, and could not well ascertain. And that was, where we wanted to go. To be sure, St. Augustine was our objective point, and so was the sail up the St. Johns River. But the best place to fix upon as a *point d'appui*, from which to march out and make excursions, and to which we could return for rest and comfort—that we did not know.

It is barely possible that some of my readers are of those who will be content if they can only find some sheltered nook where, out of doors, they can breathe the soft, healing air, and gain such strength as the rough winter winds of the North will not permit. To any of these my advice would be to make their headquarters at either Green Cove Springs, Magnolia, or Pilatka on the St. Johns River. For invalids, either of these places is preferable to the sea-board, for reasons which will be noted hereafter, and from them excursions can be made to any quarter. Of these three places Pilatka has more advantages than any other; for to its spacious wharves come the steamers from New York and Savannah; and the St. Johns Hotel at this place is blessed with a steward who places before you that choicest and rarest of blessings in Florida, wholesome and well-cooked food. From Pilatka also can be made those charming excursions up the Black River, and the Ocklawaha, and other small streams, which will admit the passage only of diminutive examples of steamboat architecture.

If, unlike our party, you do not desert the *Nick King*, and brave the danger of sea-sickness or of shipwreck by dancing about on the sand-bar which impedes navigation at the mouth of St. Johns River, you can be landed at either of these places; but wherever you go, we would strongly urge you to engage your rooms in advance.

From Jacksonville, which is a large and growing city, and where there are fair hotels, you can go by any of several steamboat lines to



GREEN COVE SPRINGS.

any of the places on the St. Johns River, and a steamboat makes two trips a week to St. Augustine, going by an outside passage. The other route to St. Augustine is by river steamboat and stage lines; and this we had chosen, and soon found ourselves comfortably fixed on board the new and excellent steamer *Florence*, whose business it is to take people to and from Pilatka, making stoppages by the way. We were put off at a place called Picolata, where a stage line is supposed to convey you across country to St. Augustine. A more disgraceful, disheartening abomination than Picolata and its stage line I never met with in all my travels. Ever so many years ago, when Buckingham Smith was Secretary of Legation at Madrid, he had occasion to send home to St. Augustine his wife.

"Good-by, and God bless you," he said. "You are comfortably provided for your voyage. You are all safe until you reach Picolata, and then Heaven alone can help you."

What Picolata was ten, twenty years ago, it is to-day. A shaky, rotten wooden pier, at which steamers discharge their burdens; a one-story shanty, and a ten-feet-square grog-shop on the shore—that is the forbidding exterior appearance. The outside of these buildings is all you will see; and if you arrive, as we did, at a season when a fierce, freezing cold wind is blowing from the north, and your invalid ladies are obliged to stand out shelterless in this killing cold air for hours, you will all lose your health, if you do not your patience. Personal-



PICOLATA.

ly, the writer was damaged in both the first and the last; and in as calm tones, and with such persuasive manners as could be mustered, he addressed a diminutive specimen of humanity, who looked as if he might have been the offspring of intermarriage for a hundred generations of Lilliputs, and who was playing "seven up" with a choice party like unto himself, in the grog-shop:

"Why are you keeping us here? Why not send us over to St. Augustine? I understand you have no special hour for starting. Our party make up a load. Please hitch up and send us over."

The man did not like the interruption to his game; but finally answered:

"Now yer wouldn't have me drive them horses right back. They come over here, eighteen miles from Augustine, this morning."

This was an appeal to our respect for snffering horse-flesh which was not to be resisted, whatever may have been our opinions of a stage line which drove a team of horses eighteen miles without change, and then proposed the same day to take them back over the same road.

"But what are our ladies to do meanwhile? They are invalids, and this exposure may be fatal to them. Why can't we get into that house?"

"Because the folks are away," growled the keeper of the grog-shop.

"All the more reason why we should get into it. Who is the owner?"

"I am."

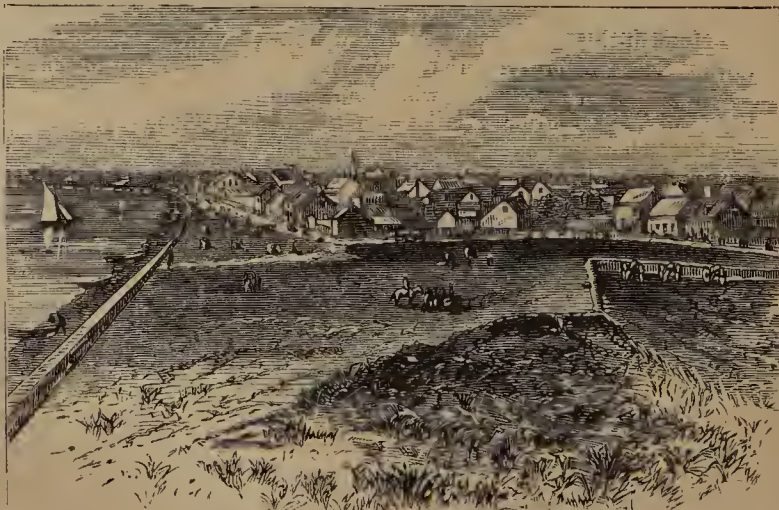
"Won't you let these ladies in?"

"No."

While we were quite ready to have committed some horrible injury upon this man, yet there was nothing for it but to bide our time. And after investing several dollars in soda biscuit, sardines, etc., the surly wretch relented, and our people were able to get into the meanly kept room, where a fire soon restored them to warmth. After waiting some five

hours, about three in the afternoon we started off, leaving all our luggage at Picolata; but bringing in place of one of the trunks an English baronet, who hung on to the rack behind as best he could, preferring that discomfort to the horrible possibilities of being left. The ride over through the monotonous pine barrens was dismal enough. Half of the road was under water, and the poor tired horses could hardly proceed beyond a walk. Added to this, the wind blew cold and dreary, chilling us to the bone. About nine at night we drove into the city of St. Augustine, and at the hotel of that name found welcome and comfortable quarters.

I can remember only one feeling comparable to that which impressed me all the while we were at St. Augustine, and that was when my first introduction was made into the Old World at that noble old city of Rouen in France. The same romantic interest which thrilled me then continued at St. Augustine, with an added peculiar charm. For many weeks we had been journeying through a section of our country



ST. AUGUSTINE.

where every thing was new and crude, and unexpectedly we were ushered into the associations, the architecture, the ruins, of three hundred years ago.

The architecture of this city is altogether unlike that of any upon this continent. The streets are very narrow, while the houses have wide balconies in the second story, which come very near to each other. The material used in their construction is very beautiful, and is called the "coquina" stone. It is formed of a concrete which has a pleasant yellow-gray tone when seen at a distance, and, when examined in detail, presents an exquisite collection of various and delicately formed

shells. Although most of the habitable buildings built in the way described are of modern construction, yet, except in their pitched roofs, they probably resemble those built hundreds of years ago, and whose ruins are met with at every turn. Here you see the stained walls of a blacksmith shop, constructed by the hands of the soldiers of the Spanish governor and cut-throat, Menendez d'Avileis, in 1570. Out from graceful groves of orange-trees will rise jagged walls whose ruins came by the hand of Governor Oglethorpe, of Georgia, in 1732. Side by side with trim villas, the residences of those seeking health from the North, stand the crumbling chimneys of houses destroyed by one or another of the many conquerors who these centuries past have made this oldest of cities on this continent north of the Gulf of Mexico their battle-ground. But perhaps the most picturesque of all its ruins are the gates which stand at the northern end of the city. The pillars of the gates are Moorish in their form of construction, and are square, surmounted by a carved pomegranate. Attached to the pillars on either side are portions of the old wall which formerly surrounded the town to the east and south, while they connected with the Fort San Marco, which stands by the river a few hundred yards to the west. Proceeding from the gates outward are the remains of the causeway, crossing a deep ditch which followed the line of wall.

This noble example of military architecture was a delightful surprise to me; for in all my journeyings in the Old World I had never seen



OLD CITY GATEWAY, ST. AUGUSTINE.

such a complete instance of the high state of the art of defense of two centuries ago. This fort was begun by Menendez himself, and in one and another form had resisted attacks, sometimes successfully. But in the time of Queen Elizabeth that brave old sailor, Admiral Drake, returning from one of his expeditions to South America, saw a look-out on the island of Anastasia, which is just opposite to the fort. So Drake landed, and the Spaniards deserted the place, which he occupied. He captured £2000 of money, which was in an old chest, and several brass cannon. Then he hoisted sail and steered away to report his adventures to the maiden queen. But our fort was called at that time San Juan de Pinas.

After that affair Captain Davis, one of those gentle buccaneers who made it his business to rob and murder the people of the South American settlements, came up the coast in search of a Spanish plate fleet, and, missing his prize, in a fit of spleen went into the harbor, attacked and sacked the town. The fort at this time was an octagon, with round towers, and incapable of resisting the fierce assaults of the British pirate. This was in the year 1665. During the next one hundred years, more or less, the Spaniards were hard at work reconstructing this fort upon its present plan, which I believe is called that of Vauban No. 2. I said the Spaniards were hard at work. This is a mistake—the tribes of Indians which had been conquered did the hard work, the Spaniards superintending. The Appalachians, especially, were



OLD SPANISH FORT, ST. AUGUSTINE.

employed for more than sixty years, while convicts from Mexico were sent to assist. Between one and all the fort was finally completed, and a tablet erected over the spacious portals of the main entrance, which stands for the inspection of the curious to-day, and whereon is an inscription which, being translated, declares that:

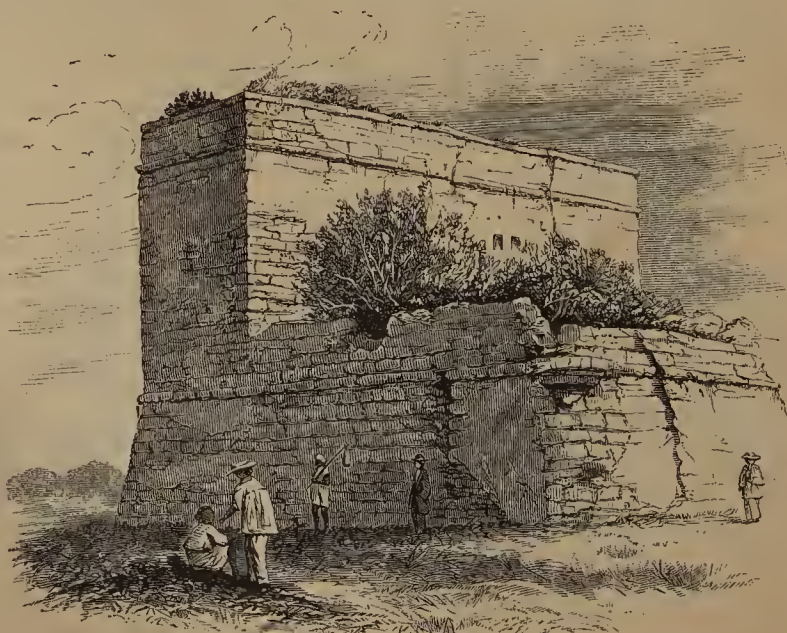
"Don Ferdinand the Sixth being King of Spain, and the Field-Marshal Don Alonzo Fernando Heredia being Governor and Captain-General of this Place, St. Augustine of Florida and its Province. This Fort was finished in the year 1756. The Works were directed by the Captain-Engineer, Don Pedro de Brazon y Garay."

As it stands, although often besieged, it has never been taken. It is what is known as a bastioned fort. Over each of the four bastions stand towers which served as outlooks. The main work is surrounded by a wide ditch; and beyond were exterior fortifications, most important of which is a demi-lune that covers the entrance to the fort. The interior of this splendid relic of Spanish domination in this country is full of interest. Out of a large "enceinte," or open space, a wide stairway, whose steps have been worn by many thousand feet, leads upon the broad

rampart. It is not difficult to go back a century ago, and to imagine these iron platforms mounted with the ponderous, clumsy, bronze and brass cannon which now lie piled up in the court-yard below. We can see the royal banner floating from the walls, guarded by Spanish sentinels, in their unique costume, while all around are heard the bustle and confusion of conflict. To-day light twelve-pounders repose in the bastions; while good, trust-worthy Sergeant M'Guire is the sole representative of the power and dignity of the Re-

public of the United States of America.

Of course, attached to the old fort are many stories of thrilling interest; but one which has hair-raising power to every comer is that of the "Dungeon." Not in Chillon nor at Neuschloss, not upon the Rhine nor in all Europe, is there a more genuine dungeon than boasts San Marco. Only a few years ago the parapet above sunk in, revealing a cavity; and, upon inspection, beyond that another was discovered, hermetically walled in, and wherein, when opened, were found the skeletons of two persons. So much is known without question—all beyond is mystery; but the curious traveler, if he stoop low enough, may enter this coffin of stone.



SPANISH FORT AT MATANZAS INLET.

Day after day we went to old Fort San Marco, and found ample material for the exercise of the pencil and imagination; and most heartily do we commend it to the attention of the visitor at St. Augustine. Although it is of little service as a fortification to the United States government, yet it is too rich and rare an example of the art of war, and too valuable in its historical association, to be allowed to fall to utter ruin. Colonel Ludlow, of the Engineer Corps, stationed at Charleston, informed me that a small sum had been appropriated for its

repair. I am sure that this officer is a gentleman of taste and judgment, who will make the restoration completely in the fact and spirit of the ancient work. Further than this, I have the personal assurance of General Sherman that the old fort shall not be neglected.

There is another Spanish fortification, of an entirely different form of construction, situated at Matanzas Inlet, some twenty miles south of St. Augustine. It is as curious as San Marco; but little is known of its history, except that its erection was probably contemporary with that of San Marco.

We were at St. Augustine for several weeks, and had an excellent opportunity to judge of the influences of the climate. On several occasions the air was freezing cold, and then we suffered more discomfort than during the severest season in the North, for the reason that neither were the houses constructed with regard to the cold nor were we expecting it. But for the most of the time the air was mild and gentle, so that an invalid would be able to pass the hours of the day out of doors, which, I take it, is the reason Florida has become the winter home of so many thousands of persons having pulmonary complaints. Whether or not St. Augustine is the best locality for such invalids is a serious question, which must be left to the decision of the physicians who have been there; but I have known of several persons within my own limited experience who found the frequent changes which take place from the warm air of the land to the cool, salt air of the sea to have injurious results, which ceased upon going over to the St. Johns River.

Personally, I found the heat to be inconvenient for the most of the time, and arrayed myself in summer clothing. But in pursuing



STREET SCENE, ST. AUGUSTINE.

the occupation of sketching from nature, I was in the habit of sitting out in the open air with a white sketching umbrella over me; and at such times I have suffered more from the heat than at noonday in August in a Connecticut meadow. This feeling of exhaustion may be attributed to a lack of vitality in the atmosphere which we find in the southern latitudes. Singular as it may seem, there is not much opportunity to go out of doors in St. Augustine unless as pedestrians. For, although all last winter there must have been a thousand or more strangers, and these coming and going all the while, yet such a thing as a livery-stable does not exist. Two or three vehicles there are, which are hired by the month; but neither buggy, carriage, hack, nor even a common road wagon is to be had. It seems utterly incomprehensible that the hotel-keepers, whose interest it is to have such conveniences within reach, should not attend to these matters. This poverty in the way of conveyances is most felt when you desire to get away from the place. You can not go when you wish to, but when you can—watching the chances in advance to secure your place. When our party came away there were three ladies, with their servant, who wished to accompany us up the St. Johns River; but our people filled the stage, top and bottom, and not in all St. Augustine, for money or other consideration, could there be found a conveyance. A few riding horses there are—safe, comfortable little ponies—who will take you about on the road by the river, or across the plain of palmettoes to the “Magnolia Grove”—a picturesque place called by that name because in this tangled bit of woodland there is only one magnolia-tree. While upon this subject of the discomforts of this place that portion of my conscience lying in the region

of the stomach will not permit me to be silent. The food furnished you at the public hotels is simply dreadful. Fresh, nutritious meats there were not. Even chickens would not come at our call; or if they did, it was evident they had made a long journey. We were in the land of wild game, but it rarely ever came to the refreshment of our fainting bodies. This was the soil and the atmosphere from whence proceed early vegetables; but no friendly hand ever strove to induce their appearance above-ground, so far as we knew. In place of wholesome, well-cooked food, we were served with canned meats, canned vegetables; and, as if in compensation, all sorts of fancy tarts, and "meringues à la humbug," and other indigestible jimcrackeries under foreign names, were served up *ad nauseam*.

If excuses could justify this ill-treatment, surely we had enough of them; but under no circumstance is there justification for this disobedience of the Divine command to "feed the hungry," more particularly when the consideration of four dollars a day is exacted.

St. Augustine is not singular in this matter of poor food and bad cooking. It is common to almost all the hotels in the country, especially where they are kept upon the American plan, which abominable system is being fast driven out by the more sensible European method of paying only for what you get, and having that especially cooked for you.

Among the objects of interest in St. Augustine is the sea wall which protects the town from the encroachments of the water, which extends from the water battery at the fort, some three-quarters of a mile, to the arsenal—a handsome building, which is only occasionally used by the government. Every body visits the orange groves of Mr. Buckingham Smith and Dr. Anderson. Orange-trees are not very plentiful in the city or neighborhood, although the perfume of the blossom often enough greets you as you walk through the streets. Indeed, this odor is sometimes so intense as to become unpleasant. The fruit of the orange is quite as costly as in the North. "Uncle Jack," a very small, very ancient, and very peculiar negro at Mr. Smith's, will pull them from the tree at fifty cents per dozen. The most palatable orange we saw came from Indian River, some seventy miles south of St. Augustine, and these found ready purchasers at one dollar per dozen. I was told by the owners of the large orangeries on the St. Johns River that they had sold their crops at about two dollars per hundred. The orange crop of Florida is not so profitable as has been supposed. In 1842 there came an insect known as the "orange locust," nearly destroying all the trees in the country; but that difficulty is fast disappearing. Now and then, however, there comes from the north a yet more terrible invader, in the person of the Ice Fiend, who freezes the life out of the trees, destroying millions of property in a single night.



THE CATHEDRAL.

Although the ruins of former greatness are to be seen at every hand, yet by one and another means the most venerable are passing out of sight. The palace of the British attorney-general, which, it is said, was grand in its proportions, has been torn down so that its material could be used in the construction of other houses. And I was told that one Logan, who was an army quarter-master stationed here, tore down an old powder-house, one of the rarest of the ancient remains of the Menendez régime. Mr. Logan used the stones of this unique ruin for his personal benefit. What shall be said of a person who had so little regard for these priceless relics of the past? There still remains the "Residence of the Spanish Governors," fronting the public square, and now used by the United States authorities. These buildings are highly picturesque, as is the striking façade of an old Spanish treasury building on St. George Street. But the cathedral, of simple Moorish architecture, and which also fronts the square, will attract marked attention. One of the priests who minister there is Father Rousse. A gentle, kind-hearted, humane Frenchman he is, who does his best to take care of the bodies and souls of several hundred negroes and white people, the most of whom are of the poorer class. During our frequent peregrinations we had reason to know of this, and also formed a friendly acquaintance with the good father.

When we came one day to bid him good-by, he said: "Ah, you will become a good Catholic sometime, will you not, *mon ami*?"

"I hope it is not necessary," we replied. "Be sure we shall meet each other in the better world."

"*Jc l'espère*," he answered, sadly, making the sign of the cross.

Certainly the lower, and especially the negro

class here, and, in truth, in all other places we visited in the South, needs the care of some spiritual and religious instructor. Before the war it was for the interest of the master that the slave should be under the control of a religious sentiment. It was one means of subjection, of obtaining obedience; but emancipation loosened that cord, so that the negro in his ignorance is falling from grace, and the elective franchise, with all the carpet-baggers in creation, won't save him. At one of the Protestant churches here, and subsequently at Jacksonville, we saw shocking mummeries, which belonged to the fetich worship of savage Central Africa, and not of Christian America. The necessity of taking care of themselves will be a great assistance to these poor people, but it will require many years to bring about that condition when they can provide for their own needs. Meanwhile the present generation will disappear, and a better intelligence will come with those that follow. But it is my conviction that the present political system will not achieve the desired end. The larger number of the negroes are in darkest ignorance, and in the matter of voting are used by designing men to accomplish their bad selfish ends. It is sad, indeed, to see how these people have in one way and another been made the tools of the white man; but in all their misery they continue to exhibit in a marked way their keen sense of the ridiculous. In illustration of this fact a comical incident occurred to me in one of my sketching expeditions.

One sees a deal of humanity when out of doors making sketches from nature. The people of all ages, colors, and both sexes gather around you, and sometimes in most unpleasant nearness of proximity; you are obliged to listen to lively criticisms of people and things in general; and not unfrequently you, and what you are doing, are made the subject of sharp if not wholesome remark.

One morning I planted myself, with white umbrella, camp-stool, and paint-box, in one of the principal thoroughfares of the city. It would have been called a narrow lane any where else. In front of me was a most romantic picturesque view, such as could be found nowhere but in this charming old Spanish city. There was a bit of ruined broken wall of what had once been the palace of somebody two hundred years ago. It was built of coquina stone, gray and brown, a patch of old brick, with stained plaster in places, making up a rich mass of shadow, with brilliant dashes of light on the top giving emphasis to the whole. Beyond this precious old wall there was an ancient stone house of one story, with a pitched roof. A window opening in the gable showed dark in the midst of the iron-gray of the wall. Further on—this was at my right—there were the high palings of a fence, then another gray gable end of a house, and against the sky beyond that, the roof of a building glittering in the sunlight. On the left and opposite side of

the street there was a wee bit of an open place called a square, alongside of which ran a wreck of what may have been a respectable dwelling-house a century or two ago. It had yellow, black, and blue walls, and a shattered shingle roof, violet and brown in color. The end to the street was patched with stone and plaster, and had doors and windows, which were hardly visible in the short perspective, but what little there was shone bright in the direct rays of the sun. On the other side of this was a fence, and then a wooden cabin, and then the branches of a tree dancing green in the light; finally another house, with a high pitched roof and a balcony, which almost touched another balcony on the opposite side of the way, both of which ended the line of the street; far beyond that there was a strip of green grass and gray sand; then, following the sea wall, the blue waters of the river in the dim distance, the purple and yellow of Anastasia Island, and above that a sunny sky, such as is found only in these Southern latitudes and by the sea.

This was the picture I was trying to sketch—with indifferent success, I was informed by one of my bare-legged critics.

"He can't draw, Jake," he said to his companion. "This feller can't draw as dat odder man who's takin' the church down. Dat ar's Aunt Pbœbe's; isn't down right. He can't draw."

I made no reply to this and similar remarks shouted in my ear, but I had a pretty positive opinion that my spectators were a "poor set;" and this opinion was confirmed when at noon I came to gather up my apparatus, and did not find the leather strap with which I bound in one parcel camp-stool, staff, and umbrella. All about I searched for the missing article, in the fence corner, and on the road; but it had disappeared with my juvenile critics. While yet I was looking I became all at once aware of the presence of one of the most extraordinary of all these astonishing black people. She—for I still believe it was a female—was costumed in a blue infantry jacket, which was buttoned tight over her bosom; below this a pair of bare feet and legs straddled from underneath a dress of many materials, but of a nondescript and indescribable color. I speak as an artist. I should say it had so many shades that the *ensemble* was neutral. On the kinkiest sort of a bead, whose perpendicular front side showed all eyes and teeth, was perched the funniest scrap of a dirty frayed straw hat. It had been stuck there for the purpose of covering, whatever other office it served. This person, with both arms akimbo, yelled at me:

"Wha' yer lookin' fer?"

"A strap—a leather strap."

In a second she exploded: "Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah!"

I gazed at the creature in silent astonishment. What cause of merriment was there in the search for a lost strap? But she was not at all depressed by my look, but burst forth



"LOS' HIS STRAP."

with another scream, at the same time bending forward and clapping her hands upon her knees.

"Yu-yu-u-u! Yee-ee-ee! Yah, yah, yah! He's los' his strap! Yah, yah, yah!"

At this point I could resist no longer, and began to laugh most heartily. Up to this time the surrounding crowd had kept a quivering sort of silence in their polite hospitality, not knowing but that I might be offended. The moment, however, I began to laugh, there was a succession of reports such as one hears on a Fourth of July morning from a bunch of double-headed fire-crackers. At first one, and then another, went off, until it got to be an insane mania. Young and old, male and female, gave free vent to their exuberance of feeling. They screamed, roared, and yelled in every key of the chromatic scale. In their extravagance they clutched at each other, shouldered the old wall, hung upon the fence, and rolled in the sand.

Such an extraordinary sight and sound I never saw nor heard; and very soon I beat a safe retreat toward my hotel, followed at a respectful distance by the woman with the infantry jacket, who would erupt at intervals with her thundering laugh. And after that day, whenever I met her on the street, she would scream forth, "Los' his strap!" with a prolonged chorus of "Yah, yahs!"

I have already said that one of the objective points of our expedition was the St. Johns River. If this trip had not formed a part of our original intention we most surely would have adopted it subsequently, for every pil-

grim who came within our acquaintance would at once shoot off the question:

"Have you been up the St. Johns? No? Then you must not miss it. Splendid scenery. Alligators. Lots of fun."

So one day, when one of our folk who had been laid up with a bad cold was sufficiently recovered, we got into the stage, where our places for a week had been engaged, and started back toward Picolata. The prudent reader will wonder that we should go a second time to that wretched place; but there was no alternative short of a voyage by sea to Jacksonville. From this place started the steamer *Starlight*, upon which we supposed we had engaged state-rooms for the round trip up and to Enterprise, the head of the St. Johns River, and back. We expected to take the *Starlight* at Picolata, and if she had failed us, there were other steamers passing, which would have conveyed us somewhere, any where away from Picolata. I ought to have mentioned that our luggage followed us over to St. Augustine some two days after our arrival; so upon our return trip we took good care to start it off several hours in advance in a separate go-cart. We passed that affair half-way on the road over, and some of the passengers avowed that the driver was asleep, and the mule chewing palmetto leaves by the road-side. We ourselves proceeded safely on to Picolata, and, after waiting four hours in the hot sun, found ourselves on board the steamer *Starlight*, and, to our chagrin, learned that our message had not been received, and there were no rooms awaiting us.

This apparent misfortune proved our greatest happiness, for, lying over at Pilatka at the St. Johns Hotel, we obtained delicious food wherewith to assuage the pangs of hunger. Think not, good reader, this is an unnecessary exhibition of feeling over a small matter, for great had been our suffering, and great was our delight. Delicious waffles, noble wild turkey nobly served, tender lamb, adolescent chicken, light, sweet bread, potatoes, green peas, and other delicacies that ravished the heart and made glad the digestive apparatus.

The trip of the *Starlight* to Enterprise, back to Jacksonville, and the return to Pilatka, occupied about three days, and this interval was pleasantly passed, for we saw, for the first time, the distinctive characteristics of physical nature in Florida. Heretofore we had passed through pine barrens and over plains covered with palmetto, but these may be seen in Georgia and the Carolinas; now, however, we were presented to a new, a strange aspect, which filled us with wonder and surprise.

Unlike the mountains and the sea-shore of the North, the scenery of the tropics is greatest in its little things. And so in a row-boat we wandered along the shore, past forests whose sombre depths were veiled to us by vast screens of drooping moss, or, pushing our little craft over and through the wide-spread beds of water-lilies, we entered within the precincts of this solemn Hades.

What weird, wondrous visions then greeted our thrilled senses, as, gliding silently on, the bright heavens were almost shut out from view, and there rose up beside and around us trunks of trees which looked as if they might have been human once, and, like the lost souls of Dante's vision, condemned to this imprisonment!

"We had put ourselves within a wood
That was not marked by any path whatever:
Not foliage green, but of a dusky color;
Not branches smooth, but gnarled and intertangled;
Not apple-trees were there, but thorns with poison;
Such tangled thickets have not, nor so dense,
Those savage wild beasts that in hatred hold
"Twixt Cecina and Corneto the tilled places."

Now stooping as we passed underneath some fallen monarch of the place, we brushed aside the thickly trailing vines, or passed into the embraces of that parasite of death, the pendent moss; and then our keel would disturb the perfect surface of the most marvelous of mirrors, reflecting countless forms of leaf and twig and moss and tree, with here and there bits of blue which told us that there was a heaven above. How intense is the silence of this place, broken only by the splash of a single blue heron, who, wondering at this intrusion, gazes, and then, spreading his great wings, rises slowly and disappears, leaving a deeper silence than before! This is not the forest of Ohio, with its cheerful life and health, its varied growth of beech and birch and oak and buckeye and elm, and a hundred other varieties of tree and bush, with all their beauty, grace, and strength, and glowing youth. All this seems to be in fullness and

reality what the spectacle at the theatre suggests. It is not life: it is the funereal pageant of nature.

It was at Pilatka also we first saw that rare and most beautiful of birds, the swallow-tailed hawk, with his gray back and wings, his snow-white breast and exquisitely graceful flight. The natives will tell you he is the "snake-hawk," because he makes war upon those creatures. They will also tell you that this bird, who rises from the shallow water with wedge-shaped bill and red neck thrust far out from his body, and whose flight is swift and straight, is the water-turkey; but the vulgar are apt to give names without reason. In a day or two, as we ascend the river, you will see this same bird, increased to enormous size, one of that vast flock of black objects which, far in the blue ether above, is circling round and round; and then the ornithologist will tell you he is the "cormorant."

The sky was filled with masses of gray clouds, which roofed in the wall of green through whose narrow avenues we were swiftly gliding. It was the morning after the night we had gone on board of the *Starlight*, and I stepped out of my state-room to gaze upon this most entrancing of all the moods of nature, when the gray clouds seem to sweep the tree-tops, and there is that subdued harmony not to be found in the garish sunlight. As the little steamboat plowed along its narrow channels, the water, rushing in to fill the vacuum she made, would sway the countless lily-pads and bending ferns to and fro, sometimes baptizing them with its generous flood. The forest trees were the same all along the way. Cypress, maple, pine, and live-oak, while the palmetto would sometimes choke out the other growths and send forth for acres around its umbrella-shaped tops. The vines grew every where, and along the bank would trail in masses, sweeping the dark waters with their leafy fringe. Very often the dead, gaunt form of some towering pine would rise above its fellows; and here that noblest of birds, the osprey, would leave his nest, secure from harm, and then, sitting upon some outstretched limb, would dash from his height into the waters and bear his prey aloft to his waiting offspring.

Now and then the steamboat would shoot out into a more open space, and where there did not appear to be any outlet, where the bow of the boat seemed about to be crushed against the land; but it parted before us, and what appeared to have been the solid earth was but a floating island, which went dancing and torn in the wake behind us, its long roots thrown up to the troubled surface of the water. At every turn in the river—and it had an endless twist and turn—the tall forms of the blue and white heron would rise from the shallow waters and fly before us. Thousands of ducks were feeding among the water-plants; and not seldom it was a comical sight when, coming suddenly upon them, they would attempt to rise, but, too

fat to achieve speedy flight, would tremble and flutter and finally scamper away into the tall weeds. Later in the day the sun came out, and then the torpid bodies of huge alligators would be seen lying on the banks.

"That ar's a 'gator slide," said a tall, sun-burnt native to me, at the same time pointing to a smooth spot on the river's bank. So I watched for such places, and soon saw all I desired in the way of "'gators."

On the bow of the boat, and in fact all over the boat, wicked people had stationed themselves with all sorts of fire-arms, firing at every helpless creature they could see. One of these more especially bore the marks of imbecility in face and form. He sat in the extreme bow of the boat, and blazed away at every thing at one time, very nearly shooting some ladies who were stationed near the pilot-house. On another occasion a magnificent female osprey rose from the water near us, and with strong pinions bore a struggling fish to its nest, upon which it settled. Our noble Nimrod at once leveled his gun at her.

"Stop!" cried an alarmed and indignant gentleman. "Surely, you're not going to shoot the mother feeding its young?"

"Well, I guess I'll scare her, any way," was the brute's answer, as he sent a bullet, fortunately not wounding the bird. Shortly after, this same wretch was about to fire at a heron which had evidently been winged by some other coward; for it could only run away, and in the direction of some cattle feeding in the marsh near by. Again this fellow drew bead.

"Take care!" cried one of his companions; "you will kill the cattle."

"They are not mine," was the answer; and this time his bullet hit the mark, and the poor bird was left fluttering and struggling in death. And so, all the way up and down the river, these men sat there and fired at the beautiful birds, which by thousands inhabit the river-bank and the swamps; now and then getting a shot at an alligator; but in no single instance did they hope to fulfill that first requirement of a sportsman—never to shoot at game which you can not bring away. The cowardly fellows shot all day long, without the least prospect of getting a feather. If the officers of the boat can not stop this mean business, the game laws of the State ought to be put in force to the condign punishment of the offenders.

To me the most charming feature of this trip to Enterprise is the presence of these large birds, which I saw for the first time. Nothing could be more beautiful than these flocks of white swan, curlew, cygnets, and heron, constantly rising before us. Powder and ball will soon drive them away, however.

The boat makes several stoppages by the way, usually where some venturesome settler has a place where the sand rises a few feet, has built a hut, and grafted some of the wild orange-trees, which grow in profusion. If the settler be an enterprising man from the North, he will

plant a patch of pea-nuts or vegetables; or he may go further, and put in a few acres of the long-staple cotton; but, except in the products of oranges and pea-nuts, he will obtain very little for his pains. So far as my observation goes, there is very little soil in this region fit for agriculture. Unlike other States of the South, which have received from the great rivers of the North rich alluvial deposits, this is made up chiefly of sand not prolific of vegetable life.

At one time, where there was no evidence that man had ever placed his foot, the boat ran alongside a bank and left a plow-share and a keg of nails—two very significant signs of civilization. At another place we found the oddest sort of an apology for a steamboat, which lay at the bank awaiting our coming, so that it might continue its voyage up some of the smaller tributary streams. The owner of this craft, it appears, had put up in some portion of this benighted region a steam saw-mill; but finding none who wished for lumber, he changed his business and set up his engine in a small flat-boat. A belt, pieced of leather and canvas, ran from the engine to a drum attached to the paddle-wheel, which was about eighteen inches wide, and at the stern. The efforts of this engine, which was laboring under a severe attack of influenza, to turn the wheel were laborious in the extreme. There was not much room to speak of in this little box; and so, to make a place for two ladies and a gentleman who were transferred from our boat, the dog-kennel and chicken-coop were placed over the wheel, much to the horror of the animals, who howled and cackled in unison with the wheeze of the ancient saw-mill engine.

As you approach Enterprise the river widens out into a large lake, which is bordered by swamps filled with the ugly palmetto. Enterprise receives its name from the fact of an utter lack of that quality, which, in places of public resort, brings comfort to the traveler. There is one large hotel, which is open to the same objections noted of hotels at St. Augustine. Enterprise is otherwise celebrated for a very large sulphur spring, out of which the milky-looking water pours in a six-inch stream, and as being one of the means by which whoever wishes can cross the country to Smyrna, on Indian River. At Enterprise I met an interesting character in the person of an old negro, who was the owner of sixty acres of sand and palmetto near the sea-coast. Asking this man a leading question as to his health, he volunteered a good deal of valuable information. He said:

"De fac' is, I was in de Souf durin' de con-tineration of de wa'. Bnt I thort dat I would seek my fortins in a new country, and so cum down here wid' some odder cul'd people, an' bot sixty acres lan' fur two dollars an' a half, which I paid at de office. Dat Freedman's Buvo played de debil wid a lot of our people dat a rascal of an agent brot down dar ter Indjun Ribber an' lef ter starve. It wus a heap better ter lef um

be whar dey wus. I could git along, cos I'se eddicated by Colonel Orr, an' could git along any whar; but de plantation niggers don't know nuffin."

"Have you ever voted?"

"Oh yaas, I've voted twice; once for de *President*, and todder time fur Colonel Hamilton, member fur dis deestrect."

"Hamilton! Why, he lives at Pilatka, and was a rebel. How is that?"

"Yaas, he wus a rebel, but dare cum down hyar a free nigger, a carpet-bagger, from Ohio, or sum odder place Norf, an' put himself up. But wha' did he know 'bout de interests of de people of dis deestrect? Nuffin. Ef he'd bin a freedman belongin' ter der Souf I might a voted fur him; but"—and here the old man spoke with great energy—"we've had nuff of dem carpet-baggers. Dey are lookin' out fur demself. Dey don't care fur de cul'd people. Colonel Hamilton has bin in Congress afore, an' knows what we wants. Dat's why I voted fur him."

It seemed to me that the old man had the true philosophy of the matter.

Our journey down the river was not marked

with any new subject of interest. We reached Jacksonville in due time, took the more than excellent sleeping-car to Savannah, and so on north to Washington in safety, notwithstanding the danger from the shocking condition of the railroads.

I can not depart from Florida, however, without a word with regard to that for which she is most famous, her wealth of flowers and foliage. Perhaps if we had remained until April we should have been treated to a more brilliant spectacle in the way of flowers; but, in all the redundancy of the growths peculiar to her soil or swamps, we saw nothing comparable for one moment to the magnificent, glorious transformation of the spring in our Middle and Northern States. There is but one season in Florida. We have four, with their infinite moods and changes of majesty and beauty. And of all these, most wonderful is the spring, with its tender green, its leaves, its buds and blossoms, its songs of many birds, its skies of clouds and sunshine; and, more than all, that sense, which never came to us in the land of the Everglades, of elasticity, gladness, hope, that aspiration of the soul for THE NEW BIRTH.

HOW SHARP SNAFFLES GOT HIS CAPITAL AND WIFE.

By WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

I.

THE day's work was done, and a good day's work it was. We had bagged a couple of fine bucks and a fat doe; and now we lay camped at the foot of the "Balsam Range" of mountains in North Carolina, preparing for our supper. We were a right merry group of seven; four professional hunters, and three amateurs—myself among the latter. There was Jim Fisher, Aleck Wood, Sam or Sharp Snaffles, *alias* "Yaou," and Nathan Langford, *alias* the "Pious."

These were our *professional* hunters. Our *amateurs* may well continue nameless, as their achievements do not call for any present record. Enough that we had gotten up the "camp hunt," and provided all the creature comforts except the fresh meat. For this we were to look to the mountain ranges and the skill of our hunters.

These were all famous fellows with the rifle—moving at a trot along the hill-sides, and with noses quite as keen of scent as those of their hounds in rousing deer and bear from their deep recesses among the mountain laurels.

A week had passed with us among these mountain ranges, some sixty miles beyond what the conceited world calls "civilization."

Saturday night had come; and, this Saturday night closing a week of exciting labors, we were to carouse.

We were prepared for it. There stood our tent pitched at the foot of the mountains, with a beautiful cascade leaping headlong toward

us, and subsiding into a mountain runnel, and finally into a little lakelet, the waters of which, edged with perpetual foam, were as clear as crystal.

Our baggage wagon, which had been sent round to meet us by trail routes through the gorges, stood near the tent, which was of stout army canvas.

That baggage wagon held a variety of luxuries. There was a barrel of the best bolted wheat flour. There were a dozen choice hams, a sack of coffee, a keg of sugar, a few thousand of cigars, and last, not least, a corpulent barrel of Western usquebaugh,* vulgarly, "whisky;" to say nothing of a pair of demijohns of equal dimensions, one containing peach brandy of mountain manufacture, the other the luscious honey from the mountain hives.

Well, we had reached Saturday night. We had hunted day by day from the preceding Monday with considerable success—bagging some game daily, and camping nightly at the foot of the mountains. The season was a fine one. It was early winter, October, and the long ascent to the top of the mountains was through vast fields of green, the bushes still hanging heavy with their huckleberries.

From the summits we had looked over into Tennessee, Virginia, Georgia, North and South

* "Uisquebaugh," or the "water of life," is Irish. From the word we have dropped the last syllable. Hence we have "uisque," or, as it is commonly written, "whisky"—a very able-bodied man-servant, but terrible as a mistress or housekeeper.

Carolina. In brief, to use the language of Natty Bumppo, we beheld "Creation." We had crossed the "Blue Ridge;" and the descending water-courses, no longer seeking the Atlantic, were now gushing headlong down the western slopes, and hurrying to lose themselves in the Gulf Stream and the Mississippi.

From the eyes of fountains within a few feet of each other we had blended our *eau de vie* with limpid waters which were about to part company forever—the one leaping to the rising, the other to the setting of the sun.

And buoyant, full of fun, with hearts of ease, limbs of health and strength, plenty of venison, and a wagon full of good things, we welcomed the coming of Saturday night as a season not simply of rest, but of a royal carrouse. We were decreed to make a night of it.

But first let us see after our venison.

The deer, once slain, is, as soon after as possible, clapped upon the fire. All the professional hunters are good butchers and admirable cooks—of bear and deer meat at least. I doubt if they could spread a table to satisfy Delmonico; but even Delmonico might take some lessons from them in the preparation for the table of the peculiar game which they pursue, and the meats on which they feed. We, at least, rejoice at the supper prospect before us. Great collops hiss in the frying-pan, and finely cut steaks redden beautifully upon the flaming coals. Other portions of the meat are subdued to the stew, and make a very delightful dish. The head of the deer, including the brains, is put upon a flat rock in place of grid-iron, and thus baked before the fire—being carefully watched and turned until every portion has duly imbibed the necessary heat, and assumed the essential hue which it should take to satisfy the eye of appetite. This portion of the deer is greatly esteemed by the hunters themselves; and the epicure of genuine stomach for the *haut gout* takes to it as an eagle to a fat mutton, and a hawk to a young turkey.

The rest of the deer—such portions of it as are not presently consumed or needed for immediate use—is cured for future sale or consumption; being smoked upon a scaffolding raised about four feet above the ground, under which, for ten or twelve hours, a moderate fire will be kept up.

Meanwhile the hounds are sniffing and snuffing around, or crouched in groups, with noses pointed at the roast and broil and bake; while their great liquid eyes dilate momentarily while watching for the huge gobbets which they expect to be thrown to them from time to time from the hands of the hunters.

Supper over, and it is Saturday night. It is the night dedicated among the professional hunters to what is called "The Lying Camp!"

"The Lying Camp!" quoth Columbus Mills, one of our party, a wealthy mountaineer, of large estates, of whom I have been for some time the guest.



"THE BIG LIE."

"What do you mean by the 'Lying Camp,' Columbus?"

The explanation soon followed.

Saturday night is devoted by the mountaineers engaged in a camp hunt, which sometimes contemplates a course of several weeks, to stories of their adventures—"long yarns"—chiefly relating to the objects of their chase, and the wild experiences of their professional life. The hunter who actually inclines to exaggeration is, at such a period, privileged to deal in all the extravagances of invention; nay, he is *required* to do so! To be literal, or confine himself to the bald and naked truth, is not only discreditable, but a *finable* offense! He is, in such a case, made to swallow a long, strong, and difficult potation! He can not be too extravagant in his incidents; but he is also required to exhibit a certain degree of *art*, in their use; and he thus frequently rises into a certain realm of fiction, the ingenuities of which are made to compensate for the exaggerations, as they do in the "Arabian Nights," and other Oriental romances.

This will suffice for explanation.

Nearly all our professional hunters assembled on the present occasion were tolerable *raconteurs*. They complimented Jim Fisher, by throwing the raw deer-skin over his shoulders; tying the antlers of the buck with a red handkerchief over his forehead; seating him on the biggest boulder which lay at hand; and, sprinkling him with a stoup of whisky, they christened him "The Big Lie," for the occasion. And in this character he complacently presided during the rest of the evening, till the company prepared for sleep, which was not till midnight. He was king of the feast.

It was the duty of the "Big Lie" to regulate proceedings, keep order, appoint the *raconteurs* severally, and admonish them when he found them foregoing their privileges, and narrating bald, naked, and uninteresting truth. They must deal in fiction.

Jim Fisher was seventy years old, and a

veteran hunter, the most famous in all the country. He *looked* authority, and promptly began to assert it, which he did in a single word:

"Yaou!"

II.

"Yaou" was the *nom de nique* of one of the hunters, whose proper name was Sam Snaffles, but who, from his special smartness, had obtained the farther sobriquet of "*Sharp Snaffles*."

Columbus Mills whispered me that he was called "Yaou" from his frequent use of that word, which, in the Choctaw dialect, simply means "Yes." Snaffles had rambled considerably among the Choctaws, and picked up a variety of their words, which he was fond of using in preference to the vulgar English; and his common use of "Yaou," for the affirmative, had prompted the substitution of it for his own name. He answered to the name.

"Ay—yee, Yaou," was the response of Sam. "I was *afeard*, 'Big Lie,' that you'd be hitching me up the very first in your team."

"And what was you *afeard* of? You knows as well how to take up a crooked trail as the very best man among us; so you go ahead and spin your thread a'ter the best fashion."

"What shill it be?" asked Snaffles, as he mixed a calabash full of peach and honey, preparing evidently for a long yarn.

"Give 's the history of how you got your capital, Yaou!" was the cry from two or more.

"O Lawd! I've tell'd that so often, fellows, that I'm *afeard* you'll sleep on it; and then agin, I've tell'd it so often I've clean forgot how it goes. Somehow it changes a leetle every time I tells it."

"Never you mind! The Jedge never haird it, I reckon, for one; and I'm not sure that Columbus Mills ever did."

So the "Big Lie."

The "Jedge" was the *nom de guerre* which the hunters had conferred upon me; looking, no doubt, to my venerable aspect—for I had traveled considerably beyond my teens—and the general dignity of my bearing.

"Yaou," like other bashful beauties in oratory and singing, was disposed to hem and haw, and affect modesty and indifference, when he was brought up suddenly by the stern command of the "Big Lie," who cried out:

"Don't make yourself an eternal fool, Sam Snaffles, by twisting your mouth out of shape, making all sorts of redickilous *ixcuses*. Open upon the trail at onst and give tongue, or, dern your digestion, but I'll fine you to hafe a gallon at a single swallow!"

Nearly equivalent to what Hamlet says to the conceited player:

"Leave off your damnable faces and begin."

Thus adjured with a threat, Sam Snaffles swallowed his peach and honey at a gulp, hemmed thrice lustily, put himself into an attitude, and began as follows. I shall adopt his language as closely as possible; but it is not possible, in any degree, to convey any adequate

idea of his *manner*, which was admirably appropriate to the subject matter. Indeed, the fellow was a born actor.

III.

"You see, Jedge," addressing me especially as the distinguished stranger, "I'm a telling this hyar history of mine jest to please *you*, and I'll try to please you ef I kin. These fellows hyar have hearn it so often that they knows all about it jest as well as I do my own self, and they knows the truth of it all, and would swear to it afore any hunters' court in all the county, ef so be the affidavy was to be taken in camp and on a Saturday night.

"You see then, Jedge, it's about a dozen or fourteen years ago, when I was a young fellow without much beard on my chin, though I was full grown as I am now—strong as a horse, ef not quite so big as a buffalo. I was then jest a-beginning my 'prenticeship to the hunting business, and looking to sich persons as the 'Big Lie' thar to show me how to take the track of b'ar, buck, and paintner.

"But I confess I weren't a-doing much. I hed a great deal to l'arn, and I reckon I miss'd many more bucks than I ever hit—that is, jest up to that time—"

"Look you, Yaou," said "Big Lie," interrupting him, "you're gitting too close upon the eternal stupid truth! All you've been a-saying is jest nothing but the naked truth as I knows it. Jest crook your trail!"

"And how's a man to lie decently unless you lets him hev a bit of truth to go upon? The truth's nothing but a peg in the wall that I hangs the lie upon. A'ter a while I promise that you sha'n't see the peg."

"Worm along, Yaou!"

"Well, Jedge, I warn't a-doing much among the *bucks* yit—jest for the reason that I was quite too eager in the scent a'ter a sartin *doe*! Now, Jedge, you never seed my wife—my Merry Ann, as I calls her; and ef you was to see her *now*—though she's prime grit yit—you would never believe that, of all the womankind in all these mountains, she was the very yaller flower of the forest; with the reddest rose cheeks you ever did see, and sich a mouth, and sich bright curly hair, and so tall, and so slender, and so all over beautiful! O Lawd! when I thinks of it and them times, I don't see how 'twas possible to think of buck-hunting when thar was sich a doc, with sich eyes shining me on!

"Well, Jedge, Merry Ann was the only da'ter of Jeff Hopson and Keziah Hopson, his wife, who was the da'ter of Squire Claypole, whose wife was Margery Clough, that lived down upon Pacolet River—"

"Look you, Yaou, ain't you gitting into them derned facts agin, eh?"

"I reckon I em, 'Big Lie!' Scuse me: I'll kiver the pegs *direct-lie*, one a'ter t'other. Whar was I? Ah! Oh! Well, Jedge, poor hunter and poor man—jest, you see, a squatter on the

side of a leetle bit of a mountain close on to Columbus Mills, at Mount Tryon, I was all the time on a hot trail a'ter Merry Ann Hopson. I went thar to sec her a'most every night; and sometimes I carried a buck for the old people, and sometimes a doe-skin for the gal, and I do think, bad hunter as I then was, I pretty much kept the fambly in deer meat through the whole winter."

"Good for you, Yaou! You're a-coming to it! That's the only fair trail of a lie that you've struck yit!"

So the "Big Lie," from the chair.

"Glad to hyar you say so," was the answer. "I'll git on in time! Well, Jedge, though Jeff Hopson was glad enough to git my meat always, he didn't affection me, as I did his da'ter. He was a sharp, close, money-loving old fellow, who was always considerate of the main chaine; and the old lady, his wife, who hairdly dare say her soul was her own, she jest looked both ways, as I may say, for Sunday, never giving a fair look to me or my chainces, when his eyes were sot on *her*. But 'twa'n't so with my Merry Ann. She hed the eyes for me from the beginning, and soon she hed the feelings; and, you see, Jedge, we sometimes did git a chaine, when old Jeff was gone from home, to come to a sort of onderstanding about our feelings; and the long and the short of it was that Merry Ann confessed to me that she'd like nothing better than to be my wife. She liked no other man but me. Now, Jedge, a'ter that, what was a young fellow to do? That, I say, was the proper kind of encouragement. So I said, 'I'll ax your daddy.' Then she got scary, and said, 'Oh, don't; for somehow, Sam, I'm a-thinking daddy don't like you enough *yit*. Jest hold on a bit, and come often, and bring him venison, and try to make him laugh, which you kin do, you know, and a'ter a time you kin try him.' And so I did—or rether I didn't. I put off the axing. I come constant. I brought venison all the time, and b'ar meat a plenty, a'most three days in every week."

"That's it, Yaou. You're on trail. That's as derved a lie as you've tell'd yit; for all your hunting, in them days, didn't git more meat than you could eat your one self."

"Thank you, 'Big Lie.' I hopes I'll come up in time to the right measure of the camp."

"Well, Jedge, this went on for a long time, a'most the whole winter, and spring, and summer, till the winter begun to come in agin. I carried 'em the venison, and Merry Ann meets me in the woods, and we hes sich a pleasant time when we meets on them little odd chainces that I gits hot as thunder to bring the business to a sweet honey finish."

"But Merry Ann keeps on scary, and she puts me off; ontill, one day, one a'ternoon, about sundown, she meets me in the woods, and she's all in a flusteration. And she ups and tells me how old John Grimstead, the old bachelor (a fellow about forty years old, and the dear gal not yet twenty), how he's a'ter

her, and bekaise he's got a good fairm, and mules and horses, how her daddy's giving him the open mouth encouragement."

"Then I says to Merry Ann:

"'You sees, I kain't put off no longer. I must out with it, and ax your daddy at onst.' And then her scary fit come on again, and she begs me not to—not *jist yit*. But I swears by all the Hokies that I won't put off another day; and so, as I haird the old man was in the house that very hour, I left Merry Ann in the woods, all in a trimbling, and I jist went ahead, de-tarmined to have the figure made straight, whether odd or even."

"And Merry Ann, poor gal, she wrings her hainds, and cries a smart bit, and she wouldn't go to the house, but said she'd wait for me out thar. So I gin her a kiss into her very mouth—and did it over more than onst—and I left her, and pushed headlong for the house."

"I was jubous; I was mighty oncertain, and a leetle bit scary myself; for, you see, old Jeff was a fellow of tough grit, and with big grinders; but I was so oneasy, and so tired out waiting, and so desperate, and so fearsome that old bachelor Grimstead would get the start on me, that nothing could stop me now, and I jist bolted into the house, as free and easy and bold as ef I was the very best customer that the old man wanted to see."

Here Yaou paused to renew his draught of peach and honey.

IV.

"Well, Jedge, as I tell you, I put a bold face on the business, though my hairt was gitting up into my throat, and I was almost a-gasping for my breath, when I was fairly in the big room, and standing up before the old Squaire. He was a-setting in his big squar hide-bottom'd arm-chair, looking like a jedge upon the bench, jist about to send a poor fellow to the gallows. As he seed me come in, looking queer enough, I reckon, his mouth put on a sort of grin, which showed all his grinders, and he looked for all the world as ef he guessed the business I come about. But he said, good-natured enough:

"'Well, Sam Snaffles, how goes it?'

"Says I:

"'Pretty squar, considerin'. The winter's coming on fast, and I reckon the mountains will be full of meat before long.'

"Then says he, with another ugly grin, 'Ef 'twas your smoke-house that had it all, Sam Snaffles, 'stead of the mountains, 'twould be better for you, I reckon.'

"'I 'grees with you,' says I. 'But I rether reckon I'll git my full shar' of it afore the spring of the leaf agin.'

"'Well, Sam,' says he, 'I hopes, for your sake, 'twill be a big shar'. I'm afeard you're not the pusson to go for a big shar', Sam Snaffles. Seems to me you're too easy satisfied with a small shar'; sich as the fence-squarrel carries onder his two airms, calkilating only on a small corn-crib in the chestnut-tree.'

"Don't you be afeard, Squire. I'll come out right. My cabin sha'n't want for nothing that a strong man with a stout hairt kin git, with good working—enough and more for himself, and perhaps another pusson."

"What other pusson?" says he, with another of his great grins, and showing of his grinders.

"Well," says I, 'Squire Hopson, that's jest what I come to talk to you about this blessed Friday night.'

"You see 'twas Friday!"

"Well," says he, 'go ahead, Sam Snaffles, and empty your brain-basket as soon as you kin, and I'll light my pipe while I'm a-hearing you.'

"So he lighted his

pipe, and laid himself back in his chair, shet his eyes, and begin to puff like blazes.

"By this time my blood was beginning to bile in all my veins, for I seed that he was jest in the humor to tread on all my toes, and then ax a'ter my feelings. I said to myself:

"It's jest as well to git the worst at onst, and then thar'll be an eend of the oneasiness.' So I up and told him, in pretty soft, smooth sort of speechifying, as how I was mighty fond of Merry Ann, and she, I was a-thinking, of me; and that I jest come to ax ef I might hev Merry Ann for my wife.

"Then he opened his eyes wide, as ef he never expected to hear sich a proposal from me.

"What!" says he. 'You?'

"Jest so, Squire," says I. 'Ef it pleases you to believe me, and to consider it reasonable, the axing.'

"He sot quiet for a minit or more, then he gits up, knocks all the fire out of his pipe on the chimney, fills it, and lights it agin, and then comes straight up to me, whar I was a-setting on the chair in front of him, and without a word he takes the collar of my coat betwixt the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, and he says:

"Git up, Sam Snaffles. Git up, ef you please."

"Well, I gits up, and he says:

"Hyar! Come! Hyar!"

"And with that he leads me right across the room to a big looking-glass that hung agin the



"BUT YOU DON'T OZBARVE," SAYS HE."

partition wall, and thar he stops before the glass, facing it and holding me by the collar all the time.

"Now that looking-glass, Jedge, was about the biggest I ever did see! It was a'most three feet high, and a'most two feet wide, and it had a bright, broad frame, shiny like gold, with a heap of leetle figgers worked all round it. I reckon thar's no sich glass now in all the mountain country. I 'member when first that glass come home. It was a great thing, and the old Squire was mighty proud of it. He bought it at the sale of some rich man's furniter, down at Greenville, and he was jest as fond of looking into it as a young gal, and whenever he lighted his pipe, he'd walk up and down the room, seeing himself in the glass.

"Well, thar he hed me up, both on us standing in front of this glass, whar we could a'most see the whole of our full figgers, from head to foot.

"And when we hed stood thar for a minit or so, he says, quite solemn like:

"Look in the glass, Sam Snaffles."

"So I looked.

"Well," says I. 'I sees you, Squire Hopson, and myself, Sam Snaffles.'

"Look good," says he, 'obzarve well.'

"Well," says I, 'I'm a-looking with all my eyes. I only sees what I tells you.'

"But you don't obzarve," says he. 'Looking and seeing's one thing,' says he, 'but obzarving's another. Now obzarve.'

"By this time, Jedge, I was getting sort

o' riled, for I could see that somehow he was jest a-trying to make me feel redickilous. So I says :

"Look you, Squaire Hopson, ef you thinks I never seed myself in a glass afore this, you're mighty mistaken. I've got my own glass at home, and though it's but a lectle sort of a small, mcan consarn, it shows me as much of my own face and figger as I cares to see at any time. I never cares to look in it 'cept when I'm brushing, and combing, and clipping off the stragglin beard when it's too long for my eatin'."

"Very well," says he; "now obzarve! You sees your own figger, and your face, and you air obzarving as well as you know how. Now, Mr. Sam Snaffles—now that you've hed a fair look at yourself—jest now answer me, from your honest conscience, a'ter all you've seed, ef you honestlly thinks you're the sort of pusson to hev *my* da'ter!"

"And with that he gin me a twist, and when I wheeled round he hed wheeled round too, and thar we stood, full facing one another.

"Lawd! how I was riled! But I answered, quick:

"And why not, I'd like to know, Squaire Hopson? I ain't the handsomest man in the world, but I'm not the ugliest; and folks don't generally consider me at all among the uglies. I'm as tall a man as you, and as stout and strong, and as good a man o' my inches as ever stepped in shoe-leather. And it's enough to tell you, Squaire, whatever *you* may think, that Merry Ann believes in me, and she's a way of thinking that I'm jest about the very pusson that ought to hev her."

"Merry Ann's thinking," says he, "don't run all fours with her fayther's thinking. I axed you, Sam Snaffles, to *obzarve* yourself in the glass. I telled you that seein' warn't ed-zactly obzarving. You seed only the inches; you seed that you hed eyes and mouth and nose and the airms and legs of the man. But eyes and mouth and legs and airms don't make a man!"

"Oh, they don't!" says I.

"No, indeed," says he. "I seed that you hed all them; but then I seed thar was one thing that you hedn't got."

"Jimini!" says I, mighty confustered. "What thing's a-wanting to me to make me a man?"

"*Capital!*" says he, and he lifted himself up and looked mighty grand.

"*Capital!*" says I; "and what's that?"

"Thar air many kinds of capital," says he. "Money's capital, for it kin buy every thing. House and lands is capital; cattle and horses and sheep—when thar's enough on 'em—is capital. And as I obzarved you in the glass, Sam Snaffles, I seed that *capital* was the very thing that you wanted to make a man of you! Now I don't mean that any da'ter of mine shall marry a pusson that's not a *perfect* man. I obzarved you long ago, and seed whar you was

wanting. I axed about you. I axed your horse."

"Axed my horse!" says I, pretty nigh dumfounded.

"Yes; I axed your horse, and he said to me: "Look at me! I hain't got an ounce of spar' flesh on my bones. You kin count all my ribs. You kin lay the whole length of your airm betwixt any two on 'em, and it'll lie thar as snug as a black snake betwixt two poles of a log-house." Says he, "Sam's got *no capital!* He ain't got, any time, five bushels of corn in his crib; and he's such a monstrous feeder himself that he'll eat out four bushels, and think it mighty hard upon him to give *me* the other one." Thar, now, was your horse's testimony, Sam, agin you. Then I axed about your cabin, and your way of living. I was curious, and went to see you one day when I knowed you waur at home. You hed but one chair, which you gin me to set on, and you sot on the ecnd of a barrel for yourself. You gin me a rasher of bacon what hedn't a streak of fat in it. You hed a poor quarter of a poor doe hanging from the rafters—a poor beast that somebody hed disabled—"

"I shot it myself," says I.

"Well, it was a-dying when you shot it; and all the hunters say you was a poor shooter at any thing. You cooked our dinner yourself, and the hoe-cake was all dough, not hafe done, and the meat was all done as tough as ef you had dried it for a month of Sundays in a Flurriday sun! Your cabin had but one room, and that you slept in and ate in; and the floor was six inches deep in dirt! Then, when I looked into your garden, I found seven stalks of long collards only, every one seven foot high, with all the leaves stript off it, as ef you wanted 'em for broth; till thar waur only three top leaves left on every stalk. You hedn't a stalk of corn growing, and when I scratched at your turnip-bed I found nothing bigger than a chestnut. Then, Sam, I begun to ask about your fairm, and I found that you was nothing but a squatter on land of Columbus Mills, who let you have an old nigger polc-house, and an acre or two of land. Says I to myself, says I, "This poor fellow's got *no capital*; and he hasn't the head to git *capital*;" and from that moment, Sam Snaffles, the more I obzarved you, the more sartin 'twas that you never could be a man, ef you waur to live a thousand years. You may think, in your vanity, that you air a man; but you ain't, and never will be, onless you kin find a way to git *capital*; and I loves my gal child too much to let her marry any pusson whom I don't altogether consider a man!"

"A'ter that long speechifying, Jedge, you might ha' ground me up in a mill, biled me down in a pot, and scattered me over a manure heap, and I wouldn't ha' been able to say a word!"

"I cotched up my hat, and was a-gwine, when he said to me, with his derved infernal big grin:

“Take another look in the glass, Sam Snaffles, and obzarve well, and you'll see jest whar it is I thinks that you're wanting.”

“I didn't stop for any more. I jest bolted, like a hot shot out of a shovel, and didn't know my own self, or whatever steps I tuk, tell I got into the thick and met Merry Ann coming towards me.

“I must liquor now!”

V.

“Well, Jedge, it was a hard meeting bewixt me and Merry Ann. The poor gal come to me in a sort of run, and hairdly drawing her breath, she eried out:

“Oh, Sam! What does he say?”

“What could I say? How tell her? I jest wrapped her up in my arms, and I cries out, making some violent remarks about the old Squire.

“Then she screamed, and I hed to squeeze her up, more close than ever, and kiss her, I reekon, more than a dozen times, jest to keep her from gwine into historical fits. I telled her all, from beginning to eend.

“I telled her that thar waur some truth in what the old man said: that I hedn't been keerful to do the thing as I ought; that the house *was* mean and dirty; that the horse was mean and poor; that I hed been thinking too much about her own self to think about other things; but that I would do better, would see to things, put things right, git corn in the erib, git ‘eapital,’ ef I could, and make a good, comfortable home for *her*.

“Look at me,” says I, “Merry Ann. Does I look like a man?”

“You're are all the man I wants,” says she.

“That's enough,” says I. “You shall see what I kin do, and what I *will* do! That's ef you air true to me.”

“I'll be true to you, Sam,” says she.

“And you won't think of nobody else?”

“Never,” says she.

“Well, you'll see what I kin do, and what I *will* do. You'll see that I *em* a man; and ef thar's eapital to be got in all the country, by working and hunting, and fighting, ef that's needful, we shill hev it. Only you be true to me, Merry Ann.”

“And she throwed herself upon my buzzom, and eried out:

“I'll be true to you, Sam. I loves nobody in all the world so much as I loves you.”



“LOOK AT ME, MEERY ANN. DOES I LOOK LIKE A MAN?”

“And you won't marry any other man, Merry Ann, no matter what your daddy says?”

“Never,” she says.

“And you won't listen to this old bachelor fellow, Grimstead, that's got the ‘eapital’ already, no matter how they spurs you?”

“Never!” she says.

“Sw'ar it!” says I—“sw'ar it, Merry Ann—that you will be my wife, and never marry Grimstead!”

“I sw'ars it,” she says, kissing me, bekaize we had no book.

“Now,” says I, “Merry Ann, that's not enough. Cuss him for my sake, and to make it sartin. Cuss that fellow Grimstead.”

“Oh, Sam, I kain't cuss,” says she; “that's wicked.”

“Cuss him on my aeconnt,” says I—“to my credit.”

“Oh,” says she, “don't ax me. I kain't do that.”

“Says I, ‘Merry Ann, if you don't cuss that fellow, some way, I do believe you'll go over to him a'ter all. Jest you cuss him, now. Any small euss will do, ef you're in airnest.’

“Well,” says she, “ef that's your idee, then

I says, "*Drot his skin*,"* and drot my skin, too, ef ever I marries any body but Sam Snaffles."

"That 'll do, Merry Ann," says I. "And now I'm easy in my soul and conscience. And now, Merry Ann, I'm gwine off to try my best, and git the "capital." Ef it's the "capital" that's needful to make a man of me, I'll git it, by all the Holy Hokies, if I kin."

"And so, after a million of squeezes and kisses, we parted; and she slipt along through the woods, the back way to the house, and I mounted my horse to go to my cabin. But, afore I mounted the beast, I gin him a dozen kicks in his ribs, jest for bearing his testimony agin me, and telling the old Squire that I hedn't 'capital' enough for a corn crib."

VI.

"I was mightily let down, as you may think, by old Squire Hopson; but I was mightily lifted up by Merry Ann.

"But when I got to my cabin, and seed how mean every thing was there, and thought how true it was, all that old Squire Hopson had said, I felt overkim, and I said to myself, 'It's all true! How kin I bring that beautiful yaller flower of the forest to live in sich a mean cabin, and with sich poor accommydations? She that had every thing comforting and nice about her.'

"Then I considered all about 'capital;' and it growed on me, ontill I begin to see that a man might hev good legs and arms and thighs, and a good face of his own, and yit not be a perfect and proper man a'ter all! I hed lived, you see, Jedge, to be twenty-three years of age, and was living no better than a three-old-year b'ar, in a sort of cave, sleeping on shuck and straw, and never looking after to-morrow.

"I couldn't sleep all that night for the thinking, and obzarvations. That impudent talking of old Hopson put me on a new track. I couldn't give up hunting. I knowed no other business, and I didn't hafe know that.

"I thought to myself, 'I must l'arn my business so as to work like a master.'

"But then, when I considered how hard it was, how slow I was to git the deers and the b'ar, and what a small chaine of money it brought me, I said to myself:

"'Whar's the "capital" to come from?'

"Lawd save us! I ate up the meat pretty much as fast as I got it!

"Well, Jedge, as I said, I had a most miserable night of consideration and obzarvation and concatenation accordingly. I felt all over

mean, 'cept now and then, when I thought of dear Merry Ann, and her felicities and cordialities and fidelities; and then, the cuss which she gin, onder the kiver of 'Drot,' to that dried up old bachelor Grimstead. But I got to sleep at last. And I hed a dream. And I thought I seed the prettiest woman critter in the world, next to Merry Ann, standing close by my bedside; and, at first, I thought 'twas Merry Ann, and I was gwine to kiss her agin; but she drawed back and said:

"'Scuse me! I'm not Merry Ann; but I'm her friend and your friend; so don't you be down in the mouth, but keep a good hairt, and you'll hev help, and git the "capital" whar you don't look for it now. It's only needful that you be detarmined on good works and making a man of yourself.'

"A'ter that dream I slept like a top, woke at day-peep, took my rifle, called up my dog, mounted my horse, and put out for the laurel hollows.

"Well, I hunted all day, made several *starts*, but got nothing; my dog ran off, the rascally pup, and, I reckon, ef Squire Hopson had met him he'd ha' said 'twas bekaise I starved him! Fact is, we hedn't any on us much to eat that day, and the old mar's ribs stood out bigger than ever.

"All day I rode and followed the track and got nothing.

"Well, jest about sunset I come to a hollow of the hills that I hed never seed before; and in the middle of it was a great pond of water, what you call a lake; and it showed like so much purple glass in the sunset, and 'twas jest as smooth as the big looking-glass of Squire Hopson's. Tbar wa'n't a breath of wind stirring.

"I was mighty tired, so I eased down from the mar', tied up the bridle and check, and let her pick about, and laid myself down onder a tree, jest about twenty yards from the lake, and thought to rest myself ontill the moon riz, which I knowed would be about seven o'clock.

"I didn't mean to fall asleep, but I did it; and I reckon I must ha' slept a good hour, for when I woke the dark hed set in, and I could only see one or two bright stars hyar and thar, shooting out from the dark of the heavens. But, ef I seed nothing, I haird; and jest sich a sound and noise as I hed never haird before.

"Thar was a rushing and a roaring and a screaming and a plashing, in the air and in the water, as made you think the univarsal world was coming to an ecnd!

"All that set me up. I was waked up out of sleep and dream, and my eyes opened to every thing that eye could see; and sich another sight I never seed before! I tell you, Jedge, ef there was one wild-goose settling down in that lake, thar was one hundred thousand of 'em! I couldn't see the eend of 'em. They come every minit, swarm a'ter swarm, in tens and twenties and fifties and hundreds; and sich a fuss as they did make! sich a gabbling, sich a splashing, sich a confusion, that I was fairly

* "Drot," or "Drat," has been called an American vulgarity, but it is genuine old English, as ancient as the days of Ben Jonson. Originally the oath was, "God rot it;" but Puritanism, which was unwilling to take the name of God in vain, was yet not prepared to abandon the oath, so the pious preserved it in an abridged form, omitting the G from God, and using, "Od rot it." It reached its final contraction, "Drot," before it came to America. "Drot it," "Drat it," "Drot your eyes," or "Drot his skin," are so many modes of using it among the uneducated classes.

conflusterated; and I jest lay whar I was, a-watching 'em.

"You never seed beasts so happy! How they flapped their wings; how they gabbled to one another; how they swam hyar and thar, to the very middle of the lake and to the very edge of it, jest a fifty yards from whar I lay squat, never moving leg or arm! It was wonderful to see! I wondered how they could find room, for I reckon thar waur forty thousand on 'em, all scuffling in that leetle lake together!

"Well, as I watched 'em, I said to myself:

"Now, if a fellow could only captivate all them wild-geese—fresh from Canniday, I reckon—what would they bring in the market at Spartanburg and Greenville? Walker, I knowed, would buy 'em up quick at fifty cents a head. Forty thousand geese at fifty cents a head. Thar was "capital!"

"I could ha' fired in among 'em with my rifle, never taking aim, and killed a dozen or more, at a single shot; but what was a poor dozen geese, when thar waur forty thousand to captivate?

"What a haul 'twould be, ef a man could only get 'em all in one net! Kiver 'em all at a fling!

"The idee worked like so much fire in my brain.

"How kin it be done?

"That was the question!

"Kin it be done? I axed myself.

"It kin, I said to myself; 'and I'm the very man to do it!' Then I begun to work away in the thinking. I thought over all the traps and nets and snares that I hed ever scen or haird of; and the leetle eends of the idee begun to come together in my head; and, watching all the time how the geese flopped and splashed and played and swum, I said to myself:

"Oh! most beautiful critters! ef I don't make some "capital" out of you, then I'm not dezarving sich a beautiful yaller flower of the forest as my Merry Ann!"

"Well, I watched a long time, ontill dark night, and the stars begun to peep down upon me over the high hill-tops. Then I got up and tuk to my horse and rode home.

"And thar, when I hed swallowed my bit of hoe-cake and bacon and a good strong cup of coffee, and got into bed, I couldn't sleep for a long time, thinking how I was to git them geese.

"But I kept nearing the right idee every minit, and when I was fast asleep it come to me in my dream.

"I seed the same beautifullest young woman agin that hed given me the encouragement before to go ahead, and she helped me out with the idee.

"So, in the morning, I went to work. I rode off to Spartanburg, and bought all the twine and cord and hafe the plow-lines in town; and I got a lot of great fishhooks, all to help make the tanglement parfect; and I got lead for sinkers, and I got cork-wood for

floaters; and I pushed for home jist as fast as my poor mar' could streak it.

"I was at work day and night, for nigh on to a week, making my net; and when 'twas done I borrowed a mule and cart from Columbus Mills, thar;—he'll tell you all about it—he kin make his affidavit to the truth of it.

"Well, off I driv with my great net, and got to the lake about noonday. I knowed 'twould take me some hours to make my fixings parfect, and git the net fairly stretched across the lake, and jest deep enough to do the tangleing of every leg of the birds in the very midst of their swimming and snorting and splashing and cavorting! When I hed fixed it all fine, and jest as I wanted it, I brought the eends of my plow-lines up to where I was gwine to hide myself. This was onder a strong sapling, and my kalkilation was when I hed got the beasts all hooked, forty thousand, more or less—and I could tell how that was from feeling on the line—why, then, I'd whip the line round the sapling, hitch it fast, and draw in my birds at my own ease, without axing much about their comfort.

"'Twas a most beautiful and parfect plan, and all would ha' worked beautiful well but for one leetle oversight of mine. But I won't tell you about that part of the business yit, the more pretickilarly as it all turned out for the very best, as you'll see in the eend.

"I hedn't long finished my fixings when the sun suddenly tumbled down the heights, and the dark begun to creep in upon me, and a pretty cold dark it waur! I remember it well! My teeth begun to chatter in my head, though I was boiling over with inward heat, all jest coming out of my hot eagerness to be captivating the birds.

"Well, Jedge, I hedn't to wait overlong. Soon I haird them coming, screaming fur away, and then I seed them pouring, jest like so many white clouds, straight down, I reckon, from the snow mountains off in Canniday.

"Down they come, millions upon millions, till I was sartin thar waur already pretty nigh on to forty thousand in the lake. It waur always a nice kalkilation of mine that the lake could hold fully forty thousand, though onst, when I went round to measure it, stepping it off, I was jubous whether it could hold over thirty-nine thousand; but, as I tuk the measure in hot weather and in a dry spell, I concluded that some of the water along the edges hed dried up, and 'twa'n't so full as when I made my first kalkilation. So I hev stuck to that first kalkilation ever since.

"Well, thar they waur, forty thousand, we'll say, with, it mout be, a few millions and hundreds over. And Lawd! how they played and splashed and screamed and dived! I kalkilated on hooking a good many of them divers, in pretickilar, and so I watched and waited, ontill I thought I'd feel of my lines; and I begun, leetle by leetle, to haul in, when, Lawd love you, Jedge, sich a ripping and raging, and bounceing



"BEFORE I KNOWED WHAR I WAS, I WAS TWENTY FEET IN THE AIR."

and flouncing, and flopping and splashing, and kicking and screaming, you never did hear in all your born days!

"By this I knowed that I hed captivated the captains of the host, and a pretty smart chaine, I reckoned, of the rigilar army, ef 'twa'n't edzactly forty thousand; for I calkilated that some few would git away—run off, jest as the cowards always does in the army, jest when the shooting and confusion begins; still, I reasonably calkilated on the main body of the rigiments; and so, gitting more and more hot and eager, and pulling and hauling, I made one big mistake, and, instid of wrapping the ecnds of my lines around the sapling that was standing jest behind me, what does I do but wraps 'em round my own thigh—the right thigh, you see—and some of the loops waur hitched round my left arm at the same time!

"All this come of my hurry and excitement, for it was burning like a hot fever in my brain, and I didn't know when or how I hed tied myself up, untill suddenly, with an all-fired scream, all together, them forty thousand geese rose like a great black cloud in the air, all tied up,

tangled up—hooked about the legs, hooked about the gills, hooked and fast in some way in the beautiful leetle twistings of my net!

"Yes, Jedge, as I'm a living hunter to-night, hyar a-talking to you, they riz up all together, as ef they hed consulted upon it, like a mighty thunder-cloud, and off they went, screaming and flouncing, meaning, I reckon, to take the back track to Canniday, in spite of the freezing weather.

"Before I knowed whar I was, Jedge, I was twenty feet in the air, my right thigh up and my left arm, and the other thigh and arm a-dangling nseless, and feeling every minit as ef they was gwine to drop off.

"You may be sure I pulled with all my might, but that waur mighty leetle in the fix I was in, and I jest hed to hold on, and see whar the infernal beasts would carry mc. I couldn't loose myself, and ef I could I was by this time quite too fur up in the air, and darsn't do so, onless I was willing to hev my brains dashed out, and my whole body mashed to a mammock!

"Oh, Jedge, jest consider my sitivation! It's sich a ricollection, Jedge, that I must rest and liquor, in order to rekiwer the necessary strength to tell you what happened next."

VII.

"Yes, Jedge," said Yaou, resuming his narrative, "jest stop whar you air, and consider my sitivation!

"Thar I was dangling, like a dead weight, at the tail of that all-fired cloud of wild-gcese, head downward, and gwine, the Lawd knows whar!—to Canniday, or Jericho, or some other heathen territory beyond the Massissipp, and it mout be, over the great eternal ocean!

"When I thought of *that*, and thought of the plow-lines giving way, and that on a sudden I should come down plump into the big sea, jest in the middle of a great gathering of shirks and whales, to be dewoured and tore to bits by their bloody grinders, I was ready to die of skeer outright. I thought over all my sinnings in a moment, and I thought of my poor dear Merry Ann, and I called out her name, loud as I could, jest as ef the poor gal could hyar me or help me.

"And jest then I could see we waur a drawing nigh a great thunder-cloud. I could see the red tongues running out of its black jaws; and 'Lawd!' says I, 'ef these all-fired infarnal wild beasts of birds should carry me into that cloud to be burned to a coal, fried, and roasted, and biled alive by them tongnes of red fire!'

"But the geese fought shy of the cloud, though we passed mighty nigh on to it, and I could see one red streak of lightning run out of the cloud and give us chase for a full hafe a mile; but we waur too fast for it, and, in a tearing passion bekaise it couldn't ketch us, the red streak struck its horns into a great tree jest behind us, that we hed passed over, and tore it into flinders, in the twink of a musquito.

"But by this time I was beginning to feel

quite stupid. I knowed that I waur fast gitting unsensible, and it did seem to me as ef my hour waur come, and I was gwine to die—and die by rope, and dangling in the air, a thousand miles from the airth!

“But jest then I was roused up. I felt something brush agin me; then my face was scratched; and, on a suddent, thar was a stop put to my travels by that conveyance. The geese had stopped flying, and waur in a mighty great conflustration, flopping their wings, as well as they could, and screaming with all the tongues in their jaws. It was clar to me now that we hed run agin something that brought us all up with a short hitch.

“I was shook roughly agin the obstruction, and I put out my right arm and cotched a hold of a long arm of an almighty big tree; then my legs waur cotched betwixt two other branches, and I rekivered myself, so as to set up a leetle and rest. The geese was a tumbling and flopping among the branches. The net was hooked hyar and thar; and the birds waur all about me, swinging and splurging, but onable to break loose and git away.

“By leetle and leetle I come to my clar senses, and begun to feel my sitivation. The stiffness was passing out of my limbs. I could draw up my legs, and, after some hard work, I managed to onwrap the plow-lines from my right thigh and my left arm, and I hed the sense this time to tie the eends pretty tight to a great branch of the tree which stretched clar across and about a foot over my head.

“Then I begun to consider my sitivation. I hed hed a hard riding, that was sartin; and I felt sore enough. And I hed hed a horrid bad skear, enough to make a man's wool turn white afore the night was over. But now I felt easy, bekaise I considered myself safe. With day-peep I kalkilated to let myself down from the tree by my plow-lines, and thar, below, tied fast, warn't thar my forty thousand captivated geese?

“‘Hurrah!’ I sings out. ‘Hurrah, Merry Ann; we'll hev the “capital” now, I reckon!’

“And singing out, I drawed up my legs and shifted my body so as to find an easier seat in the crutch of the tree, which was an almighty big chestnut oak, when, O Lawd! on a suddent the stump I hed been a-setting on give way onder me. 'Twas a rotten jint of the tree. It give way, Jedge, as I tell you, and down I went, my legs first and then my whole body—slipping down not on the outside, but into a great hollow of the tree, all the hairt of it being eat out by the rot; and afore I knowed whar I waur, I waur some twenty foot down, I reckon; and by the time I touched bottom, I was up to my neck in honey!

“It was an almighty big honey-tree, full of the sweet treacle; and the bees all gone and left it, I reckon, for a hundred years. And I in it up to my neck.

“I could smell it strong. I could taste it sweet. But I could see nothing.

“Lawd! Lawd! From bad to worse; buried alive in a hollow tree with never a chaine to git out! I would then ha' given all the world ef I was only sailing away with them bloody wild-geese to Canniday, and Jericho, even across the sea, with all its shirks and whales dewouring me.

“Buried alive! O Lawd! O Lawd! ‘Lawd save me and help me!’ I cried out from the depths. And ‘Oh, my Merry Ann,’ I cried, ‘shill we never meet agin no more!’ Seuse my weeping, Jedge, but I feels all over the sinsation, fresh as ever, of being buried alive in a bee-hive tree and presarved in honey. I must liquor, Jedge.”

VIII.

Yaou, after a great swallow of peach and honey, and a formidable groan after it, resumed his narrative as follows:

“Only think of me, Jedge, in my sitivation! Buried alive in the hollow of a mountain chestnut oak! Up to my neck in honey, with never no more an appetite to eat than ef it waur the very gall of bitterness that we reads of in the Holy Scripters!

“All dark, all silent as the grave; 'cept for the gabbling and the cackling of the wild-geese outside, that every now and then would make a great splurging and cavorting, trying to break away from their hitch, which was just as fast fixed as my own.

“Who would git them geese that hed cost me so much to captivate? Who would inherit my ‘capital?’ and who would hev Merry Ann? and what will become of the mule and cart of Mills fastened in the woods by the leetle lake?

“I cussed the leetle lake, and the geese, and all the ‘capital.’

“I cussed. I couldn't help it. I cussed from the bottom of my hairt, when I ought to ha' bin saying my prayers. And thar was my poor mar' in the stable with never a morsel of feed. She had told tales upon me to Squaire Hopson, it's true, but I forgin her, and thought of her feed, and nobody to give her none. Thar waur corn in the crib and fodder, but it warn't in the stable; and onless Columbus Mills should come looking a'ter me at the cabin, thar waur no hope for me or the mar'.

“Oh, Jedge, you couldn't jedge of my sitivation in that deep hollow, that cave, I may say, of mountain oak! My head waur jest above the honey, and ef I backed it to look up, my long ha'r at the back of the neck a'most stuck fast, so thick was the honey.

“But I couldn't help looking up. The hollow was a wide one at the top, and I could see when a star was passing over. Thar they shined, bright and beautiful, as ef they waur the very eyes of the angels; and, as I seed them come and go, looking smiling in upon me as they come, I cried out to 'em, one by one:

“‘Oh, sweet sperrits, blessed angels! ef so be thar's an angel sperrit, as they say, living in all them stars, come down and extricate me

from this fix; for, so fur as I kin see, I've got no chaine of help from mortal man or woman. Hairdly onst a year does a human come this way; and ef they did come, how would they know I'm hyar? How could I make them hyar me? O Lawd! O blessed, beautiful angels in them stars! O give me help! Help me out! I knowed I prayed like a heathen sinner, but I prayed as well as I knowed how; and thar warn't a star passing over me that I didn't pray to, soon as I seed them shining over the opening of the hollow; and I prayed fast and faster as I seed them passing away and gitting out of sight.

"Well, Jedge, suddently, in the midst of my praying, and jest after one bright, big star hed gone over me without seeing my sitivation, I hed a fresh skeer.

"Suddent I haird a monstrous fluttering among my geese—my 'capital.' Then I haird a great scraping and scratching on the outside of the tree, and, suddent, as I looked up, the mouth of the hollow was shet up.

"All was dark. The stars and sky waur all gone. Something black kivered the hollow, and, in a minit a'ter, I haird something slipping down into the hollow right upon me.

"I could hairdly draw my breath. I begun to fear that I was to be suffocated alive; and as I haird the strange critter slipping down, I shoved out my hands and felt ha'r—coarse wool—and with one hand I cotched hold of the ha'ry leg of a beast, and with t'other hand I cotched hold of his tail.

"'Twas a great b'ar, one of the biggest, come to git his honey. He knowed the tree, Jedge, you see, and ef any beast in the world loves honey, 'tis a b'ar beast. He'll go his death on honey, though the hounds are tearing at his very haunches.

"You may be sure, when I onst knowed what he was, and onst got a good gripe on his hind-quarters, I warn't gwine to let go in a hurry. I knowed that was my only chaine for gitting out of the hollow, and I do believe them blessed angels in the stars sent the beast, jest at the right time, to give me human help and assistance.

"Now, yer see, Jedge, thar was no chaine for him turning round upon mc. He pretty much filled up the hollow. He knowed his way, and slipped down, eend foremost—the latter eend, you know. He could stand up on his hind-legs and eat all he wanted. Then, with his great sharp claws and his mighty muscle, he could work up, holding on to the sides of the tree, and git out a'most as easy as when he come down.

"Now, you see, ef he weighed five hundred pounds, and could climb like a cat, he could easy carry up a young fellow that hed no flesh to spar', and only weighed a hundred and twenty-five. So I laid my weight on him, eased him off as well as I could, but held on to tail and leg as ef all life and etarnity depcnded upon it.

"Now I reckon, Jedge, that b'ar was pretty much more skeered than I was. He couldn't turn in his shoes, and with something fastened to his ankles, and, as he thought, I reckon, some strange beast fastened to his tail, you never seed beast more eager to git away, and git upwards. He knowed the way, and stuck his claws in the rough sides of the hollow, hand over hand, jest as a sailor pulls a rope, and up we went. We hed, howsomdever, more than one slip back; but, Lawd bless you! I never let go. Up we went, I say, at last, and I stuck jest as close to his haunches as death sticks to a dead nigger. Up we went. I felt myself moving. My neck was out of the honey. My airms were free. I could feel the sticky thing slipping off from me, and a'ter a good quarter of an hour the b'ar was on the great mouth of the hollow; and as I felt that I let go his tail, still keeping fast hold of his leg, and with one hand I cotched hold of the outside rim of the hollow; I found it fast, held on to it; and jest then the b'ar sat squat on the very edge of the hollow, taking a sort of rest a'ter his labor.

"I don't know what 'twas, Jedge, that made me do it. I warn't a-thinking at all. I was only feeling and drawing a long breath. Jest then the b'ar sort o' looked round, as ef to see what varmint it was a-troubling him, when I gin him a mighty push, strong as I could, and he lost his balance and went over outside down cl'ar to the airth, and I could hyar his neck crack, almost as loud as a pistol.

"I drew a long breath a'ter that, and prayed a short prayer; and feeling my way all the time, so as to be sure agin rotten branches, I got a safe seat among the limbs of the tree, and sot myself down, detarmined to wait tell broad daylight before I tuk another step in the business."

IX.

"And thar I sot. So fur as I could see, Jedge, I was safe. I hed got out of the tie of the flying geese, and thar they all waur, spread before me, flopping now and then and trying to ixtricate themselves; but they couldn't come it! Thar they waur, captivated, and so much 'capital' for Sam Snaffles.

"And I hed got out of the lion's den; that is, I hed got out of the honey-tree, and warn't in no present danger of being buried alive agin. Thanks to the b'ar, and to the blessed, beautiful angel sperrits in the stars, that hed sent him thar seeking honey, to be my deliverance from my captivation!

"And thar he lay, jest as quiet as ef he waur a-sleeping, though I knowed his neck was broke. And that b'ar, too, was so much 'capital.'

"And I sot in the tree making my calkilations. I could see now the meaning of that beautiful young critter that come to me in my dreams. I was to hev the 'capital,' but I was to git it through troubles and tribulations, and a mighty bad skeer for life. I never knowed the valley of 'capital' till now, and I seed the sense in all that Squaire Hopson told

me, though he did tell it in a mighty spiteful sperrit.

"Well, I kalkilated.

"It was cold weather, freezing, and though I had good warm clothes on, I felt monstrous like sleeping, from the cold only, though perhaps the tire and the skeer together hed something to do with it. But I was afeard to sleep. I didn't know what would happen, and a man has never his right courage ontill daylight. I foun't agin sleep by keeping on my kalkilation.

"Forty thousand wild-geese!

"Thar wa'n't forty thousand, edzactly—very far from it—but thar they waur, pretty thick; and for every goose I could git from forty to sixty cents in all the villages in South Carolina.

"Thar was 'capital!'

"Then thar waur the b'ar.

"Jedging from his strength in pulling me up, and from his size and fat in filling up that great hollow in the tree, I kalkilated that he couldn't weigh less than five hundred pounds. His hide, I knowed, was worth twenty dollars. Then thar was the fat and tallow, and the biled marrow out of his bones, what they makes b'ars grease out of, to make chicken whiskers grow big enough for game-cocks. Then thar waur the meat, skinned, cleaned, and all; thar couldn't be much onder four hundred and fifty pounds, and whether I sold him as fresb meat or cured, he'd bring me ten cents a pound at the least.

"Says I, 'Thar's capital!'

"Then,' says I, 'thar's my honey-tree! I reckon thar's a matter of ten thousand gallons in this hyar same honey-tree; and if I kint git fifty to seventy cents a gallon for it thar's no alligators in Flurriday!'

"And so I kalkilated through the night, fighting agin sleep, and thinking of my 'capital' and Merry Ann together.

"By morning I had kalkilated all I hed to do and all I hed to make.

"Soon as I got a peep of day I was bright on the look-out.

"Thar all around me were the captivated geese critters. The b'ar laid down perfectly easy and waiting for the knife; and the geese, I reckon they waur much more tired than me, for they didn't seem to hev the hairt for a single flutter, even when they seed me swing down from the tree among 'em, holding on to my plow-lines and letting myself down easy.

"But first I must tell you, Jedge, when I seed the first signs of daylight and looked around me, Lawd bless me, what should I see but old Tryon Mountain, with his great head lifting itself up in the east! And beyant I could see the house and fairm of Columbus Mills; and as I turned to look a leetle south of that, thar was my own poor leetle log-cabin standing quiet, but with never a smoke streaming out from the chimbley.

"God bless them good angel sperrits,' I said, 'I ain't two miles from home!' Before I come down from the tree I knowed edzactly whar I waur. 'Twas only four miles off from



"THAR'S CAPITAL!"

the lake and whar I hitched the mule of Columbus Mills close by the cart. Thar, too, I hed left my rifle. Yit in my miserable fix, carried through the air by them wild-geese, I did think I hed gone a'most a thousand miles towards Canniday.

"Soon as I got down from the tree I pushed off at a trot to git the mule and cart. I was pretty sure of my b'ar and geese when I come back. The cart stood quiet enough. But the mule, having nothing to eat, was sharpening her teeth upon a boulder, thinking she'd hev a bite or so before long.

"I hitched her up, brought her to my beech-tree, tumbled the b'ar into the cart, wrung the necks of all the geese that waur thar—many hed got away—and counted some twenty-seven hundred that I piled away atop of the b'ar."

"Twenty-seven hundred!" cried the "Big Lie" and all the hunters at a breath. "Twenty-seven hundred! Why, Yaou, whenever you telled of this thing before you always counted them at 3150!"

"Well, ef I did, I reckon I was right. I was sartinly right then, it being all fresh in my 'membrance; and I'm not the man to go back agin his own words. No, fellows, I sticks to first words and first principles. I scorns to eat my own words. Ef I said 3150, then 3150 it waur, never a goose less. But you'll see how to 'count for all. I reckon 'twas only 2700 I fotched to market. Thar was 200 I gin to Columbus Mills. Then thar was 200 more I carried to Merry Ann; and then thar waur 50 at least, I reckon, I kep for myself. Jest you count up, Jedge, and you'll see how to squar' it on all sides. When I said 2700 I only counted what I sold in the villages, every head of 'em at fifty cents a head; and a'ter putting the money in my pocket I felt all over that I hed the 'capital.'

"Well, Jedge, next about the b'ar. Sold the hide and tallow for a fine market-price; sold the meat, got ten cents a pound for it fresh—'twas most beautiful meat; biled down

the bones for the marrow; melted down the grease; sold fourteen pounds of it to the barbers and apothecaries; got a dollar a pound for that; sold the hide for twenty dollars; and got the cash for every thing.

"Thar warn't a fambly in all Greenville and Spartanburg and Asheville that didn't git fresh, green wild-geese from me that season, at fifty cents a head, and glad to git, too; the cheapest fresh meat they could buy; and, I reckon, the finest. And all the people of them villages, ef they hed gone to heaven that week, in the flesh, would hav' carried nothing better than goose-flesh for the risurrection! Every body ate goosc for a month, I reckon, as the weather was freczing cold all the time, and the beasts kept week after week, until they waur eaten. From the b'ar only I made a matter of full one hundred dollars. First, thar waur the hide, \$20; then 450 pounds of meat, at 10 cents, was \$45; then the grease, 14 pounds, \$14; and the tallow, some \$6 more; and the biled marrow, \$11.

"Well, count up, Jedge; 2700 wild-geese, at 50 cents, you secs, must be more than \$1350. I kin only say, that a'ter all the selling—and I driv at it day and night, with Columbus Mills's mule and cart, and went to every house in every street in all them villages. I hed a'most fifteen hundred dollars, safe stowed away onder the pillows of my bed, all in solid gould and silver.

"But I warn't done! Thar was my beetrue. Don't you think I waur gwine to lose that honey! no, my darlint! I didn't beat the drum about nothing. I didn't let on to a soul what I was a-doing. They axed me about the wild-geese, but I sent 'em on a wild-geese chase; and 'twa'n't till I hed sold off all the b'ar meat and all the geese that I made ready to git at that honey. I reckon them bees must ba' been making that honey for a hundred years, and was then driv out by the b'ars.

"Columbus Mills will tell you; he axed me all about it; but, though he was always my good friend, I never even telled it to him. But he lent me his mule and cart, good fellow as he is, and never said nothing more; and, quiet enough, without beat of drum, I bought up all the tight-bound barrels that ever brought whisky to Spartanburg and Greenville, whar they hes the taste for that article strong; and day by day I went off carrying as many barrels as the cart could hold and the mule could draw. I tapped the old tree—which was one of the oldest and biggest chestnut oaks I ever did see—close to the bottom, and drew off the beautiful treacle. I was more than sixteen days about it, and got something over two thousand gallons of the purest, sweetest, yellowest honey you ever did see. I could hairdly git barrels and jimmyjohns enough to hold it; and I sold it out at seventy cents a gallon, which was mighty cheap. So I got from the honey a matter of fourteen hundred dollars.

"Now, Jedge, all this time, though it went very much agin the grain, I kept away from

Merry Ann and the old Squire, her daddy. I sent him two hundred head of geese—some fresh, say one hundred, and another hundred that I hed cleaned and put in salt—and I sent him three jimmyjohns of honey, five gallons each. But I kept away and said nothing, beat no drum, and hed never a thinking but how to git in the 'capital.' And I did git it in!

"When I carried the mule and cart home to Columbus Mills I axed him about a sartin farm of one hundred and sixty acres that he hed to sell. It hed a good house on it. He sold it to me cheap. I paid him down, and put the titles in my pocket. 'Thar's capital!' says I.

"*That* waur a fixed thing for ever and ever. And when I hed moved every thing from the old cabin to the new farm, Columbus let me hev a fine milch cow that gin eleven quarts a day, with a beautiful young caif. Jest about that time thar was a great sale of the furniter of the Ashmore family down at Spartanburg, and I remembered I hed no decent bedstead, or any thing rightly sarving for a young woman's chamber; so I went to the sale, and bought a fine strong mahogany bedstead, a dozen chairs, a chist of drawers, and some other things that ain't quite mentionable, Jedge, but all proper for a lady's chamber; and I soon hed the house fixed up ready for any thing. And up to this time I never let on to any body what I was a-thinking about or what I was a-doing, until I could stand up in my own doorway and look about me, and say to myself—this is my 'capital,' I reckon; and when I hed got all that I thought a needcessity to git, I took 'count of every thing.

"I spread the title-deeds of my fairm out on the table. I read 'em over three times to see ef 'twaur all right. Thar was my name several times in big letters, 'to hev and to hold.'

"Then I fixed the furniter. Then I brought out into the stable-yard the old mar'—you couldn't count her ribs *now*, and she was spry as ef she hed got a new conceit of herself.

"Then thar was my beautiful cow and caif, sealing fat, both on 'em, and sleek as a doe in autumn.

"Then thar waur a fine young mule that I bought in Spartanburg; my cart, and a strong second-hand buggy, that could carry two pussons convenient of two different sexes. And I felt big, like a man of consekence and capital.

"That warn't all.

"I had the shiners, Jedge, besides—all in gould and silver—none of your dirty rags and blotty spotty paper. That was the time of Old Hickory—General Jackson, you know—when he kicked over Nick Biddle's consarn, and gin us the beautiful Benton Mint Drops, in place of rotten paper. You could git the gould and silver jest for the axing, in them days, you know.

"I hed a grand count of my money, Jedge. I hed it in a dozen or twenty little bags of leather—the gould—and the silver I hed in shot-bags. It took me a whole morning to count it

up and git the figgers right. Then I stuffed it in my pockets, hyar and thar, every whar, whar-ever I could stow a bag; and the silver I stuffed away in my saddle-bags, and clapped it on the mar'.

"Then I mounted myself, and sot the mar's nose straight in a bee-line for the fairm of Squire Hopson.

"I was a-gwine, you see, to supprise him with my 'capital;' but, fust, I meant to give him a mighty grand skeer.

"You see, when I was a-trading with Columbus Mills about the fairm and cattle and other things, I ups and tells him about my courting of Merry Ann; and when I telled him about Squire Hopson's talk about 'capital,' he says:

"The old skunk! What right hes he to be talking big so, when he kain't pay his own debts. He's been owing me three hundred and fifty dollars now gwine on three years, and I kain't git even the *intrust* out of him. I've got a mortgage on his fairm for the whole, and ef he won't let you hev his da'ter, jest you come to me, and I'll clap the screws to him in short order.'

"Says I, 'Columbus, won't you sell me that mortgage?'

"You shill hev it for the face of the debt,' says he, 'not considerin' the *intrust*.'

"It's a bargin,' says I; and I paid him down the money, and he signed the mortgage over to me for a vallyable consideration.

"I hed that beautiful paper in my breast pocket, and felt strong to face the Squire in his own house, knowing how I could turn him out of it! And I mustn't forget to tell you how I got myself a new rig of clothing, with a mighty fine over-coat, and a new fur cap; and as I looked in the glass I felt my consekence all over at every for'a'd step I tuk; and I felt my inches growing with every pace of the mar' on the high-road to Merry Ann and her beautiful daddy!"

X.

"Well, Jedge, before I quite got to the Squire's farm, who should come out to meet me in the road but Merry Ann, her own self! She hed spied me, I reckon, as I crossed the bald ridge a quarter of a mile away. I do reckon the dear gal hed been looking out for me every day the whole eleven days in the week, counting in all the Sundays. In the mountains, you know, Jedge, that the weeks sometimes run to twelve, and even fourteen days, specially when we're on a long camp-hunt!

"Well, Merry Ann cried and laughed together, she was so tarnation glad to see me agin. Says she:

"Oh, Sam! I'm so glad to see you! I was afeard you had clean gin me up. And thar's that fusty old bachelor Grimstead, he's a-comin' here a'most every day; and daddy, he sw'ars that I shill marry him, and nobody else; and mammy, she's at me too, all the time, telling me how fine a fairm he's got, and what a nice carriage, and all that; and

mammy says as how daddy'll be sure to beat me ef I don't hev him. But I kain't bear to look at him, the old griesly!"

"Cuss him!" says I. 'Cuss him, Merry Ann!"

"And she did, but onder her breath—the old cuss.

"Drot him!" says she; and she said louder, 'and drot me, too, Sam, ef I ever marries any body but you.'

"By this time I hed got down and gin her a long strong hug, and a'most twenty or a dozen kisses, and I says:

"You sha'n't marry nobody but me, Merry Ann; and we'll hev the marriage this very night, ef you says so!"

"Oh! psho, Sam! How you does talk!"

"Ef I don't marry you to-night, Merry Ann, I'm a holy mortar, and a sinner not to be saved by any salting, though you puts the petre with the salt. I'm come for that very thing. Don't you see my new clothes?"

"Well, you hev got a beautiful coat, Sam; all so blue, and with sich shiny buttons."

"Look at my waistcoat, Merry Ann! What do you think of that?"

"Why, it's a most beautiful blue velvet!"

"That's the very article," says I. 'And see the breeches, Merry Ann; and the boots!'

"Well," says she, 'I'm fair astonished, Sam! Why whar, Sam, did you find all the money for these fine things?'

"A beautiful young woman, a'most as beautiful as you, Merry Ann, come to me the very night of that day when your daddy driv me off with a flea in my ear. She come to me to my bed at midnight—"

"Oh, Sam! *ain't* you ashamed!"

"'Twas in a dream, Merry Ann; and she tells me something to incourage me to go for'a'd, and I went for'a'd, bright and airly next morning, and I picked up three sarvants that hev been working for me ever sence."

"What sarvants?" says she.

"One was a goose, one was a b'ar, and t'other was a bee!"

"Now you're a-fooling me, Sam."

"You'll see! Only you git yourself ready, for, by the eternal Hokies, I marries you this very night, and takes you home to *my* fairm bright and airly to-morrow morning."

"I do think, Sam, you must be downright crazy."

"You'll see and believe! Do you go home and git yourself fixed up for the wedding. Old Parson Stovall lives only two miles from your daddy, and I'll hev him hyar by sundown. You'll see!"

"But ef I waur to b'lieve you, Sam—"

"I've got on my wedding-clothes o' purpose, Merry Ann."

"But I hain't got no clothes fit for a gal to be married in," says she.

"I'll marry you this very night, Merry Ann," says I, 'though you hedn't a stitch of clothing at all!'

"Git out, you sassy Sam," says she, slapping my face. Then I kissed her in her very mouth, and a'ter that we walked on together, I leading the mar'.

"Says she, as we neared the house, 'Sam, let me go before, or stay hyar in the thick, and you go in by yourself. Daddy's in the hall, smoking his pipe and reading the newspapers.'

"We'll walk in together,' says I, quite confidential.

"Says she, 'I'm so afeard.'

"Don't you be afeard, Merry Ann,' says I; 'you'll see that all will come out jest as I tells you. We'll be hitched to-night, ef Parson Stovall, or any other parson, kin be got to tie us up!'

"Says she, suddenly, 'Sam, you're a-walking lame, I'm a-thinking. What's the matter? Hev you hurt yourself any way?'

"Says I, 'It's only owing to my not balancing my accounts even in my pockets. You see I feel so much like flying in the air with the idee of marrying you to-night that I filled my pockets with rocks, jest to keep me down.'

"I do think, Sam, you're a leetle cracked in the upper story.'

"Well,' says I, 'ef so, the crack has let in a blessed chaine of the beautifullest sunlight! You'll see! Cracked, indeed! Ha, ha, ha! Wait till I've done with your daddy! I'm gwine to square accounts with *him*, and, I reckon, when I'm done with him, you'll guess that the crack's in *his* skull, and not in mine.'

"What! you wouldn't knock my father,

Sam!' says she, drawing off from me and looking skeary.

"Don't you be afeard; but it's very sartin, ef our heads don't come together, Merry Ann, you won't hev me for your husband to-night. And that's what I've swore upon. Hyar we air!'

"When we got to the yard I led in the mar', and Merry Ann she ran away from me and dodged round the house. I hitched the mar' to the post, took off the saddle-bags, which was mighty heavy, and walked into the house stiff enough I tell you, though the gould in my pockets pretty much weighed me down as I walked.

"Well, in I walked, and thar sat the old Squaire smoking his pipe and reading the newspaper. He looked at me through his specs over the newspaper, and when he seed who 'twas his mouth put on that same conceited sort of grin and smile that he ginerally hed when he spoke to me.

"Well,' says he, gruffly enough, 'it's you, Sam Snaffles, is it?' Then he seems to dis-kiver my new clothes and boots, and he sings out, 'Heigh! you're tip-toe fine to-day! What fool of a shop-keeper in Spartanburg have you tuk in this time, Sam?'

"Says I, cool enough, 'I'll answer all them iligant questions a'ter a while, Squaire; but would prefer to see to business fust.'

"Business!' says he; 'and what business kin you hev with me, I wants to know?'

"You shill know, Squaire, soon enough; and I only hopes it will be to your liking a'ter you l'arn it.'

"So I laid my saddle-bags down at my feet and tuk a chair quite at my ease; and I could see that he was all astare in wonderment at what he thought my sassiness. As I felt I had my hook in his gills, though he didn't know it yit, I felt in the humor to tickle him and play him as we does a trout.

"Says I, 'Squaire Hopson, you owes a sartin amount of money, say \$350, with intrust on it for now three years, to Dr. Columbus Mills.'

"At this he squares round, looks me full in the face, and says:

"What the old Harry's that to you?'

"Says I, gwine on cool and straight,



"IT'S A BONNY FODDER 'SIGNMEANT!"

'You gin him a mortgage on this fairm for security.'

"'What's that to you?' says he.

"'The mortgage is over-due by two years, Squire,' says I.

"'What the old Harry's all that to you, I say?' he fairly roared out.

"'Well, nothing much, I reckon. The \$350, with three years' intrust at seven per cent., making it now—I've calkelated it all without compounding—something over \$425—well, Squire, that's not much to *you*, I reckon, with your large capital. But it's something to me.'

"'But I ask you again, Sir,' he says, 'what is all this to you?'

"'Jist about what I tells you—say \$425; and I've come hyar this morning, bright and airly, in hope you'll be able to square up and satisfy the mortgage. Hyar's the dockymment.'

"'And I drewed the paper from my breast pocket.

"'And you tell me that Dr. Mills sent you hyar,' says he, 'to collect this money?'

"'No; I come myself on my own hook.'

"'Well,' says he, 'you shill hev your answer at onst. Take that paper back to Dr. Mills and tell him that I'll take an airly opportunity to call and arrange the business with him. You hev your answer, Sir,' he says, quite grand, 'and the sooner you makes yourself scarce the better.'

"'Much obleeged to you, Squire, for your ceveelity,' says I; 'but I ain't quite satisfied with that answer. I've come for the money due on this paper, and must hev it, Squire, or thar will be what the lawyers call *four closures* upon it!'

"'Enough! Tell Dr. Mills I will answer his demand in person.'

"'You needn't trouble yourself, Squire; for ef you'll jest look at the back of that paper, and read the 'signmeant, you'll see that you've got to settle with Sam Snaffles, and not with Columbus Mills!'

"'Then he snatches up the dockymment, turns it over, and reads the rigilar 'signmeant, writ in Columbus Mills's own handwrite.

"'Then the Squire looks at me with a great stare, and he says, to himself like:

"'It's a *bonny fodder* 'signmeant.'

"'Yes,' says I, 'it's *bonny fodder*—rigilar in law—and the titles all made out complete to me, Sam Snaffles; signed, sealed, and delivered, as the lawyers says it.'

"'And how the old Harry come you by this paper?' says he.

"'I was gitting riled, and I was detarmined, this time, to gin my hook a pretty sharp jerk in his gills; so I says:

"'What the old Harry's that to *you*, Squire? Thar's but one question 'twixt us two—air you ready to pay that money down on the hub, at onst, to me, Sam Snaffles?'

"'No, Sir, I am not.'

"'How long a time will you ax from me, by way of marciful indulgence?'

"'It must be some time yit,' says he, quite sulky; and then he goes on agin:

"'I'd like to know how you come by that 'signmeant, Mr. Snaffles.'

"'Mr. Snaffles! Ah! ha!

"'I don't see any neecessity,' says I, 'for answering any questions. Thar's the dockymment to speak for itself. You see that Columbus Mills 'signs to me for full consideration. That means I paid him!'

"'And why did you buy this mortgage?'

"'You might as well ax me how I come by the money to buy any thing,' says I.

"'Well, I do ax you,' says he.

"'And I answers you,' says I, 'in the very words from your own mouth, What the old Harry's that to you?'

"'This is hardly 'spectful, Mr. Snaffles,' says he.

"'Says I, 'Spectful gits only what 'spectful gives! Ef any man but you, Squire, hed been so onrespectful in his talk to me as you hev been I'd ha' mashed his muzzle! But I don't wish to be onrespectful. All I axes is the civil answer. I wants to know when you kin pay this money?'

"'I kain't say, Sir.'

"'Well, you see, I thought as how you couldn't pay, spite of all your "capital," as you hedn't paid even the *intrust* on it for three years; and, to tell you the truth, I was in hopes you couldn't pay, as I hed a liking for this fairm always; and as I am jest about to git married, you see—'

"'Who the old Harry air you gwine to marry?' says he.

"'What the old Harry's that to you?' says I, giving him as good as he sent. But I went on:

"'You may be sure it's one of the woman kind. I don't hanker a'ter a wife with a beard; and I expects—God willing, weatcher premitting, and the parson being sober—to be married this very night!'

"'To-night!' says he, not knowing well what to say.

"'Yes; you see I've got my wedding-breeches on. I'm to be married to-night, and I wants to take my wife to her own fairm as soon as I kin. Now, you see, Squire, I all along set my hairt on this fairm of yourn, and I detarmined, ef ever I could git the "capital," to git hold of it; and that was the idee I hed when I bought the 'signmeant of the mortgage from Columbus Mills. So, you see, ef you kain't pay a'ter three years, you never kin pay, I reckon; and ef I don't git my money this day, why—I kain't help it—the lawyers will hev to see to the *four closures* to-morrow!'

"'Great God, Sir!' says he, rising out of his chair, and crossing the room up and down, 'do you coolly propose to turn me and my family headlong out of my house?'

"'Well now,' says I, 'Squire, that's not edzactly the way to put it. As I reads this dockymment—and I tuk up and put the mortgage in my pocket—the house and fairm are

mine by law. They onst was yourn; but it wants nothing now but the *four closures* to make 'em mine.'

"'And would you force the sale of property worth \$2000 and more for a miserable \$400?'

"'It must sell for what it'll bring, Squaire; and I stands ready to buy it for my wife, you see, ef it costs me twice as much as the mortgage.'

"'Your wife!' says he; 'who the old Harry is she? You once pertended to have an affection for my da'ter.'

"'So I hed; but you hedn't the proper affection for your da'ter that I hed. You prefer'd money to her affections, and you driv me off to git "capital!" Well, I tuk your advice, and I've got the capital.'

"'And whar the old Harry,' said he, 'did you git it?'

"'Well, I made good tairms with the old devil for a hundred years, and he found me in the money.'

"'It must hev been so,' said he. 'You waur not the man to git capital in any other way.'

"Then he goes on: 'But what becomes of your pertended affection for my da'ter?'

"'Twa'n't pertended; but you throwed yourself betwixt us with all your force, and broke the gal's hairt, and broke mine, so far as you could; and as I couldn't live without company, I hed to look out for myself and find a wife as I could. I tell you, as I'm to be married to-night, and as I've swore a most eternal oath to hev this fairm, you'll hev to raise the wind to-day, and square off with me, or the lawyers will be at you with the *four closures* to-morrow, bright and airly.'

"'Dod dern you!' he cries out. 'Does you want to drive me mad!'

"'By no manner of means,' says I, jest about as cool and quiet as a cowcumber.

"But he was at biling heat. He was all over in a stew and a fever. He filled his pipe and lighted it, and then smashed it over the chimney. Then he crammed the newspaper in the fire, and crushed it into the blaze with his boot. Then he turned to me, suddent, and said:

"'Yes, you pertended to love my da'ter, and now you are pushing her father to desperation. Now ef you ever did love Merry Ann, honestly, raally, truly, and *bonny fodder*, you couldn't help loving her yit. And yit, hyar you're gwine to marry another woman, that, prehaps, you don't affection at all.'

"'It's quite a sensible view you takes of the subject,' says I; 'the only pity is that you didn't take the same squint at it long ago, when I axed you to let me hev Merry Ann. Then you didn't valley her affections or mine. You hed no thought of nothing but the "capital" then, and the affections might all go to Jericho, for what you keered! I'd ha' married Merry Ann, and she me, and we'd ha' got on for a spell in a log-cabin, for, though I was poor, I hed the genwine grit of a man, and would come to something, and we'd ha' got on; and yit,

without any "capital" your own self, and kivered up with debt as with a winter over-coat, hyar, you waur positive that I shouldn't hev your da'ter, and you waur a-preparing to sell her hyar to an old sour-tempered bachelor, more than double her age. Dern the capital! A man's the best capital for any woman, ef so be he is a man. Bekaise, ef he be a man, he'll work out cl'ar, though he may hev a long straining for it through the sieve. Dern the capital! You've as good as sold that gal child to old Grimstead, jest from your love of money!'

"'But she won't hev him,' says he.

"'The wiser gal child,' says I. 'Ef you only hed onderstood me and that poor child, I hed it in me to make the "capital"—dern the capital!—and now you've ruined her, and yourself, and me, and all; and dern my buttons but I must be married to-night, and jest as soon a'ter as the lawyers kin fix it I must hev this fairm for my wife. My hairt's set on it, and I've swore it a dozen o' times on the Holy Hokies!'

"The poor old Squaire fairly sweated; but he couldn't say much. He'd come up to me and say:

"'Ef you only did love Merry Ann!'

"'Oh,' says I, 'what's the use of your talking that? Ef you only hed ha' loved your own da'ter!'

"Then the old chap begun to cry, and as I seed that I jest kicked over my saddle-bags lying at my feet, and the silver Mexicans rolled out—a bushel on 'em, I reckon—and, O Lawd! how the old fellow jumped, staring with all his eyes at me and the dollars!

"'It's money!' says he.

"'Yes,' says I, 'jest a few hundreds of thousands of *my* "capital." I didn't stop at the figgers, you see.

"Then he turns to me and says, 'Sam Snafles, you're a most wonderful man. You're a mystery to me. Whar, in the name of God, hev you been? and what hev you been doing? and whar did you git all this power of capital?'

"I jest laughed, and went to the door and called Merry Ann. She come mighty quick. I reckon she was watching and waiting.

"Says I, 'Merry Ann, that's money. Pick it up and put it back in the saddle-bags, ef you please.'

"Then says I, turning to the old man, 'Thar's that whole bushel of Mexicans, I reckon. Thar monstrous heavy. My old mar'—ax her about her ribs now!—she fairly squelched onder the weight of me and that money. And I'm pretty heavy loaded myself. I must lighten; with your leave, Squaire.'

"And I pulled out a leetle doeskin bag of gould half eagles from my right-hand pocket and poured them out upon the table; then I emptied my left-hand pocket, then the side pockets of the coat, then the skairt pockets, and jist spread the shiners out upon the table.

"Merry Ann was fairly frightened, and run out of the room; then the old woman she come

in, and as the old Squire seed her, he tuk her by the shoulder and said:

"Jest you look at that thar."

"And when she looked and seed, the poor old hypercritical scamp sinner turned round to me and flung her airms round my neck, and said:

"I always said you waur the only right man for Merry Ann."

"The old spooney!"

"Well, when I hed let 'em look enough, and wonder enough, I jest turned Merry Ann and her mother out of the room."

"The old Squire, he waur a-setting down agin in his airm-chair, not edzactly knowing what to say or what to do, but watching all my motions, jest as sharp as a cat watches a mouse when she is hafe hungry."

"Thar was all the Mexicans put back in the saddle-bags, but he hed seen 'em, and thar was all the leetle bags of gould spread upon the table; the gould—hafe and quarter eagles—jest lying out of the mouths of the leetle bags as ef wanting to creep back agin."

"And thar sot the old Squire, looking at 'em all as greedy as a fish-hawk down upon a pairch in the river. And, betwixt a whine and a cry and a talk, he says:

"Ah, Sam Snaffles, ef you ever did love my leetle Merry Ann, you would never marry any other woman."

"Then you ought to ha' seed me. I felt myself sixteen feet high, and jest as solid as a chestnut oak. I walked up to the old man, and I tuk him quiet by the collar of his coat, with my thumb and forefinger, and I said:

"Git up, Squire, for a bit."

"And up he got."

"Then I marched him to the big glass agin the wall, and I said to him: 'Look, ef you please.'

"And he said, 'I'm looking.'

"And I said, 'What does you see?'

"He answered, 'I sees you and me.'

"I says, 'Look agin, and tell me what you obzarves.'



"LOOK AGIN, AND TELL ME WHAT YOU OBZARVES."

"Well," says he, 'I obzarves.'

"And says I, 'What does your obzarving amount to? That's the how.'

"And says he, 'I sees a man alongside of me, as good-looking and handsome a young man as ever I seed in all my life.'

"Well," says I, 'that's a correct obzarvation. But,' says I, 'what does you see of your own self?'

"Well, I kain't edzackly say."

"Look good!" says I. 'Obzarve.'

"Says he, 'Don't ax me.'

"Now," says I, 'that won't edzactly do. I tell you now, look good, and ax yourself ef you're the sawt of looking man that hes any right to be a feyther-in-law to a fine, young, handsome-looking fellow like me, what's got the "capital?"'

"Then he laughed out at the humor of the sitivation; and he says, 'Well, Sam Snaffles, you've got me dead this time. You're a different man from what I thought you. But, Sam, you'll confess, I reckon, that ef I hedn't sent you off with a flea in your ear when I hed you up afore the looking-glass, you'd never ha' gone to work to git in the "capital."'

"I don't know *that*, Squire," says I. 'Sarcumstances sarve to make a man take one road when he mout take another; but when you meets a man what has the hairt to love a woman strong as a lion, and to fight an inimy big as a buffalo, he's got the raal grit in him. You knowed I was young, and I was poor, and you knowed the business of a hunter is a mighty poor business ef the man ain't born to it. Well, I didn't do much at it jest bekaise my hairt was so full of Merry Ann; and you should ha' made a kalkilation and allowed for *that*. But you poked your fun at me and riled me consumedly; but I was detarmined that you shouldn't break *my* hairt or the hairt of Merry Ann. Well, you hed your humors, and I've tried to take the change out of you. And now, ef you raally thinks, a'ter that obzarvation in the glass, that you kin make a respectable feyther-in-law to sich a fine-looking fellow as me, what's got the "capital," jest say the word, and we'll call Merry Ann in to bind the bargain. And you must talk out quick, for the wedding's to take place this very night. I've swore it by the eternal Hokies.'

"To-night!" says he.

"Look at the "capital"" says I; and I pintoed to the gould on the table and the silver in the saddle-bags.

"But, Lawd love you, Sam," says he, 'it's so suddent, and we kain't make the preparations in time.'

"Says I, 'Look at the "capital," Squire, and dern the preparations!'

"But," says he, 'we hain't time to ax the company.'

"Dern the company!" says I; 'I don't b'lieve in company the very night a man gits married. His new wife's company enough for him ef he's sensible.'

"'But, Sam,' says he, 'it's not possible to git up a supper by to-night.'

"Says I, 'Look you, Squire, the very last thing a man wants on his wedding night is supper.'

"Then he said something about the old woman, his wife.

"Says I, 'Jest you call her in and show her the "capital."'

"So he called in the old woman, and then in come Merry Ann, and thar was great hemmings and hawings; and the old woman she said:

"'I've only got the one da'ter, Sam, and we *must* hev a big wedding! We must spread ourselves. We've got a smart chaine of friends and acquaintances, you see, and 'twon't be decent onless we axes them, and they won't like it! We *must* make a big show for the honor and 'spectability of the family.'

"Says I, 'Look you, old lady! I've swore a most tremendous oath, by the Holy Hokies, that Merry Ann and me air to be married this very night, and I kain't break sich an oath as that! Merry Ann,' says I, 'you wouldn't hev me break sich a tremendous oath as that?'

"And, all in a trimble, she says, 'Never, Sam! No!'

"'You hyar that, old lady!' says I. 'We marries to-night, by the Holy Hokies! and we'll hev no company but old Parson Stovall, to make the hitch; and Merry Ann and me go off by sunrise to-morrow morning—you hyar?—to my own fairm, whar thar's a great deal of furniter fixing for her to do. A'ter that you kin advartise the whole county to come in, ef you please, and eat all the supper you kin spread! Now hurry up,' says I, 'and git as ready as you kin, for I'm gwine to ride over to Parson Stovall's this minit. I'll be back to dinner in hafe an hour. Merry Ann, you gether up that gould and silver, and lock it up. It's our "capital!" As for you, Squire, thar's the mortgage on your fairm, which Merry Ann shill give you, to do as you please with it, as soon as the parson has done the hitch, and I kin call Merry Ann, Mrs. Snaffles—Madam Merry Ann Snaffles, and so forth, and afore-said.'

"I laid down the law that time for all parties, and showed the old Squire sich a picter of himself, and me standing aside him, looking seven foot high, at the least, that I jest worked the business 'cording to my own pleasure. When neither the daddy nor the mammy hed any thing more to say, I jumped on my mar' and rode over to old Parson Stovall.

"Says I, 'Parson, thar's to be a hitch to-night, and you're to see a'ter the right knot. You knows what I means. I wants you over at Squire Hopson's. Me and Merry Ann, his da'ter, mean to hop the twig to-night, and you're to see that we hop squar', and that all's even, 'cording to the law, Moses, and the profits! I stand treat, Parson, and you won't be the worse for your riding. I pays in gould!'

"So he promised to come by dusk; and come he did. The old lady hed got some supper, and tried her best to do what she could at sich short notice. The venison ham was mighty fine, I reckon, for Parson Stovall played a great stick at it; and ef they hedn't cooked up four of my wild-geese, then the devil's an angel of light, and Sam Snaffles no better than a sinner! And thar was any quantity of jimmyjohns, peach and honey considered. Parson Stovall was a great feeder, and I begun to think he never would be done. But at last he wiped his mouth, swallowed his fifth cup of coffee, washed it down with a stiff dram of peach and honey, wiped his mouth agin, and pulled out his prayer-book, psalmody, and Holy Scrip—three volumes in all—and he hemmed threc times, and begun to look out for the marriage text, but begun with giving out the 100th Psalm.

"'With one consent, let's all unite—'

"'No,' says I, 'Parson; not all! It's only Merry Ann and me what's to unite to-night!'

"Jest then, afore he could answer, who should pop in but old bachelor Grimstead! and he looked round 'bout him, specially upon me and the parson, as ef to say:

"'What the old Harry's they doing hyar!'

"And I could see that the old Squire was oneasy. But the blessed old Parson Stovall, he gin 'em no time for iplanation or palaver; but he gits up, stands up squar', looks solemn as a meat-axe, and he says:

"'Let the parties which I'm to bind together in the holy bonds of wedlock stand up before me!'

"And, Lawd bless you, as he says the words, what should that old skunk of a bachelor do, but he gits up, stately as an old buck in spring time, and he marches over to my Merry Ann! But I was too much and too spry for him. I puts in betwixt 'em, and I takes the old bachelor by his coat-collar, 'twixt my thumb and forefinger, and afore he knows whar he is, I marches him up to the big looking-glass, and I says:

"'Look!'

"'Well,' says he, 'what?'

"'Look good,' says I.

"'I'm looking,' says he. 'But what do you mean, Sir?'

"Says I, 'Obzarve! Do you see yourself? Obzarve!'

"'I reckon I do,' says he.

"'Then,' says I, 'ax yourself the question, ef you're the sawt of looking man to marry my Merry Ann.'

"Then the old Squire burst out a-laughing. He couldn't help it.

"'Capital!' says he.

"'It's capital,' says I. 'But hyar we air, Parson. Put on the hitch, jest as quick as you kin clinch it; for thar's no telling how many slips thar may be 'twixt the cup and the lips when these hungry old bachelors air about.'

"'Who gives away this young woman?' axes the parson; and the Squire stands up and does the thing needful. I hed the ring ready, and



"I PUTS IN BETWIXT 'EM, AND I TAKES THE OLD BACHELOR BY HIS COAT-COLLAR," ETC.

before the parson had quite got through, old Grimstead vamoosed.

"He waur a leetle slow in onderstanding that he warn't wanted, and warn't, nohow, any party to the business. But he and the Squaire hed a mighty quarrel a'terwards, and ef 't hedn't been for me, he'd ha' licked the Squaire. He was able to do it; hut I jest cocked my cap at him one day, and, says I, in the Injin language:

"'Yaou!' And he didn't know what I meant; hut I looked tomahawks at him, so he gin ground; and he's getting old so fast that you kin see him growing downwards all the time.

"All that, Jedge, is jest thirteen years ago; and me and Merry Ann git on famously, and thar's no eend to the capital! Gould breeds like the cows, and it's only needful to squeeze the bags now and then to make Merry Ann happy as a tomtit. Thirteen years of married life, and look at me! You see for yourself, Jedge, that I'm not much the worse for wear; and I kin answer for Merry Ann, too, though, Jedge, we hev hed thirty-six children."

"What!" says I, "thirty-six children in thirteen years!"

The "Big Lie" roared aloud.

"Hurrah, Sharp! Go it! You're making it spread! That last shot will make the Jedge know that you're a right truthful sinner, of a Saturday night, and in the 'Lying Camp.'"

"To be sure! You see, Merry Ann keeps on. But you've only got to do the ciphering for yourself. Here, now, Jedge, look at it. Count for yourself. First we had *three* gal children, you see. Very well! Put down three. Then we had *six* boys, one every year for four years; and then, the fifth year, Merry Ann throwed deuce. Now put down the six boys a'ter the three gals, and ef that don't make thirty-six, thar's no snakes in all Flurriday!

"Now, men," says Sam, "let's liquor all round, and drink the health of Mrs. Merry Ann Snaffles and the thirty-six children, all alive and kicking; and glad to see you, Jedge, and the rest of the company. We're doing right well; hut I hes, every now and then, to put my thumb and forefinger on the Squaire's collar, and show him his face in the big glass, and call on him for an *obzarvation*—for he's mighty fond of going *shar's* in my 'capital.'"

THE OLD LOVE AGAIN.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

CHAPTER X.

MR. MANNERS'S PROJECT AND PEARLS.

"I KNEW it already," Nina said, in a low voice.

"You have heard from him, then?" he asked, with prompt jealousy.

"I have seen him," she said. And his heart throbbed with a quicker pulsation as he thought, "The game is up, then, for me." He did not seem inclined to continue the conversation, and so, after a few moments, Nina said,

"Tell me how you know that Mr. Barrington is in town."

"How? Oh! When I found that there was no chance of seeing my mother and you in the park, I took a cab down to her house, hoping to find you there still. I heard that you had all gone out together, and that my mother was expected back in half an hour. A friend of mine, who happened to be an acquaintance of Mr. Barrington's, was with me; and while we were standing at the window, waiting for my mother to come back, my friend pointed out a man, who was calling at the house opposite, as 'Gerald Barrington.' Of course he had no idea that I had any interest in the name; but he pointed Barrington out as a man he knew."

"Calling at the house opposite to your mother's?" Nina almost gasped. "Are you sure—sure?"

"Yes, quite sure," he answered, in some surprise.

"You did not hear from your mother, then, that that was the very house Mrs. Eldon is living in?"

"No. Is it? I didn't wait for my mother, after all. I was anxious to get home and have a quiet think by myself. Mrs. Eldon didn't mention to you that she expected Mr. Barrington?"

"No. Perhaps she didn't expect him," Nina suggested.

"I don't know; but I should imagine that he was expected. There was a man waiting to take his horse, and a pretty woman was standing at the window, dressed in black, and beaming with smiles; he had the air of being expected, too, as he knocked at the door." John Manners would not say a word more than the truth, but he would not keep back a particle of it that might pain Nina. He was not ready to kill her, in order to effect her cure; but he was ready to hurt her very much indeed for her future health's sake.

"And did not he tell you that he was on intimate terms with Mrs. Eldon?" he returned, after a brief silence.

"How should he tell me?" Nina said, irritably.

"Why should he not? It would have been only natural and straightforward for him to

mention such a fact to you, particularly as she was your intimate friend with whom you were staying when you met him in the country, at a time he did not know her."

"I detest digging and delving into people's motives," Nina said, warmly. "Perhaps he forgot it."

"In the joy of seeing you, perhaps he did. When did you see him?"

"This afternoon, after I parted with your mother," Nina said, gazing round upon him.

"Then he must have been on his way to the lovely widow's house," he said, coldly and rather cruelly. "It could not have escaped his memory, then."

"We did not speak to each other," Nina said, feeling driven to open confession.

"Thank Heaven for it!" Mr. Manners said; and as he said it he came a little nearer to Nina; and the light in the room was very soft and low, and they were alone.

"We only bowed to each other," Nina explained. And then she thought, "He will think, if I don't tell him the truth, that I gave the initiative—that I repulsed him." And her heart and her taste revolted at practicing any form of deceit toward this man at her side.

"I was prepared to hear many words from Gerald Barrington when I did see him," she said, firmly. "I was expecting very important words from him. I can only hope you will not quite despise me when I tell you that my depression just now was due to disappointment. He passed me almost coldly."

"For your sake I can only say, thank Heaven for it!" Mr. Manners said. But he sat more upright, and he moved his arm from the back of the sofa; and Nina felt that the crisis had come that evening for him, and that he had passed it safely.

"If I could only condescend to make it clear to him that in my heart I am glad that it is so with Gerald Barrington, it would be all right, even now; but I can't stoop to conquer." So she thought as she sat twisting her fan and her handkerchief to pieces. And he watched her nervous movements and deplored her misguided fancy.

"To think that she should wear the willow for a fellow who can leave her for the first fair face bent kindly upon him!" he thought. "To think that he should know so little of me as to believe me capable of continuing to love Gerald Barrington, after all!" she thought. And by "after all" she meant all that intimate communion and companionship which she had enjoyed with John Manners, and after the possibility had entered her mind of being offered a slight by Gerald Barrington.

But they could not see each other's thoughts. Consequently they sat there, side by side, each

misunderstanding the other's silence and embarrassment, and both being misunderstood by sundry sauntering guests, who came in and looked at them and went out again, and whispered it about that "Miss Delany was really getting desperate! She didn't care how much she compromised herself, provided she could only compromise John Manners by that seclusion into which she had plunged with him." And a few who knew a little—and but a little—of his domestic relations, "wondered what Miss Graves would say!" for it was getting pretty generally known in circles into which Mrs. Manners's mind had penetrated that the pretty little cousin was brought up to town to marry John Manners.

Miss Delany saw the looks, and guessed at the whisperings, and was superbly indifferent to both. She had nothing to lose and nothing to gain, now that John Manners seemed to be calmly resigning her and his opportunity. In reality, their intercourse was restricted to the merest commonplaces after she told him that Gerald Barrington and herself had held no communication. In appearance, it was warm, close, and confiding.

"When I went into the room Mr. Manners was leaning on his elbow by her side, with his head on her shoulder almost," one lady said, moving John Manners many inches nearer to Nina than the facts of the case warranted. "If we don't hear that it's an engagement in a few days after this it will be an outrage on society, and on your house in particular," another guest said to the hostess, who was daughterless and lenient.

Appearances confirmatory of the worst that was feared, namely, that Mr. Manners was really and properly engaged to the belle whose brightness had been the theme of far too universal praise for far too long a time, were kept up to the last. It was on Mr. Manners's arm that Miss Delany descended at length to get into her step-mother's carriage. He had dutifully waited, close at hand, while she made her adieus, and he did not appear again. Inquiring friends were at once "satisfied" and savage.

It chanced just about this time that old Mrs. Manners was seized with a mighty longing for uninterrupted routine, and a return to the normal quiet of a country life. She wanted to have her days and her hours and her habits and little fidgets to herself; and dear as her niece was to her, that niece, by reason of her youth, interfered with the placid harmony of the programme. "It is high time that John made up his mind," the old lady thought, as she was dressing on the morning after that party at which John and Nina had been considered to compromise each other. And then she resolved that she would speak to her son that day.

She would have a capital opportunity for doing so—at least, so she thought. John was coming to dine with them; and after dinner, while Edith was discoursing sweet music in the

front drawing-room, Mrs. Manners would, over the coffee that he loved, open her heart and unfold her desires to her son. Edith, as a niece, had been all that was desirable. She had been what some people would have called subservient to the masterful old lady; but it came easy to Edith to be so. As a daughter-in-law, she would, of course, be the same. Besides, Mrs. Manners, having watched over them all her life, felt sure of Edith's morals, "which was more than she did of most young women's," she added to herself. Additionally, she had a strong incentive to arranging the match without delay in a dawning fear she had of what she termed "Miss Delany's ways."

Mrs. Manners did a great deal in the quiet, comfortable preparation line that day. She went out herself, in the heat of the day, and selected a bit of the biggest, pinkest salmon that the old court suburb could supply. Perfectly oblivious of the fact that her son was in the habit of dining at the best and most *recherché* clubs, Mrs. Manners organized what she imagined would be a treat to him, in the shape of a repast in which many of the delicacies of the season had a place. "Men are always more amenable to reason after a good dinner," she told herself, complacently, when she had made all her arrangements. And then, it being late in the afternoon, she went up to Edith's room to see what the girl thought of wearing.

"John will be here soon. Are you nearly ready, Edith?" Mrs. Manners said, coming in with the animation of self-satisfied bustle upon her face. Edith was lying on the bed, reading, unexcited, sleepy, in fact, and consequently unsympathetic.

"He surely won't be here two hours before dinner, aunt? It's only half past four."

"At any rate, I should like you to be ready when he does come," the old lady said, testily; and then she bustled up to the door of the wardrobe, and asked what dress Edith meant to wear.

"Oh, it doesn't much matter," Edith said, indifferently, without looking up from her book.

"But I tell you it does matter; not more than one girl in a thousand can afford to disregard her appearance, and you're not that one, my dear."

"Who is coming?" Edith asked, languidly—the afternoon heat was making her very heavy; moreover, she was in the midst of a very pleasant page of "Jenny Bell's" adventures.

"John is coming."

"Any one else, aunt?"

"No."

"Oh, then, John never does notice dress. I shall wear that same spotted muslin."

Mrs. Manners took out the spotted muslin and looked at it, and shook her head.

"It's tumbled," she said, "and to-night you must look your best, my dear; put on your new white llama, with the blue velvet trimmings, and I will give you what I have always intended for you, that pearl necklet and bracelets that make your white skin look whiter."

Then Edith roused up to the full knowledge of all that was expected of and for her, and got off the bed, and began her toilet, looking very flushed and pretty. For though it was "only John" who was coming to see how well she looked in the white llama, and the pearl necklace and bracelets, he became of importance in her eyes the instant she assumed (from his mother's manner) that he had the will as well as the power to confer upon her the dignity of "a married woman." For blue-eyed Edith was a booby of the purest water, and she believed that the badge of matronhood would bring only honor and glory and consideration to her, with very few cares and unpleasant duties to balance these things. So she arrayed herself in full armor, and was ready to do battle against him long before John arrived.

He came just at the right moment, just as the dinner was ready, just as his mother was getting impatient for his presence. It was pleasant to the old lady, since she had ordered her *cuisine* so carefully, to find that his appetite was hearty, and his palate pleased with that which she had provided for him. But it was not pleasant to her to find that he was grave, silent, self-absorbed; that he was not amenable to the subtle flattery of dishes that "had been favorites of his." "He will relax over the coffee," Mrs. Manners thought; so she set Edith down to the piano in the front-room, and drew her son away to the softly cushioned sofa in the shaded back-room, where they were screened from the actual presence of the girl by the falling curtains that draped the division doorway.

Edith played, glibly, decidedly badly, as half-instructed girls are apt to do. She played popular airs arranged for the display of much execution with a spirit and dash that attracted the ear and favorable regard of perambulating pot-boys on the delivery of "supper-beer" bent, but that did not strike a corresponding chord in the breast of John Manners. And she played dreamy pieces most undreamily, and bent her fair head about the while in eager attempt to catch the slightest sound of approbation from the other room.

But all she did hear when she paused presently, in impatient vanity, were the words, "Go on, my dear," from Mrs. Manners. So she went on, without heart or soul or taste, feeling sulkily convinced that her music and white llama and whiter skin, to which the pearls were designed as a foil, were alike unnoticed and unappreciated.

Meanwhile Mrs. Manners had opened her battery.

"John," she began, when Edith was in the middle of one of the most prolonged thunder-claps, "I am thinking that when I leave this house in September I shall be glad to let it for the remainder of my term."

"Are you tired of London, mother? I fancied you would be before long."

"If it suited my health I shouldn't be tired of it," Mrs. Manners said; "but I find that rest

and quiet and my own old ways suit me best. Dear Edith, good as she is, is a charge to an old woman who has lived alone so long."

"I thought she was rather more of a comfort than a charge," John said.

"So she is," Mrs. Manners said, decidedly; "much more. Who could doubt it that knows her? The girl is goodness itself, John; and when I think that she may be thrown away, no wonder I feel her to be a charge!"

"Has she fallen in love with a wrong man?" he asked, laughing.

"Far from it," she said, hastily. "If"—and here Mrs. Manners began to speak very significantly—"if her affections are engaged at all, it is by a man whom I should be the last person in the world to think the 'wrong' one in one sense, though I *shall* think him very wrong indeed if he does not respond."

"My dear mother, come out as a match-maker!" he said, as she put her hand on his arm and sunk her voice to a most impressive whisper.

"No, John. I should scorn to be that," she said, energetically; "but I should act a lie if I pretended not to wish for a certain match that might be made if only both were willing."

"And are not both willing?" he said, carelessly.

"You can answer for one of them, my son."

"Then I answer No," he said, sadly. "Mother, I am sorry that you have set your heart on this, but we can't have things as we like. You must resign this cherished wish, as I may have to resign mine after long years of pertinacity. Don't grieve for Edith. My little cousin cares exactly as much for me as she would care for any other man who might possibly marry her."

Mrs. Manners sat tapping her clasped hands upon her lap for a few moments. He was her very dear son, but he had disappointed, thwarted, overruled her, and for a minute or two she had no sorrow, no sympathy to bestow upon his possible disappointment and heart-sickness. When she spoke it was to ask:

"John, is it that girl who comes here out of affected civility to me who is wasting your youth and spoiling your life—is it Miss Delany that you love in vain?"

"It is Miss Delany that I have loved in vain," he said, quietly. Then he rose up, adding: "I shall not keep you up late to-night, mother; while I stay let us go into the other room with Edith."

Then they went in, and he sat himself down by Edith's side, and talked that kind of "polite conversation" to her which no man ever can talk to the woman he loves. And Edith knew that she had worn white llama and pearls in vain.

He was very considerate as to their possible fatigue in the midst of that anxiety and doubt that he was feeling about Nina, and Nina's wishes and desires respecting Gerald Barrington, and her own future. "I know that you dislike late hours," he said to his mother about

half past nine o'clock, and then he rose up to go away, and she did not seek to detain him.

They did not make much pretense of cheerfulness when John was gone. Old Mrs. Manners was unconditionally and unmistakably cross, and Edith began to quake with the fear that she should be called upon to surrender her pearls. Though she had not been told so in so many words, she felt sure, from the whole manner of the gift, that it had been bestowed in hope. What if it should be taken away in despair! Edith looked at them foudly as she unclasped and laid them down in their velvet case that night; and she thought rather bitter things of her cousin John.

Presently Mrs. Manners came to see her young charge, as was her wont the last thing before retiring to rest herself.

"Well, Edith," she began, "have you had nearly enough of London?"

"Not nearly," Edith said, truthfully.

"Then you won't like my plan just at first, my dear; but you'll see the wisdom of it by-and-by. I shall give this house up in September, and go back to our Hampshire home, where we have friends and people to care for us."

"Oh!" Edith said.

"I find that I must give up a project that was dear to me," Mrs. Manners went on, with a tremulous voice. "What that project was I needn't tell you now, for you can't help me to carry it out; and my son is deaf to my wishes; so I have nothing to stay for."

"I shall be happy to go back, since you think it better," Edith said, blushing a little; and then Mrs. Manners rose up and kissed her niece; and Edith murmured, "Will you take the pearls now, aunt?" and the answer was:

"No, child; keep them, keep them." So Edith slept with a light heart, after all.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW SHE HEARD IT.

SIR ARTHUR DELANY had been calmly content to know that the widow of his ward was well jointured and in good health while she staid far away from him. But as soon as he heard that she was accessible, easily accessible from Eccleston Square, he became anxious to see her well-being with his own eyes, and to hear "what she meant to do, poor thing!" with his own ears.

Accordingly, the morning after the day on which Nina had accidentally met with Mrs. Eldon, Sir Arthur declared it to be his intention to "drive into Kensington about four, with his wife and daughter, and call on Frank's widow." But Lady Delany, who did not know Gertrude, chose to picture the latter as a fretful, sorrowful, uninteresting country lady; and so Lady Delany excused herself from making the visit; therefore it fell upon Nina to go while her wound was still fresh. For it was a wound,

this discovery she had made, that Mrs. Eldon was concealing something relating to Gerald Barrington from her (Nina). It might be a very slight something—it might be the merest casual intimacy, of such an uninteresting nature that Mrs. Eldon did not think it worth mentioning. It "might be" that this was the true solution of the mystery that had been maintained. But Nina did not believe it.

Mrs. Eldon was at home. Mrs. Eldon received them in her fascinating, seductively furnished little drawing-room, looking rather languid from the heat, but very much happier than Sir Arthur had expected to see her look. Even her mourning, deep as it was, had almost a coquettish gracefulness about it, Nina thought, angrily. Why could not Gertrude be content to look her worst for a little time longer for poor Frank's sake, instead of putting on that cloud of airily falling crape which she called a domino, and declared she wore for coolness?

"You left me so quickly yesterday that I had scarcely a moment to speak to you, Nina," Mrs. Eldon said, when Sir Arthur had expressed his gratification at seeing her "at all," and "well," and "there," and had congratulated her on the situation of her house, and its arrangement, and on its being "so easy of access."

"I had better leave Nina with you until the evening," Nina's father said, in a burst of good feeling. He was rather anxious to get away himself, now that he had done his duty to the "poor young widow of his poor young ward." Mrs. Eldon was very pretty, but in these latter years of his life he had come to have a feeling of distrust for young pretty women. His own wife was "one of them," and in his innermost heart he knew that he would have been a far happier man if he had never sought to win and wear that youthful prettiness of hers. Moreover, he was apt to bore himself in the society of people who were not sympathetic to his interests, and prompt in rejoinder and allusion to the topics of the day. Accordingly, now he felt that he should be glad to get himself away as speedily as possible; but as he wished to seem cordial and hearty and pleasant, he determined that he would leave Nina.

"Papa," Nina said, quickly, "my staying may interfere with Mrs. Eldon's plans; another evening, Gertrude, not this."

"Yes, this, please," Mrs. Eldon said, impatiently. "Plans! I have no plans. I shall be charmed if you will stay and cheer my loneliness, Nina." Then Nina protested again against doing so, but more faintly this time, and her protests were overruled; and, finally, Sir Arthur Delany went away without her.

The hostess took her guest up into her flower-perfumed chamber, and even before Nina had taken off her bonnet she felt that there was constraint between them, and that she had been unwise to stay. "Papa has almost forced me to board you, Gertrude," she said; "and you look tired, and would rather be alone, I dare say."

"No, I wouldn't. What makes you say that?"

Mrs. Eldon said, shaking her head. "We are not quite accustomed to one another up here yet. I am glad we are to have this evening together; we shall wear off our stiff edges."

But the stiff edges did not wear off speedily. They both seemed afraid to go back to the old days and to discuss them; and the new ones had not supplied them with sufficient matter in common to converse about. An oppression that was not entirely atmospheric hung over them, and they could not disperse it with *eau de Cologne* and fans. A dozen times, at least, Nina was on the point of mentioning Gerald Barrington; but a vivid remembrance of what Gertrude had considered her (Nina's) folly of old about him restrained her. "Whatever he may be to her now," Miss Delany thought, "lover or friend, whatever he is, if he is not mentioned between us to-night, he will be unmentionable almost in future. I wish, without telling her so bluntly, she could understand that I haven't an atom of love for him now."

Dinner was a diversion. They relaxed a little during dinner—relaxed into naturalness and cordiality, so much so that Nina resolved within herself to have the truth out, by some means or other, when they should get back to the drawing-room.

It was hard to begin, though. In the first place, Gertrude was very restless. She kept on flitting about, from sofa to chair and from chair to fender-stool, in a way that was very unlike her usual calm. She made Nina try her "new piano;" she became engrossingly anxious to hear Miss Delany. In fact, she fidgeted to a degree that made the introduction of a serious subject almost impossible.

At last, about quarter to eight o'clock, after giving a glance out of her flower-wreathed window, Mrs. Eldon seated herself abruptly on the sofa by Nina, and said:

"How opinions alter and get modified and softened by fuller knowledge of that which they were formed upon originally; how we all change, don't we, Nina?"

"Yes; happily and unhappily," Nina said, in some confusion.

"Happily, or unhappily, we *do* change; that is the great point. Nina, I have had great difficulty in making up my mind what I ought to do by you just at present; whether I ought to let events roll on and you be taken by surprise, or whether I ought to prepare you for something."

"Prepare me, by all means," Nina said.

"I will, then. At eight o'clock an old friend of yours is coming here, Mr. Barrington." She paused and looked eagerly into Nina's face. Nina was absolutely composed.

"I am glad you have told me," she said.

"Yes? I could not hesitate to tell you," Mrs. Eldon said, warmly, forgetting the statement she had just made relative to the difficulty she had had in making up her mind as to what she ought to do. "I could not trap you into meeting him without knowing your wishes about it."

"You have learned to tolerate him, then," Nina said. And for a few moments she wrestled with a strong inclination she had to remind Gertrude how she used to rail at and censure the man who was coming.

"I have learned to know him," Mrs. Eldon said, gravely. "During that long, sad time that I staid at Ardleigh alone he was thoughtful and considerate for me in a way I did not appreciate at the time."

"But you have learned to do so since," Nina said, with the shadow of a sneer on her lip. Mrs. Eldon saw and was quick to resent the shadow.

"I should have been blind—dull, indeed—if I had not, Nina."

"You have prepared me now. Tell me something more," Miss Delany said.

"Nina, there are things that are too hard to explain all in a minute."

"Gradual changes of sentiment rank among these hard things, don't they, Gertrude? I will understand without your telling me."

"It has come on so gradually, and yet so quickly, that I have never been able to decide at which point I ought to have begun confiding in you," Mrs. Eldon said, softly. "Nina, I am longing to ask you something; may I?"

"Yes," Nina said. But before Mrs. Eldon could ask her question there came a knock at the door, and the next instant Mr. Barrington was ushered into the room.

"My dear Gertrude—" he began; and then he stopped, for he saw Nina, and he looked at once angry, confused, ashamed, and agitated. And so she met the old love again.

"I have been having a long pleasant talk with Gertrude," Nina said, rising, without a trace of embarrassment, and holding out her hand to him. "And you have been our theme for the last few minutes. But I had not time to hear all your address to her has told me. I do congratulate you so thoroughly, and wish you such happiness."

He was obliged to shake her hand and to look her in the face, feeling that "fickleness and false position" were stamped legibly on his brow. But Nina looked frank and beaming, and Gertrude looked radiant and lovely, and he recovered his normal debonair bearing, and secretly congratulated himself on this dread ordeal being passed.

The Delanys' carriage came for Nina soon after this, and Gertrude snatched a minute alone with her old friend, when the old friend went up to put on her bonnet.

"Nina, what do you think of me?" she exclaimed. "Are you horrified, disgusted—what?"

"Neither one nor the other. A little surprised; but that is a feeling that will soon wear off. What were you going to ask me when Mr. Barrington came in and stopped you?"

"This conclusion to which we have come does not clash with your feelings, does it?"

"No, no, no! not one!" Nina said, vehemently.

"There will be nothing but pleasure, there will not be a shadow of awkwardness, in our interviews with you when we are married?" Gertrude asked, eagerly and inquiringly. And Nina's reply was:

"Certainly not—if we all wish it." Then she took leave of Gertrude and went down, and Gerald Barrington handed her to her carriage, and breathed a benediction upon her for going away so soon.

He had not quite resumed his easy air when he re-entered the room where Gertrude was; he knew that she had marked his confusion, and he was not quite sure how she might feel about it. But Mrs. Eldon, secure in his present undivided homage, was very tender to the feelings of the man she loved.

"I think Nina is prettier than ever; don't you?" she said, without looking at him.

"No, indeed—I do not. I hear she is engaged to a Mr. Manners; do you think it's true?"

"I know he wants her to be engaged to him, and I believe she is very fond of him; so, that being the case, we will hope it is true." So they got over their little difficulty concerning her.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW SHE TOLD IT.

SEVERAL days elapsed between Nina's discovery of the fact of the pretty widow's engagement to her (Nina's) own old love and the necessity of imparting it to John Manners. "I shall tell him myself the instant I see him," she thought; "and I shall add that I was shocked just at first. He will think that I was stung by jealousy, and he will be mistaken, but I can't help that." Then she went on to explain to herself, with much elaboration of argument, that it would be utterly impossible to explain the facts of the case satisfactorily to John Manners. And then she resented such an idea obtruding itself upon her—and arranged a form of explanation to be offered to him, after all.

It was not speedily demanded. The current of events carried them apart for several days—quite long enough for Nina to feel that her everyday life would be more dreary henceforth without John Manners than it had ever been before. Young Lady Delany was now the mother of two daughters, and, in her maternal anxiety for their future well-being, she foresaw much that was detrimental to them in Nina's continued presence. "When my own girls are old enough to go out I shall be hampered with that old maid—for Nina will be an old maid by that time," Lady Delany would say indiscriminately to her husband, her maid, and any one else who would listen to her. Sir Arthur resignedly declared that perhaps she was contemplating a trouble that never might arise—their small daughters might not live to grow up; but this view of the case was not found consolatory.

The projected alliance between Mrs. Eldon and Gerald Barrington was a fruitful theme of annoyance in the Delany household, and Nina was compelled to hear it discussed daily with nearly every visitor who came to the house. There was poignant pain to the girl in this, for her own engagement to Gerald Barrington was an unforgotten thing with many of the old friends of the family. Moreover, she could not bring herself to avow that she saw any thing "indecent" in Mrs. Eldon's marrying a second time. And when she would not avow this, her step-mother sarcastically suggested that "Nina feared being suspected of tasting sour grapes, but that in her prudence she overshot her mark, and was too generous for it to be believed true." Altogether, Nina repented herself of having unearthed her old friend, and of having surprised her old friend's secret.

For three or four days after Mrs. Manners and her son had come to the clear and definite understanding as to each other's hopes and intentions which has been described, John staid away from the maternal roof and tried to persuade himself that his mother would be indifferent as to her non-success in the furthering of that scheme which the dear old domestic diplomatist had come to London to carry out. Still, though he tried to persuade himself that this was the case, he felt shy of going down and facing the girl who had been offered to him in matrimony, and whom he had rejected—rejected kindly and politely, but still rejected. He felt a little flushed in the face as he thought of the possibility of Edith knowing what was going on in the back-room that night while she was making sweet music in the front. And when he had reflected upon this possibility he did hope that the poor little thing with the pure white brow and the forget-me-not eyes and the feeble mind had not learned to love him. If she had—! Well, at any rate he would see Nina Delany first, and give her clearly to understand that he did not think it well for man to live alone.

Fraught with this determination he went to Eccleston Square and knocked at the Delanys' door at an hour in the afternoon when he knew that the hottest sun would never drive Lady Delany to seek the shelter of her own roof. He was fortunate—there was no exception this day to that rule on which he had relied. Lady Delany was not at home, and Miss Delany was.

He had to wait alone in the drawing-room for some little time before she came to him. And while he was waiting he made up his mind definitely, as he believed, as to what he would say and do. He had no false shame in the matter. Twice before he had asked this lady to marry him, and twice she had refused to do so. But in her last refusal there had been an element of regret for her own determination. This third time would be the last of his asking her, not because he would be ashamed to make a fourth, or a fifth, or even a sixth application for that which he much desired, but because

time was going on; and he knew that if she said him nay now, he would never again be able to feel very ardent about her saying yes.

Lady Delany's drawing-room was a very pleasant place to wait in. The wide windows were open on to the balcony, and broad beds of scarlet geranium and mignonnette spread out in that subtle London sweetness of theirs before him. They had attained their fullest luxuriance now in the autumn, as metropolitan horticultural efforts always do, just as people are about to quit town, and they gave him pleasant ideas of how the outside of his house in Vere Street might be made to look under the management of a wife. "I hope with all my heart that Nina will be the one to manage them; but if she will not, why, then—" He could not completely word his thought, for at that instant the door opened and Nina came in.

Prettier than ever—ay, and looking as young as ever too, he fancied, in his great admiration for her. And far more cordial than ever, it seemed to him. Both hands came out to greet him. Cheeks flushed and eyes sparkled with pleasure. Even under the excitement of recently acquired pearls, Edith could never look like this.

She seated herself close to the open window, in the shade that was cast by the pink striped awning that covered the balcony, in the current of sweet air that was wafted in over the blooming mignonnette. He placed himself opposite to her, feeling almost sorry that time was going on so fast, and that he had so definitely made up his mind that this was to be the last time of asking.

"Have you seen my mother and my cousin since I dined there the other night?" he began, for it was part of his plan to tell her his mother's wishes about Edith and himself.

"No; but I have seen Mrs. Eldon and Mr. Gerald Barrington again."

"And they have solved the little mystery?" he asked.

"Yes. After all, it is no mystery; it is the natural result of a certain set of circumstances. They are engaged, and will be married to each other as soon as her year of mourning has expired."

"I am heartily glad of it," he said.

"So am I," she put in, quietly.

"Nina," he began, feeling rather more agitated than he had felt on the previous occasions, "before you told me this, even, I had resolved upon asking you that old question again: this confirms me in that resolve. Shall I tell you why I made it, and why I mean this to be the last time?"

"Yes, tell me," she stammered out. So he too was going to show her that ties, strongly as they bound him now, would not bind him forever if she tested them too severely.

"Well, until the other day—the day after I met you last—the possibility of my ever marrying any other woman never entered my mind. On that day my mother worded the idea very

distinctly; and since then I have been thinking that even if I can not love, I may be a happier man than I am now in being loved by a single-minded, good-hearted little creature like my cousin. But before I fall back upon this silver possibility I will try once more to realize that golden one which I have had before me so long. That, you have come to like me better, I am sure—have you come to like me well enough to marry me?"

"Yes," Nina said; "I have done that for a long time. I did that when you asked me in the garden at Pont de Brigne; but I thought myself half-pledged." And then she told him all her indiscretion in going to Sedgwick.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT NIGHT IN VERE STREET.

THE lady's family heard of it with the greatest satisfaction, and Lady Delany offered at once to take all the trouble of furnishing off Mr. Manners's hands. "Nina's a baby about bargains," she said, "but I have a natural aptitude for making them; besides, I shall have such pleasure in doing it, for if that house is done with taste it will be perfect." Lady Delany was so warm on the subject in her goodwill that they had some difficulty in saving themselves from the carpets and curtains of her heart, and the consequent bills. However, she was restrained by the statement from Nina that they meant to marry first, and furnish afterward—an unconventional proceeding that robbed Lady Delany of half her pleasure in the marriage.

But the gentleman's family did not hear of it with pleasure. On the contrary, when Edith heard of it she manifested a little spiteful scorn that betokened any thing but pleasure. John had been closeted with his mother an hour before dinner, and had gone away when dinner was announced; and Mrs. Manners had sat down to the table in tears and anger. From the hour in which she had taken Edith to live with her she had fully intended that her son should marry her niece. Now this intention was frustrated by a girl whom she (Mrs. Manners) did not like. Accordingly she felt angry and hardly used; and her mood when she was these things was not pleasant.

She had not been pleasant to her son. He had told her of his engagement, and his hope that the marriage would soon take place, in a few words as possible. And she had received the communication in grim silence. Then he had asked her affectionately to say something hopeful and kind to him on this the realization of his long-cherished hope. Then she had broken the grim silence to utter even grimmer words.

"You might as well have told me this the other evening when I spoke to you about Edith."

"But, mother, I did not know it myself then."

"Oh, I dare say you knew very well that she would snap at you directly you asked her!" Mrs. Manners said. And then he could not

help laughing as he remembered how his experience contradicted his mother's aspersion.

"I shall ask Edith to be one of the bridesmaids," he said; and at that Mrs. Manners did grow very wrath indeed, giving her son to understand clearly that she would not give her consent to any act by which his bridal with Miss Delany might be the more graced in the eyes of the world.

"It's a trifling obstacle to the carrying out of that plan," she said, "that I shall be far away from here by the time you're married, and that I do rely on Edith's gratitude so far as to expect that she won't desert me."

After this John went away, feeling that he could do no good by remaining, and Mrs. Manners went down to dinner, as has been said.

Edith had scented a disclosure and a secret in some mysterious way, and was disappointed that her cousin had gone away, instead of staying to dinner, as was his wont, when he came to see them late in the afternoon.

"John seems to have been in a hurry to day, aunt," she said, as she seated herself; and Mrs. Manners made no reply for a minute or two, but took the opportunity, when the servant went out of the room, of saying:

"John had nothing very pleasant to say, so he's just as well gone."

"Oh!" Edith said.

"He came to tell me that he is going to be married to Miss Delany," Mrs. Manners said, hesitatingly, half fearing how Edith might take it, for it seemed to her as unnatural that Edith should not love John as it was that John should not love Edith.

"Then she's tired of waiting any longer for Mr. Barrington," Edith said, vivaciously; and then she told how she had heard from their maid, who had heard it from Mrs. Eldon's maid, that Mr. Barrington had jilted Miss Delany for the beautiful widow. "It really would have looked better if she had waited a month or two longer, wouldn't it, aunt? for she must think that, living so near, you will hear this about Mrs. Eldon, and she must think that when you hear you'll tell John."

But in spite of all this violence that was done by it to the sensitive feelings of those connected with him, John Manners was very happy in his engagement—quite happy enough to make him anxious to terminate it in marriage—about the best tribute that can be paid by a man to the preliminary stage.

It was expedient that they should be married before the Delanys left town for the end of the summer and the autumn, and so Nina's time was well taken up, and she was able to justify herself to herself for suffering such a long time to pass before she went to acquaint Mrs. Eldon with the coming change. At last, two days before the one appointed for her wedding, she went down to the Victoria Road, and found the widow alone and sad; and yet not sad exactly, but most strangely quiet, and suppressed in look and manner.

"Gertrude," Nina said, after about ten minutes' talk on desultory subjects, "you don't say you wonder why I have not been here for a long time."

"I think I have left off wondering at any thing," Gertrude said, smiling softly.

"Then I'll create the emotion for you again. I am going to marry John Manners."

"I have not lost the power of being glad, I find," Gertrude said, heartily.

"Thank you. That's nicely, judiciously, sweetly, kindly said. I am going to marry him, and to love him, and to be very happy with him. I have not lost the power of wondering. I wonder if our married paths will cross!"

Just for an instant a look of pain swept over Gertrude's face. Then she smiled it down, and said:

"I shall cross your married path often, I hope, dear; but that is all over between Mr. Barrington and me. I am bound to tread my path without a guide, pledged to be one instead."

"What do you mean? Broken off your engagement? Has Gerald Barrington shown himself weak and unstable to you?"

"No; indeed he has not; but poor Frank's child will be born soon. In my grief and excitement I did not know that I was to be a mother. Now I do know it, and I'll have my child to myself, since it has lost its own father; but I am very weak about it, Nina." Here she began to cry. "I have only just strength enough to stick to my determination—not to talk about it."

As may be supposed, in spite of this declaration they did talk about it a great deal, and Nina found herself advocating the cause of this man, who would lose a good woman whom he loved a second time in his life, if Gertrude did not relent. But Gertrude gave no signs of relenting; indeed, she seemed to think that it would be idle to do so now, for she had taken what she called her last leave of Gerald Barrington, and believed that he had gone abroad. At any rate he had left London, and gone she knew not whither.

There was a happy coming home to the pretty house in Vere Street, some six months after this. John Manners and his wife had curtailed their wedding tour, and come back to lodgings adjacent to their own house, in order that they might personally superintend the arrangement of the furniture, which Lady Delany had not been allowed to select. And now, on this particular night, the house was ready, and they were on their way to it in a cab, packed with their traveling trunks, and the trifles that will accumulate even when one is in lodgings, and doing without every thing. They were talking about Gertrude, who was the mother of a pretty boy, and well enough to have promised to come and spend the following day with them, and Nina was affecting to half shake her head about the pretty boy having come after all, since his doing so was the cause of poor Gerald Barrington being cast adrift again.

"She never did a wiser thing in her life than in casting him adrift," John Manners said.

"I can understand your feeling that about me, but not about Gertrude."

"Can't you understand my feeling it about any woman worthy of a thought? He hadn't it in him to be faithful; if he had he would have been more favored. *What* he turned to from you the first time! You yourself have described his wife to me."

"And you yourself have told me you contemplated the idea of Edith, if I had said No, the last time you asked me," Mrs. Manners said, laughing.

"Ah! that was a different thing," Mr. Manners remarked. And then the cab stopped at their own door, and they got out.

But after they had got out of the cab, and before they could get into the house, a gentleman came strolling past, with a young and very lovely girl leaning on his arm; and the girl was looking up into his face with an impassioned warmth that can never be feigned, and chokingly, regardless of those in the street, was imploring him to "marry her now, or she would—she would—" And he, turning a careless ear to her, half glanced at the lady who was going to cross from the cab to the door; and his face was the face of Gerald Barrington.

To think of all he had suffered for her in years gone by, and of all she had suffered for him—of the trials and temptations he had

brought upon himself—of his easy modes of self-consolation—of all the weakness and all the charm of the man, was the work of one instant. Then she remembered the evil effect the out-cast feeling is sure to have on a man. And she stretched her hand out to him and called him by name, and bid him "mark the address and come and see her husband and herself to-morrow."

"So I mark my entrance into your home with an indiscretion, John," she said, half deprecatingly, when they had got themselves into the house.

"Not with an indiscretion," he said, approvingly. "But he won't come."

"I judge him more leniently and more kindly. He will come. It is Gertrude's desertion which has brought him to this; but he shall not revenge himself on Gertrude by cruelly treating that poor girl."

"He will not come," Mr. Manners repeated. And the result proved him right. The morrow came, and Nina watched for him anxiously, and watched in vain. But the four o'clock post brought her a letter from him, containing these few words:

"This morning I married the girl you saw with me last night. She was good till she knew me; and an angel interposed for her last night, and saved her. Since my marriage I have taken our passage to Australia, where I am going to work and lead a new life."

She never heard of the old love again.

THE DETECTIVE.

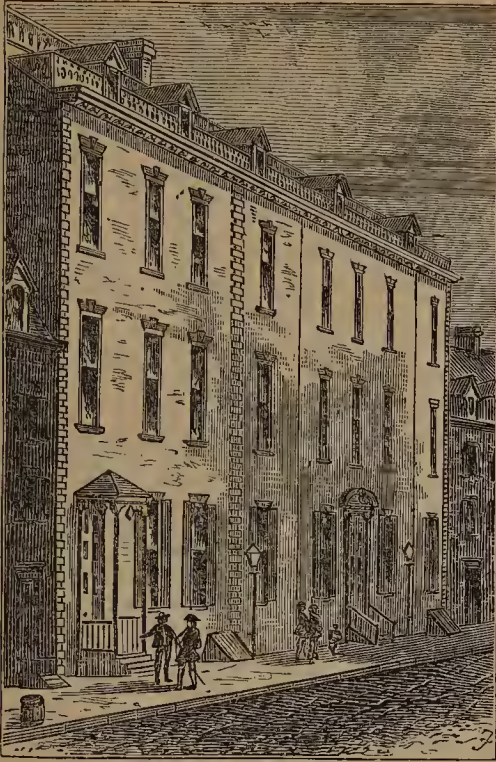
A TALE OF THE OLD WALTON HOUSE.

THE remarkable skill and penetration shown by our modern detectives in "shadowing" suspected persons until sufficient proof has been obtained to warrant their arrest is illustrated by the daily history of crime. By the term "shadowing" is meant that vigilant watch kept upon the culprit by some one who follows him like his own shadow, and to do this successfully indicates no small degree of skill on the part of the "detective." This last expression recalls to memory some strange facts which came to my knowledge in the early part of my life, and I can never meet the term in print or hear it in conversation without a painful reminiscence. This I now offer to the world, inasmuch as its lessons may be not altogether useless.

The old Walton House is one of the few historic buildings in this city, not historic in the highest sense of the term, but simply as commemorating commercial and social greatness of a past age. The Waltons, for several generations, were the merchant princes of this city, but their glory began to wane before the Revolution, and since then no one of the name has restored its greatness. William Walton, in whom the family culminated, built a mansion in the fashionable suburbs of the city, in which was exhibited the highest reach of colonial

architecture. The locality, which is now known as Franklin Square, was then the most fashionable spot in New York. Mr. Walton's mansion was surrounded by spacious grounds which sloped down to the East River, and afforded a fine view of the fields of Broekelklyn, as the place opposite was called by the Dutch settlers. These grounds are now cut off from the river by Water, Front, and South streets, and huge warehouses now stand on the spot where the Waltons (like the renowned Izaak) were wont to amuse themselves with piscatorial sport.* The Walton House still stands, but it is so grievously changed that its author would hardly know it. It is hedged in with buildings, it is defaced with alterations, and is cut up into small rooms after the fashion of a tenement house. These changes have been gradual, and at the time to which I have reference it retained much of its former grandeur. The Walton family had become, as it was supposed, extinct, and

* William Walton built the mansion referred to in 1752. He died, childless, in 1768, leaving his estate to his grand-nephew, William Walton. The latter joined the British during the Revolution, and his estates were in part confiscated. His children went to England, and one of them entered the British navy, in which he rose to the post of Rear-Admiral.—*Vide* HISTORY OF CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.



THE OLD WALTON HOUSE.

the property had passed into other hands, when suddenly a member of this ancient house reappeared in the person of a British sea-captain. This event of course made a sensation in the society of New York, which, sixty years ago, was limited to Wall Street and the lower part of Broadway, and hence was easily stirred. Captain Guilford Walton had nothing, however, to recommend him beyond the prestige of his name and former rank—not in the royal navy, but in the merchant service. He had sailed many years, but, though sea-captains generally make money, he brought with him no reputation of wealth. He was well built in form, and might have been called good-looking, had it not been for an expression peculiarly sinister which his countenance bore when in repose, but which, however, passed away as soon as he began to speak. He was an intelligent and agreeable companion, and could fascinate with his strange sea tales; but at times he became silent, and even moody. Such a man could at once command access to the best society of New York, and Captain Walton was accordingly received among the Hamiltons, the Crugers, the Gracies, and other aristocratic families whose mansions fronted the Battery, or were to be found near by in Broadway or Greenwich Street. His own residence was far distant on the east side of town, and, in fact, was the mansion to which reference has been made. It was no longer in a fashionable neighborhood, but was occupied by a well-to-do family, who were glad to let a suit of furnished apartments to a gentleman whose name was identified with the house. Here he exhibited an orderly life, and thus dif-

fered much from other sea-faring men, who, when ashore, indulge in gaming, drinking, and other degrading habits. It was noticed that he gradually cultivated a recluse habit, or rather yielded to an inclination of this sort, for he seldom mixed with gay society, and when he did so he readily showed that it was from a desire for its excitement rather than for any gratification of thought or sentiment. As he was unmarried, it was supposed that such a prudent, steady bachelor (of forty-five or thereabout) would live and die a celibate, and, perhaps, immortalize his memory by some great deed of posthumous charity.

These ideas, however, were soon overset by his introduction to a young lady who lived in the upper suburbs of the city, and was of a respectable though not aristocratic family. Her father had been a Tory during the Revolution, and had lost a large fortune. He now occupied a few acres near what is now called Spring Street, and this, with a small house, was all that was left of his once splendid estate. I do not know how Captain Walton formed the acquaintance of Anna Barrington, but as soon as made it seemed to act upon his nature with great power. Anna, though neither rich nor beautiful, had the charm of innocence, and this could not but win the admiration of one who had gone the world's round and met its conventional politeness, so selfish and heartless. In addition to this, Miss Barrington was well educated, and had been so long intimate with the aristocratic British families of the city as to acquire a national tone, which attracted a true Briton like Captain Walton. The acquaintance, therefore, readily ripened into intimacy, and, as a natural result, their strong mutual affinities led to a matrimonial engagement. Captain Walton became a constant visitor at Kirtle Grove, as Mr. Barrington's residence was called, and enjoyed that degree of privilege which is accorded to an expectant bridegroom.

Such was the condition of things when the strange and perplexing train of circumstances of which I am about to write took place. They were generally known in New York, and were, at the time, the subject of much remark; but the impression they made on the public mind was greatly abated by that far more astounding event which occurred a few months afterward—the murder of Gulielma Sands. This tragedy was exceedingly mysterious. Weeks was tried and acquitted, though since then his guilt has been made quite apparent. He no doubt seduced Miss Sands under promise of marriage, and then murdered her and threw her body into a well. The latter was in a vacant lot not far from Kirtle Grove, and there the body was subsequently discovered. The popular novel, by T. S. Fay, entitled "Norman Leslie," is founded upon this affair, which, as I said, absorbed public attention to the exclusion of all other topics.

I have stated that the captain had rooms at the Walton House, in Franklin Square, which was separated from Kirtle Grove by a mile's

distance. It would have been farther were it not the captain's custom to take a short cut through several new streets, half built up with small wooden houses. The path thus indicated would be from Kirtle Grove to Broadway, and thence across to Mulberry Street. This street was hardly more than a crooked highway, skirting the Collect, or pond, which covered what is now the site of Centre Street. After reaching Chatham Street the city was closely built all the way to Franklin Square, but up to this avenue all was rural and lonely.

One night, shortly after his engagement with Anna Barrington had commenced, he happened to remain unusually late in company with his *fiancée* and a lady friend. The conversation had taken a religious turn; and, as Miss Barrington was of a pious and meditative habit, the evidences of revelation were discussed, or, at least, were talked about, and Captain Walton was quite free to utterly deny them. This shocked Miss Barrington, but the hope that her lover might change his views induced her to ply him with arguments until the late hour referred to. I may remark, *en passant*, that French philosophy was then quite fashionable, especially since it was understood that Jefferson had returned from France a confirmed infidel. The conversation shifted from one aspect of the subject to another until it fell on the supernatural and the marvelous, so much of which is found in common life. Miss Barrington, though not superstitious, in the common acceptance of the term, maintained a belief in these things, which the captain, on the other hand, treated with ridicule. This is not at all suprising. Men of the world become hardened in unbelief, because their experience is solely with material objects. Captain Walton could only speak of that which he knew, and the supernatural was to him an unknown world. This fact needs to be borne in mind, because the victim of the fearful work I am now to describe was, from deliberate conviction, an utter disbeliever in the supernatural.

The conversation was so interesting that the hours stole away with unobserved rapidity, and it was one o'clock before the captain bade the ladies good-night and commenced his lonely walk homeward. His mind was so engrossed with thought that he reached Broadway before he was aware, and crossing over that avenue, which then was but a country road, he soon reached Mulberry Street, the upper part of which merely traversed vacant lots. Then came unfinished houses, with heaps of brick and mortar in front, scenes of active labor during the day, but now still and deserted as a grave-yard. There was something painful in that very silence. It was so solemn and almost oppressive that his very steps seemed peculiarly loud and distinct. While thinking upon the contrast which I have suggested, it occurred to him that he was not utterly alone, for he heard other footsteps regularly falling, and near by, too; not over thirty feet behind, it would seem, if one judged by sound. Might

it be the city watch? No; for this was out of his regular beat, which did not extend so far from the Park. Then some one must be on his track, "dogging him," as the phrase is. This suspicion at once aroused the captain, and he turned immediately to confront his pursuer. The moon shone clearly, and would have revealed any human form; but none was to be seen; and the only conclusion was, that it might have been the echo of his own footsteps. To assure himself on this point, he stamped violently on the ground, and then walked rapidly to and fro, in the vain attempt to awaken an echo. After these efforts he considered the whole an illusion, and resumed his walk; but before he had proceeded a dozen paces the mysterious footfalls were again heard in his rear. It seemed as though there was a fixed purpose to prove that they were not an echo, for the steps were varied in a very peculiar manner. Sometimes they were slackened almost to a halt, and then there would be a series of eight or ten rapid strides, and followed by a slow walk. Captain Walton felt the increasing power of this annoyance. He again turned in a very sudden manner, glancing keenly in the rear, but with the same result, for no living thing was visible above the level of the silent and deserted street. He then retraced his steps, determined to give the matter a thorough search; but after walking fifty feet or more, he found his attempt fruitless. His nervous frame was intensely excited, especially when he found himself thus balked; but what was to be done? Nothing but to return home unsatisfied. As he resumed his walk toward Chatham Street he felt, in spite of his avowed unbelief, that some of Miss Barrington's opinions were taking possession of his mind, and, worse than this, a really superstitious feeling began to creep upon him. He contended in vain with these thoughts, and in this wretched frame he pursued his way. For a time the footsteps were unheard; but when passing the old wooden building which still stands at the corner of Pearl and Chatham Streets they were resumed, sometimes in a slow march, and then with sudden starts, as though his pursuer would run him down. Some strange vagaries marked these movements, for sometimes they seemed to be performing a dance, or beating time, so as to allow him to get on, and thus maintain the same distance between them. Captain Walton was filled with vague and indescribable apprehensions, and his excitement at last found relief in the exclamation, "Who goes there?" No answer was received, and the sound of his voice broke in upon the stillness of the hour with a harsh and grating jar which aggravated his nervousness. He now felt disposed to run, if by so doing he might escape his pursuer. He did so, and immediately heard the clatter of some one of equal speed maintaining the usual proximity. Worn out with the exertion, he then resumed a walk, which was at once followed by his pursuer; and in this manner he

at last reached his abode. It was not until he sat in his snug and cozy room, by a bright sea-coal fire, that he could collect his mind sufficiently to reconsider these strange occurrences. His skepticism had not vanished, but it was considerably shaken, and nature was beginning to show in his case that weakness which bids us tremble at the approach of the unseen world.

Captain Walton did not retire before three, and it was a long time before he could sleep. As a consequence, he rose late, and found himself in a nervous and very distressed frame. And yet he reflected on the events of the past night with more surprise than alarm. Daylight had flung its cheer over the world, and the occurrence of a night lost its power. He was endeavoring to reason out the thing on natural causes, when Fensford, his servant, handed in the morning's mail, which was a single letter of small and unimportant appearance, addressed to Captain Walton, Walton House. The contents read thus:

"You appear not to recognize me, but perhaps you may when we see more of each other. Meanwhile it is hardly worth while for you to be so shy. However, I will advise you to keep clear of Mulberry Street, unless you wish to meet

THE DETECTIVE."

The captain read the strange epistle several times. He scrutinized the handwriting, and was satisfied he had never met it before. It was a rude, coarse hand, such as illiterate people generally write; but there was a boldness in the characters that spoke the tone of familiarity; and then the term "detective"—what could it mean? Was the writer a friend, or foe? If the latter, why should he send warning? If he was the former, why should he subscribe himself as one whom he had reason to dread? Taking the whole thing into view, it was an inexplicable mystery, and one with very unpleasant associations.

The next question was, should this affair be mentioned to Miss Barrington? It certainly would interest her, inasmuch as she was a believer in the supernatural; but then it might, on the other hand, excite apprehensions, and hence he concluded to say nothing about it. This conclusion was strengthened by subsequent considerations. The mysterious footfall might be a delusion, while the letter might be a hoax; but yet, while he endeavored to treat the matter with this indifference, it still haunted him, and filled him with perplexing thoughts. One thing was certain, on returning from his next visit to Miss Barrington's, he was careful to avoid Mulberry Street. In order to do this, he took the broad highway on the North River side of the city (at present known as Hudson Street), and then turned up Vesey Street, passing St. Paul's church-yard, crossed Broadway, thence down Partition Street (now Fulton) to Pearl, and up Pearl to his residence. During this long walk Captain Walton heard nothing to disturb or annoy him; and his unpleasant feelings had about worn off, when, ten days subsequently, another incident occurred which

revived them with full power. He had been to the theatre—the Park Theatre, of course, for it was then the only institution of the kind in New York, and for years afterward headed its posters in this simple but dignified style: "Theatre"—and had escorted Miss Barrington to the carriage which contained her father. The old gentleman seldom went, except when some fine play of Shakspeare's was performed; and on this occasion, having seen one of Cooper's best impersonations, he insisted on taking Anna home, and thus relieving the captain of a long excursion to their residence and back. The latter then turned down Beekman Street, and, as it was one o'clock, this locality was altogether deserted. Walking quietly along, with the poetry and sentiment of Shakspeare welling up in his heart, and mingling with the memory of Miss Barrington's fine thoughts and pleasant conversation, he became suddenly aware of the sound of steps dogging him, as on the previous occasion. Several times he turned back, earnestly hoping that he might see some form from whom these sounds might naturally proceed. But all was quiet, the street was deserted, and no form was visible. He continued his way, nervous and miserable, for the sounds became clear and unmistakable, and filled him with dread. As he reached St. George's Chapel they seemed to strike simultaneously with his own steps. Then they changed, and exhibited the former inequality; sometimes slow, sometimes lagging very far behind, and then hurrying up in a run until the usual propinquity was reached; and this was not subsequently exceeded nor diminished. Again and again Captain Walton turned, glancing over the shoulder or facing square around, but no one was visible. The horrors of this intangible, unseen persecution became intolerable; and when, at last, he reached the old mansion, his nerves were in such an excitement that rest was utterly out of the question, and he did not even attempt to lie down until after daylight. He was awakened by a knock at his chamber door, proceeding from his servant, who had the morning's mail. There were several letters, among which one instantly excited his attention, and he read its contents with an eager eye. They were as follows:

"Do you think, Captain Walton, to escape me? You may as well escape your own shadow. I will be with you when I will, and you shall not only hear me, but meet me also; for I am not disposed to conceal myself, though you may think so. Still, why should this trouble you or break your rest? for, if you have a *clear conscience*, you surely need fear nothing from

THE DETECTIVE."

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the feelings consequent on the perusal of this strange and most unwelcome letter. Captain Walton's friends observed that he was unusually moody and absent-minded for several days, but none of them could imagine the cause. As for himself, however he might desire to look upon the phantom steps as a mere illusion, there could be no question concerning the letters. There

they lay before him, identical in handwriting; and he not only read but studied them in every word and syllable, until they were printed on his memory. The whole of this affair gradually became connected with certain passages in his own life which, above all others, he had tried to forget, but which now came fresh into his memory. It was therefore a fortunate circumstance, inasmuch as it assisted to divert and to occupy his mind, that he then conceived the idea of recovering Mr. Barrington's confiscated estates, or, rather, Anna Barrington's. This grew out of a very remarkable position of the case. Mr. Barrington owned, prior to the Revolution, a large tract of land in the suburbs of the city, which was now worth five thousand dollars per acre, and hence would bring an enormous sum of money. This land, however, was the property of his wife; but during the hurry and confusion of military proceedings it had been viewed as belonging to himself, and hence had been sold. Anna Barrington was now her mother's sole heir; and, having been wronged by the sale of the estate, it would be proper for Congress to correct the error and to restore her to her possession. To further this end Captain Walton had obtained the influence of Aaron Burr; and any measure recommended by him was sure to be carried. It is true, Burr was unpopular in New York, but his influence in Congress, notwithstanding this, was very great. The excitement growing out of this claim so engrossed Captain Walton's mind that it lost its gloom, and seemed once more elastic and natural, so that his friends congratulated him on his improved appearance, and Miss Barrington could not conceal her delight. After a while, however, he was dismayed by occasional renewals of the same annoyance, which occurred in the daytime, in lonely places, as well as at night. Sometimes they appeared so faint that it was difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish between them and the fancies of an excited imagination; and when he was in company they were heard by him and by none else. For instance, one night he was returning from a public meeting held in Martling's tavern, which afterward became Tammany Hall; for, although not a politician, he would occasionally go to hear a fine speaker, and on this occasion it was expected that Burr would make an address. In this we were disappointed. I say *we*, because I was one of that number, and, though but a boy of sixteen, I took a vast interest in politics, and felt all the importance of my position as one of the rising generation. I well remember that a group, of which I was a member, walked down Frankfort Street to Pearl, and another member of this group was Captain Walton. He seemed taciturn and absent-minded, and so different from his usual conversational mood that one might imagine that some deep anxiety was preying on his heart. I afterward learned that during this walk he heard those footsteps dogging him all the way home. I have understood, though I am not positive,

that this was the last time the annoyance appeared in this peculiar shape; and it was soon to take a new and more terrible form.

What this new form was to be might have been supposed from one of the events of this night. We had reached Franklin Square, and the captain was about to cross the street to reach the Walton House, when a stranger appeared in our front. He was a short man, had a foreign look—at least such was my impression from a clear moonlight view—wore a cap, and seemed to be of sea-faring life. We saw him full thirty feet ahead, walking toward us with rapid step and manner indicating fierce excitement, muttering to himself in tones which indicated deep and bitter perturbation. This startling individual walked toward Captain Walton, and then halted directly in his front, and gazed upon him for a moment with a look that seemed almost diabolical with fury and revenge. He then turned abruptly and disappeared in an alley. I must confess that I was exceedingly shocked at this sudden and startling appearance, which impressed me with a sense of danger such as I never before or since have felt in the presence of any human being. I had seen a countenance peculiarly evil lit up by the excitement of bad passions; still it was not sufficient to carry terror to the heart of a brave man. Hence I was much surprised by the effect it had on Captain Walton; I knew his reputation for courage, which indeed, according to report, he had shown on several occasions, and this made his conduct the more noticeable. As the stranger advanced he recoiled a few steps and grasped my arm in silence, but in a manner which indicated a spasm of terror. Then, as the figure disappeared, he shoved me back and sought to follow it a short distance, when he suddenly stopped, in evident confusion, and sat down upon a door-step. His countenance appeared ghastly and haggard. It was a strange moonlight scene, and we all felt its weird power.

The first to speak was Mr. Melford, on whose invitation Walton had gone to the meeting.

"For God's sake, Captain, what's the matter? Did the fellow hurt you? What can it mean?"

For a moment no reply was made, and then Walton looked around distractedly, and exclaimed, in a manner which showed his inattention to the question:

"What did he say? I did not hear it clearly. Did you make it out? I know he said *something*."

"No matter what he said," remarked Saunders, another of the group. "It's only some fellow whom rum makes combative—a bad one to meet, though, any where, for he might handle cold steel."

"You seem unwell, Captain Walton," rejoined Melford. "We will assist you home; 'tis only across the street."

"I am not exactly unwell," replied Walton,

evidently trying to rally; "but how it is I can not tell, unless hard work on my land claim had worn me out, and then late hours at a political meeting, you know. I have felt badly all day and evening too, and so this overset me; but I am better now. We'll go on."

We accompanied the captain to his lodgings, and then passed down toward Hanover Square, in which vicinity most of us dwelt. As a matter of course, the strange event was the subject of conversation; and though it might have been reasonably supposed that intoxication was the cause of that fellow's conduct, yet, after all, we could not shake off the idea of mystery which accompanied it.

Although I had but lately been introduced to Captain Walton, I took the liberty to call next day at his lodgings to inquire concerning his health, and learned that he kept his room, though not, as he said, "really ill," and hoped to be about by the next day. I subsequently learned that a short time after I left he sent for Doctor Hosack, who then was considered the best physician in New York, and there ensued one of those strange interviews which city physicians occasionally meet. The physician felt the patient's pulse and inquired his symptoms. Instead of making a direct reply, the latter talked in a desultory and abstracted manner, referring but little to the matter of disease, but in some way suggesting that there must be a more important subject on his mind. Still, he complained of occasional palpitation and nervous distress. The doctor was a thorough man, and did not care to dismiss the case so lightly. Hence he asked if there was any painful circumstance or experience which was then distressing his patient's thoughts. The latter instantaneously denied this, and even seemed worried by the suggestion. Doctor Hosack then remarked that he could see nothing out of the way in all this, although, perhaps, there might be a slight difficulty in digestion. He then, as usual, wrote a prescription, and was about to withdraw, when Captain Walton suddenly stopped him, as though a new idea was suggested to his mind.

"Doctor, I had almost forgotten a question which sometimes occurs to me. I hardly know, after all, whether it be strictly a medical one, but if not you will excuse it."

"Well, Sir," replied the physician, "go on and propose your question."

The captain seemed either embarrassed by this prompt reply or else he had some difficulty in framing his interrogatory, for he was silent, took a turn about the room, opened a book in an abstracted manner, and then sat down facing the doctor like one who had determined to meet a difficulty, and said:

"I suppose you will think my question a foolish one, but I desire to know whether, when a man is dead, and is pronounced so by medical authority—I mean by a surgeon of respectable standing—may such a person be restored to life?"

Doctor Hosack smiled, and a negative motion of the head indicated his reply.

"But a little farther—I will say a word farther," remarked the captain. "Suppose a blunder to have been made. Suppose the surgeon to have been a mere quack, could he be so far deceived as to have pronounced a man dead when the case involved only a temporary suspension of nature occasioned by extreme pain or disease?"

"Death," replied the physician, "is generally unmistakable; the *rigor mortis* soon proves the difference between this and any resemblance, whether it ensue from violence or is the effect of slow disease."

"That is a very satisfactory reply," said the captain. "Now one word more, for I presume that you are advised on all such points. If a man be in danger, or may fear that he is in danger, of violence at the hands of a lunatic, can he not get a warrant and have the fellow locked up?"

"I suppose he can," replied the physician; "though such a matter belongs to the law rather than to medicine."

Doctor Hosack took his leave. He was a man of rapid perception and deep penetration, and he saw from these questions that the mind rather than the body of his new patient was the seat of suffering. A few days afterward the following advertisement appeared in the *Commercial Advertiser*:

IF GODFREY BURTON, formerly boatswain on board the ship *Petrel*, will apply to Edward King, Attorney, 14 Wall Street, he will hear something to his advantage. Should he prefer to come after dark, he may call up stairs on the family at any time up to 11 o'clock.

The *Petrel* was the vessel Captain Walton had sailed, and as Doctor Hosack knew this, he suspected when he saw the paper that his patient's distress must in some way be identified with the individual to whom this advertisement was addressed. This, however, was mere conjecture, for no information as to the real purpose of the advertisement was ever divulged by the attorney.

Captain Walton's distress had been generally noticed by his friends, who ascribed it to hypochondria, and hence they were gratified to once more see an improvement in his spirits. One of the earliest symptoms of this was his appearance at a grand supper of the Masonic fraternity, to which he belonged. This institution was then strongly established in New York.

On this occasion the captain's friends had their eyes upon him, and observed that he plied the bottle freely, and, though at first gloomy and abstracted, he soon became mellowed and conversational. This was a subject of pleasant remark; but they did not know that a secret anxiety impelled him to this course, and that his excessive vivacity arose not only from the use of wine, but also from a strong counter effort of the mind. He left the table early, and, in obedience to his present passion, he proceeded

to the Barringtons', where he spent a couple of delightful hours. At the end of this time his elation of spirits began to flag, and his undefined apprehensions threatened a return; and when he took his leave he felt a foreboding of coming mischief, and his mind was haunted by mysterious apprehensions, which he could not altogether repel. He pursued his way homeward, with a dogged resolution to meet whatever might occur, and, as no return of the footsteps happened, he began to feel a restoration of confidence. He had walked half a mile, and was just reaching the long line of twinkling lamps that marked the city proper, and which then commenced near Duane Street. At this moment he heard the report of a musket behind him, and the whistle of a bullet added a still more startling sensation. His first impulse was to turn in pursuit of the assassin; but the road was much encumbered with heaps of rubbish, and the surrounding fields, so vague and indefinite in the distance, discouraged the pursuit. For a solitary individual to attempt the arrest of a murderer was absurd; and as he gazed around all was dark and solitary. Hence he turned to his onward path, but under the excitement of the alarm his pace quickened rapidly, and he was approaching Broadway, when suddenly he caught a view of the man in the fur cap. They met; but the encounter was only momentary. The figure was walking at the same rapid step and with the same threatening air as before, and as it passed him he thought he could hear whispers of vengeance. This might have been a mistake; but it was enough to have seen that feared and horrid countenance, which he could not banish from his mind. He soon reached his room, and vainly endeavored to seek repose; but the events of the past night awoke a nervous excitement of intense degree—the festive scenes of the supper and the visit at Kirtle Grove, in contrast with murder on himself, and the repeated apparition of this object of dread. The effect of all this was easily seen when the captain once more made his appearance in public. The state of his mind was now shown by its effect on his body, and his friends began to remark this relapse; but still he strove to present to the world a confident and cheerful bearing. The cause of his suffering and every circumstance connected with it he guarded with a reserve of the most jealous character. It evidently was of a nature which he could not, or would not, disclose.

The mind thus turned in upon itself, and haunted by an anxiety which it dared not reveal or confide to any friend, even the dearest, became the scene of extreme excitement. And in this condition the unfortunate man was compelled to endure, with constant repetition, the visitations of the dreaded apparition.

At this time there were several distinguished preachers in New York, the most noted of whom were Bishop Moore of the Episcopal, Doctor Rodgers of the Brick Church (Presbyterian), and Doctor John M. Mason of the Cedar Street

Church. The latter institution was of the Scottish order, and the congregation had the name of being clear-headed people. Their pastor enjoyed a great reputation for intellectual power, and was probably the finest pulpit orator New York has ever seen. His logical and metaphysical turn was well known, though as a preacher he was simple and direct.

One day Doctor Mason was visited by a stranger, who, on introducing himself, proved to be none other than Captain Walton. The clergyman was in his study, full of work, when the visitor was announced, and when the latter entered the room the former was impressed with the consciousness that his visitor must have recently been subjected to intense mental suffering. After the usual interchange of courteous greeting the captain, who easily perceived the surprise which his visit had elicited, remarked thus:

"This is a strange call, Doctor Mason. I should not under ordinary circumstances have ventured to disturb you, but my visit is neither idle nor an impertinent intrusion. You are somewhat accustomed, I presume, to have people ask advice. I need not only advice, but sympathy; indeed, I may add compassion, for I have been a great sufferer."

"Sir," replied the clergyman, "it will give me great pleasure if I can afford any man relief in mental or spiritual distress; but—"

"I know what you would say," resumed the captain, hurriedly; "but I am what you call an unbeliever, and therefore incapable of deriving that help from religion which you would recommend; and yet I must say that circumstances have lately forced upon me the study of psychological matters—rather let me say matters of the mind and soul—so that my unbelief has been disturbed, and I am now disposed to review the question in a more teachable spirit than ever before."

"Am I to understand," said the clergyman, "that your difficulties refer to the evidences of revelation?"

"I have had such difficulties," was the reply, "and yet I am not prepared to state them; but there is one subject on which I feel a peculiar interest."

He again paused, and Doctor Mason urged him to proceed.

"The fact is," said Walton, "whatever may be my uncertainty as to the truth of what men call 'revelation,' there is one fact connected with it of which I am deeply and even horribly convinced—namely, that there is beyond our present condition a spiritual world. This I *know*, although its operations may be in a large part hidden from us, for sometimes it is terribly, even though partially, revealed. I am sure that there is a God," continued Walton, with increased emotion, "and that to the wicked he is a dreadful God, and I *know* that retribution follows guilt."

The clergyman looked with intense interest on his visitor, who proceeded as though unburdening a pent-up mind:

"In ways the most mysterious and inexplicable, and even I may say the most terrific, it is proven that there is a spiritual system, and that an implacable and omnipotent power administers punishment. Under this system I now suffer a persecution which no tongue can describe; I may say, indeed, I endure the torments of the damned. Yes, there is a hell, and I feel it."

As Walton said this his agitation became so vehement that the clergyman was shocked and even alarmed. The wild rapidity with which the former spoke, and above all the undisguised horror which stamped his features, afforded a contrast to his ordinary self-possession striking and painful in the extreme.

"My dear Sir," exclaimed Doctor Mason, "it is evident that you have been suffering much; but can it not be that your mind is affected by your body? May it not be that the state of mind you describe is due to causes of a physical nature? I am not a physician, and yet perhaps a change of air, or the use of a few tonics, may be of more use than any mental remedies, though, under all circumstances, we need God's mercy."

It was evident that the clergyman supposed his visitor to be slightly deranged, or at least in a condition which required other treatment than that purely spiritual.

"Doctor," replied Walton, "I thank you for this reference to diet, exercise, and change of air; but let me say I can not accept the hope which you would thus establish. No; that would be self-delusion. I am no enthusiast. I know what I say to be awful reality. My only hope is, that by some spiritual agency more potent than that which now tortures me it may be combated, and its victim be delivered. If this can not be accomplished I am a lost man—lost now and forever!"

"But, Sir, it must be remembered that others have suffered similar conflicts, and have—"

"No, no, no," interrupted the unfortunate man; "I am neither credulous nor superstitious. I am and have been far the reverse—too skeptical. But now, unless I were beyond the power of all testimony, unless I reject the perpetual evidence of my own senses, I am forced to believe—I have no escape from the horrible certainty—that I am haunted, go where I may, by a DEMON!"

There was an almost preternatural energy of horror in Walton's face, as its damp and death-like lineaments turned toward his clerical listener. Doctor Mason had attended some scenes of fearful character, but had never witnessed one like this.

"God help you, unfortunate man!" he exclaimed. "You are a sufferer, no matter how these sufferings were occasioned."

"God help me!" said Walton, with a look of surprise. "Will God help me? Yes, I ask, will He help me?"

"Pray to Him. He bids us call on Him in the hour of trouble."

"Pray to Him!" re-echoed the visitor. "Pray to Him! I can't pray. I could as easily move a mountain by an effort of my will. There is something within me that will not pray. You prescribe an impossibility."

"You might not find it such an impossibility were you but to try."

"Try! I have tried, and the attempt only fills me with confusion and terror. The awful, unutterable idea of eternity oppresses and maddens my brain, and whenever my mind approaches the contemplation of the Almighty I recoil. I am repelled, confounded, terrified. The idea of God is intolerable. I can not support it."

"Then, my dear Sir, if such be your unfortunate case, say how you would have me serve you. What can I do to relieve you?"

"Listen to me first," replied Captain Walton, a little subdued in manner, and with an evident effort to abate his excitement. "Listen to me, while I relate the circumstances of the terrible persecution which has rendered my life intolerable, and still makes me fear death and the world to come as much as I hate existence."

The minister then listened to the recital which the captain gave of the incidents which we have described, to which he added: "This has now become habitual. It is a part of my daily experience. I do not mean the actual sight of that man (or thing); that, thank God! is not a daily infliction. From the unutterable horror of that visitation I have been mercifully allowed times of repose, though none of security. But I never have any respite from the consciousness that a malignant spirit is following me wherever I go. I am pursued with blasphemies, with cries of despair and of appalling hatred. I hear those awful sounds calling after me as I turn the corners of streets. They come to me at midnight as I sit in my room. They charge me with hideous crimes, and—great God!—they threaten me with coming vengeance. Hush! do you hear *that*?" he cried, with an expression of renewed horror. "There! there! will *that* convince you?"

The clergyman felt his heart chill with horror as, during the sigh of a sudden gust of wind, he heard, or fancied he heard, the half-articulate sounds of rage and derision.

"Well, what do you think of *that*?" said Walton, drawing a long breath through his teeth.

"I heard the wind," replied Doctor Mason; "but what of that?"

"The prince of the powers of the air," muttered Walton, with a shudder.

"Not quite that," exclaimed the preacher, with an ill-concealed unpleasantness upon his countenance, the effect of his visitor's excitement. "You must not give way to such thoughts; truth is one thing, and imagination is another. You should resist them."

"Yes, of that I have heard; they say, Resist the devil, and he will flee from thee," said Walton; "but *how* resist him? There is the rub. What can I do?"

"And has imagination no part in this?"

"No, Sir, none! Was it imagination, or even fancy, that made *you*, as well as me, hear but a moment ago those appalling tones of hell? No, Sir, it was not imagination."

"But, since you have seen this person frequently," replied the preacher, "why have you not spoken to him, and why have you not arrested him? Is it wise to assume the operation of supernatural agency when this might be explained, if pains were taken to sift the matter?"

"My reply to this, and my reason why I have never employed the police, are found in this fact: there are circumstances connected with this *appearance* which are proof of its unearthly nature. I know that the being that haunts me is not *man*. I repeat I *know* this; and I believe that, were I to undertake it, I could prove this to your own conviction. As to accosting it as you suggest, I dare not; I can not do it. When I see it I am powerless, and I stand thus in the triumphant presence of supernatural power and malignity. Not only my strength, but memory and all other faculties, desert me. Oh, Sir! I am satisfied you know not my ease. Mercy! mercy! Heaven pity me!"

He leaned his elbow on the table, and passed his hands before his eyes, as if to exclude some image of horror, repeating the last words of the sentence again and again in a subdued mutter.

"Doctor Mason," he abruptly resumed, raising himself, and looking upon the preacher with an imploring eye, "I know you will do for me all that can be done. I have laid before you, in all their fullness, the circumstances and agency of which I am the victim. Now, Sir, I tell you I can not hope to escape. I can not escape. I am utterly helpless. Therefore, I conjure you, let my case receive a deep consideration; and if any thing can be done by your prayers, or by the prayers of your people, I do beseech you give me the benefit of that intercession. Deliver me, I pray you, from the body of this death!"

Drops of perspiration gathered on the speaker's brow as he proceeded: "Strive for me. It is my last chance. Yes, I know you will; you can not refuse such a request. For this I came to your presence. Oh! protect me. Send me away with some hope of ultimate deliverance; and, with that to sustain me, I will nerve myself to endure, day after day, the hideous curse until it be removed."

Doctor Mason was deeply moved by the appeal, as well he might be, and he assured Captain Walton that he would make him the object of his prayers, and that his case should, in an impersonal manner, be brought before their meeting.

Having received this assurance Captain Walton departed, while the preacher returned to the study overwhelmed by the strange interview.

It was not to be expected that Captain Walton's changed and, so to speak, eccentric habits

should long escape general discussion, and the explanations suggested were of a very opposite character. Some attributed the change to secret pecuniary embarrassments, while others ascribed it to a repugnance against his matrimonial engagement; but the most plausible of the different theories was that mental disease was the cause.

From the very commencement of this change Miss Barrington had been aware of it, and its gradual but steady advances had filled her with distress. His visits became at length so interrupted, and his manner, whenever they occurred, so abstracted, and at the same time so agitated, that her father was compelled to demand an explanation.

Captain Walton respected Mr. Barrington's course, and at once laid the matter fully before him. The latter, with all regard for the captain's opinion, was inclined to treat the thing in a skeptical manner.

"Your annoyance, then," said he, "proceeds from the frequent appearance of a man in cap and great-coat, with a red vest and a bad countenance, who meets you without ceremony, and throws you into ague fits. Now, Sir, I will make it my business to *catch* this mischievous fellow, and have him whipped through the city before we are a month older."

"If you knew what I know," replied Walton, with gloomy agitation, "you would speak very differently. Do not imagine that I am so weak and foolish as to assume, without proof of an overwhelming character, my present conclusions—the proofs are locked up here." As he spoke he tapped on his breast, and, with an anxious sigh, he continued to walk up and down the room.

"Well, well, Captain, though I am not a betting man, I would be willing to wager a heavy stake that I will yet collar the ghost."

He was running on in much the same strain when he was not a little shocked by observing Walton, who had been looking out of the window, stagger slowly back—his arm extended toward the street, his face and his very lips white as ashes, while he muttered, "There! there! there!" Mr. Barrington started forward instantaneously, and, looking out of the window, saw a figure corresponding with the description of the person who had so constantly terrified his friend. He snatched his hat and cane and rushed into the street, hoping to arrest the mysterious stranger. He looked around, but in vain, for any trace of him. He ran anxiously to the nearest corner, expecting to see at least the retreating figure, but no such figure was visible. Backward and forward, from one corner to the other, he ran, but still remained at fault until the laughter of the populace reminded him of his absurd appearance. Vexed and disappointed he returned to the room, and found Walton pale and trembling. They both remained silent, but under emotions of a very different character. At last Walton whispered, "You saw it, then?"

"It? I saw *him*, you mean. To be sure I did! But what of that? Where is either the good or the harm in seeing him? The fellow runs like a thief. I meant to have had him in my hands, but he had disappeared before I could reach the corner where he stood. However, next time I shall be a little more spry, and he shall at least feel the weight of my cane."

But, notwithstanding Mr. Barrington's promises, Captain Walton continued to suffer from the same mysterious cause. Wherever he might choose to go he was still constantly dogged or confronted by the hateful being who had established over him so baleful and so mysterious an influence. At no time and at no place could he consider himself secure against that appearance which haunted him with this diabolical perseverance. His depression and misery became more settled every day, and his mental agonies began so to tell upon him that Mr. Barrington persuaded him to try a voyage to Halifax, where some of his Tory friends were residing, and where he would be sure of a warm welcome. It was his opinion that a change of scene and the fresh air of the ocean, together with the new society they would meet, would break through the force of local association. Mr. Barrington was now convinced that Walton's persecutor was not an illusion, but a substantial form of flesh and blood, inspired by malignant and perhaps murderous hate. Unpleasant as the theory might be, it was better than Walton's notion that it was an evil spirit, and he thought if he could convince the latter of this, he would remove at least a very important part of the trouble. In order to prevent the enemy from following, the voyage was kept secret from all but the captain and Mr. and Miss Barrington, and at the appointed day the former two stepped on the brig *Penelope*, and in half an hour more were under sail. The trip was a pleasant one, and on the tenth day they made their port. Mr. Barrington's confidence in the result of the voyage rose day by day, for Walton had not suffered any repetition of those experiences which in New York had plunged him in horror. This exemption from what he had been led to contemplate as part of his destiny, and the security with which it inspired him, caused inexpressible delight, and hence he indulged in a thousand happy anticipations. In short, the couple could exchange congratulations on the termination of those persecutions which had created in one of them such unsupportable agony.

It was a beautiful day when they reached Halifax, and the usual crowd of idlers stood on the quay to receive the passengers. They landed, and Mr. Barrington walked a few paces ahead of the captain. As he made his way through the crowd a small man touched him by the arm and said, "The gentleman is walking too fast; he will lose his sick friend in the throng, for, by my faith, the poor fellow seems almost fainting."

Mr. Barrington turned and looked. It was true; Walton had turned pale as death. He hastened to his side.

"My dear Captain, are you ill?" he asked, anxiously.

The question was unheeded, and hence was twice repeated, when Walton stammered:

"I saw him—I saw him!"

"*Him*—the wretch! Who—where—when did you see him?" cried Mr. Barrington, looking around him.

"I saw him—but he is gone," repeated Walton, faintly.

"But where—where?" exclaimed Barrington. "For God's sake, speak!"

"It is but this moment—*here*," said he.

"But what did he look like—what had he on—what did he wear? Quick—quick!" urged Mr. Barrington, ready to plunge into the crowd and collar the offender.

"He touched your arm—he spoke to you, and he pointed to me. God be merciful to me! there is no escape," added Walton, in the low, subdued tones of intense despair.

Mr. Barrington had by this time penetrated the crowd, but, although the singular garb and countenance of the stranger were vividly impressed upon him, yet he failed to discover any one bearing the slightest resemblance to him.

"Oh, my friend, it won't do," said Walton, with the faltering voice and ghostly look of one who has been stunned by some mortal shock; "there is no use contending with it. Whatever it is, the dreadful association between me and itself is now established. I shall never escape—never—never!"

"Nonsense, nonsense," replied Barrington; "don't talk so. You must not, I say. We'll jockey the villain yet. Never mind, I say; never mind."

There was a look of dismay on Barrington's face even while he spoke, and it was evidently lost labor to try to inspire Walton with a single ray of hope. The latter now determined to return to New York, where, as he expressed his belief, he would soon die. They sailed by the next packet, and one of the first faces he saw on his arrival in this city was that of his implacable destroyer. Walton now seemed to have lost not only all enjoyment, and every hope in existence, but also all independence of will. He submitted himself impassively to the management of his friends, whose leading adviser was Mr. Barrington; and, with the apathy of despair, he accepted their suggestions. It was determined, as a last resource, to place him in a large country house near Kip's Bay, where a family and a special medical attendant should have charge of him. The physician believed that his patient was only subject to a nervous derangement, and that his imagination supplied the fearful apparition. To guard specially against all room for the exercise of fancy, Walton was directed to confine himself to the house and to the yard, which had a high fence whose gates were kept locked. This precaution would

secure him against the casual appearance of any one whom he might confound with the spectre which, as the physician maintained, his imagination recognized in every one who bore any similarity of size or shape. It was hoped that a few months' seclusion would stop this series of terrible imaginations, and eventually break up the associations which had confirmed the supposed disease. Cheerful society was abundantly supplied by his friends, who entertained sanguine expectations that this obstinate hypochondria might thus be subdued. The occupants of the mansion, in addition to the physician, the patient, and the family which kept house, were Mr. Barrington and his daughter. The latter, indeed, desired no other pleasure than to minister to her affianced bridegroom, and to help guard him from the threatening horror. In due time a steady carrying out of this system began to manifest its result in Walton's continued though gradual improvement, both in health and general spirits. This was welcomed with delight by all, and especially by Anna, whose attachment to him, and whose painful position, rendered her an object of pity. A week had passed, then a fortnight, a month, and yet no recurrence of the hated vision had taken place. Hence the treatment was viewed as an entire success. The chain of association had been broken, and the pressure on the mind had been removed; and under these circumstances a love of society and an interest in public affairs began to reanimate his mind.

About this time Mrs. Anderson, the housekeeper, sent her servant to the kitchen-garden to gather some herbs; but the maiden returned in a state of alarm, before her task was half completed. Her explanation of her retreat was to her mistress rather startling. It appeared that, while in an extreme corner of the garden gathering thyme and rosemary, and amusing herself by singing, she was suddenly interrupted by a loud, coarse laugh. Looking up, she saw, through the loosely tangled bushes, a very strange-looking man, small of stature, and with a countenance of malignant and threatening aspect. She was utterly unable to move while the man was gazing on her. He ordered her to bear a message to Captain Walton, to the effect that he must come abroad as usual, and show himself out of doors, or else expect a visit in his own room. On concluding this message the stranger instantaneously climbed the fence, while the girl turned and ran into the house, in a state of fright. Mrs. Anderson commanded her to say nothing of the kind to Captain Walton. At the same time she ordered search to be made, by some workmen who were repairing the front of the house, through the neighboring fields. No one, however, was to be seen; and with many misgivings she communicated the fact to the Barringtons, who united in the plan of keeping it secret.

Walton had, by this time, begun to walk occasionally in the grounds, which, as has been stated, were guarded by a high fence. Here

he considered himself secure from all intrusion; and but for an act of carelessness by one of the laborers, he might have, for some time longer at least, enjoyed the same immunity. The yard was entered from the road by a gate, and strict orders had, as I have said, been given to keep this locked. This order must have been neglected; for one day, as Walton was pacing this inclosure, on turning to retrace his steps he saw the gate ajar and the face of his tormentor gazing upon him through the aperture. For a few moments he stood riveted to the earth—breathless and bloodless—in the fascination of that dreaded gaze, and then fell, insensible, to the ground. There he was found a few minutes afterward, and was conveyed to his room—the spot which he was never afterward to leave alive.

From this time a marked change, and one not easily accounted for, was observed in his mental frame. He was no longer the excited being he had been, no longer oppressed with extreme despair. A strange alteration had passed over him, and his mind seemed so tranquil that it might have suggested the approaching stillness of the grave.

"Mr. Barrington," said he, one day shortly afterward, with a look of fixed and fearful awe, "I have at last some relief bestowed upon me from that world of spirits out of which my punishment has come. I now am assured my sufferings will soon be over."

Mr. Barrington listened with sorrowful attention.

"Yes," said he, in a subdued voice, "my punishment is nearly ended. As regards sorrow, perhaps I shall never, either in time or eternity, escape it. But this, *this* agony is almost over. A ray of comfort has been revealed to me, and in view of this I will bear with submission all that remains of my allotted struggle."

"I am glad to hear you speak so tranquilly," replied Mr. Barrington. "Peace and cheerfulness are all that you need to make you what you formerly were."

"No, no! I can never be that," said Walton, in a mournful manner. "I am no longer fit for life. I am soon to die; but I do not shrink from death as once I did. I am to see *him* but once again, and then all will be ended."

"He said so, then?" Mr. Barrington suggested.

"*He?*—no, no! Good news like this would not come from *him*. They came so solemnly and sweetly, with love and melancholy such as I could not relate without saying more than is needful of long passed scenes and characters." As the captain said this he buried his face in his hands to hide his tears.

"Come, come," replied Mr. Barrington, who utterly mistook the cause of this emotion. "You must not give way thus. What is it, as the doctor says, but a series of dreams, or, at worst, the practices of a cunning rascal, who enjoys the sport of playing on your fears? Perhaps it is a sneaking scoundrel, who owes you a grudge, and who thus tries to pay you off."

"A grudge, indeed, he does owe me," replied Walton, with a shudder. Then adding, in an abstracted way, and after a brief pause, "When the justice of Heaven permits the Evil One to carry out a scheme of vengeance—when its execution is committed to the lost victim of sin who owes his ruin to the very man he is commissioned to pursue—then, indeed, the torments of hell are let loose on earth. Such, Sir, have been my experiences, but mercy has reached me at last; and if death could come without the dreadful sight which I am doomed to see, I would gladly die this moment. But, though death is welcome, I shrink with an agony you can not understand—yes, with a maddening agony—from the last encounter with that demon. I am to see him once more, but under circumstances unutterably more terrible than ever."

As Walton said this he trembled so violently that Mr. Barrington was alarmed, and hastened to lead his mind back to the topic which at first seemed to tranquilize it.

"It was not all a dream," said he, after a long pause. "I was in a different condition. No, it could not have been a dream; for it was all as real, as clear, and vivid as the scene before me. It *must* have been a reality."

"And what *did* you see and hear?" asked Mr. Barrington, in a most anxious tone.

"When I saw him at the gate I fell, as usual, into a swoon, from which I recovered very slowly. I found myself reclining on the bank of a large lake surrounded by beautiful hills, and all was illuminated by a soft rose-colored light. The scene appeared unusually sad and lonely, and yet it was more beautiful than any thing on earth. My head was leaning upon the lap of a girl, and she was singing a strange and wondrous song that seemed to tell of all my life. With that song the old feelings that I thought had perished within me came back, and tears flowed from my eyes. I knew that voice—oh, how well!—and while I listened I was spell-bound by it; and, gazing in those lovely eyes, I hardly stirred for fear I should break the charmed scene. Then I turned from that countenance, for painful memories began to shoot within me, and I only listened to the voice; but slowly the song and the scene grew fainter till all seemed lost in darkness again. Then I wakened to this world, comforted, as you have noticed, for I felt that much had been forgiven me. Yes, *she* forgave me." As he said this Walton wept bitterly, and with long, protracted emotion, amidst which Mr. Barrington judiciously withdrew.

From this time the tone of Walton's mind was one of profound and gentle melancholy. But this was not without its interruption. He was thoroughly convinced that he was yet to receive a final visitation which should transcend in point of unutterable horror all that he had yet experienced. From this unknown but inevitable agony he often shrunk in paroxysms of abject terror, such as filled the entire household with dismay, and even with superstitious

panic. The least skeptical of the family were often visited during the solitude of the night with secret apprehensions which they did not care to confess, and hence none of them sought to dissuade Walton from his new-made resolution to shut himself in his own apartment. The window-blinds were kept closed, and his body-servant slept in the same chamber, and was not out of it day or night. The physician, who had at first dwelt with them, had left, being no longer required, and the servant referred to was fully adequate to his duties. These, in addition to ordinary attentions, were summed up in the precautions necessary to prevent the dreadful recurrence of a visit from the "detective," as he was generally styled. The door was to be kept carefully closed, not a window to be left un-screened, and the patient was not to be left alone, even for a minute, day or night. Total solitude had become to him unsupportable. It was a distinctive anticipation of some dreadful event.

Miss Barrington, though now all expectations of a matrimonial character were broken, ceased not to minister to Walton with assiduous devotion. She read entertaining books, and sought in every way to win him from himself; but it was apparent that, whatever might be her temporary success, his fears soon preyed upon him with increased power.

Such was the state of things in this strange household when the closing scene occurred. It was about two o'clock of a winter's night, and Walton was, as usual, in his bed. His servant slept on a small couch in the corner of the room, and a lamp was burning. The man was suddenly aroused by his master, who said:

"I can't get it out of my head that there is something strange in the room or the passageway. Get up, Wilson, and look about. Make a thorough search. Such hateful dreams!"

The servant arose, lit a candle, and examined the chamber, and then entered the passage, and proceeded a few steps, when the door behind him slowly swung to as though moved by some gentle current of air. This brief separation from his master did not disturb the servant, inasmuch as the ventilator over the door was open. As he advanced in the passage he heard his master calling him, but he omitted to reply in the loud tones which distance would have rendered necessary, for fear of alarming the house. However, he walked hurriedly back, when, to his amazement, he heard a strange voice in the room responding to Walton. Palsied by terror, yet still alive to curiosity, he stood breathless and listening at the threshold, unable to summon resolution to open the door. A moment more and he heard Walton exclaim: "Oh God! Oh my God!" which utterance was repeated in agonizing tones several times. Then came a momentary silence, which was broken by a yell of agony so appalling and hideous that, under an impulse of ungovernable horror, the man strove to open the door. This seemed beyond his power; but whether it was really se-



"GREAT GOD, HE IS DEAD!" HE MUTTERED, AS HE GAZED UPON THE FEARFUL SPECTACLE.

cured on the inside, or whether his agitation prevented him from perfectly turning the knob, is yet a question. As he stood there, trembling in awful dread, yell after yell rang louder and wilder through the chamber. Almost freezing with horror, and scarcely knowing what he did, he turned and ran up and down the passage until he was encountered by the pallid form of Mr. Barrington.

"What is it? Who—where is your master, Wilson?" inquired the latter, in an incoherent manner. "For God's sake, is there any thing wrong?"

"Lord have mercy on us!" exclaimed Wilson, staring wildly on Mr. Barrington.

Without waiting for explanation, the latter burst the door open and entered the room, followed by the servant.

"The lamp has been moved from the table," said Wilson. "See! they have put it by the bed."

"Draw the curtains, fellow," replied Mr. Barrington, sternly, "and don't stand gaping there."

Wilson hesitated.

"Hold this, then," said the former, impatiently thrusting his candlestick into the man's hand; and then advancing to the bed, he drew the curtains apart. The light fell upon a figure huddled together and half upright at the head of the bed. It appeared to have slunk back as far as the solid paneling would admit, and the hands were still clutched in the bed-clothes.

"Walton, Walton, Walton!" cried Mr. Barrington, with mingled awe and vehemence, at the same time taking the light from the servant and holding it so that it shone full on the face. The features were fixed, stern, and white. The jaw was fallen, and the sightless eye, still open, gazed vacantly toward the front of the bed.

"Great God, he is dead!" he muttered, as he gazed upon the fearful spectacle. They both continued to look in silence for a few minutes. "Cold, too!" added the servant, touching the dead man's hand; "and see, see," added he, with a shudder, "there was something else on the bed with him! Look there—look there—see that, Sir!" As Wilson spoke he pointed to a deep indenture, as if caused by a heavy pressure, near the foot of the bed.

Mr. Barrington was silent.

"Oh, come away, Sir!" whispered Wilson, at the same time glancing fearfully around. "It is an awful spot."

At this moment they heard the steps of several of the family approaching, and Mr. Barrington, to prepare them for the sight, loosed the rigid grip with which the fingers of the dead man clutched the bed-clothes, and drew the figure as well as possible into a reclining posture. Then they all gazed with bewildered feelings on the victim of the implacable detective.

* * * * *

I have spoken of these events as first bringing the term to my notice, and, having given this narrative, I am not under any obligations to afford a solution to the mystery it contains. I never heard from Walton's friends that any clue was found by which a solution could be wrought out. On the other hand, they were very anxious to hush the matter up. The house at Kip's Bay was pulled down, and both the Andersons and the servants soon left the city, being, as some supposed, influenced by pecuniary inducements. The Barringtons, and all others who had a family interest in this strange affair, are dead, and they left no record of an explanatory character. Reports, however, floated in from a foreign shore, which took shape, so as

to lead to the theory that Captain Walton had, during the latter years of his life, been compelled by a higher power to work out a retribution for some grievous and disgraceful sin. This theory was gradually established in the minds of many who were acquainted with the affair, and their version may thus be put into shape: Captain Walton, ten years before coming to New York, had, while lying at Deptford, where his boatswain kept his family, formed a guilty attachment with the daughter of the latter. The father had visited the frailty of his child with extreme harshness, and she had died of a broken heart. Presuming upon Walton's implication in her guilt, the man had behaved with insolence toward his captain, and the latter degraded him from his office as soon as they were at sea. He also retaliated on him for his cruelty to the girl, and during the voyage subjected him to those terrible severities which are within the reach of a sea-captain. The unfortunate wretch made his escape at the West Indies, and died soon afterward of the wounds received from the bloody use of the cat. Such is the story in connection with the first use of the term "detective," and I never meet it, either in voice or in print, without thinking of Captain Walton, and the fearful retribution unfolded in his history.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

XI.—BATTLES AND VICTORY.

THE decisive battle of Hohenfriedberg, by which victory Frederick probably escaped utter destruction, was fought on the 4th of June, 1745. From early dawn to the evening twilight of the long summer's day the dreadful work of slaughter had continued without a moment's intermission. As the Austrians, having lost nearly one-fourth of their number, retreated, the Prussians, in utter exhaustion, threw themselves upon the ground for sleep. The field around them was covered with fourteen thousand of the wounded, the dying, and the dead.

Early the next morning Frederick commenced the vigorous pursuit of the retiring foe. A storm arose. For twelve hours the rain fell in torrents. But the Prussian army was impelled onward, through the mud, and through the swollen streams, inspired by the almost supernatural energy which glowed in the bosom of its king. It seemed as if no hardships, sufferings, or perils could induce those iron men, who by discipline had been converted into mere machines, to wander from the ranks or to falter on the way. As we have mentioned, there were throughout all this region two religious parties, the Catholics and the Protestants. They were strongly antagonistic to each other. Under the Austrian sway the Catholics, having the support of the government, had enjoyed unquestioned supremacy. They had often very cruelly persecuted the Protestants, robbing them of their churches, and, in their zeal to defend what

they deemed the orthodox faith, depriving them of their children and placing them under the care of the Catholic priests to be educated.

"While the battle of Hohenfriedberg was raging," writes an eye-witness, "as far as the cannon was heard all around, the Protestants fell on their knees praying for victory for the Prussians." Indescribable was the exultation when the bugle peals of the Prussian trumpeters announced to them a Protestant victory. When Frederick approached, in his pursuit, the important town of Landshut, the following incident occurred, as described by the pen of his Prussian majesty:

"Upon reaching the neighborhood of Landshut the king was surrounded by a troop of two thousand Protestant peasants. They begged permission of him to massacre the Catholics of those parts, and clear the country of them altogether. This animosity arose from the persecutions which the Protestants had suffered during the Austrian domination.

"The king was very far from granting so barbarous a permission. He told them they ought rather to conform to the precepts of Scripture, and to 'bless those that curse them, and pray for those that despitefully use them.' Such, the king assured them, was the way to gain the kingdom of heaven. The peasants, after a little reflection, declared that his majesty was right, and desisted from their cruel intention."¹

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, t. ii. p. 218.



THE RETREAT OF THE AUSTRIANS.

For several weeks the Austrians slowly and sullenly retired. Their retreat was conducted in two immense columns, by parallel roads at some distance from each other. Their wings of foragers and skirmishers were widely extended, so that the hungry army swept with desolation a breadth of country reaching out many leagues. Though the Austrian army was traversing the friendly territory of Bohemia, still prince Charles was anxious to leave behind him no resources for Frederick to glean. Frederick with his army pressed along, following the wide-spread trail of his foes. The Austrians, with great skill, selected every commanding position on which to erect their batteries and hurl back a storm of shot and shell into the bosoms of their pursuers. But Frederick allowed them no rest by day or by night. His solid columns so unremittingly and so impetuously pressed with shot, bullets, bayonet, and sabre blows upon the rear ranks of the foe that there was almost an incessant battle, continuing for several weeks, crimsoning a path thirty miles wide and more than a hundred miles in length with the blood of the wounded and the slain.

The region through which this retreat and pursuit were conducted was, much of the way, along the southern slope of the Giant Mountains. It was a wild country of precipitous rocks, quagmires, and gloomy forests. At length prince Charles, with his defeated and dispirited army, took refuge at Königsgrätz, a compact town between the Elbe and the Adler, protected by one stream on the west, and by the other on the south. Here, in an impregnable position, he intrenched his troops. Frederick, finding them unassailable, encamped his forces in a position almost equally impregnable, a few miles west of the Elbe, in the vicinity of a little village called Chlum. Thus the two hostile armies, almost within sound of each other's bugles, defiantly stood in battle array, each watching an opportunity to strike a blow.

"War is cruelty," said general Sherman; "and you can not refine it." "No man of refined Christian sensibilities," said the duke of Wellington, "should undertake the profession of a soldier." The exigencies of war often require things to be done from which humanity revolts. "War," said Napoleon I., "is the

science of barbarians." One of the principal objects of Frederick, in this pursuit of the Austrians through Bohemia, was to lay waste the country so utterly, destroying its roads and consuming its provisions, that no Austrian army could again pass through it for the invasion of Silesia. Who can imagine the amount of woe thus inflicted upon the innocent peasants of Bohemia? Both armies were reduced to the necessity of living mainly upon the resources of the country in which they were encamped. Their foraging parties were scattered in all directions. There were frequent attacks of outposts and bloody skirmishes, in which many were slain and many were crippled for life. Each death, each wound, sent tears, and often life-long woe, to some humble cottage.

There are sometimes great and glorious objects to be attained—objects which elevate and ennoble a nation or a race—which warrant the expenditure of almost any amount of temporary suffering. It is not the duty of the millions to suffer the proud and haughty hundreds to consign them to ignorance and trample them in the dust. In this wicked world, where kings and nobles have ever been so ready to doom the masses of the people to ignorance, servitude, and want, human rights have almost never made any advances but through the energies of the sword. Many illustrious generals, who, with saddened hearts, have led their armies over fields of blood, have been among the most devoted friends and ornaments of humanity. Their names have been enshrined in the affections of grateful millions.

But this war into which the Prussian king had so recklessly plunged all Europe was purely a war of personal ambition. Even Frederick did not pretend that it involved any question of human rights. Unblushingly he avowed that he drew his sword and led his hundred thousand peasant boys upon their dreadful career of carnage and misery simply that he might enlarge his territories, gain renown as a conqueror, and make the world talk about him. It must be a fearful thing to go to the judgment-seat of Christ with such a crime weighing upon the soul.

War has its jokes and merriment, but the comedies of war are often more dreadful than the tragedies of peace. Frederick in his works records the following incident, which he narrates as "slight pleasantry, to relieve the reader's mind:"¹

The Prussians had a detached post at Smirzitz. The little garrison there was much harassed by lurking bands of Austrians, who shot their sentries, cut off their supplies, and rendered it almost certain death to any one who ventured to emerge from the ramparts. Some inventive genius among the Prussians constructed a straw man, very like life, representing a sentinel with his shouldered musket. By a series of ropes this effigy was made to move from

right to left, as if walking his beat. A well-armed band of Prussians then hid in a thicket near by.

Ere long a company of Austrian scouts approached. From a distance they eyed the sentinel, moving to and fro as he guarded his post. A sharp-shooter crept near, and taking deliberate aim at his supposed victim, fired. A twitch upon the rope caused the image to fall flat. The whole band of Austrians, with a shout, rushed to the spot. The Prussians from their ambuscade opened upon them a deadly fire of bullets. Then, as the ground was covered with the mutilated and the dead, the Prussians, causing the welkin to ring with their peals of laughter, rushed with fixed bayonets upon their entrapped foes. Not a single Austrian had escaped being struck by a bullet. Those who were not killed outright were wounded, and were taken captive. This is one of the "slight pleasantries" of war.

Frederick's army was now in a state of great destitution. The region around was so stripped of its resources that it could afford his foragers no more supplies. It was difficult for him to fill his baggage trains even in Silesia, so much had that country been devastated by war. And wherever any of his supply wagons appeared, swarms of Austrian dragoons hovered around, attacking and destroying them. To add to the embarrassments of the Prussian king, his purse was empty. His subjects could endure no heavier taxation. All the plate which Frederick William had accumulated had been converted into coin and expended. Even the massive silver balustrades, which were reserved until a time of need, were melted and gone. He knew not where to look for a loan. All the nations were involved in ruinous war. All wished to borrow. None but England had money to lend; and England was fighting Frederick, and furnishing supplies for his foes.

The expenses of the war were enormous. Frederick made a careful estimate, and found that he required at least three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars a month. He could not carry on another campaign with less than four million five hundred thousand dollars. He had been expecting that Louis XV., who in person was in command of the French army on the Rhine, would send him a reinforcement of sixty thousand troops to enable him to crush the forces of prince Charles. But week after week passed, and no reinforcements came. The French, intent upon their conquest, were as selfishly pursuing their own interests on the Rhine as Frederick was pursuing his in Silesia.

The great victory of Fontenoy, gained by the French on the Rhine, caused boundless exultation through France. "The French," writes Carlyle, "made immense explosions of rejoicing over this victory; Voltaire celebrating it in prose and verse to an amazing degree; the whole nation blazing out over it into illuminations, arcs of triumph, and universal three times three; in short, I think nearly the heartiest na-

¹ *Œuvres de Frédéric*, t. iii. p. 123.



A SLIGHT PLEASANTRY.

tional huzza, loud, deep, long-drawn, that the nation ever gave in like case."

But this victory on the Rhine was of no avail to Frederick in Bohemia. It did not diminish the hosts which prince Charles was gathering against him. It did not add a soldier to his diminished columns, or supply his exhausted magazines, or replenish his empty treasury. Louis XV. was so delighted with the victory that he supposed Frederick would be in sympathy with him. He immediately dispatched a courier to the Prussian king with the glad tidings. But Frederick, disappointed, embarrassed, chagrined, instead of being gratified, was irritated by the news. He sent back the scornful reply "that a victory upon the Scamander,¹ or in the heart of China, would have been just as important to him."

Louis XV. felt insulted by this message, and responded in a similar strain of irritation. Thus the two monarchs were alienated from each other. Indeed, Frederick had almost as much cause to be dissatisfied with the French

as they had to be dissatisfied with him. Each of the monarchs was ready to sacrifice the other if any thing was to be gained thereby.

Frederick was now in such deep pecuniary embarrassment that he was compelled to humble himself so far as to apply to the king of France for money. "If your majesty," he wrote, "can not furnish me with any reinforcements, you must, at least, send me funds to raise additional troops. The smallest possible sum which will enable me to maintain my position here is three million dollars."

Louis XV. wrote a very unsatisfactory letter in reply. He stated, with many apologies, that his funds were terribly low, that he was exceedingly embarrassed, that it was impossible to send the sum required, but that he would *try* to furnish him with a hundred thousand dollars a month.

Frederick was indignant. Scornfully he rejected the proposal, saying, "Such a paltry sum might with propriety, perhaps, be offered to a petty duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. But it is not suitable to make such a proposition to the king of Prussia."

¹ Scamander, a small stream in Asia Minor, celebrated in the songs of Homer.

Poor Valori, the French ambassador, was placed in a very embarrassing situation. The anger of the Prussian king vented itself upon him. He was in complete disgrace. It was his duty daily to wait upon Frederick. But the king would seldom speak to him, or even look upon him; and if he did favor him with a glance, it was with an expression of scorn.

Frederick was rapidly awaking to the consciousness that Maria Theresa, whom he had despised as a woman and a young wife and mother, and whose territory he thought he could dismember with impunity, was fully his equal, not only in ability to raise and direct armies, but also in diplomatic intrigue. About the middle of August he perceived from his camp in Chlum that prince Charles was receiving large reinforcements from the south. At the same time he saw that corps after corps, principally of Saxon troops, were defiling away by circuitous roads to the north. It was soon evident that the heroic Maria Theresa was preparing to send an army into the very heart of Prussia to attack its capital. This was, indeed, changing the aspect of the war.

Berlin was almost defenseless. All Saxony was rising in arms behind Frederick. The invader of Silesia was in danger of having his own realms invaded, and his own capital sacked. Frederick was thoroughly roused. But he never allowed himself to appear agitated or anxious. He ordered Leopold, the old Dessauer, to march immediately, with all the troops he could rally, to the frontiers of Saxony. He even found it necessary to detach to the aid of Leopold some corps from his own enfeebled forces, now menaced by an Austrian army twice as large as he could oppose to them.

While affairs were in this posture, the English, eager to crush their hereditary rivals, the French, were very anxious to detach the Prussians from the French alliance. The only way to do this was to induce Maria Theresa to offer terms of peace such as Frederick would accept. They sent sir Thomas Robinson to Schönbrunn to endeavor to accomplish this purpose. He had an interview with her Hungarian majesty on the 2d of August, 1745. The queen was very dignified and reticent. Silently she listened to the proposals of sir Thomas. She then said, with firmness which left no room for further argument:

"It would be easier for me to make peace with France than with Prussia. What good could possibly result now from peace with Prussia? I must have Silesia again. Without Silesia the imperial sceptre would be but a bauble. Would you have us sway that sceptre under the guardianship of Prussia? Prince Charles is now in a condition to fight the Prussians again. Until after another battle, do not speak to me of peace. You say that if we make peace with Prussia, Frederick will give his vote for the grand duke as emperor. The grand duke is not so ambitious of an empty honor as to engage in it under the tutelage of

Prussia. Consider, moreover, is the imperial dignity consistent with the loss of Silesia? One more battle I demand. Were I compelled to agree with Frederick to-morrow, I would try him in a battle to-night."¹

On the 13th of September the German Diet met at Frankfort for the election of emperor. Frederick had determined that the grand duke Francis, husband of the Hungarian queen, should not be elected. Maria Theresa had outgeneraled him. Francis was elected. He had seven out of nine of the electoral votes. Frederick, thus baffled, could only protest. Maria Theresa was conscious of her triumph. Though the imperial crown was placed upon the brow of Francis, all Europe knew that the sceptre was in the hands of his far more able and efficient wife. Maria Theresa was at Frankfort at the time of the election. She could not conceal her exultation. She seemed very willing to have it understood that her amiable husband was but the instrument of her will. She took the title of empress queen, and assumed a very lofty carriage toward the princes of the empire. Alluding to Frederick, she said, in a very imperial tone, for she deemed him now virtually vanquished:

"His Prussian majesty has unquestionably talent; but what a character! He is frivolous in the extreme, and sadly a heretic in his religious views. He is a dishonorable man, and what a neighbor he has been! As to Silesia, I would as soon part with my last garment as part with it."

Her majesty now wrote to prince Charles, urging him to engage immediately in a fight with Frederick. She sent two of the highest dignitaries of the court to Königgrätz, to press forward immediate action. There was an eminence near by, which the Austrian officers daily ascended, and from which they could look directly into the Prussian camp and observe all that was transpiring there.

The position of Frederick became daily more embarrassing. His forces were continually decreasing. Reinforcements were swelling the ranks of the Austrians. Elated in becoming the *Imperial Army*, they grew more bold and annoying, assailing the Prussian outposts and cutting off their supplies.

On the 18th of September, when the rejoicing Austrians at Königgrätz were firing salutes, drinking wine, and feasting in honor of the election of the grand duke to the imperial dignity, Frederick, availing himself of the carousal in the camp of his foes, crossed the Elbe with his whole army, a few miles above Königgrätz, and commenced his retreat to Silesia. His path led through a wild, sparsely inhabited country, of precipitous rocks, hills, mountain torrents, and quagmires. One vast forest spread along the banks of the Elbe, covering with its gloom an extent of sixty square miles. A few miserable hamlets were scattered over

¹ Robinson's Dispatch, August 4, 1745.

this desolate region. The poor inhabitants lived mainly upon the rye which they raised and the swine which ranged the forest.

Along the eastern edge of this vast wilderness the army of Frederick marched for two days. But Hungarian Pandours, in swarms, savage men, on their fleet and shaggy horses, were continually emerging from the paths of the forest, with gleaming sabres and shrill war-cries, assailing the flank of the Prussian line wherever there was the slightest exposure. In the vicinity of the little village of Sohr the king encamped for two days. The halt seemed necessary to refresh his horses, and to send out foraging parties to replenish his stores. But the light horsemen of the foe were so thick around him, so vigilant, and so bold, that no baggage train could enter his camp, unless protected by eight thousand foot and three thousand horse.

Just at the break of day of Thursday morning, September 30, as the king was in his tent, busy with his generals, examining maps in preparation for the immediate resumption of the march, an orderly came, in breathless haste, to inform the king that the Austrians were advancing rapidly upon him, and in great force. While he was yet speaking another messenger arrived, confirming the tidings, and stating that, apparently, the whole Austrian army, in battle array, was coming down upon him.

It was a cold, dreary, autumnal morning. The Austrian army, according to Frederick's statement, amounted to sixty thousand men.¹ But it was widely dispersed. Many of the cavalry were scouring the country in all directions, in foraging parties and as skirmishers. Large bodies had been sent by circuitous roads to occupy every avenue of retreat. The consolidated army, under prince Charles, now advancing to the attack, amounted to thirty-six thousand men. Frederick had but twenty-six thousand.²

In this hour of peril the genius of the Prussian monarch was remarkably developed. He manifested not the slightest agitation or alarm. His plan was immediately formed. Indeed, there was no time for a moment's delay. The Austrians had moved rapidly and silently, concealing their approach by a thick veil of hussars. They were already in solid columns, confident of victory, advancing upon the Prussian camp. Frederick was compelled to form his line of battle under fire of the Austrian batteries. The discipline of the Prussians was such that this was done with a recklessness of danger, rapidity, and mechanical precision which seemed almost miraculous, and which elicited the admiration of every one who beheld it.

The reader would not be interested in the

details of the battle which ensued. It lasted for five hours. It was, as is every battle, an indescribable scene of tumult, uproar, and confusion. The result was long doubtful. Defeat to Frederick would have been utter ruin. It is wonderful how one determined man can infuse his spirit into a whole host. Every Prussian seemed to have the same desperate valor, and determination to conquer or to die, which animated his king.

The sun had just risen above the horizon when the conflict commenced. It reached its meridian. Still the storm of battle swept the plains and reverberated over the hills. Heights had been taken and retaken; charges had been made and repelled; the surges of victory had rolled to and fro; over many leagues, now covered with the dying and the dead, the thunderbolts of battle were thickly flying; bugle peals, cries of onset, shrieks of the wounded crushed beneath artillery wheels, blended with the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery; riderless horses were flying in all directions; the extended plain was covered with the wreck and ruin of battle, and every moment was multiplying the victims of war's horrid butchery.

At length the Austrians were routed—utterly routed—broken, dispersed, and driven in wild confusion into the glooms of the forest. The victory of Frederick was complete. As a warrior, he was winning the title he so greatly coveted, of Frederick the Great.

It was a glorious victory. What was the price? Five thousand six hundred Prussian young men lay in their blood upon the field, dead or wounded. Six thousand seven hundred young men from Austrian homes lay by their side, silent in death, or groaning in anguish, lacerated by the missiles of war.¹

Frederick was elated with his victory. He had taken three thousand three hundred prisoners, twenty-one cannon, and twenty-two standards. He had added to the renown of his name, and strengthened his hold upon Silesia.

Prince Charles, as he was leading the main body of his army to the assault, sent a squadron of his fleet-footed cavalry to burn the Prussian camp, and to assail the foe in their rear. But the troops found the camp so rich in treasure that they could not resist the temptation of stopping to plunder. Thus they did not make the attack which had been ordered, and which would probably have resulted in the destruction of the Prussian army. It is said that when Frederick, in the heat of the battle, was informed that the Pandours were sacking his camp, he coolly replied, "So much the better; they will not then interrupt us."²

After the retreat of the Austrians, Frederick returned to his camp to find it plundered and burned. The semi-barbarian assailants had also consigned to the flames eight or ten sick Prussians, whom they found there, and several wo-

¹ *Histoire de mon Temps.*

² In this, as in most other similar cases, there is considerable diversity of statement as to the precise number of troops engaged on either side. But there is no question that the Austrians were in numbers far superior to the Prussians.

¹ MÜLLER, *Tableaux des guerres de Frédéric le Grand.*

² *Mémoires de Frédéric baron de Trenck.*

men whom they caught. "We found the limbs of these poor men and women lying about," writes general Lehwald.

The camp was so utterly destroyed that Frederick could not even obtain pen and ink. He was obliged to write with a pencil. Not a loaf of bread nor a cup of wine was left for the exhausted king. The hungry soldiers, after a conflict of five hours, having had neither breakfast nor dinner, found no refreshments awaiting them. Yet without a murmur they smoked their pipes, drank some spring-water, and rejoiced in their great victory.

"Never mind," said the king; "it is a cheap price to pay for escaping an attack from Pandours in the rear, while such a battle was raging in front."

Frederick remained at Sohr five days. The country was scoured in all directions to obtain food for his army. It was necessary that the troops should be fed, even if the poor inhabitants starved miserably. No tongue can tell the sufferings which consequently fell upon the peasantry for leagues around. Prince Charles, with his shattered army, fell back to Königsgrätz, remorselessly plundering the people by the way. Frederick, ordering his army to retire to Silesia, returned to Berlin.

The victory of Sohr filled Europe with the renown of Frederick. Still his peril was great, and the difficulties before him apparently insurmountable. His treasury was exhausted. His only ally, France, would furnish him with no money, had no confidence in him, and was in heart exasperated against him. Not a single court in Europe expressed any friendship for Frederick. On the contrary, nearly all would have rejoiced at his downfall. There seemed to be no end to the campaigns which were opening before him. Yet Frederick knew not where to obtain the money to meet the expense even of a single campaign.

Under these circumstances, Frederick made indirect but vigorous exertions to bring the war to a close. "I am ready and desirous now," he said, "as at all times, for peace. I will immediately sheathe the sword, if I can be guaranteed the possession of Silesia."

"I, too, am anxious for peace," Maria Theresa replied, "and will joyfully withdraw my armies, if Silesia, of which I have been robbed, is restored to me."

Thus his Prussian majesty and the queen of Hungary met each other like two icebergs in a stormy sea. The allies were exasperated, not conquered, by the defeat of Sohr. Maria Theresa, notwithstanding the severity of winter's cold, resolved immediately to send three armies to invade Prussia, and storm Berlin itself. She hoped to keep the design profoundly secret, so that Frederick might be taken at unawares. The Swedish envoy at Dresden spied out the plan, and gave the king warning. Marshal Grüne was to advance from the Rhine and enter Brandenburg from the west. Prince Charles, skirting Western Silesia, was to march

upon Brandenburg from the south. General Rutowski was to spring upon the old Dessauer, who was encamped upon the frontiers of Saxony, overwhelm and crush his army with superior numbers, and then, forming a junction with marshal Brüne, with their united force rush upon Berlin.

Frederick was astounded, alarmed, for a moment overwhelmed, as these tidings were clearly made known to him. He had brought all this upon himself. "And yet," the wretched man exclaimed, "what a life I lead! This is not living, this is being killed a thousand times a day!"

This despondency lasted, however, but a moment. Concealing his emotions, he smoothed his furrowed brow, dressed his face in smiles, and wrote doggerel verses and jocose letters as if he were merely a fashionable man of pleasure. At the same time he rallied all his marvelous energies, and prepared to meet the exigency with sagacity and intrepidity rarely surpassed. Orders were immediately dispatched to the old Dessauer to marshal an army to oppose Grüne and Rutowski, while the king hastened to Silesia to attack prince Charles. Leopold, though he had nearly numbered his three score years and ten, according to Frederick, was very glad to fight once again before he died. The veteran general ventured to make some suggestions in reference to the orders he had received. The king sternly replied:

"When your highness gets armies of your own, you will order them according to your mind. At present, it must be according to mine."

Frederick had an army of thirty-five thousand men at Liegnitz, in Silesia, under the command of young Leopold. Every man was a thoroughly trained soldier. The army was in the best possible condition. At 7 o'clock in the morning of November 15, 1745, the king left Berlin at full speed for Liegnitz. He arrived there the next day, and at once took the command. "There is great velocity in this young king," writes Carlyle; "a panther-like suddenness of spring in him; cunning too, as any *felis* of them; and with claws as the *felis leo* on occasion."

Prince Charles was *en route* for Berlin—a winter's march of a hundred and fifty miles. He was not aware that the king of Prussia was near him, or that the king was conscious of his bold design. On Saturday night, November 20, the army of prince Charles, forty thousand strong, on its line of march, suspecting no foe near, was encamped in villages, extending for twenty miles along the banks of the Queiss, one of the tributaries of the Oder. Four marches would bring them into Brandenburg. It was the design of Frederick to fall with his whole force upon the centre of this line, cut it in two, and then to annihilate the extremities. Early in the morning of Sunday, the 21st, Frederick put his troops in motion. He marched rapidly all that day, and Monday and Tuesday.

In the twilight of Tuesday evening, a dense fog enveloping the landscape, Frederick, with his concentrated force, fell impetuously upon a division of the Austrian army encamped in the village of Hennersdorf.

The assault was as sudden and resistless as the sweep of the avalanche. The Austrian division was annihilated. Scarcely a man escaped. This achievement was deemed a very brilliant passage of war. It cut the Austrian army in twain and secured its ruin.

The next morning the Prussian troops, led by their indomitable king, were early on the march, groping through the thick mist to find more of the foe. But the blow already given was decisive. The Austrian army was shattered, demoralized, ruined. The king could find nothing but broken tumbrils, abandoned wagons, and the debris of an utterly routed army. Prince Charles, bewildered by the disaster, had wheeled his columns around, and fled through the passes of the mountains back to Bohemia. Five thousand of his troops he left behind, in killed or prisoners.

Frederick was not overelated with his victory. He was still terribly harassed for money. There were campaigns opening before him, in an unending series, requiring enormous expenditure. Even many such victories as he had just gained would only conduct him to irretrievable ruin, unless he could succeed in conquering a peace. In these dark hours the will of this extraordinary man remained inflexible. He would not listen to any propositions for peace which did not guarantee to him Silesia. Maria Theresa would listen to no terms which did not restore to her the lost province.

Frederick, in this great emergence, condescended again to write imploringly to France for pecuniary aid. He received a sarcastic reply, which exasperated him, and which was couched in such polite terms that he could not openly resent it. Marshal Grüne, who was advancing rapidly from the Rhine to Berlin, hearing of the defeat of his confederates at Hennersdorf, and of the retreat of prince Charles, wheeled his columns south for Saxony. Here he effected a junction with general Rutowski, near Dresden. Their combined troops intrenched themselves, and stood on the defensive.

On the 29th of December the old Dessauer, with thirty-five thousand men, crossed the frontiers and entered Saxony. He marched rapidly upon Leipsic, and seized the town, from which a division of Rutowski's army precipitately fled. Leopold found here quite a supply of commissary and ordnance stores. He also replenished his empty army chest by levying a contribution of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars upon the inhabitants. Then, by a rapid march northeast to Torgo, on the Elbe, he captured another imperial magazine. Turning south, he pressed his troops along up the river to Myssen, which was within two days' easy march of Dresden. Here there was a bridge across the Oder. Frederick was pushing his

troops, by forced marches, from Hennersdorf, to effect a junction with Leopold at Myssen. Unitedly they were to fall upon Grüne and Rutowski at Dresden. In the mean time, also, prince Charles, a despondent man, crushed by domestic woe and humiliating defeats, was moving, by not very energetic steps, to reinforce the allied troops at Dresden.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, December 12, when the banners of the old Dessauer appeared before Myssen. The Saxon commander there broke down the bridge, and in the darkness of the night stole away with his garrison to Dresden. Leopold vigorously but cautiously pursued. As the allied army was near, and in greater force than Leopold's command, it was necessary for him to move with much discretion. His march was along the west bank of the river. The ground was frozen and white with snow.

On Wednesday morning, December 15, the advance guard of the Prussians saw before them the allied army, thirty-five thousand strong, occupying a very formidable position. Marshal Grüne and general Rutowski had advanced a few miles north from Dresden to meet the Prussians. Their troops were drawn up in battle array, extending from the river Elbe, on the east, to the village of Kesselsdorf, on the west. A small stream, with a craggy or broken gully or dell, extended along their whole front. The southern ridge, facing the advancing Prussians, bristled with artillery. Some of the pieces were of heavy calibre. Leopold had only light field-pieces.

In the cold of the winter morning the old Dessauer carefully reconnoitred the position of his foes. Their batteries seemed innumerable, protected by earth-works, and frowning along a cliff which could only be reached by plunging into a gully and wading through a half-frozen bog. There was, however, no alternative but to advance or retreat. He decided to advance.

Forming his army in two parallel lines, nearly five miles long, facing the foe, he prepared to open the battle along the whole extent of the field. While thus engrossing the attention of the enemy, his main attempt was to be directed against the village of Kesselsdorf, which his practiced eye saw to be the key of the position. It was two o'clock in the afternoon ere all his arrangements were completed. The old Dessauer was a devout man—in his peculiar style a religious man, a man of prayer. He never went into battle without imploring God's aid. On this occasion, all things being arranged, he reverently uncovered his head, and in presence of the troops offered, it is said, the following prayer:

"O my God, help me yet this once. Let me not be disgraced in my old days. But if Thou wilt not help me, don't help those scoundrels, but leave us to try it out ourselves."

Having uttered this prayer, he waved his hat to his troops, and shouted, "On, in God's name!"

"The Prussians," writes Carlyle, "tramp on



FREDERICK AND THE OLD DESSAUER.

with the usual grim-browed resolution, foot in front, horse in rear. But they have a terrible problem at that Kesselsdorf, with its retrenched batteries and numerous grenadiers fighting under cover. The very ground is sore against them; up-hill, and the trampled snow wearing into a slide, so that you sprawl and stagger sadly. Thirty-one big guns, and near nine thousand small, pouring out mere death on you from that knoll-head. The Prussians stagger; can not stand it; bend to rightward to get out of shot range; can not manage it this bout. Rally, reinforced; try it again. Again with a will; but again there is not a way. The Prussians are again repulsed; fall back down this slippery course in more disorder than the first time. Had the Saxons stood still, steadily handling arms, how, on such terms, could the Prussians have ever managed it?"¹

At the second repulse the Saxon grenadiers, greatly elated, gave a shout of "victory," and rushed from their works to pursue the retreating Prussians. This was their ruin.

"Old Leopold, quick as thought, noticing the thing, hurls cavalry on these victorious, down-plunging grenadiers; slashes them asunder into mere recoiling whirlpools of ruin; so that few of them got back unwounded; and the Prussians, storming in along with them, aided by ever new Prussians, the place was at length carried."²

And now the Prussians from the centre press the foe with new vigor. Leopold, at the head of his victorious division, charged the allied troops in flank, pouring in upon them his resistless horsemen. Whole regiments were made prisoners. Ere nightfall of the short December day the whole allied army, broken and disordered, was on the retreat back to Dresden. The night alone protected them from utter ruin. They had lost six thousand prisoners, and three thousand in killed and wounded.²

¹ CARLYLE, vol. iv. p. 171.

² Voltaire, speaking of this action, says: "It was the famous old prince of Anhalt who gained this decisive victory. He had been a warrior fifty years, and was the first who had entered into the lines of the French army at Turin in 1707. For conducting the in-

¹ CARLYLE, vol. iv. p. 171.

Prince Charles had arrived in Dresden the night before. He heard the roar of the cannonade all the day. But for some unexplained reason he did not advance to the support of his friends. The very unsatisfactory excuse offered was, that his troops were exhausted by their long march; and that having been recently twice beaten by the Prussians, his army would be utterly demoralized if led to another defeat.

On the evening of Tuesday, the 14th, Frederick, with his advanced guard, reached Myssen. All the next day, Wednesday, he was hurrying up his troops from the rear. In the afternoon he heard the deep booming of the cannon far up the Elbe. In the evening the sky was ablaze with the glare of the watch-fires of Leopold's victorious troops. The next morning Frederick pressed forward with all haste to join Leopold. Couriers on the way informed him of the great victory. At Wilsdruf, a few miles from the field of battle, he met Leopold, who had advanced in person to meet his king. Frederick dismounted, uncovered his head, and threw his arms around the old Dessauer in a grateful embrace.

Together the king and his sturdy general returned to Kesselsdorf, and rode over the field of battle, which was still strewn with the ghastly wrecks of war. Large numbers of the citizens of Dresden were on the field searching for their lost ones among the wounded or the dead. The queen of Poland and her children remained in the city. Frederick treated them with marked politeness, and appointed them guards of honor. The king of Poland, who, it will be remembered, was also elector of Saxony, applied for peace. Frederick replied:

"Guarantee me the possession of Silesia, and pay me seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the expenses of this campaign, and I will withdraw my army."

M. D'Arget, private secretary of the French minister Valori, gives an interesting account of an interview he held with Frederick at this time. M. D'Arget was quite a favorite of the king, who conversed with him with unusual frankness.

"These kind condescensions of his majesty," writes M. D'Arget, "emboldened me to represent to him the brilliant position he now held, and how noble it would be, after being the hero of Germany, to become the pacificator of Europe."

"I grant it, my dear D'Arget," said the king, "but it is too dangerous a part to play. A reverse brings me to the edge of ruin. I know too well the mood of mind I was in the last time I left Berlin ever to expose myself to it again. If luck had been against me there, I saw myself a monarch without a throne. A bad game that. In fine, I wish to be at peace."

fantry he was esteemed the most experienced officer in Europe. This great battle was the last that filled up the measure of his military glory—the only glory which he had enjoyed, for fighting was his only province."—*Age of Louis XV.*, chap. xvii.

"I represented to him," continues M. D'Arget, "that the house of Austria would never, with a tranquil eye, see his house in possession of Silesia."

"Those that come after me," said the king, "will do as they like. The future is beyond man's reach. I have acquired. It is theirs to preserve. I am not in alarm about the Austrians. They dread my armies; the luck that I have. I am sure of their sitting quiet for the dozen years or so which may remain to me of life. There is more for me in the true greatness of laboring for the happiness of my subjects than in the repose of Europe. I have put Saxony out of a condition to hurt me. She now owes me twelve million five hundred thousand dollars. By the defensive alliance which I form with her I provide myself a help against Austria. I would not, henceforth, attack a cat, except to defend myself. Glory and my interests were the occasion of my first campaigns. The late emperor's situation, and my zeal for France, gave rise to the second. Always since, I have been fighting for my own hearths—for my very existence. I know the state I have got into. If I now saw prince Charles at the gates of Paris I would not stir."

"And would you regard with the same indifference," M. D'Arget rejoined, "seeing us at the gates of Vienna?"

"Yes," the king replied. "I swear it to you, D'Arget. In a word, I want to have some good of my life. What are we, poor human atoms, to get up projects that cost so much blood!"

On the 25th of December, 1745, the peace of Dresden was signed. The demands of Frederick were acceded to. Augustus III. of Saxony, Maria Theresa of Austria, and George II. of England became parties to the treaty. The next day Frederick attended sermon in the Protestant church. Monday morning his army, by slow marches, commenced its return to Brandenburg. Frederick, highly elated by the wonderful and almost miraculous change in his affairs, entered his carriage in company with his two brothers, and drove rapidly toward Berlin. The next day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, they reached the heath of Britz, five miles out from the city. Here the king found an immense concourse of the citizens, who had come on horseback and in carriages to escort him to his palace. Frederick sat in an open phaeton, accompanied by the prince of Prussia and prince Henry. The throng was so great that the horses could only proceed at the slowest pace. The air resounded with shouts of "Long live Frederick the Great." The king was especially gracious, saying to those who eagerly crowded around his carriage wheels:

"Do not press each other, my children. Take care of yourselves that the horses may not trample upon you, and that no accident may happen."

It was remarked that the whole behavior of the king upon this occasion exhibited the ut-

most mildness, gentleness, and affability. He seemed to be influenced by the most tender regard for the welfare of the people.

Upon reaching the palace he stood for a moment upon the grand stairway, and, surveying the thronging thousands, took off his hat and saluted them. This gave rise to a burst of applause louder and heartier than Berlin had ever heard before. The king disappeared within the palace. Where the poor neglected queen was at this time we are not informed. There are no indications that he gave her even a thought.

At six o'clock in the evening the whole city was illuminated. Frederick entered his carriage, and, attended by his two brothers, the prince of Prussia and prince Henry, rode out to take the circuit of the streets. But the king had received information that one of his former

preceptors, M. Duhan, lay at the point of death. He ordered his carriage to be at once driven to the residence of the dying man. The house of M. Duhan was situated in a court, blazing with the glow of thousands of lamps.

"It was an affecting sight," says M. Bielfeld, "to see a dying man in the midst of a brilliant illumination, surrounded by princes, and visited by a triumphant monarch, who, in the midst of the incessant clamor of exultation, sought only to alleviate the sick man's pangs, participating in his distress, and reflecting upon the vanity of all human grandeur."

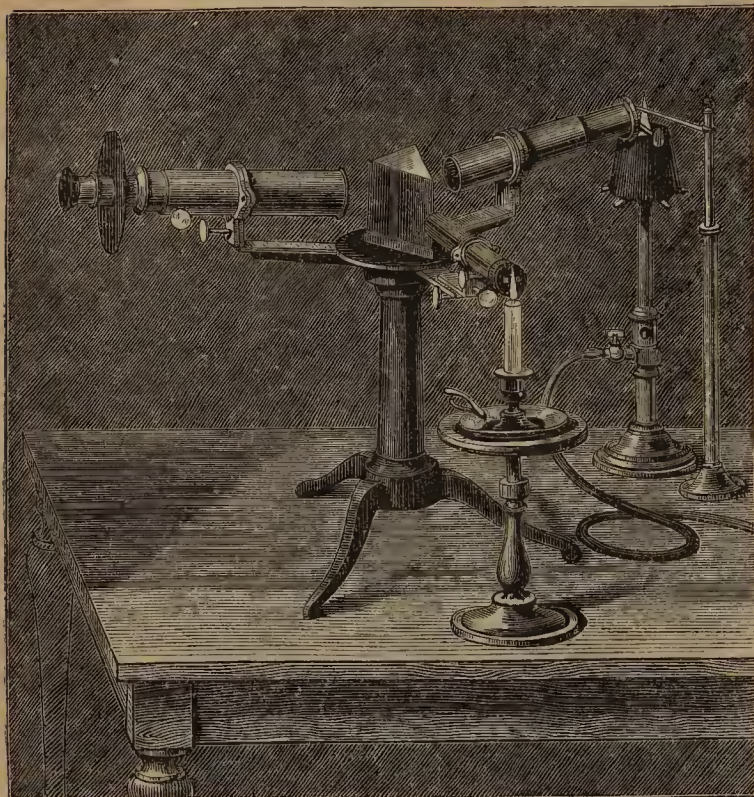
The king having taken a tender adieu of M. Duhan, who died the next morning, traversed the brilliant streets of the rejoicing city, and returned to the palace about ten that evening.

Frederick now entered upon a period of ten years of peace.



FREDERICK AT THE DYING BED OF M. DUHAN.

THE SPECTROSCOPE.



THE SPECTROSCOPE.

THE greatest invention, or rather discovery and invention combined, of modern times, in respect to *practical utility*, is probably the electric telegraph. The one most important, in respect to the development of *scientific truth*, is the spectroscope. The history of this instrument, now attracting so much attention, is briefly this :

It was about fifty years ago that Fraunhofer, a distinguished German optician residing in Munich, by means of some very perfect optical apparatus, and some new and delicate observations which he made with it, discovered the existence of certain very mysterious lines, some dark and some bright—the latter of various colors—crossing the solar spectrum, among the colored bands which form it. As ordinarily observed, by means of a common prism, the different colors are blended together, passing into each other by insensible gradations. The reason of this is that in the ordinary spectrum the images produced by the different colored rays, or rather the images produced by rays of *different refrangibility*, on which the effect of different colors is produced in the human sensorium, are superposed upon each other, and their confines blended. The great point was so to perfect the apparatus as to separate these component portions of the spectrum as much as possible by the use of the most perfect lenses and prisms, and by the nicety of the arrangements for making the observation.

This Fraunhofer succeeded in doing, and thus brought the lines above referred to fully into view. This was in 1815. He studied these lines very attentively, and made a very carefully prepared colored drawing, representing the spectrum, as he developed it, with the principal lines laid down upon it. He counted in the spectrum more than six hundred of these lines, and he laid down upon his map three hundred and fifty-four of them. The principal of them he designated by letters of the alphabet, and they continue to be known as Fraunhofer's lines, and to be distinguished severally by the letters which he gave them, to this day.

The discovery of these lines, and the exhibition of the map delineating

them, copies of which were multiplied and disseminated throughout Europe, excited great attention ; but the nature and the meaning of the lines remained for many years a profound and inscrutable mystery.

It was at length discovered that while the position and character of the lines in the spectrum formed from the sun were always the same, yet they varied greatly in spectra of rays issuing from different artificial sources of light, though constant for each particular source. And it was finally ascertained that they depended on the chemical constitution and physical condition—as whether solid, liquid, or gaseous—of the ignited substance from which the light came ; and also in some degree upon the character of the intervening media through which the light passed on its way from the source to the instrument. It would lead to too much detail to enter here into particulars in respect to these points, the object of this article being only to give a summary idea of the nature of the discovery, about which so much is said at the present day, and of the form and appearance of the instrument, sufficient for the purposes of the general reader.

The engraving represents one of the various forms of the instrument. It consists of a stand with three branches, each supporting a telescopic tube ; all three of the tubes being directed toward a glass prism which occupies the centre of the stand. This prism is covered, in the

actual instrument, by a metallic box to protect it from injury—openings being left in the sides of the box opposite to the orifices of the three telescopic tubes.

The tube to the right is directed toward the source of light, whatever it may be, the spectrum of which is to be examined. It is represented in the engraving as receiving the light from a gas flame, the flexible pipe by which the gas is supplied being seen below upon the table. The head of the stand supporting the burner is provided with the means of intermingling various substances with the flame, in order to examine the spectra which they severally produce.

This telescope may also be turned toward any natural source of light—as the sun, for example, or a star, or the aurora borealis, or a portion of the Milky-way.

The rays emanating from the source of light, whatever it may be, pass into this right-hand tube through a very narrow vertical slit, not seen, of course, in the engraving. The ribbon-like beam thus formed, passing through the tube, strikes upon the prism, and the various rays separated by the prism, through their different refrangibility, enter the object-glass of the tube on the left, where an image of the spectrum is formed, and can be seen, magnified, by the observer, who places his eye at the left hand of this tube, where the eye-glass is placed. There is a screen placed here near the end of the tube, to protect the eye from rays coming to it on the outside of the instrument.

There is a third tube, smaller than the others, seen in the centre, and directed toward the spectator. In the orifice of this tube in the engraving can be indistinctly seen a small micrometer scale, illuminated by a candle placed upon a stand. The light from this arrangement passes through the small tube, and the image of the micrometer scale is reflected from one of the surfaces of the prism, and enters the left-hand tube, and is seen by the observer *superposed* upon the spectrum, and in such a position as to enable him to measure the distances from one spectral line to another, and to determine with precision the place of any one under examination.

The object of this article is simply to give to the general reader an idea of the construction and form of the instrument and the mode of making observations with it, and not to enter at all into a discussion of the results which have been obtained. It may, however, not be out of place to state the three general principles which form the foundation of the science of spectral analysis—or perhaps, rather, the three great divisions within which all the phenomena are comprised. The distinction depends on the conditions under which the light to be examined emanates.

1. It may emanate from an incandescent *liquid* or *solid* body.

2. It may emanate from an incandescent *gaseous* body.

3. It may emanate from an incandescent

liquid or solid, and pass through an incandescent gaseous medium on its way.

In the first case, that is, where the source of the light is an incandescent liquid or solid body, the spectrum is continuous, showing no traversing lines of any kind.

In the second case, that is, where the source of light is an incandescent substance in a gaseous state, the spectrum produced, instead of being continuous, consists of a certain number of variously colored bands, which are always rigorously the same for the same substance, but vary infinitely in number, color, and position when different substances are compared.

In the third case, that is, where light comes from an incandescent solid or liquid—and so would, if not modified in its passage, give a continuous spectrum—and passes, in its course, *through a flame*, that is, through a gaseous substance in a state of incandescence, the *bright* lines which the substance of the incandescent gas would have produced if it had been solid are changed into *dark* ones. That is, the gaseous substance *intercepts* and *absorbs* the peculiar luminous vibrations which it would have *emitted* if it had been the *source of the light* instead of being the *medium* through which a *brighter light from another source* beyond it was transmitted.

Thus, if the spectrum given by any light, when examined in the spectroscope, consists of a continuous longitudinal band of prismatic colors, it is known that the source of the light must be an incandescent solid. If it consists of transverse bars or bands of color on a dark back-ground, the observer infers that the source of the light is an incandescent gas; and the number, positions, and colors of these bands show what the substance is, provided it is one the spectrum of which is known. If, in the third place, the spectrum consists of a longitudinal band of prismatic colors traversed by dark lines or bars crossing it at various intervals, the indication is that the light under examination, coming from some source beyond, traverses an incandescent gas or flame in its way; and the dark lines, in this case, are found to correspond for any substance, in breadth and position, with the bright colored lines seen when the substance itself is the source of light instead of the medium through which a brighter light from an incandescent solid or liquid beyond passes on its way.

These transverse bars, whether bright, as in the second case, or dark, as in the third, are exceeding delicate, though perfectly distinct, and are very sharply defined; so that by means of a micrometer, which forms a part of the instrument, the position of any one can be very precisely determined, and its identity ascertained. And by means of them those who have attained to the necessary knowledge and skill required to read and interpret these wonderful revelations can determine, with apparent certainty, a great many facts in relation to the elementary constitution and physical condition

of the substances which constitute the sources of the light, not only of those which are near, but also, with equal facility, those which are inconceivably remote. The test is applied with the same success to the light emitted from artificial sources in the laboratory, and to that coming to us from the aurora borealis, from the disk, or from the marginal coruscations of the sun, and from the remotest nebula or star.

Every different substance, so far as is known, has its spectrum marked by its own peculiar and characteristic lines. Even those which have never been analyzed, and so are classed by the chemists as simple substances, have usually more than one, which seems to indicate that they are really compounds, and that their actual elements have not been ascertained. This being so, and as the photosphere of the sun contains a great number of elements, the number of these lines in the solar spectrum is very great. It requires, however, great delicacy and exactness in the prism, and in the arrangement of the apparatus for observing them, to bring them into view. Sir Isaac Newton, as early as 1675, succeeded in forming a spectrum which showed the prismatic colors; but his apparatus and his method were too imperfect to bring the *lines* into view. Dr. Wollaston, in the early part of this century, was the first to do this, and to him is accordingly ascribed the honor of first discovering the existence of the lines. Afterward, by means of great improvements made in the construction of optical instruments, the celebrated optician Fraunhofer, as we have already seen, brought a great many more into view, and made a map of the spectrum, in which he laid down the positions of about six hundred of them. This map excited great attention throughout Europe, as has already been stated, and the lines were long known as Fraunhofer's lines, though no one had the least idea of the cause or of the significance of them, excepting that surmises were made by different observers that there was some connection between the position and character of the lines and the chemical constitution of the substances from which the light emanated. The number of lines since brought to view in the solar spectrum is more than six thousand!

Nothing can be more wonderful than the inconceivable delicacy of the test which the spectrum, fully developed and microscopically observed, affords. It detects the presence of quantities of an element so exceedingly minute as to be wholly inappreciable by any other means. One of the most curious illustrations of this fact is afforded by the discovery of two new metals in a certain German mineral water, by Professor Bunsen, in 1860—metals which existed in the water in quantities so exceedingly minute that by no other possible means than spectral analysis could their presence have been detected. Bunsen was led to suspect the existence of some new element in the water by observing two bright lines in the spectrum produced by a flame in which the alkalis left by

the evaporation of a portion of the water had been introduced—which lines he had never observed in any other spectrum. The ordinary chemical tests gave no indications of the presence of such elements. This Bunsen attributed to the minuteness of the quantities; and in order to increase the quantities so as to bring the substances within the reach of the usual methods of analysis, he went to work to evaporate no less than *forty-five tons* of the water, and from the residue thus obtained he succeeded in obtaining an appreciable quantity of the metals in question. The names given to them are *cæsium* and *rubidium*.

Another very curious instance of the delicacy of this test is afforded in the case of sodium, the spectrum of which is very remarkable, and is characterized by one line in particular by which exceedingly minute quantities can be detected. Now sodium is one of the most universally diffused substances in nature. It is one of the constituent elements of common salt, and so exists in enormous quantities in the ocean. And as two-thirds of the surface of the earth is covered with water, and as the winds are continually carrying up a fine spray from the crests of the waves into the air, the water of this spray in evaporating leaves the air full of infinitesimally minute particles of salt, which pervade the atmosphere every where, and form, as it were, a portion of its very substance. And although the quantity of sodium thus present is too small to be detected in ordinary cases by any of the usual chemical tests, it reveals itself at once in the spectrum whenever the minutest quantity of dust which has subsided from the atmosphere is thrown into the flame.

It would require many months' study to understand fully the character and the working of this instrument, and the nature and extent of the revelations which it has made, and which it is still making, in respect to the chemical and physical constitution of the distant bodies which form the sources of natural light. The knowledge which it brings to us is different in its character, as well as more subtle and precise in its minuteness, in comparison with the knowledge which we obtain by other means. With the telescope the observer sees the form and the colors of the object which comes into the field of view, and so vastly magnified that details are clearly distinguished that are wholly invisible to the naked eye. With the spectro-scope he sees no form, and no color characteristic of the object which he is studying; but simply a beautiful iridescent band, across which are drawn at intervals certain delicate and well-defined lines, which by their position and character form for him a perfectly intelligible language, which expresses the result of almost accurate, and thoroughly trust-worthy analysis of the hidden constitution of the material of which the object is composed.

Nor is it wholly to the constitution and character of distant and inaccessible objects that the revelations of the spectro-scope have been

confined. Some very important truths have been brought to light by it in regard to the chemical constitution of substances in the laboratory which have long been subject to the closest analytical examination, and many facts have been elicited which had baffled all preceding modes of investigation. In a word, the "spectral analysis" opens an entirely new avenue of exploration for man into the realms of nature around him—an avenue which runs in an entirely different direction from all previously known, and extends to an infinitely greater distance than any of them.

THE JESSOPS' WISH.

"DEARY me," sighed Mrs. Jessop, who was turning Patty's last summer's dress in order to get it as near this summer's fashion as the cloth and her native skill would allow, "if a body could spend a cent without smarting for it, Patty'd have as fine a gown as Square Harris's daughters. It's enough to wear the life out of ye, to keep a-turning and a-twisting of things, year after year, till there ain't a thread of 'em left."

"What makes you do it, then, Roxy?" put in Mr. Jessop.

"Do it! You're enough to provoke a saint. How are we going to git along without doing of it? How's Patty to look like other girls?"

"I don't want her to look like other gals; she's a sight better-looking."

"There, don't you be turning of the child's head. I say, Nathan, if we only had a *little* of your uncle Reuben's hoard, we'd sbine, now, wouldn't we?"

"You might as well wish for the wind to change, or the north star to change places with your kerosene lamp. I reckon you'd better git *that* bee out of your bonnet, unless you want it to sting you."

"Oh yes, you're allus a-throwing of cold water on every thing. Now, if we had a crumb of his plenty, think how we could trig up like. You could buy the clover-field of Deacon Jackman, and put up new fences, and raise the roof, and build on an L—goodness, how the neighbors would gape!" which prospect appeared to be highly satisfactory to Mrs. Jessop.

"It isn't worth thinking about, Roxy; it only riles you up. I guess we shall pull through without it."

"Yes, with our noses ter the grin'stone all our days, when we might be a-dressing in the best of the land, and living like gentry."

"Lor," said Patty, who had been vexing herself over the trimming of her last year's hat, "if wishes were horses, beggars would ride; and we'd be sure to get a lift. But I'd just like to see how 'twould seem to ride in your own carriage, and that not a hay-cart. I should like a silk gown, or satin, I don't care, that would stand alone, with a train as long as the moral law, and to go sweeping up and down a big parlor, over a velvet carpet; and a diamond

ring, such as Miss Harris's lover gave her, on my finger; and a piano; and to go out every night to balls and operas, and have fellows sending me bouquets with little notes in 'em; and to have more names on my dancing card than the rest of the girls! There, how does that look, mother? It's awfully old-fashioned!"—trying the hat on before the glass.

"It looks jest like the picter of Maud Muller I see in a winder in town," said her father, "when she was a-raking hay, and the judge put his eye on her. If *that's* old-fashioned, I should think every body'd be a-running after the old fashions."

"Lor, pa, pictures don't have any thing to do with the fashions!"

"I'm glad there's something don't!" he persisted; and then he returned to his planting, and left Patty and her mother to their own devices.

"You go and look after the pie-plant, Patty," said Mrs. Jessop, "while I finish this gown off. I do declare it's discouraging enough ter have ter fix over old duds; if Uncle Reuben had to pinch a little himself, he'd know how good it is. Now I leave it ter any body if it isn't provoking ter hev all that money in the family, so ter speak, and it all shet up in a bank or suthing; and goodness knows if we'll git a cent of it, after he's gone; like as not he'll leave it all ter some destitute asylum or other. Reuben allus was contrary."

While Patty prepared the pie-plant she built a castle out of Uncle Reuben's timber. "Not that I want the poor old soul to die," she assured herself; "but it would be so nice to have every thing you wanted, and wear kid gloves and bronze boots, and never have to do the cooking, or sprawl your hands out of shape at the wash-tub. Heigh-ho! I suppose I should miss something about the farm! It's sort of nice when the pease are coming up, and the larches are coming out, and the fields are getting greener every day, and when the scarlet beans are in blossom. Then there isn't any thing to compare with the apple-blows, 'except my cheeks,' Elijah says; but Elijah's a goose, sometimes. Still, when the orchard is all in bloom it's more like an enchanted land than common earth; and there's the birds, too! But yet, I shouldn't have to wear my gowns till they dropped to pieces if I was rich; and then there'd be such splendid lovers coming to see me, only—I suppose—I should miss—Elijah!" And just then a shadow darkened the kitchen door, and Elijah's honest bronzed face beamed upon her, and made the kitchen fairly radiant with its smile. It mattered very little to Patience Jessop, in that instant, whether she sat in a hovel or a palace, whether the walls were hung with tapestry or were simply yellow-washed. She forgot all about Uncle Reuben's wealth in view of her own; the petty things that annoyed her vanished like fog before the sun. What if she did have to wear her old clothes till they were shabby? Elijah loved her!

What if the house *was* old, and the land unfertile, and the mortgage unpaid? Elijah loved her. Did not that make amends for all? Oh, wonderful power of love, that gilds the cloudiest horizon, and without which nothing is sweet, nothing satisfying! Probably Mrs. Jessop would have answered these questions differently—Mrs. Jessop, to whom Elijah's love was not such a warm and vital thing as to her daughter, since he could offer Patty nothing better than a farm life of hard-earned plenty and contentment. Had she worked night and day, and denied herself many of the necessities of life, that Patty might have a year's finishing at South Hadley, after the district school had done all it could for her, to this end? Was there nothing better for her child than a life patterned after her own, a life of hardship and self-denial? So when Squire Harris's son had dropped in to sit with Patty, Patty's mother had felt as if events were conspiring with her ambitions; but for handsome Elijah she had few words and fewer smiles. However, this may have signified little to the young man, so long as the daughter made up the deficiency.

"Good-morning, Elijah," said Patty. "You have made yourself a stranger lately. I haven't seen your shadow since Wednesday night. Come in and sit down, and give an account of your misdoings!" This was shameful neglect, you know, for it was now Friday morning!

"You see," began the culprit, "I could not get away last night, because mother had some friends from town, and she wanted me to stay and amuse them."

"Indeed!" said Patty, shortly, and hacked spitefully at the poor pie-plant. Then she reflected a little. Perhaps these "friends" were some kinsfolk, some elderly dames. In that case she would put up with it—if only they were not the Spicer girls, who had boarded last summer at Elijah's mother's, for country air and country fare; who had ridden with Elijah on the hay-cart and hunted butterflies with him in the field; who had worn fashionable dresses and jaunty hats into the little vestry; who had called Patty "a pretty country lass," and had lent their books to Patty's lover, and kept Patty's heart in a constant flutter. No, no. If Elijah had staid at home to entertain the Spicer girls, she should feel it her duty to be aggrieved.

"And who were your friends from town?" she asked, trying hard to speak with indifference.

"Well, you see, it was an accident brought them here—"

"Oh, I dare say!"

"They were going on to Hixon in their own carriage—"

"I know it's the Spicers," thought Patty.

"And they got run into just as they reached here."

"How unfortunate!" said she, feelingly.

"Yes; and so, of course, they came straight to our house, and mother, she persuaded them to spend the night, and I'm to take them over this afternoon in our team, which happens quite

handily, as I was going any way, and their carriage is all in splinters."

Now there had been some talk of Patty's going over to Hixon on this occasion; and, if the truth must be told, it was to do credit to this little journey that she had remodeled her hat and gown.

"If I were to be Uncle Reuben's heir," she thought, away back in a corner of her grieved soul, "he wouldn't dare to treat me so." Thereby doing great injustice to her lover, since, being so much a part of himself, he had felt that he might slight or thwart her pleasure as well as his own. She left her seat now, and went to put the pie-plant to stew. Keeping her back toward Elijah, while she said her say, lest looking at his face, and remembering how she loved him, she might be silly enough to relent.

"Well, Elijah," said she, "what I've got to say is, that, considering all things, if you go with them to Hixon to-day, or any other day, you needn't come here to see *me* again!"

"Patty! what on earth do you mean?" he cried. "Not go with them to Hixon? Why not? It would be downright uncivil; and then my mother wishes it."

"And *I* do *not* wish it! We shall see whose wish has the most influence with you!"

"What's the matter with you, Patty? You're the most unreasonable girl alive. I tell you it *isn't* a matter of choice. *I must go*. How will they get there, unless I do?"

"They can hire a team at Job Parsons's; there's no dearth of horses and wagons, nor drivers either, for the matter of that." She was waiting idly by the stove now, watching the seething pie-plant; having made her stand upon this question, she was ready to back it with argument, and grimly to abide the issue.

"But I must go, all the same, Patty," he persisted. "I've promised; and then they are our guests."

"Very well; that settles it, I suppose."

"And you won't go back on me, Patty, for such a nothing?" he asked, laying his hand on her shoulder; but Patty moved away from under his touch.

"I have told you what I should do," she replied, "and it is as important for me to keep my word as it is for you. If you go to Hixon, you know the consequences."

"Well, Patty, I shall certainly go."

"Then you needn't come back to me."

"Patty, Patty, do you mean it? Is it final?"

"I do mean it, and you will find that it *is* final." And then Elijah walked out of the house, without another word, and home. Harnessed his horse into the family carriage, and carried his friends to Hixon, though I'll venture to say it was not a pleasant drive for the poor perplexed fellow.

As for Patty—well, she had earned what she got. Every thing went awry that day—her pies burned to a cinder, her mother scolded, she broke the eggs that she was bringing in

from the nests in her apron, and strained the milk into the eolander. It was a wretched, wretched day, repeating itself in how many to-morrows! By-and-by she got a trick of watching the road to catch a glimpse of Elijah as he went by. Sometimes whole weeks slipped away without one sight of him; then she used to maugae to get a little late to church to see him as she went in; though, after all, she never dared to look. She would have given worlds to have known if he so much as raised his eyes at her approach. More than ever, she longed inexpressibly now for a little of Uncle Reuben's hoard, that she might make herself lovely and irresistible in Elijah's eyes. Yet, had he loved her, would he have ran counter to her wishes so stubbornly? Would he allow a hasty word to part them? Would he not have returned in spite of her interdict? And then, if he loved her not, all the purple and fine linen of the looms would never win him back. The thing that had been so easy to do, how hard to undo!

Once, when a shower came up, just before church was over, and while Patty stood in the doorway, debating whether she should subject her best dress to the storm or wait for the movements of destiny, a familiar voice asked over her shoulder, "Will you walk home under my umbrella?" and at that moment Tom Harris ran up the steps to meet her, and said: "They have sent the carriage for Liz and Lu; will you let me drive you home, Patty?"

"Perhaps she didn't hear me," thought Elijah, trudging home alone, under his umbrella. "At any rate, it's a great deal nicer to drive than to walk in this mud."

Silly Patty, whipping along the highway in Squire Harris's carriage, dreamed her dreams in the pauses of the chat, upon the unstable basis of Uncle Reuben's money, which might easily furnish her with just such a luxury as this she was enjoying, with fine India muslins and wrought scarfs like the Misses Harris's, with the perfumes that seemed a part of the fabric of their garments, floating, not fixed, as the perfumes of the summer air. But underneath all her dreams there lurked a gnawing suspicion that she had dealt cruelly in slighting Elijah's good-will. "But then," she reasoned with herself, "he offered it as if he felt it a duty and not a pleasure; and what, for pity's sake, could we have talked about all the way home?" Perhaps she remembered other walks from church, when it had not been difficult to find themes; when even silence had not been an embarrassment.

One day Patty went to a quilting at Farmer Dwight's; she did her best to appear lively, while she stitched in herring-bone and diamond, for Elijah might come in the evening along with the other young fellows, and—at least, she would be able to see him; though it should be only torture, it was a kind that she coveted. While she was conjecturing what might happen if Elijah were to come, what he

might say, and how she might answer, Miss Emery, on her left, the little dress-maker, who lived out at Carter's Crossing, was telling "how frightened she got, a month come Thursday, when a runaway horse went plump into a carriage with two women-folks in it, and broke every thing to splinters."

"I was all of a prickle with fright, and my teeth chattered in my head enough to crack 'em."

"Du tell!" cried Mrs. Holbrook. "What become of the women-folks?"

"Oh, they picked themselves up as pert as could be, and shook the dust off their black gowns; and a man come and gathered up the pieces; and the hoss, he'd took to his heels in the beginning."

"Lor," said Mrs. Tewksbury, "they be the folks as was stopping at Elijah Gowan's." Patty pricked up her ears, left off thinking, and began to listen. "Whose got the scissors?" continued Mrs. Tewksbury. "I see Elijah take 'em off in his kerridge the next day in the direction of Hixon. I s'pose *you* know all about it, Patty?" she said, turning abruptly to that person.

"Who was they?" asked Mrs. Holbrook.

"The—the Spicers," answered Patty, with an effort.

"Lor, no; bless your heart, 'twa'n't them Spicers, nor nothing like 'em. I guess if I don't know them Spicer girls there ain't nobody as ought ter. I used to say to Eben last summer, says I, 'Now you mark my word, Eben Tewksbury, but that Lucy Spicer's got her eap sot for Elijah Gowan, and she won't leave no stone turned along of eatching of him.' 'Pooh!' said he, they be jest his words; 'he won't look at her as long as Patty's a Jessop!' But I must say that she was allus that much hanging around him as it made me blush for her, a-looking out between the blinds of my parlor chamber, where I mostly sets o' hot summer days." It was Mr. Elijah here, and Mr. Elijah there; and when she went home for good and all, I do believe there was tears a-running down her two cheeks, like a freshet, and she hugged Miss Gowan within an inch of her life, and said as how she'd been a mother to her, and Elijah'd been more'n a brother to her! Which, between us, I reckon, was jest what she wanted him to be. No; it wa'n't the Spicer girls, it was two oldish women; one had gray curls, and both on 'em black gowns, not fashionable at all, like the Spicers' was, nor full of their airs and graces. Gracious, I thought you'd hev know'd, Patty!"

"I guess," said Patty, brightening at this—"I guess they were Mrs. Jordan and her sister; they're connections of Mr. Gowan's first wife. I have met them at—at Elijah's. One had gray curls and was short; they both wear black."

"Precisely," said Mrs. Tewksbury; "and t'other had gold-bowed specks, and wasn't neither tall nor short."

"Yes; it *must* have been Mrs. Jordan and her sister;" and Patty drew a long breath.

What a relief it was to find that Elijah had not braved her displeasure for the sake of any Spicer that ever lived! That she had issued her mandate for naught. She felt as gay as any lark, till it occurred to her that he must have thought her a born fool in objecting to have him take two elderly relatives to Hixon; and how should she acquaint him of her mistake?

What if he didn't come to-night? What if no chance offered of exchanging a word with him? Or how should she say it? He certainly had shown no great amount of affliction at her dismissal; he had taken her at her word without contesting it desperately. He might, at least, have come and made certain that she had meant it all; that it was not the pique of the moment. Consistent in her own pride, she gave him no credit for the same emotion. Of course, he must know that she loved him; how should she be sure if the converse were true unless he were to show it by unmistakable signs? And then, as night drew on, and Farmer Dwight brought out his old fiddle, and the young men came flocking in, in their Sunday suits, and the dancing began—then, as Elijah had failed to put in an appearance, her spirits fell, like the mercury in February, and she retired from the well-swept and roomy kitchen to where the matrons, gathered in the best room, discussed the new pastor, the way to distill rose-water, to preserve grapes, the pounds of butter made that week, Miss Growler's rheumatism, or any other local interest. By-and-by Tom Harris hunted her out and begged her to come and make out a set.

"Aren't there enough without me?" she asked.

"There's never enough without you, Patty," he answered, gallantly, while the matrons looked on, nodding and whispering to each other: "I shouldn't wonder, now!" and "It would be a good thing for her!" and "How would his father take to it?" and "What would Elijah Gowan say about it?"

"I don't think," said Patty, overhearing the last query—"I don't think it is any of Elijah Gowan's affair!" and then she rose, defiantly, and took Tom's arm to the kitchen. However, on reaching the dancers, what was Patty's surprise to find herself in the same set with Elijah! Her heart began forthwith to thump out the "Anvil Chorus" to a charm; she wondered if every body didn't hear it—if Elijah himself did not notice it when he swung her, with the tips of his fingers, in that indifferent manner!

"You're as white as a ghost, Patty," said Tom Harris. "Aren't you well?"

"I'm a little dizzy," said she. "I guess I will sit down, if you don't mind."

"I'll get you a glass of water;" and when he returned he whispered, "Your father has sent for you; shall I take you home?"

"Thank you; but is any one sick? Has any thing happened?"

"Ahem!—well, nothing very—nothing—in

fact, your father has just received news of your uncle Reuben's death."

Involuntarily Patty's eyes glanced across the room to where Elijah was making himself agreeable to Kitty Tewksbury. "Maybe you'll be able to look at me next time we meet!" she thought; and then nature asserted itself, and a cold shiver shot through her as her soul shudderingly cried out, "Oh, I have been all the time wishing for his money, yet how could I have it unless he died? Then—I have—murdered—him!"

Dead men's shoes were not such pleasant things as she had esteemed them; they had a trick of pinching; they struck a chill to her very marrow, and froze the words on her lips and the emotions of her heart; and Tom Harris was heard to say, afterward, "Patty must have thought a sight of old Renben Jessop, for she was as glum as a cypress-tree all the way home."

"Dear heart!" said Mrs. Jessop, when Patty had dismissed her escort and bolted the door. "Patty, we're as rich as Cracis, whoever he was! Your poor uncle Reuben's gone and left us the hull property!"

"I—I wish he had—not died!" said Patty.

"Yes, poor man, it's a pity for him; but you know he wouldn't hev been like to hev give it to us while he was living!"

"Oh, I feel as if we had murdered him!" cried Patty, bursting into tears.

"Lor!" said her mother, jumping out of her chair; "what a start you give me, to be sure, Patience Jessop! Me, that wouldn't hurt a hair of his head! Murdered him!"

"But, you know, we have always been wishing for his money, and that's the same thing as wishing him dead," sobbed Patty; "and, of course, when people murder other people," getting perplexed between her logic and her conscience, "they begin by wishing them dead!"

"Du tell! Then perhaps I murdered the fust Miss Harris, she that was Tildy Grosvenor, along of wishing ter hev a house as grand as hern, that night I was watching with her, and I not able to hold up my own head, along of neighborliness; and maybe I've shortened the days of old Deacon Jackman, a-wishing for the clover-field a-joining our land!"

"I don't mean that," said Patty. "It wouldn't have done us any good to have *them* die. We shouldn't have had the house nor the clover-field, if they'd died twenty times over. Oh, I wish the money was all in the Red Sea! We shall never enjoy a cent of it."

"Trust me for that; I'm beginning to enjoy it already; you'll git over this nonsense by-and-by. You're a leetle bilious jest now with the excitement; when you come ter be heving as splendid gownds as any body, and laces from goodness knows where, and diamonds from Galcondy, and 'pearls from the ocean,' you'll feel a sight better. Now, Patty, wipe your eyes, and guess how much it is. There ain't

a blessed letter of a will, and we're the only heirs."

"I don't care. I wish it wasn't a cent. I wish there *had* been a will, and he had left it all to the Harrises, or the Tewksburys, or *any body* but us."

"There, Patty, you'll be a monómany if you take on so for nothing. Who'd 'a thought, now, of your being that fond of your uncle Reuben?"

"I wasn't fond of him. I never could bear the sight of him; but I don't want to be killing folks just for the sake of wearing silks and satins, and feeling like a criminal in 'em."

"Lor, I do believe you're a fool, Patty. He was lost overboard, child, on the way home from Chiny, where he'd a-went on business. I don't see as how we could 'a helped it, one way or t'other; and, Patty, there's three hundred thousand dollars, every cent of it, to console you."

"It *can't* console me. I won't touch it. We shall never prosper with it, I know we sha'n't."

"Pooh! I don't hev no fear about that. I guess the neighbors will open their eyes some. You see, me and your father think we'd better sell out here and move right into your uncle's house in the city and enjoy ourselves. Think of that, Patty! And who knows but you'll marry some great shakes out there? So dry your eyes, and go off ter bed, and dream you hain't got money enough ter buy a cow, but wake up and find you're as rich as any body."

But Patty couldn't dream any thing so rational; and she woke up from a nap wringing her hands like Lady Macbeth, and crying, "I can not wash it off—it *is murder!*" After that she lay awake, thinking very unwholesome thoughts. She hated herself for ever having wished for Uncle Reuben's money. What should they do with three hundred thousand dollars? They were like people thrown on a desert island with the ship's treasure. Moreover, how could they, who knew next to nothing of polite life, hope to figure respectably in aristocratic circles—they, with their bad grammar and false taste and awkwardness? How should they learn the fashionable manner of entertaining or visiting? What was the etiquette of parlor or ball-room, of dinner and breakfast? Would not her father hobnob with the butler, and her mother join issue with the cook? Of herself she felt equally doubtful, be it said. And then, was it not a million times better to be poor and innocent, than rich and vulgar and sin-burdened? Finding no answers for any of these pretty little conundrums, they continued to propound themselves. And to leave the country, too, where she had been born and bred; the fields, that were like familiar faces; the woods, that seemed to welcome and to open up all their sacred depths to her, withholding no secret of flower or fruit; to leave the place where every one knew and cared for her, in a way of their own, and to go out to people who knew not Joseph, to adopt their customs and bear with their slights and caprices; and always, every where, to have

the feeling that God had taken her at her word and would require Uncle Reuben's life of her at last! Always to have this shadow haunting her in all places! And then, if spirits walked—and old Grandmarm Tewksbury declared she had seen them—what was to prevent Patty's victim from confronting her whenever he fancied the amusement? What a trouble and responsibility had suddenly fallen upon them in the shape of a fortune, which they were incompetent to spend! Should she ever again feel like the Patience Jessop to whom Elijah had once made love? And then—oh, dreadful remembrance!—Elijah had once said, when she had been teasing him about Lu Harris, just to make snre that he didn't care a farthing for her, "I shall never ask a rich woman to marry me, Patty; never!" And now she was a rich woman herself, and Elijah would never, never ask to marry her! And even if he should, she must refuse; she could never carry a stained conscience into his home and heart. She would not endure to hear him call her good and innocent, and some day to know the truth.

So the Jessop Farm was advertised and sold—to Elijah Gowan. Having bought the farm, business brought him to the house now and again, where he found Patty, soberly packing the household gods, such as were to flit with them; but after giving him a civil good-morning, she paid him no more heed than the shadow of the lime-trees.

"If it's the money," thought he, "I'm just as well off without her love;" but, for all this fine reasoning, he sighed deeply whenever he closed the door behind him at Jessop's Farm. "Perhaps I ought not to have taken her at her word so exactly; maybe she didn't mean it all. One always says too much or too little; yet it's mighty hard to take a rebuff from the girl you love; but it's all up now. If I were to try and make it up, she'd be sure to think I was hankering after the money, and I couldn't bear that."

"What under the sun do you s'pose Elijah's going to do with the old farm?" asked Mr. Jessop; "I don't git his idee in buying of it. I told him up and down 'twan't worth nothing!"

"Mabbe he wants it to look at," said his wife, "it's sich a putty place. Leastways 'tain't no affair of ourn."

Old Reuben Jessop's fine mansion in the city was now awaiting the arrival of its new possessors, who were to move in during the following month. In the mean time the neighbors made the most of the Jessop family, before they should get beyond their reach, in discussing their income and its tax, offering advice and admonition. "Lor sakes a day!" said Grandmarm Tewksbury, bringing over her knitting to sit with Mrs. Jessop a while; "I knowed a family when I was a gal who heired three times as much agin; but, goodness, they come ter want arter all, every soul on 'em! Riches takes wings ter themselves and flies away—unless you clip 'em."

"Mercy!" cried Mrs. Jessop; "how did it happen? For I feel as if we was that rolling in wealth that it couldn't never hev no eend!"

"So did they! And they spent like water, and give dinner-parties, and evening parties, and—"

"Now *that's* one thing I'll put my foot down agin."

"Lor, 'tain't no good. They couldn't keep theirselves. Every body expected it of 'em. When you're in Rome you must do as the Roamings do. They went ter folk's houses, and they had ter hev folks ter theirn—tit for tat, you know. People in them cityfied places don't give away good victuals for nothing like raisin cake and wine, mind ye; they expect ter git jest as good back agin, and they usual gits it. Wa'al, that warn't all, they had money in the bank, and the bank broke and spilled the money, and stocks they went down to the bottomless pit."

"Dear me," mused Mrs. Jessop, "I wonder what's best ter invest money in? There don't seem no security nowhere nowadays. Do you s'pose stocks is good as a general thing?"

"I'd a heap rather invest in a stocking," said grandmarm, laughing; "you put it in a stocking, and there you hev it handy and sure as shot."

"Yes, but there's burglars!" suggested by the mention of shot, which had illustrated a vivid picture of a midnight assault in the mind of Mrs. Jessop.

"I know; burglars is to be considered, and the help too. Now there's Miss Golding—she that was a Brown—she merried quite forehanded, and went ter Newmarket ter live; they had three folks ter wait on two, and a pretty mess they made of it, and one of 'em stole the teeth out of her head—they was on a gold plate, you see. Then I heerd Lucy Spicer tell as how a help of theirn come within an ace of pisening the hull family—'twas all accident; but that wouldn't hev done 'em no good if they'd a-died of it."

"Gracious! I won't hev a servant a-near *my* house; Patty and me'll do all there is ter do atween us."

"And receive callers looking like crazy Jane," said Patty.

"Callers may mind their own business, and let folks be, in the fore part of the day."

"Law, they does all their gadding in the morning out there," persisted her comforter.

All this set Mrs. Jessop to thinking, and, from being unwontedly silent, she burst out at the dinner-table, saying:

"I think, on the hull, the stocking'd be best!"

"Which stocking?" asked Nathan. "There's a plaguey peg in my boot's torn a hole clean through this left un."

"There, Nathan, you don't never carry any responsibility about with you!"

"You hug it so tight, Roxy, there's no gitting a pull at it."

"I guess it don't worry you; I was a-thinkin' how ter invest the—the— Was any body a-trying of the pantry door, Patty?"

"Only the wind."

"Wa'al, ter tell the truth, I don't like ter mention it, for fear some vagabone may be lying round under the winders, or somewhere, and 'll think we've got it in the house, and 'll creep in after dark, and—and—do some harm, you see!"

"Maybe Uncle Reuben lived in the same dread," said Patty, maliciously.

"But," objected the perplexed Nathan, "if you don't mention of it, how'm I ter know what you mean?"

"Dear me, I do believe it's more bother to be—be—forehanded than as poor as pisen!"

"I told you we shouldn't prosper. It's the blood-money," said Patty, who was fast fulfilling her mother's prediction and becoming a "monomany" on the subject. "Mother wants to know how it is best to keep it beyond the reach of other murderers."

"Whist, child, what do you mean? Well, there's the Topsy-turvy Railway Company, that pays good dividends; there's insurance and bank shares, and houses and—"

"But banks fail, you see, and houses they go and burn down, and railroads smash up. Can't you think of nothing better, Nathan?"

"There's the Hocus-pocus Mining Company, the Rocket Gars Company—"

"I never heerd of 'em. Now, I leave it to you, Nathan, if it's safe ter trust money ter a man you never see nor heerd on!"

"'Tain't a man, Roxy; it's a *company*!"

"Wa'al, what's a company but a lot of men as you never laid eyes on? And a fool knows it's a sight easier to steal and rob in a crowd."

"Lor, Roxy, you're awful sharp on 'em. Why not leave the money, then, jest where Uncle Reuben invested it?"

"I dunno; I don't feel safe noway. I do believe the stocking's best."

"The stocking be hanged! I tell ye, Roxy, we sha'n't ever feel safe, if we're going on like this, till we're in our graves."

They had the little dress-maker, Miss Emery, who lived out at Carter's Crossing, over, about this time, to assist in supplying a wardrobe suitable for city life.

"I hope you're posted on the newest fashions," said Mrs. Jessop, "'cause we don't want to look as if we'd jest stepped out of the ark."

"I guess I can fix you up genteel," retorted Miss Emery; "me that learnt my trade of Madame Furbelow in the city; and she says to me, only the other day, when I was in a-purpose for you, says she, 'Come in ter my rooms, Hitty, any time, and help yourself to any hints ye can find lying round loose.' And there was a lady, all dressed ter pieces, come in, and says she, 'I hear as how the Jessop heirs are coming for ter live in the old place, and as we are next-door neighbors, and hev allus been in the way of seeing a good deal of the old gentle-

man, I should like to find out suthing about them.'

"'You've come ter the right shop, then,' says Madame Furbelow; 'for here's a 'prentice of mine as works for Mrs. Jessop.'

"'Yes,' says I; 'and there isn't a better woman living.'

"'Is that true?' says she. 'I've heerd tell that they was poor farmer folks, who murdered the king's English, and—'

"'What does that mean?' asked Mrs. Jessop, aghast.

"'Speaking bad grammar,' answered Patty. 'That isn't the worst kind of murder, either.'

"'And she went on ter say,' continued Miss Emery, 'as how she hoped they was people she'd be pleased to know, not vulgar, sich as some folks said, as would make a laughing-stock of theirselves in perlite society. You going ter hev these sleeves cut Lady Washingtoning, or sabot? You'll cut a figger in this gownd, or I don't know what's what.'

"'Lady Washingtoning,' said Mrs. Jessop, smartly, just as if she knew all about it.

"'You'll hev ter git some kid gloves ter match the color. What numbers do you happen ter wear now?'

"'I dunno, ter save me. I never had one on in all my born days. I guess Lisle thread 'll do.'

"'Lor! you mustn't begin cheap like, or folks 'll say you're miserly.'

"'Seems ter me folks is awful meddlesome. It's rather hard, at my time of life, ter hev ter begin ter do every thing ter please folks as hasn't no business ter interfere. I've allus dressed ter please myself, so fur.'

"'But now you've got ter dress and talk and move round generally to please Mrs. Grundy!' put in the dress-maker.

"'Lor! who's she? The lady you was speaking of?'

"'She's one of 'em.'

"'Oh! then there's quite a family of 'em? Goodness knows, Patty, I don't s'pose we shall be able ter draw a long breath without their leave.'

"'Mercy, mother!' said Patty, 'Miss Emery's laughing at you. Mrs. Grundy is every body.'

"'Every body! Wa'al, I never! She's the most wonderfulest body!' Then, after a pause of thought, 'Wa'al, if that's the case, we're one of 'em too, ain't we?'

"'Of course,' said Miss Emery, soothingly.

"'I'm glad of that. It sort of makes things equal. Turn and turn about is fair play. And if they're bound ter pick me ter pieces, I can oblige 'em in the same way, you see.'

"'So you'll be really going off soon,' said Mrs. Dwight, coming in for a farewell call. 'Well, I hope you'll never regret it. Square Harris's fust wife was a-telling of me, one day, how glad she was ter git back ter simple manners and steady hours, after she'd spent a winter in the city. Fust, you see, the help kept a-giving warning, or a-going up chambers and a-putting on the young ladies' things, whilst they was out, and going off ter a frolic of their

own. Then a burglar got in at the basement winder, and stole the silver off of the table all ready laid for a dinner-party; and then, what does a fire do but break out in the attic, along of them help a-keeping of a light a-burning all night; and the young ladies, they took the varyloid from a beggar-woman as they'd had in ter eat up the cold victuals; and the water-pipes, they up and bursted, and like ter hev drowned the hull lot, and spiled the carpets, let alone the paper that cost two dollars a roll and putting on!'

"'Yes,' added Miss Emery; 'and something got into the furnace and like ter hev smothered them ter death.'

"'Eggsactly, Miss Emery. I s'pose you heerd about it at the time. They like ter hev choked along of that there car—ahem, cardamon gars. And there's so much ceremony,' persisted Mrs. Dwight. 'You must do this and that, or you're nobody nor nothing; and you must know all about the operay, which, I say, it ain't noways reasonable, when it's all in furren words; and you must know whose picter is better'n whose, and change your gownd for dinner, and hev a hair-dresser.'

"'And I that could never bear a body touching of a hair of my head!' cried Mrs. Jessop.

"'Yes; and Patty'll hev ter learn ter dance the German,' said Miss Emery.

"'I thought they jest talked the German,' said Patty's mother. 'I didn't s'pose any body was expected ter dance it. Wa'al, I s'pose it's progress, as Nathan's allus telling of.'

It must be confessed that Mrs. Jessop hardly entertained the cheerful views of wealth and its enjoyments which had possessed her some months before. The two birds in the bush were beginning to excel the one bird in the hand; she was beginning to discover that pleasant places are not always paved with gold, and that thorns are incident to every career, however splendid outwardly. However, they were very nearly ready to commence their butterfly existence now; and one afternoon, as Patty and her mother were making some of their last preparations, Mrs. Jessop suddenly observed:

"'Tain't often that people in lowly circumstances gits riz to be as good as any body, is it, now?'

"'No,' said Patty. 'It can't be done in a moment.'

"'I've heerd as how if you keep a-wishing and a-wishing, by-and-by you'd be sure and git it. It's uncommon lucky. And yet, I dunno; we hain't got nothing more ter wish for, now I look back on it; it was kinder nice to plot and plan, and be a-looking for'ard ter suthing you ain't got. Then when I'm fixed up, with nothing ter do, there don't seem no place under the sun for ter put my hands in, and them so big and red, till it seems as if I wasn't any thing else but claws, like a lobster.'

"'I guess it's the old story,' said Patty, 'that 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.'

The afternoon was very still and sunny, the shadows of the lime-trees wove a pretty tracery upon the grass-plots outside. Now and then a bird winged across the sky, or a bee boomed in at the open window.

"That's a sign of news," said Mrs. Jessop, who had fallen to thinking after her own fashion. Far away a belt of blue mist curled about the hills, pierced by a spire or two; the distant woods lay like a dream of solitude against the remote horizon; and in the meadow yonder, if she chose to lift her eyes, Patty could see the red shirts of the hay-makers, one of whom she knew to be Elijah Gowan. Sweet odors, tangled in the wind, swept abroad like spirits, manifest, but invisible. One seemed to hear nature astir and growing athwart the silence. Presently there came a step, deliberate as Fate's, along the gravel; some one unhasped the gate; it creaked on its hinges as it swung back; then the steps came on toward the house.

"There's your father," said Mrs. Jessop; "go down and put on the tea-kettle, Patty—for, though they were to be grand folks next week, they had not abandoned the simplicities to-day. Patty, however, staid to change her worky-day apron for a white ruffled affair, and smoothed her hair; for after all it might not be father. Perhaps Elijah had come up for a drink; it was well to be prepared. Her heart was trembling in her bosom as she walked slowly down stairs and waited a second before the open door of the kitchen to gain breath and composure. The shadow of a tall man blotted the patch of sunshine that fell in at the broad window. Patty stepped forward, resolutely, and paused, smothering a scream in her palpitating white throat.

"Hulloa, Patty!" sung out a cheery voice; "is that you or your ghost?" And then, the color shifting in her cheeks, Patty had her arms about the neck of this intruder, and was crying as if her heart would break upon his shoulder.

"Oh, Uncle Reuben!" she shouted; "I am so glad, so glad! You are not really dead, are you? It was all a stupid mistake, and I wasn't to blame, was I?"

"The deuce, Patty!" cried Uncle Reuben. "I didn't know you cared so much for me. Come, do I look like a dead man? But, Patty, what do you mean? You're out some hundred thousands by my unexpected appearance. If I had been a generous sort of fellow, now, I should have staid in the back-ground, shouldn't I?"

"And made us all miserable. Oh, I don't care a cent for the money. I hate it. It was getting to be the awfulest bother, you can't think."

"Yes I can; it has plagued me this good while."

"And yet you go on making more and more, and risking your life," reproachfully.

"It's the way of the world, child; always getting and never satisfied. I shall give you a wedding dower when you marry, Patty, because you are the only person who was ever disinterestedly glad to see me."

"Oh, don't say so, uncle; and then, I shall never marry."

"That's a pretty story for a pretty girl to tell! The young men aren't fools, Patty, mark my word."

"Perhaps that's the reason," she said, archly; "but I can't take your money, uncle; and I want to make you a confession, and then you won't want to give it to me. You see, we were so poor, that is, we had to contrive so hard to make things hold out, that mother and I both used to—I *will* own it—we used to feel a little hard that you had so much and we so little; and I'm afraid—that is, I know—we often wished we had some of your money, which was very wrong; and when the news came that—that it was all our own, and you were—gone, why, I just felt as if I had murdered you, and I haven't had a minute's peace ever since; and I tell you this, just to explain why I was so delighted to see you alive and well, and not at all because I was so fond of you, which, if the truth must be told, I never was, though, perhaps, it was because I didn't know you, as much as any thing."

"Humph!" said Mr. Reuben, who didn't relish being hugged in such a cause. "Well, Patty, you're a good girl. I understand. You might have taken advantage of this occasion, and you wouldn't. You preferred honesty. I like you all the better. I foresee we shall really get fond of each other in time, and you shall have the dowry all the same."

"Thank you; I don't think there'll be any occasion for it."

You see, it was the old story of a passenger overboard, and a hen-coop thrown out to his relief, from which he was rescued by an outward-bound vessel, and so Mr. Reuben Jessop took a new lease of life.

"I must say," confessed Mrs. Jessop, in Nathan's conjugal ear, "it's a great relief. I'd no idee means was so troublesome; and then to think of all we'd 'a had ter hev went through with, in the way of society, and not jest knowing what ter do, and us a-murdering of the king's English, and a-making of ourselves a laughing-stock; and what with the investing, and the banks a-breaking, and the furnace a-choking, and the maids a-stealing till you was black in the face, and the gars a-acting like the mischief, and the pipes a-taking on—the hull, I'm glad we've got out of it."

"So am I," said Nathan; "and what's more, I was never glad ter git into it."

The news of Reuben Jessop's return spread like wild-fire.

"I know'd it was all a flash in the pan," said Mrs. Tewksbury; "but they've made quite a good thing of it. Old Reuben, he's been and gone and bought the farm back, and paid off the mortgage, and bought the clover-field of Deacon Jackman. I wish rich old uncles would come ter life every day, as thick as raspberries in the burnt land."

"And he's going for ter give Patty a dowry,"

put in Grandmarm Tewksbury — “a dowry, when she gits merried, so you’d better look sharp there, boys.”

“Now,” said Farmer Jessop, after he had paid the purchase-money over to Elijah, “what on arth did you want ter buy the old place for?”

“To remind me of Patty,” said Elijah, as bold as brass, with his eyes upon her. “Patty,” said he, as her father went into the next room to lock his papers into a desk, “have you forgiven me for taking Mrs. Jordan and her sister to Hixon?” He went toward her as he spoke, and held out his hand.

“I—I thought they were the—the Spicers,”

faltered Patty. “I was such a fool;” and then Elijah had her in his strong arms, and his great dark eyes were shining into hers, and bronze and pink cheek brushed each other tenderly.

“I am so glad that Uncle Reuben came back, and that we didn’t get our wish,” said she, “for you know you would never ask a rich woman to marry you.”

“Well, it never rains but it pours,” said Patty’s mother, on being told of this love affair.

“If Patty likes him I’m not the one ter stand in the way. Young men are pretty much alike now’days. I used ter wish she’d do better; but, lor, if we had all our wishes granted, we should be the miserablest erturs alive.”

THE SACRED FLORA.

[Part I.]

THE symbolism of flowers is a very old poetic theme. Long ago Cowley wrote:

“If we could open and unbind our eyes,
We all like Moses should espy,
E’en in a bush, the radiant deity.”

With the same poet originated the comparison of flowers with stars. After him Longfellow calls flowers “stars of earth;” and Margaret Fuller wrote, “The stars whisper all their secrets to the flowers, and if men only knew how to look around them they need not look above.” These poetic fancies have been justified by the scientific discovery of a coincidence between the relative distances of leaves from each other on their stem and the distances of the planets from each other, suggesting that the starry heavens may be proved, after all—as the Scandinavian Ygdrasill myth represents—a vast flower. But, long before poets or astronomers had affirmed these mystical analogies, human instinct had been at work feeling out a certain correspondence between the growths of the earth and the mysterious heavens. Mr. Ferguson, who has given us interesting details concerning what he calls “tree-worship” in India, has yet not made it clear that the sacred trees were actually regarded as deities, nor how the religious associations with them originated. They represent probably in their rudiments very various experiences and ideas. In hot countries way-side prophets and worshipers would naturally seek their shade, and the grove would become their primitive temple. Gautama means “a tree,” the legend being that the prophet was born under—some say out of—a tree. In regions where serpents were worshiped certain trees and plants may have acquired sanctity, because such reptiles were found twined about them. But oftener, no doubt, trees were revered for their bountiful uses to man, as in the case of the oak, which furnished the most durable material for the hut or raft; and the palm, which, by fruit, bark, leaf, or sap, is said to yield as many uses as there are days in the

year.* The word “book” (Ang.-Sax., *bōc*; Ger., *buch*; old High Ger., *puohha*) is simply beech, the wood of which writing-boards were made (Grimm). The earliest scriptures of races were written, too, on the leaves and bark of trees—whence *biblos* and *liber*, both meaning bark, came to mean book. Much of the Koran was written thus, and we can not forget that the word bible means papyrus bark. The laws of Solon were written on wood. It must be remembered, also, that in the formation of language many experiences and sensations must have found expression at first through illustration in the growth and life of plants. “The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree.” The African proverb runs, “If the alguana-tree will die tomorrow for want of water, water will come tomorrow.” In the “White Lotus of the Good Law,” it is said, “The sons of Buddha, who quietly, and full of reserve, cultivate charity, and conceive no doubt concerning the rank of heroes among men, are named trees.” Zoroaster said, “There is a certain Intelligible which is to be apprehended with the flower of the intellect.” It is said in the Bible that Gideon “took thorns of the wilderness and briers, and with these he taught the men of Succoth.” The beautiful metaphors of the Brahmins, which Sir William Jones has made so familiar, by which the oak, giving shade to the wood-cutter, and the sandal-tree, perfuming the axe which lays it low, are made to teach the love of enemies, and many other ethnical scriptures, show how deeply the poetical and moral sentiment of primitive races became associated with trees and flowers. It seems to me that the religious homage paid to trees or flowers must be referred to a much later period in the development of races, to a period after poets had invested them with ideals and myths, or priests divined in them the decrees of fate; nor

* See the beautiful hymn of Auastasius Grün to the palm.

do they seem ever to have been mere fetiches. This question, however, can be better dealt with after we have considered more particularly the sacred trees and plants themselves.

Of all fruits the APPLE seems to have had the earliest, widest, and most mystical history. In Greece the name of the hardy fruit, which, having appeared on earth about the same time as man, has followed him in his migrations around the globe, became the name for sheep (*Μηλον*), and all manner of wealth, as in Rome the flock, *pecus*, became *pecunia*, or money. Theophrastus enumerates it as among the more civilized fruits (*urbaniore*s). Tacitus says that it was the favorite fruit of the ancient Germans, and a shriveled apple is among the recoveries from the lake-dwellings of Switzerland. The myths concerning it meet us in every age and country. Aphrodite bears it in her hand as well as Eve. The serpent guards it; the dragon watches it. It is celebrated by Solomon; it is the healing fruit of Arabian tales. Ulysses longs for it in the gardens of Alcinoüs; Tantalus grasps vainly for it in Hades. In the Prose Edda it is written, "Iduna keeps in a box apples which the gods, when they feel old age approaching, have only to taste to become young again. It is in this manner that they will be kept in renovated youth until Ragnarok"—the general destruction. Azrael, the Angel of Death, accomplished his mission by holding it to the nostril; and in the Northern Folklore "Snowdrop" is tempted to her death by an apple, half of which a crone has poisoned, but recovers life when the apple falls from her lips. The Golden Bird seeks the golden apples of the King's Garden in many a Norse story; and when the tree bears no more, "Frau Bertha" reveals to her favorite that it is because a mouse gnaws at the tree's root. Indeed the kind mother goddess is sometimes personified as an apple-tree. But oftener the apple is the tempter in Northern mythology also, and sometimes makes the nose grow so that the sacred pear alone can bring it again to moderate size.

A Polish legend, given by Mannhardt, says: There is a glass mountain, on the top of which stands a golden castle, before which is a tree with golden apples. In the castle lives the enchanted daughter of a prince. Many vainly try to get on the mountain; but at last the youth who has fastened the claws of a lynx to his hands and feet is successful. With the golden apples he calms a dragon which he finds at the entrance; and, finally, having broken the spell that bound the princess, he must remain with her, and not return to the lower earth. In the goddess Holla's garden the favorite fruits are the apple and pear—the latter of which fruits retained its sanctity in France long after the introduction there of Christianity. A Hanoverian legend says that a girl was asked by the

dwarfs to be god-mother to one of their children. On the fixed day she was led down a beautiful staircase, which was under an apple-tree in a court, to a superb garden, whose trees were laden with fruits. She was repaid for coming by an apronful of apples, which, when she returned to the earth's surface, were found to be of solid gold.

Thesé golden apples are often met with in the Northern mythology. In some legends it is related that such may be taken from a tree growing over a fountain of holy-water with a rejuvenating power—all of these myths being traceable to the tree and fountain of Urd, one of the Nörmir. In the Edda, Skirnir offers eleven golden apples and the ring Draupnir (from which, on every ninth night, eight equally heavy rings drop) to Gerda, if she will return Freyr's love. The golden apple is mentioned by Uhland in the poem beginning:

"Bei einem Wirthe wundermeld
Dar war ich jüngst zu Gaste;
Ein goldner Apfel war sein Scheld
An einem grünen Aste."

The apple has been a phallic emblem with many races. In various parts of England, where ancient customs have survived, the young people join hands and dance around apple-trees and carol their hopes for a prolific year, much in the same fashion as if the tree were the clearly phallic May-pole. The blossoming of an apple-tree in harvest betokens a marriage, or, sometimes, the funeral of the master of the house. In many parts of Germany apples are believed to be oracular in all love matters. On New-Year's night it is the custom to shoot an apple seed from between the fingers with an invocation; and in the direction of its flight the sweet-heart may be looked for. In Austria, on St. Thomas's night, the apple is cut in two, and the seed counted in each half; if they are even, one will be married soon. If a seed be cut in two, the course of love will not be smooth; if two be so cut, it is a sign of coming widowhood. Modifications of these experiments survive in the rustic amusements, quite common in England, of counting the apple seed with "One I love, two I love," etc., and in sticking them, each being named after some person, on the forehead—the right sweet-heart being proved by his or her seed adhering longer than the rest. On New-Year's Eve, in Silesia, the maiden, having bought an apple at the exact price first demanded for it, lays it under her pillow, and at midnight expects to see her future husband in a dream. In Suabia a widow who eats half of an apple on St. Andrew's Eve, and places the other half under her pillow, expects a similar vision. In Austria the apple must be cut in two on Christmas-eve, in the dark, and without touching it with the naked hand; the left half being placed in the bosom, the right laid behind the door, the beloved may be looked for at midnight near the right half. In Hessa, Silesia, and Bohemia, the apple is carried about the person, as a love-charm, in

* Even so said the serpent in Eden, "Ye shall become as gods."

ways indicating very plainly the phallic association with the fruit; and the first apple borne by a tree is thought to be an infallible cure for sterility. In Erzgebirge the maiden, having slept on St. Andrew's or Christmas night with an apple under her pillow, takes her stand with it in her hand on the next festival of the Church thereafter; and the first man whom she sees, other than a relative, will become her husband. The custom of throwing the peeling of an apple over the head, marriage or single-blessedness being foretold by its remaining entire or breaking, and that of finding in a peeling so cast the initial of the coming sweet-heart, are very old, and both well known in England and America.

The relation of the apple to health is traceable to Arabia. In various parts of Germany it has been deemed potent against warts, on which decayed apples are still rubbed in some regions of England. Sometimes it is regarded as a bane. In Hessa it is said an apple must not be eaten on New-Year's Day, as it will produce abscess. In Suabia it is believed that an apple, plucked from a graft on the white thorn, will, if eaten by a pregnant woman, increase her pains. But generally it is curative. In Pomerania it is eaten on Easter morning against fevers; in Westphalia (mixed with saffron), against jaundice; while in Silesia and Thuringia an apple is scraped from the top to cure diarrhea, and from the bottom to cure costiveness. In some regions the custom survives of placing an apple in the hand of a child when it is buried, "to play with in Paradise."

But it is not even chiefly the most useful trees that have been most venerated. It is probable that the sanctity of the OAK antedates its ordinary uses in art. From the oracular oak of Dodona to the sacred oaks amidst which the Druids* worshiped, it has been held profoundly sacred; and when Augustin came to bring Christianity to Britain he sagaciously took his stand under that tree to make his first appeal to Ethelbert. He might easily have claimed that the oak was as sacred a tree among the Hebrew patriarchs as among the Saxons; and indeed its Hebrew name, *El*, is substantially that of the Deity himself. The chair of St. Peter, in the Vatican, is made of oak board on a frame of acacia. The tree under which Abraham was said to have received his heavenly visitors, the "oak of mourning" under which Deborah was buried, the oak under which Jacob hid the idols at Shechem—the same probably with that which stood near the sanctuary under which Joshua set up a stone—the oak of Ophra under which the angel sat when it spoke with Gideon, the oak on which Absalom hung, that under which the prophet sat at Bethel (1 Kings, xiii. 14), that under which Saul and his sons were bur-

ied—all preceded the period when Isaiah had to rebuke those who carved idols from oak, and when Ezekiel proclaimed the wrath of Jehovah against the idols standing "under every thick oak." The oak of Finnish legends, which ever grew stouter and harder the more it was cut with axes, might be taken for a symbol of the strength with which the superstition concerning the oak survived the efforts to destroy it in Judæa and in Europe. In the Northern mythology we find all fairy-land gathered at its roots. There are several old oaks in Europe which have probably been preserved by the traditions of sacredness surrounding them. We find many old Saxon laws protecting oaks from injury. It was believed, also, that the elements respected them. In England the lightning was accosted thus:

"Strike elm, strike rowan,
Not the oak."

Another runic phrase groups "aik, ash, elm" as the three sacred trees. In the Palatinate there is a belief that though the lightning strike an oak it will never set it on fire. Oaks were often used as marks in fixing territorial boundaries. At Saintes, in the Charente-Inferieure, is the most ancient of holy oaks—said to be nearly two thousand years old—unless we can still call the *Stock am Eisen* at Vienna one. The latter tree, into which each apprentice going forth on the "Wanderjahr" thought it an omen of good to leave his nail, has become a mass of nails, and it is only by tradition that it can be recognized as the last survivor of the oak grove (Wienwald) whose sanctity led to the building of the cathedral in it. In Oldenburg and Brandenburg it is esteemed a remedy for toothache. To bore the tooth with a nail till it bleeds, and then drive the nail (silently) into an oak-tree, on the north side, at a point where the sun will not shine on it. So long as the oak stands the tooth will not ache. The pain ceases as soon as the nail rusts; and a nail beginning to rust is generally chosen. It may be remarked that the nail is the chief Buddhist talisman in Thibet to drive away all manner of evil spirits. "Devil's" oaks, like that near Marburg, are frequent in Germany. One of these at Gotha is held in great regard; and, as the people gather under it on festivals, it is called "Volkenrode." The same custom prevails with the seven great oaks of Ivenach. In some remote German villages the custom of placing acorns in the hands of those who are buried prevails. It is not an accident that so many events in English tradition should have oaks for their monuments—as the Parliament Oak of Robin Hood, John Lackland's Oak in Sherwood Forest, William Rufus's Oak in the New Forest, Herne's Oak at Windsor, and others. But there are few trees which preserve such distinct traces of sanctity as the strange collection of dwarf oaks on Dartmoor, known as Wistman's Wood. These trees are evidently very ancient, and are covered with gray mosses. Their queer fantastic shapes

* The derivation of the word Druid from *Δρυς*, an oak, by Pliny, is not, however, certainly correct. It may be from the ancient Thracian city of that name, and so indirectly from the oak. Grimm derives it from the Gaelic *druide*, oak; Welsh, *derw*. (See Max Müller's "Lectures.")

make them look like transformed gnomes hiding among the granite blocks. The name "Wistman" has been traced by Kemble to Wisk, one of the names of Wodin, which seems to mean "the waste." The "Wish Oak" of Somersetshire recalls probably the same title.

Grimm has shown that the use of oaks as temples led to much of their sanctity in Germany, and the fury with which the early Christian prelates cut down such trees—as Winfoïd did the holy oak near Gaismar, for example—shows how deep was the popular feeling concerning such. Bishop Unwin, of Bremen, was notorious for his pious devastations of this kind. Many of them survive, however, as we have seen, as at Minden, where the young people still dance around one on Easter-Sunday, and at Wormeln, where there is a solemn procession to a holy oak every year.

The well-known superstition in India, that holes in trees are the doors through which the special spirits of those trees pass and repass, reappears, as Grimm has pointed out, in the German superstition that the holes in the oak are pathways of elves; and that various local troubles, especially of hand or foot, may be cured by contact with these holes. In Westphalia, where forests of oak are called "Holy Woods," and Brandenburg, the peasant afflicted with fever and ague will sometimes address the oak thus: "Goden Abend, du gode Olle, ick bringe di dat Warme un dat Kolle." In Westphalia the superstitious seek to relieve toothache by relating how, as Peter stood *under an oak-tree*, Christ asked him why he was sad. "I may well be sad," said Peter, "for I have the toothache." Then Christ told him to go down to the dale, take water in his mouth, and spit it out again. In Old Germany the custom in a case of "St. Anthony's fire" is for the sufferer to go thrice *under an oak* and cry: "Oak-tree, I complain to thee of the wild-fire which plagues me; may the first bird that flies over take it away!" There seems to have been no other tree so completely identified with preternatural beings. Near Gundalskol there long stood an oak which was popularly believed to have been the habitation of a "Bhjarmand" for two centuries, but he was driven away when the church-bells came into the country. It is said a farmer was engaged to an elf-girl, but instead of a lovely bride he embraced an oak-tree. In a church-yard in Heddinge, Seeland, are the remains of an oak wood, which are declared to be the soldiers of the Erl-king. By day they are trees, but at night armed beings of terrible power. In Westphalia the nearest oak is sometimes formally told of a death having occurred in the family.

There is a curious superstition that has been traced from Rugen in the Baltic to Waldeck in Lower Austria, that a child's rupture may be cured in the following manner: Split a piece of oak on Christmas or Good-Friday (these church days are simply interpolations on older beliefs), and let the child be passed naked between the

split pieces three times backward; tie the pieces together again with the child's shirt; fill up the cracks well with clay; and, if all this has been done amidst entire silence, the joined pieces may be thrown on the fire, and when they have disappeared the rupture will have disappeared also.

This form of the superstition is, however, not constant. At Rauen, near Fürstenwalde, a child with rupture is taken to a young oak, which being split in two lengthwise and the rent held open, the child is passed through naked. The parts of the tree are bound together again, and the rent plastered with loam. The rupture will heal if that of the oak does. White, in his "History of Selborne," shows that this custom was known in England, though in connection with another tree. "In a farm-yard near the middle of the village," he says, "stands at this day (1789) a row of pollard ashes, which, by the scars and long cicatrices down their sides, manifestly show that, in former times, they have been cleft asunder. These trees, when young and flexible, were severed and held open by wedges, while ruptured children, stripped naked, were pushed through the apertures, under a persuasion that, by such a process, the poor babes would be cured of their infirmity. As soon as the operation was over the tree, in the suffering part, was plastered with loam, and carefully swathed up. If the parts coalesced and soldered together, as usually fell out, where the feat was performed with any adroitness at all, the party was cured; but when the cleft continued to gape, the operation, it was supposed, would prove ineffectual. We have several persons now living in the village who, in their childhood, were supposed to be healed by this superstitious ceremony, derived down, perhaps, from our Saxon ancestors before their conversion to Christianity."

It may be remarked that in all Saxon countries in the Middle Ages a hole formed by two branches of a tree growing together was esteemed to be of highly efficacious virtue for one passed through it. Such an abnormal growth would be visited by the ailing from great distances. It being esteemed especially helpful to pregnant women, they frequently lost their lives by attempting to pass through small apertures of the kind. In certain old dolmen doorways there are holes which are supposed to have been used to pass persons through either to punish or heal. One of these in Cornwall has been described by Borlase. It closely resembles one in the Indian temple at Malabar, through which penitents squeeze themselves to obtain the remission of their sins. It is worthy of mention, also, that there is in the Saxon crypt of Ripon cathedral a curious hole through which, as the old saying of the neighborhood runs, only the chaste can pass. As it is considered also a good omen for the unmarried, the majority of visitors to the cathedral sportively pass through the hole, which was originally, in all probability, made

as an accommodation to pagan weaknesses. In Somersetshire there still lingers a superstition that cattle may be cured of disease by driving them through the hollowed stumps of trees. In Tyrol and Bohemia water after a thunder-storm that may have got on the stump of an oak is held to be a cure for warts. If any one rubs a piece of oaken wood silently over his body on St. John's Day, before sunrise, it is held to heal all open wounds. It is a widely known superstition, but found chiefly in the neighborhood of Brandenburg, that if a cow's milk be affected it will be made pure if it passes into the pail (at milking) through a bit of perforated oak wood. In Oldenburg it is thought well to spread oak boughs over the beer when it is laid up in the spring. In Westphalia there is a strange legend that the Wandering Jew can only rest when and where he shall find two oak-trees growing in the form of a cross.

The OLIVE is of very ancient sanctity. The dove bearing an olive leaf—which betokened to Noah the subsidence of the flood—may have been a symbol of a still earlier date; at any rate, we find the olive revered by the Israelites in ways which seem to bear no relation to that tradition. In Abimelech's fable the Olive says: "Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man?" (Judges, ix. 9.) In the Holy Temple two doors and two posts were of olive wood, and from the same tree were carved the two cherubim of the oracle. It was written too: "They shall bring thee pure oil-olive, beaten for the light, to cause the lamp to burn always." In the time of David we find a special officer, Baal-hanan, appointed to superintend the olives and sycamores; among the sacred hills around Jerusalem was the Mount of Olives; and the word Gethsemane means "a press for olive-oil." Amidst the luxuriant historic gardens of Greece—the gardens of Midas, of Cyrus, of Alcinous, which recall in their descriptions the traditions of Eden—we find the olive pre-eminent, one of the names of Zeus himself being Ζεύς Μόριος—the Guardian of the Sacred Olives. The name *Moriæ* applied to the olives is significant whether we regard it as derived from Μόριμος, a poet, or Μορος, fate—words radically identical. It was sacred to Minerva, who was said to have caused it to spring up beside the fountain which Poseidon, with whom she was contending, had evoked from a rock by the stroke of his trident; and it stood as the serpent-guarded tree of Athenian destiny in the Parthenon. Its oil fed the sacred lamps there also. Under Christianity it became the emblem of peace, chiefly because it had become, both in Greece and Italy, the favorite tree to mark the limits of landed property, probably on account of its almost imperishable durability. That it had become a symbol of conciliation is shown by a line in "The Frogs," where Bacchos warns Æschylus: "It will be all right provided your anger does not transport you beyond the olives." Virgil calls the olive "pacifera." The inhabitants of Thebes ap-

peared before the altars of Artemis with olive boughs, in order to avert the plague. The ancient Cistercian cloister near Dantzic was named Oliva, as an indication of peaceful intent toward the pagans.

Many trees and plants, no doubt, acquired sanctity through patriotic association, simply because they are characteristic of certain countries—as the banana-tree, which an Otaheitan elaped in the *Jardin des Plantes*, exclaiming, "Tree of my country;" and the heather, which the Scottish emigrants in Canada tried so long to raise there. But that the sacred respect for trees has been in great part due to their poetic symbolism is proved by the general reverence which has been attracted by the useless evergreens. The Jews dreaded Senacherib's threat to destroy the cedars of Lebanon more than all other dangers from his invasion. The HOLLY (*i. e.*, holy) which invests our churches at Christmas was a sign of the life which preserved nature through all the desolations of winter to the ancient races of the North, and was gathered into pagan temples to comfort the sylvan spirits during the general death. It is a singular fact that it is used by the wildest Indians of the Pacific coast in their ceremony of Purification. The CYPRESS, of which, as we learn from the Bible, idols were carved, was sacred as an evergreen. In the "Gulistan" of Sadi it is written: "They asked a wise man, saying, 'Of the many celebrated trees which the Most High God has created lofty and umbrageous, they call none *azad*, or free, excepting the cypress, which bears no fruit; what mystery is in this?' He replied, 'Each has its appropriate produce and appointed season, during the continuance of which it is fresh and blooming, and during its absence dry and withered; to neither of which states is the cypress exposed, being always flourishing; and of this nature are the *Azads*, or religious independents. Fix not thy heart on what is transitory; for the Tigris will continue to flow through Bagdad after the race of caliphs is extinct. If thy hand have plenty, be liberal as the date-tree; but if it afford nothing to give away, be an *azad*, or free man, like the cypress.'" Mr. Tylor found among the American Indians an aged cypress held sacred and loaded with offerings. The use of yew and cypress to plant beside graves in the East meant unfading virtues or perennial remembrance. In Greece cypresses were the daughters of Eteocles, hated by the goddesses they rivaled. Virgil associates cypress with Sylvanus. A beautiful piece of symbolism existed among the North American Indians in their early custom of burying their dead at the root of a young maple, whose leaves in autumn glow like clusters of living embers. The word "yew" is probably from the same root as "ever."—Ang.-Sax., *yf*.

The compromising custom which the early Christian missionaries had of adopting the myths of the countries to which they went, and associating their symbols, after sprinkling them

with holy-water, with Christianity, has raised much difficulty in the path of the archæologist. The Russian peasant now tells you that the ASPEN trembles because Judas hung himself upon it; but his belief that it is the right wood to lay upon a witch's grave to keep him or her from riding abroad after death seems to point to some pre-historic potency. In Bohemia aspen is held to be a bar to thieves, and if planted in fields it prevents the ravages of moles. As a general thing, however, its reputation with the German peasant is not good. Its name seems related to *aspiro*, and in Lithuania its name is *drebulė* (*drebeti*, to tremble); and the credulous explain its trembling by saying that on one occasion when the trees bowed before Jesus the haughty aspen refused, and has since trembled under the curse he pronounced upon it. Elsewhere its unrest has made it the symbol of the Wandering Jew. The reverence for the carob-tree in the East is not confined to those who call it St. John's tree, in the belief that its pods furnished his food in the wilderness. St. Patrick borrowed, rather than originated, the sanctity of the shamrock (*Medicago lupulina*), held in the hand of Hope among the Greeks, when he illustrated the Trinity in its three, or found the cross in its four, leaves.* Josephus tells us that the flaming bush in which God appeared to Moses on Mount Horeb was previously sacred. The Portuguese Catholics have almost denuded Madeira of its myrtle groves for saints' festivals; but we know that the myrtle has a sanctity older than any Christian saint. The MYRTLE was sacred to Quirinus, the Sabinian Mars. Pliny relates that two myrtles stood for a long time before the old temple of Quirinus, one being called the patrician, the other the plebeian, myrtle. So long as the Senate had pre-eminence, and the common people were oppressed, the former of these flourished and the latter withered. But when the democracy came uppermost the plebeian myrtle grew rapidly, and the other faded away. These two myrtles seem, however, to be modifications of the two laurels which stood before the temple of the Roman Mars, and symbolized, as some think, the union of the Roman and Sabine peoples. When this alliance was established, after a bloody battle, the combatants are said to have cleaned themselves, before the temple of Venus Cloacina, with branches of myrtle. The Athenian magistrate wore myrtle as his symbol—possibly on account of its being used to make implements of war, as mentioned by Virgil; and from an emblem of Mars it became the wreath of Aphrodite, because, after coming out of the sea, as she sat drying her hair, she was pursued by satyrs, and found refuge in a myrtle thicket. The bona dea, Fauna, is said to have been beaten with myrtle branches by Faunus, an evident symbol of fertility. The poets also related that

the most beautiful and most persecuted virgin in Attica was changed into a myrtle-tree. Associated thus with beauty, procreation, sorrow, and war, it became the prize of medieval chivalry, and is retained as the bridal wreath in Germany to this day. In some regions it is the funeral wreath also, as in Bohemia, where it is said that the myrtle will wither or flourish as it is a bridal or a funeral wreath that is taken from it. In the far East it is still held sacred. The Jews gather it for their Feast of Tabernacles. The Arabs have a legend that when Adam was driven out of Paradise he was permitted to take with him three things—"the myrtle, which is the chief of sweet-scented flowers in this world; an ear of wheat, which is the chief of all kinds of food; and dates, which are the chief of the fruits." In Prussia it is held by the superstitious to be an evil omen for a bride or a maid to plant myrtle; but three leaves eaten from a bridal wreath is held to cure any fever.

The subtle sympathy which Nathaniel Hawthorne felt between the ash-trees in front of his Old Manse at Concord and his own sombre genius might, if analyzed, reveal to us the secret of the spell which the ASH has exercised on the human imagination from the earliest times. The Greeks called this tree, Daubeny thinks, *'Αρία*, which would relate it to *'Αρης*, Mars—who was the god of agriculture before he was the god of war—and also to *ἀρετή*, virtue. Its English name has certainly a curious identity with that which in Syria means "the fire of the sun," and appears in *Asia*—"the sun-burnt land." In Genesis, iii. 12, it is the name given to man as one formed of dust and ashes. *Ashel* in Hebrew means a sacred tree; and Assyria represents *Ashera*, a sacred grove. Though the word, as it comes to us, is from the Anglo-Saxon *æsc* (O. N., *askr*; Swd.-Dan., *ask*; High Germ., *asch*), it is difficult not to imagine that it has some distant relation to the *Ash* of the East, which, from being a sacred tree or grove, became, under various modifications, a name for the deity among sun-worshiping races. There is an Arthurian legend that the knights, when very cold, found to their delight that the ash would burn readily while green; and it is possible that this combustible character of the tree led to its early association with fire and the sun. In regions where the Arthurian legends are very strong, as in Somersetshire, the "ashen fagot" is prominently included in the Christmas customs, there being a superstition that misfortune will overtake the house in which it is not annually burned. It is common to hear the claim that the fagot has been burned in this or that house for so many centuries. At Taunton there is an annual "Ash Fagot Ball." The fagot is bound with three withes, which are severally chosen to represent them by the young people present—the first withe that breaks in the fire signifying that they who selected it will be the first to be married. The ordinary Christmas log is a modification of the ash fagot. It is probable that the association of the ash with King Arthur grew

* In an old edition of Camden it is said that the Irish, in their flight, took shamrocks from the streams and ate them, which looks as if the plant they originally called by that name was the water-cress.

out of its dedication to the gods of strife, its Latin name, *fraxinus* (lance), indicating its use in making weapons.

Most of the surviving superstitions concerning the ash may be traced to the great Ash Ygdrasill—the Tree of the Universe. In the carvings of many old churches, especially in Flanders, one may trace this tree and its concomitant symbols—the eagle, squirrel, etc.—which is usually said to represent the Tree of Knowledge. Although Ygdrasill was certainly an ash, there is some reason to think that, through the confluence of races and their traditions, other sacred trees blended with it. Thus, while the ash bears no fruit, the Eddas describe the stars as the fruit of Ygdrasill. This, with the fact that the serpent is coiled around its root, and the name Midgard—*i. e.*, “midst of the garden”—suggest that the apple-tree of Eden may have been grafted on the great ash. There is a chapel near Coblenz where a tree is pictured with several of the distinctive symbols of Ygdrasill, while on it the forbidden fruit is represented partly open, disclosing a death's-head. The serpent is coiled around the tree's foot. When Christian ideas prevailed more completely, and the Norse deities were transformed to witches, the ash was supposed to be their favorite tree. From it they plucked branches on which to ride through the air. In Oldenburg there is a superstition that the ash appears without its red buds on St. John's Day, because the witches eat them the night before on their way to the orgies of Walpurgisnacht. Various popular superstitions are connected with the tree in Germany. No snake can live for a moment under it. To rub the body with it cures rheumatism, provided the branch has been plucked before sunrise by one approaching it backward—a notion found in Erzgebirge; and it is also said that a carriage whose axle is of ash will go more swiftly than any other.

The SORB (*Sorbus aucuparia*), commonly called ash, derived its sanctity from the legend that it once saved Thor's life. It was when he was wading the river Vimur that the god, in danger of being swept away, grasped this bush, and afterward the proverb ran, “The sorb is Thor's salvation.” For some generations after the violent conversion of the North by Olaf to Christianity, it was common in Scandinavian countries to cut every staff from this tree, and to have a bit of its wood in the hull of every ship, since the Thunderer would never direct any bolt against the tree which had saved him. In the same regions it is held by some still to be a charm against formidable clouds; and there is a proverb that to strew ash branches in a field on Ash-Wednesday is equal to three days' rain and three days' sun. In Suabia it is said to be a good treatment for wounds to insert a bit of ash in them, and then bury the twig where neither sun nor moon can shine upon the spot.

As the ROWAN the sorb appears still invested with the most vigorous superstitions remaining in the Scottish Highlands. The “rowan-cross”

may be sometimes seen over the door, and the milkmaid may occasionally be seen taking it with her to keep off the witches which are said to enter cows and make them unruly. An old rhyme of Scotland runs:

“Black buggie, cammer bead,
Rowan-tree, and red-thread,
Put the witches to their speed.”

It was for a long time a custom at Strathspey to make large hoops of rowan and drive the cattle through them. The word rowan, which has occasioned perplexity to etymologists, is not improbably related to *rune*, an old phrase of enchantment which has been traced to the Sanscrit *ru*, to whisper (whence *run-stafa* and *buch-staf*), and is preserved in the old word used by Dryden, “to round,” in the sense to whisper mysteriously. It was on this wood that “runes” were written, whence it was called “rountree;” but why that wood was selected has not been explained. There is good reason to believe that the rowan was held sacred in Druidical times, it being often found near the megalithic monuments under circumstances indicating that it had been planted there. I learn from Mr. Jön Hjaltalin, a careful scholar in Scandinavian antiquities, that in his own country, Iceland, the chief tree-superstition relates to the sorb. It is there said that when innocent persons have been put to death it will spring up over their graves. On Christmas-eve lights will emanate from it which nothing can put out. It must not be used for fuel, else those who surround the fire will become enemies. It must not be used in building a house, else no woman can be safely delivered of a child in it. If used in a ship, the effect is just the reverse of that once ascribed to it in other Northern countries: the vessel will sink, unless indeed juniper be used in the same. *Reyner* (sorb) and *einir* (juniper) are, say the Icelanders, great enemies, and if they be planted each on the opposite side of a tree they will split it; and if both be kept in the same house, the house will be burned.*

Mannhardt gives many curious instances of

* In Iceland there are so few trees that most of the superstitions are represented by stones. The plant-superstitions which exist are somewhat peculiar. The blodeik (blood-oak) will cause a ship built of it to be lost. Selja (*Salix caprea*), if kept in a house, prevents people from expiring, but also prevents safe childbirth. If a wound be received in cutting it, it will not easily heal. Lasagras (herb of locks, *Paris quadriflora*) will open any lock. Mariustakker (*Alchemilla vulgaris*) gives quiet sleep if placed under the pillow. Elskugras (love-grass, *Satyrion albidum*) has a masculine and a feminine root; the lover who puts one of these under the pillow of the beloved secretly, and the other under his or her own, will obtain the requital of love. Mjadurt (*Spiraea ulmaria*), if taken on St. John's Day, will, if put in water, reveal a thief; it will float if the thief be a woman, sink if it be a man. Thieves are also revealed by freyngas, which is steeped in water three nights and placed under the pillow: the thief will be seen in a dream. Lakjasoley (*Caltha palustris*), if taken with certain ceremonies and borne about, will prevent the bearer from having an angry word spoken to him. Sortulyng (*Arbutus uva-ursi*) will keep off ghosts.

the survival of rowan-tree superstitions in Germany and Scandinavia. Its leaves are regarded as remedial in diseases of the back, and its wood furnishes the best yoke to keep bulls quiet. In Norway, Denmark, and North Germany, branches of it are put over stables to prevent flying dragons entering them. Butter comes easily if the churn be of rowan wood. In Westphalia the herdsman cuts, with one stroke, a young sorb on which the sun has that day shone, and with it strokes his cow on back, hip, and udder—exorcisms being intoned—and the cow is named. By that means the animal will give plenty of milk, especially if she be fed on sorb occasionally. The custom is also Swedish and Esthonian. On the Swedish islands there is a fungus called by the inhabitants witches' dung (*trull-skid*). If it be put into a hole in a rowan stick, sealed up, and the stick burned, the witch will become ill, and can only become well again by coming to ask for some bread-and-milk at the house. In Bohemia it is said that if a gun will not shoot well it should be washed with a decoction of rowan leaves. In Sweden, where Thor's fondness for beer is well known, vessels for beer are made of sorb. On one of the Orkneys is an old rowan sacred to Thor, and the peasants hold that the Norwegian empire would cease if a branch of that tree should be carried off.

It is remarkable that while the sanctity of this same species of tree is found in India, where it is revered as nimbu (*Melia azodacta*), a kind of manna-ash,* they should have an exactly similar method of making cows give milk as that found in the North, but associated with another tree altogether. There is a passage in the Vedas which prescribes that the cow be stroked thrice with rods of the *açvastha*, and the Hindoo herdsman touches the cow just as the Scandinavian does. In Normandy the rod is hazel, but the procedure is identical.

The mantle of the ash seems to have fallen in Germany upon the LINDEN, which surrounds so many churches. The Slavonians, after the Greeks, who named it *φίλῶρα*, regarded it as the habitation-tree of the goddess of love. In Slavonian countries, indeed, the linden enjoyed a reputation equal to that of the oak among the Germans. There are various indications that the sanctity of the linden in Germany is comparatively modern, and derived from the Russians. Leipsic, for instance, is really *Lipsk*, the Slavonic name for linden. (The word means "gentle.") In Germany linden wood was chiefly used for carving images of saints, and the oldest "Marienbild" on the Nonnenburg, that of Salzburg, is carved from it. There is a general superstition that the linden-tree is

never struck by lightning, and that it will protect the house near which it is planted from both lightning and witches. Under this tree Siegfried, the hero of the *Niebelungen Lied*, was laid, for it was regarded as the tree of the resurrection. A large linden stands over the grave of Klopstock at Ottensen, in Holstein. In the cemetery at Annaburg there stands a venerable linden under which every year a sermon on the resurrection is delivered. In the earlier ages of Germany judgments were pronounced under holy lindens.

The child who, fortunate enough to get hold of the original version of *Cinderella*, sympathizes with poor Ashputtel as she sits under the HAZEL, saying,

"Shake, shake, hazel-tree,
Gold and silver over me,"

and glows with delight as the bird alights with all that is desirable, is catching the faint echo of a profound faith which once held the hazel to be in the secret of all the treasures of the earth. The name of the divining-rod tree might be traced, did the Aryan philologists permit, from the Syrian word *hazeh*, signifying sleepy or hazy, enchantments being generally shown in that effect. To haze is to mystify, and the name suggests that the miserable practice of "hazing," which still disgraces some of our schools, may be a degenerate pagan rite. (The schoolmaster's rod used sometimes to be of hazel too.) Groves of hazel, or of elm, which thence may have been called witch-hazel, were frequently chosen by the Saxons for their temples, the hazel being one of Thor's trees, and considered an embodiment of lightning. A rod of it was for a long time hung up in Bavarian court-rooms as a symbol of authority, and from it was also made the officer's baton in the same country. Hazel-nuts are frequently planted in old German graves. Branches of hazel were hung up in orchards as a protection of fruit trees against lightning. So deep was the faith of the people in the relation of this tree to the thunder god, that the Catholics adopted and sanctioned it by a legend one may still hear in Bavaria, that on their flight into Egypt the Holy Family took refuge under it from a storm. Many peasants carry a sprig about with them as a charm against lightning. The East Prussians cut a green hazel stick in the spring, and, when the first thunder comes, make a cross with it over every heap of grain, believing the corn may thereby be kept pure for many years. In Switzerland it is thought to protect horses from all manner of illnesses, if their oats be stirred with a hazel stick, which, however, one must cut standing backward, and while the church bells are ringing. In Bohemia the cure of fever is as follows: A hazel stick must be bought without bargaining; or it may also be broken from the woods before sunrise; then it must be laid in the corner of the church, and three paternosters and three aves said. He who takes the stick away will

* The word *manna* is said to be from the Hebrew *man hu*, "what is this?" The question is as difficult to answer now as when the Israelites found it. That which is now called manna by the Arabs is a gum from the tarfa, or tamarisk shrub (*Tamarix gallica*); but it has been supposed to have been the buds of various shrubs, many of them of the *sorbus* species.

have the fever, and can only get rid of it by breaking the same into three pieces. The priests used it on Palm-Sunday for an aspersory. In South Bavaria it is cut on Palm-Sunday to make handles for whips to drive cattle, and is supposed to be potent in driving away the demons to which the antics of flocks are ascribed. These whips are in some regions first sprinkled with milk. They are hung up in cattle-stalls against "possessions." Three pins made of hazel wood stuck in the beams of a house will prevent its catching fire. In Bohemia it is said that one who bears hazel about him, cut at 12 o'clock on Walpurgis night, will never fall into any hole. A rod cut in Suabia, on Good-Friday or on St. John's Eve—at midnight—in North Germany, enables the possessor of it to strike an absent person. In Bohemia and Westphalia it is believed that where hazel-nuts abound there will be many illegitimate children. In Silesia young men and girls throw hazel-nuts at each other at a wedding-feast. If one find a nut with two kernels, 'tis a sign of speedy marriage. In the Middle Ages the nuts of all trees were symbols of fruitfulness, and it is an old German custom to present them, with apples, to young brides. The superstitions concerning the divining-rod, referable to the caduceus of Mercury, bear traces also of having been christened. In Suabia and the Tyrol it is said they must be cut on Good-Friday; in Bohemia on a Sunday of the new moon before sunset; but generally, in other countries, on the midnight before St. John's Day. It must be hidden, according to the traditions of the Hartz and Brandenburg, in the dress in which some child has been christened, and one must baptize the rod in the name of the three Holy Kings—or in the name of Caspar, if it be gold, of Balthasar, if silver, of Melchior, if water, that the rod is meant to discover. Along with this Christian performance are mingled pagan incantations and observances. In cutting it one must go backward and, drawing it only between his legs, cut it before him. In the Tyrol it is added, one must cut it only with a knife never before used. In Bohemia it is held that it must not be touched before the cutting with the naked hand, but a white handkerchief must be wrapped around the hand. The nearer it can be cut in the semblance of the human figure the better; at any rate, it must be forked; and it is held by the two legs for purposes of divination. The rod is supposed to sink suddenly when near treasures, and is held not only to discover things in the earth, but secrets in men, thieves, murderers, etc. The persistency of the belief in the potency of the divining-rod is singular. Mr. Lesley, an able geologist of Pennsylvania, who has much to do in examining the petrolean regions of that State, declares, in his very valuable work, "*Man's Origin and Destiny*," that "Of ten or twelve thousand wells bored during the last eight years in the Venango County oil region in Pennsylvania, a thousand

(more or less) were located by diviners with a divining-rod; or with a pendulum made of a deer-skin bag inclosing a ball of musk; or by spiritualists falling into trances and executing spasmodic evolutions when they felt the influence of the spot to be selected." It is also said that truffles, relished by modern as much as they were by ancient Greeks, are by them hunted with divining-rods. In a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution last year, Mr. Tylor showed the resemblance between the spiritualistic implement called "Planchette" and a divining-needle, pointing to cabalistic signs, used by the Tartars. Both are certainly modifications of the divining-rod, and it would be interesting to know whether any particular wood is generally employed by the Tartars for their oracle.

The WILLOW holds, in popular superstitions, an equivocal reputation. The weeping-willow preserves in its name, *Salix babylonica*, an allusion to the sorrows of Israel when they hung their harps on the willows. The sisters of Phaeton, bewailing his death on the shores of Eridanus, were changed into willows. And the sad pendent branches have told their story to the heroine of Lammermoor, who holds the willow branch given by her brother; and to Desdemona, when she sings:

"All a green willow must be my garland."

When Pentecost feast is over the Samländer sets up a tent of willows before his home. At an early period it was common in Bavaria to surround the sick with willow. In many countries—England among others—it was selected, because it flowered just before Easter, to furnish a substitute for palms on Palm-Sunday, willow branches that had been thus used being regarded as of great virtue.

"And willow branches hallow,
Which they palmes do use to call."

On the other hand, we find in Bohemia the belief that it was the tree on which Judas hung himself, and accordingly that the devil has given it a particular attraction for suicides; also, that a child flogged with a switch of it will waste away. In East Prussia one still meets with the belief that it gives birth to serpents. In Hesse it is held that with knots tied in willow one may slay a distant enemy. In Baireuth the girls go at Easter midnight to a fountain, silently, and without being seen; into the water they throw little willow rings, each named for a person; whose ring sinks first will die first. Willows are also attractive to witches. In Oldenburg it is said that, if a woman would become a witch, she must sit down with another witch under a willow, and renounce God and the saints thus:

"Hier sitte ick unnern Willgen
Un verswäre Gott un alle Hillgen."

After which she must write her name with her own blood in a book. The willow is often used

to transfer toothache, etc., in the same way as the oak. In Bohemia ninety-nine leaves from ninety-nine willows, dried and taken in three powders, are a remedy for fever. In the Voigtland toothache is cured by spitting five times on a yellow willow, and making five knots in a branch of it. The toothache ends when the branch withers. In a few places willow is used to make divining-rods.

The superstitions concerning the PALM (*Phoenix dactylifera* of Linnæus) would require a volume for their treatment. It is to Arabia what the holy fig is to India. To the Mohammedan the date-palm is sacred as the fruit which Adam was suffered to bring with him out of Eden; by the Christian all palms are revered, as having furnished the leaves which were strewn in the path of the Messiah. In Syria its name, *Tamar* (Ezekiel, xlvii. Solomon calls it *Tadmor*), became a generic term for river-streams, of whose proximity it was a sign; and some have even traced to that word the names of the river Tamaro in Italy, the Tamar of Cornwall, and the Thames. Robinson identifies the *Θαμάρω* of Ptolemy as the palm; but the usual Greek name for it was *φοίνιξ*, from its association with Phœnicia. That the mythical bird, phoenix, bore the same name, suggests the possibility that the myth might have arisen from the springing of new plumage-like leaves from the faded ones. The temple of Sais, in Egypt, was decorated with palm, and it is now used in Assyrian temples. (Cf. 2 Maccabees, x. 7; 2 Esdras, ii. 44-47.) In Heliopolis, where the phoenix myth had its greatest strength, it was said that when, at the end of five hundred years, the bird came to burn and renew itself, the altar was kindled with thorn and live sulphur, no mention being made of palm. In some districts of the East the date-palm has been regarded as the tree of the forbidden fruit in Paradise; and it may be noted that the coat of arms of the State of South Carolina is a palmetto with a serpent twined around it—a device, I believe, of Spanish origin, so far as that State is concerned, and not impossibly a relic of the Palmers. As the traditional tree whose branches sweetened the bitter waters of Marah, as the festal boughs of the Feast of Tabernacles, as the title—"City of Palms"—of the valley which was shown to Moses from the top of Pisgah, the palm became to the Jews an emblem of victory worthy to greet the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, and to be held in the hands of saints amidst the splendors of the New Jerusalem. The glory of Judæa seems to have taken its palms with it. The last palm in Jericho disappeared some years back, and there are few, if any, in the country. The trunks of them are sometimes washed up from the Dead Sea.

In Germany the might of the Wild Huntsman was conquered by a leaf of palm.* The water

demons are especially in terror of it—which seems to point to its potency over the Marah spring; and, in this connection, it may be mentioned that in ancient Rome palm was steeped in wine to sweeten it. In Slavonian regions it is supposed to be especially endowed on Easter-day, and will secure the field in which it is then planted from injury by bad weather. In Germany it is naturally the chief banner of Palm-Sunday, on which day—like the mistletoe before it—there is hardly any good result that may not be secured by it. In Southern Germany one may sometimes meet with the superstition that if as many Easter palms as there are members of a family be thrown on a coal-fire, each with a name on it, he or she whose leaf burns first will die first. In Bavaria one who, during an eclipse of the sun, throws an offering of palm with crumbs on the fire will never be harmed or annoyed by working or walking in the sun. In a storm palm switches laid cross-wise on the table procure safety. In Silesia three bits of palm swallowed are supposed to cure fever. In Bohemia the charm against fleas is this: During Passion-week put a leaf of palm behind a picture of the Virgin; at the first stroke of the resurrection-bell—i. e., on Easter morning—take down the leaf, swing it thrice, saying, "Depart, all animals without bones!" There will be no more fleas in the house for that year. It is equally good against field-mice, if laid cross-wise, with an egg, in the afflicted field by night. The Suabians put it for the same object in their granaries. In many regions palms are thrown on the fire on All-Souls' Day for the poor souls that are on that day freed from purgatory.

The POPLAR has been thought by some to have derived its name from *pappeln*—"the pampered tree"—by others from being the tree near which the *populus* of Rome assembled, which would bring it nearer *papeln*, to babble; and it is curious that the place in Athens where the taxes were let out to the farmers of the revenue should have been called *Leuke*, because of a venerable poplar (*Λεύκη*) which stood there. This was the white poplar (*Theopl.*), and corresponds with *Ἀχρωίς*, the lofty tree alluded to in the *Iliad*, xiii. 389. This name is from Acheron, whence Hercules was said to have brought it. The black poplar is the *αἴγυρος* of Homer (*Odyssey*, ix. 141), the word also indicating that it bore the shades of the nether world upon it. The grove of *Academus*, near Athens, was a poplar avenue. It was sacred to Hercules, "*populus Alcideæ gratissima*." A well-known Phœnician legend concerning Hercules relates that, when suffering from a serpent's bite, he sailed west, in obedience to an oracle, to find a certain plant which would cure him. The plant was found at Gades (Cadiz), the cure effected, and the Pillars of Hercules raised to commemorate the event. The tree, the serpent, and the two pillars, constituted a device on the coins of Tyre, and are partly preserved to this day in the dollar-mark. If, as is

* In this and most of the cases following the tree used is that which has been consecrated instead of the Oriental palm, ordinarily the willow.

probable, the poplar was the healing tree meant in this fable, the strong belief of the Bohemian peasantry that the white poplar is an antidote to the poison of serpents is a significant fact.

Grimm mentions the superstitions concerning the ALDER in Bohemia, where it is an omen of evil to cut it down. It prevents the ravages of moles, and removes fevers. The legend of the Erl (alder) King, which inspired Goethe's ballad, is a well-known one under various forms in Germany, though his application of it to the alder is the result of a curious blunder. In Herder's "*Stimmen der Völker*," the Danish word *ellerkonge*, i. e., elfin-king, was mistranslated *erkönig*, by which Goethe was misled. It is not improbable, however, that *elf* and *erl* are related words. In Yorkshire elves used to be called "addlers," probably because they addled the brain. In Silesia and Erzgebirge wreaths of alder are hung on the house gables, on Good-Friday, to protect them from lightning.

The BIRCH is a sacred tree in Teutonic countries. In the forests of Bohemia its root is carried about to secure the bearer against attacks or wounds from men or animals, and is believed also to cure barrenness. In Brandenburg it is used to extirpate caterpillars. In the Oberland it is planted before houses to ward off lightning. In Oldenburg bunches of birch found growing on a tree are called "Herennester," and are considered potent against the evil-eye. In East Prussia one expects to get rid of a fever by going to a birch-tree and shaking it, with the words: "Shake me as I shake thee, and then cease." In Bohemia the plan with gout is this: One must prick, on March 1, the limb with a needle, and the blood must be caught with a new piece of cloth, which is put (no word being spoken) under the bark of a birch. If the bark grows together again the gout will cease. The *fascies* of the Roman magistracy were made of birch; and it may, from this cause, have come into the schoolmaster's hand as the sceptre of authority, and the wand with which to control the spirits that sometimes possess boys. Birch was much used on Corpus Christi play-days, and in Germany rods of it so used were put in flax-fields. Stowe, speaking of London, says: "On the Vigill of St. John Baptist, and on St. Peter and Paul the Apostles, every man's doore being shadowed with greene birch, long fennel, St. John's wort, orpin"—the common name for which was Midsummer Men—"and such like, garnished with beautiful flowers, had also lamps of glasse with oyle burning in them all night." Sharp says he had seen (1780) in Staffordshire circles of birch-trees surrounding the May-pole, and called the Bower, which was evidently the origin of the coop of birch branches with which the children invest themselves in London on May-day now.

Few plants were held in so much honor in ancient Germany as the ELDER, probably because so often found about bogs and marshes where the will-o'-the-wisp abounded, and curious animals lingered longest. Even within this cen-

tury it was a plant which none dared destroy, but the German peasant taught his child to say, when he encountered it: "Frau Ellhorn, gib me was von deinem holze, dann will ich dir von meinem auch was geben, wenn es wächst im Walde."* Its German names, *hollunder*, *holder*, *holder*, *ellhorn*—from the third of which our "elder" comes—indicate its association with Huldah, the Good Mother of the Northern mythology, whose offspring are the "elves." She was known by almost as many tender appellations as the Madonna who succeeded her—Helle, Hilda, Bertha, Spillaholle (i. e., Spindle Hilda), "Frau Rose." The varieties of the superstitions connected with the plant especially sacred to her correspond to the varied helpfulness to mankind attributed to her; and as she seems to have had rites performed in her honor, along with Freyja, in the Venusberg near Eisenach so late as the fifteenth century, it is hardly to be wondered at that the superstitions concerning her should still be singularly strong. In Denmark the legends concerning the elder are most vivid. There its name is *hildemoer* (elder mother), and Hilda herself was once supposed to dwell with her elves near its roots. It is yet much planted by walls, and an old elder is often pointed out as having a mysterious history. Thorpe mentions one in a court-yard in Copenhagen which is said to move about at dusk and peep in at windows. The idea that the elves resent any injury done their favorite plant is carried very far. One must not cut it down without saying, "Elder, elder, may I cut thy branches?" He will then, if no rebuke be heard, spit three times and proceed. Nevertheless, if the Danish grannies are to be believed, Hilda's curse attends the cut-up wood. They say children laid in cradles made of it, or even in rooms boarded with it, have been known to complain of being pulled by the legs. In Styria Bertha-night (January 6) is believed to be a time when the devil is abroad in great force. One may then make a magic circle, and stand in the centre of it with elderberries or blooms gathered on St. John's night. By these means he may obtain some magic fern seed, which will come wrapped in a chalice-cloth, and the seed will confer on one the strength of thirty or forty men. In West Germany the elder, besides being generally a charm against wicked magic, is regarded as furnishing the safest shade under which to sleep, because it keeps off snakes and midges. In Thuringia the peasants take care not to burn it, and regard it as a specific against toothache and nervous disorders. In the neighborhood of Dresden and Leipsic its proximity insures a house from attack, and guarantees that one will die at last quietly in his own home. In Westphalia it is much used as an emetic and an aperient. On the Rhine it is believed that no poison can be taken from copper or other utensils which have been cleaned with elder leaves; and that no worm can get into furniture so cleaned. On

* Grimm.

the Lower Rhine it is held that elder sticks protect fields from moles and other enemies, and they also lay on their dead in the coffin a cross made of it. In earlier times, according to Montanus, elder was among the plants burned with human bodies, and even later the driver of a hearse had a staff made of it, which he sometimes used as a whip. In the Tyrol it is common to trim an elder-bush in the form of a cross, and plant it on the new grave; if it blooms after that it is a sign that the soul of the dead person is happy. The idea recalls the weird conception of Hawthorne, in his "Scarlet Letter," of a dark secret buried with a human being coming up afterward in the form of a noxious plant. It is good luck to bury the cuttings of one's hair or nails under elder. It is still a widely prevalent custom to cut cobbolds and gnomes out of the pith of elder, and hang them up as "Stehaufmännchen." In Bohemia three spoonfuls of the water which has been used to bathe a sick person are poured under an elder, which is accosted thus: "Elder, God sends me to thee that thou mayst take my fever upon thee." This must be repeated on three successive days, and if the patient has, meanwhile, not passed over water he will recover.

Virgil, in the Tenth Eclogue, connects elder with Pan:

"Pan deus Arcadiæ venit; quem vidimus ipsi
Sanguineis ebuli baccis minioque rubentem."

The German legend of "the JUNIPER tree" has long been a favorite subject of speculation with the comparative mythologists. A little boy is tempted into a chest by an apple, and there slain by his step-mother, who then, having made a soup of his flesh for her husband, buries the bones under a juniper. The juniper burns, and a bird leaps from it, which goes about singing the story of the crime. After letting fall various gifts on his kind sister, and a millstone on the head of the cruel step-mother, the child is resuscitated amidst flames from the bird form. In the fable of Osiris the chest, the tree, and the bird are found. In the Cretan fable of Bacchus we have the apple, the repast of flesh, the burial under the oracular tree at Delphos, and the palingenesis. It is a question whether there be not traces of the same fable in the story of Elijah, who, when threatened with death by Jezebel, sits under a juniper-tree, praying that he might die, and where, as he slept, the angel touched him. Elijah ascended soon after in a chariot of fire, letting fall his mantle on Elisha, and Jezebel was dashed to pieces against a stone. In Germany we find, in various regions, that juniper is held to be an antidote to wicked devices; and in Bohemia it is said that no animal will harm juniper. A very direct reference to the burial of human beings under it is found in a Swedish fable, that once, when a farmer was about to cut down a juniper, a voice from it said: "Friend, hew me not!" The farmer having persisted, blood followed his every stroke. In Westphalia, when

one has lost something by a thief whom he suspects, he bends a juniper down with his left hand, and says: "Juniper, I bend and squeeze thee till the thief, A. B., has returned the stolen thing to its place;" then a stone must be laid upon the branch, and, if possible, the brain-pan of an executed criminal; when the thief has restored the article the stone must be put carefully in its former place. In the Tyrol it is believed to be a remedy for corns to break as many twigs of a juniper as one has corns, and leave the broken twigs hanging until they wither, when the corns will disappear. The resemblance between the words *machandel* (juniper) and *mandel** (almond), in some German dialects, suggests that the juniper may have been invested with somewhat similar powers to those ascribed to the almond in the East, particularly the power to promote reproduction. It was an almond that impregnated the daughter of the river-god Sangarius with Atys, the beautiful shepherd-priest of Cybele, whom the goddess changed, for his unchastity, to a fir-tree; and the almond is the Persea of Isis on Egyptian temples. It indeed has retained its character for promoting fruitfulness to this day, it being an ancient custom still observed in some parts of Germany to give an almond to both bride and bridegroom at the wedding banquet. In Thuringia an almond is put in the wedding "wine-soup," and the attendant into whose cup it chances to fall will be married that year. Three almonds were frequently given in old times to cows to help their milk. It is a somewhat anomalous superstition which leads the Saxon peasant to write the inscrutable word *Xavia* on three bits of paper, each of which holds a bitter almond; and swallow one almond on each of three successive evenings (carefully throwing the paper in the fire), all as a remedy for fever.

It is one of the anomalies of tree-superstition that the useful WALNUT should have a diabolical character attributed to it in various places. It was thought to be the great enemy of the oak in the North, the hereditary enmity of Ormuzd and Ahriman, as Dr. Masius has remarked, penetrating the vegetable world in the hatred of black thorn for white thorn, sorb and juniper, and of oak and walnut. If these are planted near each other one must die. Where the Church del Popolo, at Rome, stands, a walnut once stood, in whose foliage the people believed evil demons had their abode. The tree was destroyed by Paschal II., and the church built by the people.

The PINE, consecrated in Greece to Poseidon and Dionysus, was held sacred by many races. Its soft wood was the first to yield to the earliest implements which man could construct, and the rude raft transmitted its name (*pinus*) to the ship—on which account it was consecrated to the sea-god Poseidon. It was the tree which the Israelites chiefly used to make their booths dur-

* *Mandel* is from Latin, *amandola*, deformed from Greek, ἀμυγδαλή.

ing the feast of the Seventh Month. The soft musical whisper yielded by its needles under the breath of the wind may have suggested the idea that the pine was inhabited by wind spirits, like Ariel—an idea traceable in the Greek legend that the pine was the mistress of Boreas and Pan—and this superstition would be heightened in Germany by the large number of holes and knots characteristic of it, such, in all trees, being universally believed, as we have seen, to be doors for the ingress and egress of wood spirits. In Smaland, Sweden, a beautiful woman, really an elf, is said to have left her family through a knot-hole in the wooden house-wall. As nearly all ailments were regarded as the work of mischievous spirits, those whose bountiful or beautiful trees indicated their benevolence were invoked to cure the ill effects produced by the former. In Silesia the pine, commonly called there "Frau Fichte," is still supposed to have great healing powers. On Midlent-Sunday pine boughs, bound with variegated paper and gold spangles, are carried about by the children with songs, and then hung over stable doors to keep the animals from misfortune. In the pine cone there are found rich kernels, which Pliny says the Romans used to eat; and it is remarkable that the same is a favorite food of some Indian tribes in America. It is possible that the Bohemian superstition which associates the pine with great strength grew out of its use by the Romans. Sometimes a branch of young pine is trained to grow in a hoop and worn round the neck. The Bohemian poacher thinks he can make himself shot-proof for twenty-four hours by finding, on St. John's Day, pine cones on the top of a tree, creeping around them, taking them home, and eating a single kernel on each day that he wishes to be invulnerable. In Thuringia it is esteemed a cure for the gout to climb a young pine and tie a knot in its top-most shoot, saying: "Pine, I bind here the gout that plagues me." The same form must be gone through to cure film on the eye, care being taken that it shall be on St. John's night. When the Puritan pilgrims landed in New England, in 1620, the pine was the only green thing they saw, and their first shelter. It thus became the coat of arms of Massachusetts.

The FIR has had a sanctity beginning with its consecration in the Temple of Solomon, for whose ceiling it was used. Pliny speaks of it as a funereal tree (Natural History, xvi. 10), which was probably due to the legend that, when Atys was turned into a fir, Cybele sat under it, mourning, until Zeus promised that the tree should always remain green. In France it was held in such veneration by the early inhabitants that, while they permitted St. Martin to destroy their temples, they rallied to the defense of their holy fir groves, which he was compelled to spare. In the religious festivals of the Hartz district, especially those of Christmas, the maidens dance and sing most heathenish songs around the fir, which is decorated with variegated eggs, flowers, and other

ornaments—this being the origin of the Christmas-tree, the normal Santa Claus being no doubt a fair representative of the demon, who was supposed to be "treed" in the green branches, where he had sought refuge from the general desolation. Having been found and surrounded, he must give his gifts. In Voigtland it is held that the number of lights on the Christmas-tree must be even. In Anspach it is held that, of the shadows of persons cast by these lights, those of persons who will die during the year will appear headless. It is now certain, through the labors of Grimm, Wolff, and others, that Wodin has taken Christian form in St. Nicholas (Santa Claus), and he even preserves some of the diabolism attributed to him by missionaries under his sacred name, *i. e.* Old Nick. In Suabia it is said that if one will make out of fir wood a small milking-stool, and on Christmas look through the three holes made for its legs into a church, he will see all the witches assembled, with milk-pails on their heads, and all of them (the witches) sitting inverted!

This, however, and the Anspach notion of the headless shadows cast by the lights of the Christmas fir, are the only associations with that tree which could be in the least formidable to the young, for whom it was surrounded with much charming lore. In a Norse story, quoted by Thorpe, we have a very characteristic specimen of the genial faith which inhered in the weird mythology of our forefathers. The hill of the Hartz called Hubinchenstein, covered with holy firs, amidst which a pleasant village nestles, has a Norse and a post-Christian explanation of its existence; according to the former it was flung by a giant out of his shoe, as a grain of sand which hurt him, while the latter states that the mountain floated there during the Deluge. However, there are beautiful fir cones found there, which may be wrought into various ornaments. On one occasion the wife of a poor and sick miner of the neighborhood went out to gather cones and sell them as a last resource against the imminent starvation of her family. She met a little man with a long white beard in the forest, who told her where she could get the best cones. When she arrived at the point indicated the cones fell so thickly around that, being frightened, she ran away. Nevertheless, the cones had fallen into her basket, and this basket, as she went homeward, grew constantly heavier. Well it might: the cones turned out to be of pure silver. The next day she went again to the wood, and found the little man of the snowy beard again, who, laughing at her fright, told her he was the Gubich, or king of the dwarfs, and to the wealth which he had bestowed upon her he now added some plants, a decoction of which her husband drank and recovered health. The now wealthy miner preserved one of his silver cones, which, it is said, may be found in Grund to this day, with, no doubt, a kreutzer-loving guide to tell the story of its origin. The

Gubich with snow-white beard is a modification of Santa Claus, and in those regions cones are silvered over for the Christmas-tree. He brings them there from his crystal cavern, whose golden floor is "strewed with green fir branches."

The superstitions concerning the pine and the fir are especially found in the vicinity of the German mines; and it is remarkable that in California, whose gigantic pines were regarded with awe by the aborigines, quite similar notions have been known to crop up. The gold-miners of that region sometimes tip a cone with the first gold they find, and preserve, or perhaps wear, it as an ornament, which some say will bring luck. The effect of the hunger for gold which led so many to the American El Dorado might be well typified by the spells sometimes wrought on those who became the sport of the fir elves, as described in Grimm's "Elfin Grove" and Tieck's "Phantoms." Sometimes the firs and pines hurled down heavy cones upon the wayfarer and killed him. Dark deeds were sometimes associated with them. Under a fir Blanscandiz lures Genelun to break the oath of fealty; and under the pine Paladin conspires with Marsilia for Orlando's ruin. The spirits of the pine and fir were, however, usually friendly. The kindness of the old god who presides over the Christmas-tree, and is the saint of children, is sufficiently shown in the belief, common in Southern Germany, that branches of the fir laid on the foot of one's bed will keep away the nightmare, which, as is well understood in those regions, results from an invasion of witches anxious to use the sleeper as a horse. In Erzgebirge bunches of fir may be often seen hung up over barn doors to keep off certain field spirits, which will cut or steal grain wherever they can. In the Netherlands it is said that if on Christmas-eve you put a stick of fir on the fire, but take it off before it is quite burned up, and keep the remainder under the bed, the house will be safe from lightning for the year.

Allusion has already been made to the practice of the American Indians in burying their heroes at the root of a young MAPLE. Bernatz, in his "Scenes in Ethiopia," says that "maple-trees, under which the natives perform their religious rites, and offer sacrifices to their chief gods, Oglia and Akete, are considered holy." Dr. Hermann Masius mentions the reverence for the maple as very strong in medieval Germany. It was drawn into the court-yard of the king and wine poured on it. If the tree were felled, it was by one who must remove his hat, and say, on his knees, "Good Maple, give me of thy wood, and I will give thee of mine, when it grows in the wood."

The BLACK-THORN furnished the material from which divining-rods were made in Mecklenburg and Oldenburg. It is believed to cure various illnesses, especially, if gathered at Easter, erysipelas. The buckthorn, made into little crosses and stuck in manure, will, according to

a Bohemian superstition, keep one safe from all pranks of witches on their Walpurgis-night. In Suabia the missionaries declared that the thorn-crown of Christ was made from this tree, as in England and France they ascribed the same honor to the hawthorn, which on that account still bears in the latter country the name of *l'épine noble*. In Austria, on Good-Friday, it is common to find boys thrusting "thorn-apples" in the hair of little Jews, and it probably refers to Christ's crown of thorns. The same legend probably underlies the German story of "The Jew in the Thorn-bush." In England the popular reverence for the May-thorn was consecrated in the legend of the Glastonbury thorn, said to have blossomed out of Arimathean Joseph's staff, indicating so the spot where he should build Glastonbury Church. "At the very hour that Christ was born," wrote old Layton, "it will spring, burgeon, and bear flowers;" and so many still believe. The common name of the witch, *hag*, is the same as *haw*, the hawthorn being the *hedge*-thorn; this coincidence may not, however, be due to the magical craft of the witch, but only to the habit of those presumed to be such of sitting under the hedges. The sanctity of the white-thorn would seem to have come from Rome. Virgil (Eclogue 5) says that at the death of Daphnis the thistle and thorn sprang up:

"Pro molli viola, pro purpureo narcisso,
Carduus, et spinis surgit paliurus acutis."

This must have been the *ramnos* of Dioscorides, which, he says, was hung over doors to keep off enchantments. The same is said of Ovid's *spina alba* (our hawthorn). In Fasti (Book 9) Janus presents to the goddess Carina the white-thorn, to avert calamity from her household:

"Sic fatus, virgam quâ tristes pellere possit
A foribus noxas, hæc erat alba dedit."

BELLADONNA is esteemed in Bohemia to be a favorite plant of the devil, who watches it, but may be drawn from it on Walpurgis-night (when it has the power to make horses strong) by letting loose a black hen, after which he will run.* The name refers to an ancient belief that it is the form of a fatal enchantress. The famous apples of Sodom have been identified by Hasselquest as of the same family, *Solanice*. (See Apoc., Book of Wisdom, x. 7.) Boughs of the PLUM, gathered on the same night, are placed over the windows and doors to keep away witches; and, in Austria, the same tree is planted to protect fields against mice. The CHESTNUT, in Russia, is held to be efficacious against backache and gout. In East Prussia there is a superstition concerning DOG-WOOD, that its sap, absorbed in a handkerchief on St. John's night, will fulfill all wishes.

Among the sacred trees of Germany the CHERRY must be included. To waltz on May-

* This superstition about the fondness of the devil for a black hen is also found in Niederbrackel, Holland.

day or St. John's Day, then lie naked under a cherry-tree and shake the dew on one's back, is in Brandenburg still the peasant's prescription for fever. If the Bohemian maiden is slandered she will sometimes go and stand under a cherry-tree, shake the dew from it on her head, then call for something to eat, but before eating give a portion to the cat and the dog. Coming marriage or other good fortune may be divined in Silesia by cherry switches gathered on St. Barbara's Day, soaked in water, and kept till Christmas, when their color and quantity of sap retained are narrowly examined. In other regions various maladies are cured by walking backward and eating the buds of the same tree. But it is not always a tree of good omen. In Brandenburg it is regarded as the sign that a child will die, if, during its illness, blossoms and ripe fruits are found on a cherry-tree. In East Prussia, it is said, one must on unlucky St. James's Day (July 25) especially avoid climbing this tree, as the danger of breaking one's neck will be imminent.

The PEAR was held sacred chiefly in France. We find comparatively few traces of superstitions connected with it in England or Germany, though it was a favorite fruit in the goddess Holla's garden. Dr. Masius speaks of an old pear-tree at Walserfeld, which it was said would, when it again blossomed, proclaim the Day of Judgment.

The field spirits which figure so largely at the present day in the superstitions of the Russian peasantry linger in Germany in the notions concerning the grain, straw, etc., which were at an earlier period believed to be each under a special preternatural guardian. In Iceland the farmer guards the grass around his field lest the elves abiding in it invade his crops. In the word "cereal" we have the record of the faith in the relation of Ceres to the grain which made the temple of that goddess at Rome the tribune of the democracy—i. e., the farmers. The torches with which she searched for the lost seed (Proserpine), carried off the winter frost (Pluto), and raised it to its flower again, are still burning on the altars of our Catholics and Ritualists. Bertha (i. e., Berchta, the shining, from *πυρ*, fire) was the Ceres of the German mythology; and all such winds and clouds as affect the crops, but do not rise to the dignity of storms, were believed to be arranged by her. In the Odenwald, near Rodenstein, the ruined castle of the Wild Huntsman, there is a weird rock called the Wilde Weibchenstein, believed to be the haunt of a little woman who comes out when some one is late in harvesting, and cuts the corn, and binds it into sheaves behind the reapers with astonishing rapidity. This is Bertha again. She protected the grain so formidably that children were warned that they must not go into a field where it was growing for fear the wehr-wolf (whose howl they could sometimes hear in the wind) would seize them. On the contrary, in Schleswig one is deemed safe from the wehr-wolf in a corn-field. Three hand-

fuls of grain were solemnly given to every animal on Christmas night in Franconia; and in Eastern Prussia three grains of corn, each cut thrice through with a knife, were given to a cow about to calve. Twelfth-tide brooms were held to have great virtue against witchcraft. A broom made at that time, and laid on the threshold over which cattle are driven, would keep them from evil possessions the year round; and if the axe and broom be crossed on the same the cattle will surely find their way back. If a cow's udder is swollen it must be stroked three times with such a broom, in profound silence, and the broom then laid under its crib; then the cow will recover. The straw which was held sacred in Sweden as yule-straw was appropriated by Christianity. It was declared that when the Virgin Mary brought forth her babe she laid him on the straw of the stable where he was born. The *Galeum verum luteum* is called Our Lady's bed-straw, and has been painted by N. Poussin under the infant Jesus. In the more ignorant regions of Sweden the customs still prevail of scattering yule-straw in the fields to help their harvest, giving a little of it to the cattle to insure them against disease, putting some of it in the nests of domestic fowls, and even of making it into a bed on the floor for the whole family to sleep upon on Christmas night. To find two stems of straw crossed is unlucky.

The pantomime known as "Pippin" preserves a bit of folklore. A gnome conceives a passion for a miller's maid, whom he finds sleeping in an enchanted wood. He saves her from decapitation (on condition that she would become his wife) by so charming her spinning-wheel that it spun pure gold out of straw. Being beloved by a prince she breaks faith with the gnome, who, while she is on her way to the altar, carries her away to his enchanted castle, from which, however, she is rescued by the prince. The legend is another instance of the old belief that every yellow growth, of whatever shade, derived its tint from the gold in the earth.

The flower growing amidst corn, if the eyes are stroked with it, prevents sight from failing, according to an Austrian belief; and in Bohemia other cures are ascribed to it. It is esteemed good for serpent bites and fevers to take into the mouth the earliest shoots of the corn in spring. In the neighborhood of Oldenburg corn stalks are strewn about the house in which a corpse lies to prevent any further misfortune to the family. If one finds a double ear of corn in Voigtland he straightway puts it above the looking-glass as a security against lightning; and in the same country destiny is read in corn grains. If flowers from a corn-field be brought into the house the bread will become mouldy. In Jutland the *Polytrichum commune* is called Loki's oats, and when there is a shimmering motion in the air it is said, "Loki is sowing his oats." Loki (who survives with us as Luck) is the nearest approach to a devil to be found

in the Northern mythology, and is sometimes spoken of as sowing weeds among the good seed. (See Thorpe.) It is not impossible that the phrase "sowing one's wild oats" originated in this Norse superstition. The rhi-nanthus, or yellow-rattle, is called in Jutland Loki's purse. MILLET (which will not be eaten by birds if sown after sunset) was much used in ancient German festivals. The old dragon (lightning), which when he appeared fiery-red dropped gold somewhere on the ground, and when blue betokened plenty of grain, was said to be fed on millet in his earthly form (the serpent);* and so it was said that millet, eaten on the first day of the year, would make one rich. GRASS BLADES give second-sight, and the sod out of which grass grows is potent against witches.

The ONION, deemed in ancient Egypt a symbol of the universe, which was thought similarly made of concentric foldings, is in Bohemia used for fortune-telling. It is also hung up in rooms that it may draw to itself the maladies that would otherwise fall on the inmates. CIVES, especially if eaten on Green-Thursday, protect against the evil-eye; and garlic fits one for labor. On the eve of a festival garlic is given, in Bohemia, to the house-dog, the cock, and the gander, to make them fearless.

The adoption of the LEEK as the national device of Wales has been frequently explained as resulting from its having the old Cymric colors, green and white; but this is very doubtful. An inscription on one of the pyramids shows that they were the food of the poor, and there is some reason for believing that the phrase "to eat the leek" is remotely connected with that fact. At Delphos it was ordered that the gardener who, on the day of Theoxenia, offered the largest leek of the species *gethyllis* to Leto, should receive a portion from the holy table; for Leto, when pregnant with Apollo, had longed for a leek.

It is remarkable that we find so little said in the old folklore about the FUNGI. Occasionally we find village children regarding mushrooms as fairy-stools, but it is difficult to trace them to any special associations. The astrol-ogers burned them for the cure of cattle, which were said to be particularly bewitched by the yellow mushroom which grows around trees. In England toad-stools, especially in regions where pixy-rings abound, are supposed to harbor evil beings, and are always destroyed when seen. Red mushrooms are regarded in Bohemia as diabolical, and it is a saying there that many mushrooms betoken a bad harvest and dear living. In Sweden the *Lichen caninus* is sought to cure miliary fever, said to be brought on by meeting elves.

* In Persia the heavenly serpent is the rainbow, and, from the character of the rainbow as a good omen, and that of the serpent as a guardian of treasures, may have been derived the saying that if one finds the end of a rainbow he will discover there a bag of gold.

In Russia it is still a general belief among the peasants that on St. John's night the FERN flowers, and, as the finder of the flower will get from it all that is said to come of the four-leaved shamrock in Ireland, I was assured at Moscow that it is not uncommon to find persons walking amidst ferns at midnight—the only hour when, as is supposed, the flower can be seen—at the sacred time of the year mentioned. The same superstition exists in Thuringia. On that night, as is said in Bohemia and the Tyrol, the fern seed shine like fiery gold. In early times fern seed were called "wish-seed," and one who held them would find hidden treasures, which, where the seed were scattered, would reveal themselves in veins of bluish flame in the earth. The sap of this flowering fern conferred eternal youth. In the Tyrol the *Osmunda regalia*, called "the blooming fern," is placed over the door for good luck. In Bohemia the traveler will take fern seed along for good hap, and feels himself especially safe from storms or sun-stroke. But the seeds which reveal treasures and procure all desires are not so easy to get. According to the Suabians they can only be got just before midnight at Christmas. They are under keeping of the devil (in Russia it is a serpent still), and one must prepare for the quest by refraining from church during Epiphany, and thinking as much as possible of Satan. The seeker takes his stand at a cross-road where a corpse has passed; that is the spot where ghosts and demons swarm on Christmas night, and they try to make each one who passes speak or laugh. Those who do either would, in the analogy of folklore, be changed to stones instead of finding the magical leaves; but now it is said the devil tears them to pieces. They who go on in silence will get the shining fern. On old St. John's night (July 8, now "Kiliansnacht"), in Bohemia, one decorated with the "blooming fern" is said to become invisible. There one must lay a communion chalice-cloth under the fern, and collect the seed which will fall before sunrise. If one finds the cloth steeped in sap, dew, or rain-drops, from the plant, it has the same virtues. In Westphalia fern seed which have fallen unnoticed into one's shoes are potent. When one carries the fern which secures treasure he will be followed by adders, which guard the treasures. This seems to be the Lithuanian form of the superstition. The famous blasting-root (*sprengwurzel*, commonly called springwort) is probably the fern root. Pliny records the superstition concerning it nearly in the same form in which it is now found in Germany. If any one touches a lock with it it will yield at once. In Switzerland it is carried in the right pocket, to render the bearer invulnerable to dagger or bullet; and in the Hartz it is said to reveal treasures. One can not easily find it himself, but generally the woodpecker (according to Pliny that or the raven; in Switzerland, the hoopoe; in the Tyrol, the swallow) will bring it under the following circumstances: When the bird visits its nest the

nest must be stopped up with wood; the bird opens it by touching it with this root. Meantime a fire or red cloth must be placed near, which so frightens the bird that it lets the magical root fall. The root is believed to cure many diseases, and to protect from lightning. There is a species of fern called in some parts of Germany "Irrkraut," and if one walks over it he will be likely to lose his way and wander about, unless he changes some garment inside out, or his feet exchange their shoes, or until the following Sunday. It will be remembered that this is the old device for breaking the bewil-

dering spell of the pixy in Devonshire. It may be mentioned also that the pixy-rings of Cornwall, or circles of luxuriant grass, are called in Sweden *elf-dances*, or *älfexing*. In various parts of England there is a superstition that "all the ferns have one root." This is often said in Somersetshire, where there is also a saying that

"When furze is out of blossom
Kissing is out of fashion,"

the idea being, perhaps, that both are equally perennial.

ANNE FURNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MABEL'S PROGRESS," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE,"
"VERONICA," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Reverend Edwin Arkwright lived in a small house in the oldest part of Horsingham. The street he lived in was narrow and winding: it was called Wood Street, and was perhaps the duller in the whole town—though that is a bold word. The houses in Wood Street varied considerably in size, but they were all old houses. The Arkwrights' residence was very old. It had lozenge-shaped little panes of glass in the windows; the ceilings were traversed by massive beams. Scarcely any two of the rooms were on the same level. You went up steps and down steps, apparently for no reason but that the builder had chosen that it should be so. There were inscrutable closets hidden away in the thickness of the walls; and the deep seats in the windows lifted up by means of a hinge, and revealed lockers which always made me think of a ship. One characteristic of that house was gloom. Let the sun shine as he would outside, within the little low-roofed parlor darkness always fought a good fight for supremacy. It lurked in corners, and brooded overhead among the oaken rafters. And by three o'clock in the afternoon, save perhaps for a few days in the full midsummer, it had invaded the whole room. Whoso wished to use his eyes in the parlor at that hour must remain close to the beetle-browed window, or have recourse to lamp or candle. There was, indeed, one roomy closet near the fire-place which never was illuminated by the light of day. Mrs. Arkwright would grope in it, and dextrously select what she wanted by means of her sense of touch, aided sometimes by that of smell. For this was a store closet, and the children were invariably set sneezing whenever they approached their young noses to its spice-laden atmosphere. Once, and once only, I saw that mysterious receptacle partially revealed by the feeble flame of a rush-light. I could not help thinking of the famous dark cavern of Kentucky as I peeped into it. White, ghastly looking jars loomed

on the shelves, and seemed to *blink* when the rush-light's ray fell upon them, like creatures to whom dimness is natural. I could fancy that the drab-colored paper, in which various household stores were tied, had absolutely become paler from long residence in that atmosphere of total eclipse. And I certainly saw some agile little insects scudding hurriedly away from the unwelcome illumination.

The darkness was inherent in the structure of the house. But it had another characteristic, which was solely due to the energy of its mistress—it was inexpressibly (I had almost said insupportably) clean. There was something almost depressing in the specklessness of that house; it suggested such a chilling and unsympathizing superiority to human weakness! Poor Mrs. Arkwright, how she toiled and strove! Five children had to be fed and clothed and housed out of her husband's scanty pittance, eked out by such chance earnings as fell in his way. Five little helpless creatures were living and eating and wearing out their garments day by day; and two were dead. The father spoke of the departed ones sometimes as if their going had been in truth a blessing, though he had doubtless loved them well. But I am sure that the mother never ceased to regret those lost little claimants for food and care and tendance. Love that is shone on by sunny smiles may be a fair plant; but love that has been watered by tears is imperishable.

Mrs. Arkwright's children never squalled, her chimneys never smoked, her knives and platters were always bright and clean; and yet I fear that her husband did not always return to his hearth and home with the willingness that might have been expected from so affectionate and domestic a man as he was. In truth, there was a little familiar fiend who made a third at his board; who quenched the glow of the fire, and smirched the snowy cloth, and dropped a bitter flavor into the food. And the name of the fiend was Jealousy.

Mrs. Arkwright was not a jealous wife in

the ordinary acceptation of the term; but she was jealous of the attachment of every human being whom she cared for. She was jealous of her children, her friends, her servants. I believe she was jealous of the purring cat that rubbed its head against its master's legs. She must have been good-looking once, I fancied. She was not indeed old in years when I first knew her, but the providing of that daily bread, for which her five little ones were taught to pray, had planted many a furrow in her tawny face. She was very dark; black-browed, black-haired, black-eyed. Hers was an aspect that a foreigner would be apt to consider peculiarly un-English. But she came of a good old yeoman family, that had held the same land in our county from generation to generation for many centuries. I know not whether the familiar fiend I have spoken of had set his mark on her complexion, as well as her mind, but the truth is that she was yellow and bitter as a Seville orange.

I went to Wood Street one afternoon with my books, and arrived there too early for my lesson. This had happened before. I was driven into town by my father, and had to accommodate my hour of setting forth to his convenience; and on market days he sometimes came to Horsingham rather early. Mr. Arkwright had not yet come home, but I was ushered by the little maid-of-all-work into the parlor, and I sat down to wait. I thought at first that there was no one there; but becoming, after a minute or so, accustomed to the dimness, I perceived little Jane Arkwright, the youngest child, fastened into her wicker chair, which had served, I fancy, each of the three younger Arkwrights in succession; for things "wore" wonderfully in that household. Jane was a fair, gray-eyed creature, like her father. She was fastened, as I have said, into her chair, and a kind of ledge, forming a table, was placed in front of her. On this were ranged some dozen or so different shaped bits of wood, cut out of the soft sticks used for lighting fires, and with these she was "playing." Heaven knows what fancies her baby brain connected with those unpromising materials! But the little creature was as gravely interested as a chess-player over his game.

"Good-day, Jane," said I. Jane smiled faintly, and fixed her eyes upon me with an unwinking gaze. I kissed her, and began to talk to her in baby fashion, asking her what "those things" were; meaning thereby the bits of wood. Jane replied, with much composure, and a quiet putting aside of my nonsensical attempts to be amusing, "Bix." And then resumed her occupation of arranging and rearranging the "bricks" on the ledge of her chair.

"Ah," said Mrs. Arkwright, coming into the room shortly afterward, "you're a little early, Miss Furness; Mr. Arkwright is not come home yet." She glanced sharply at me as I knelt near little Jane. She always professed a dis-

like to her children being made "soft," as she phrased it; and, consequently, discouraged a too caressing manner in those about them. But I believe that her besetting failing was at the bottom of this; and that she grudged any scintillation of regard that went forth from her children's hearts to a stranger. Fortunately, little Jane's instinct was not to be deceived by any assumed hardness of manner. She turned on her mother a very different look from that with which she had regarded me, and held out her little arms to be taken. It was curious and pathetic to see Mrs. Arkwright's face change and soften as she lifted Jane and set the child on her knee.

"How good she is!" said I. "She was all alone here when I came in, and as quiet as a wee mouse."

"She is mostly alone all the morning."

"Poor little thing!"

"Do you think it such a misfortune to be alone? I would give any thing for half an hour to myself, sometimes. But Jane will soon have to go to school with her brother and sisters."

"To school! How old is she?"

"Turned three. Oh, you needn't look so astonished. Lizzie went to school before she was so old as this one. But then Lizzie was the eldest, and I had to get her out of the way for a few hours every day, because there were *two* babies younger than herself to be looked after."

Presently Mr. Arkwright returned, and we began our lesson. Mrs. Arkwright brought in her work-basket to the parlor, and sat sewing diligently. Hers was no dainty device in delicate wicker-work, lined with satin, and fitted with silver. Mrs. Arkwright's work-basket was strong, ugly, and well-worn; and her work on the present occasion was the dextrous insertion of a patch into a pair of cloth trousers of small dimensions, the property of Edwin Arkwright, Jun., commonly known as Teddy.

"You are absent, I think," said Mr. Arkwright, gently, after a patient explanation of the meaning of a passage in Schiller which I had entirely failed to follow. "Whither are your thoughts wandering?" he added, with a smile.

It was a question to which I did not at all contemplate giving him a true answer. My thoughts had been wandering with a light rhythmic motion to the accompaniment of a waltz tune; they had fluttered over garments of many colors, and flowers, odorless, indeed, but of cunning workmanship. Lastly, they had been contemplating an existence devoted to cleaning rooms, nursing babies, and mending trousers, as contrasted with such constituent elements of happiness as the dancing, dresses, and adornments aforesaid, and shuddering in every fibre of their butterfly wings at the picture. And yet at the very same moment there was that within me which sincerely

disdained the erection of selfish frivolity into an ideal of life. I suppose most persons have experienced similar contradictions.

I stammered out, "I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Arkwright. I am giving you a great deal of trouble."

He recommenced his explanation, and this time I followed it pretty well; but only by a strong exertion of will.

"I think," said Mr. Arkwright, closing the book at the end of my lesson, "that I must ask you to rewrite that translation. It is scarcely so well considered, or so carefully expressed, as usual."

There was a look of disappointment on his face which moved me greatly. I had often told myself how much to be compassionated the poor man was, and how glad I was to think that my lessons were not irksome to him, but that he took some pride and pleasure in my progress. And now—!

Mrs. Arkwright put in a word for me. Nothing made her more inclined to be merciful to any one than the perception that he or she had incurred her husband's displeasure. Not that she loved to oppose Mr. Arkwright's judgments, but that it lulled her wakeful jealousy, which the least word of praise from him was certain to irritate.

"Come, Edwin," said she, with a smile that made one wish she would smile oftener. "Don't be hard on Miss Furness. I think this is the first time that she has not done even better than you expected."

"I hope I was not very hard, Patty," said Mr. Arkwright. He was making my books into a packet, and fastening them together with a little leather strap, as he spoke. He had long, slender white hands, which looked as if they were neither strong nor dextrous, and which did not belie their appearance; for the strap slipped from his grasp, and down fell the books in various directions on to the floor.

"Oh, pray, let me do it!" I exclaimed, kneeling down to gather the scattered books. But before I could do so Mrs. Arkwright had picked them up, and had neatly and rapidly put them together in a parcel firmly fastened by the strap. "Oh, I am so much obliged to you, Mrs. Arkwright," I said. "How beautifully you have made the parcel. But I think I never saw such skillful hands as yours; they can do any thing."

"Practice makes perfect," replied Mrs. Arkwright, and checked a little sigh, as she resumed the patching of Teddy's trowsers.

"Miss Furness is quite right," said Mr. Arkwright, looking at his wife with a beaming face. "They are skillful hands. Dear, busy, helpful hands!" He clasped her brown fingers in his fair ones as he spoke, and for one instant, at all events, Mrs. Arkwright looked happy.

It was customary for Eliza to call for me at Wood Street on my lesson days, and to accompany me to my grandfather's. She was waiting for me now, and we went away together.

On turning from Wood Street into the main street of the town, we met Alice Kitchen coming from the market with a covered basket on her arm. She stopped to speak to us, and to exclaim—as she did every time she saw me, however short the interval might have been since our last meeting—

"Miss Anne!" Then changing the emphasis—"Miss Anne! How you do grow!"

"Do you find me much grown since last Monday, Alice?"

"Oh, but to think as I was not so old as you are when we first saw you, Miss Anne. And you such a little white-faced thing! Deary me!"

"Is your father quite well, Alice?"

"Thanks be, Miss Anne, he is nicely. We be in a bit of a worrit just now, for we're going to take a lodger this races."

"A lodger!" exclaimed Eliza. "Why, Alice Kitchen, *niver!*"

I think that Eliza conceived some peculiar solemnity of adjuration to be involved in the utterance of both Christian and surname. She always used the two when she meant to be impressive. And she meant to be impressive now. For let the reader consider that a lodger coming to Horsingham for the race-week must, in all probability, come for the purpose of attending the races. And the races and all connected with them were held in abhorrence by the sect to which Eliza and the Kitchens belonged. Their pastor—the blood-chilling preacher whose eloquence Eliza had once so singularly commended—was in the habit of planting himself under one of the great elms on the way to the course, and distributing hand-bills to all passers-by, calling upon them in exceedingly strong language, enforced by big black letters reeking from the press, to turn back while there was yet time, and flee from the yawning gulf of perdition; and, moreover, uttering other similar warnings in a loud voice. Therefore, it will be perceived that the announcement of a member of this gentleman's flock receiving a lodger during the race-week was calculated to startle and even scandalize his fellow-members.

But Alice was no whit abashed. Professing that she did not want to keep me standing in the High Street, "seeing as it was so thronged, being market-day," she turned and walked a little way with us through some by-streets, and she talked the whole time. I think that Horsingham folks—and, indeed, the natives of our country generally—have a pre-eminent gift of speech. They love—men and women, young and old—to "hold forth." The stream of words pours forth copiously, and they would rather make a long speech than a short one, upon any imaginable topic. Alice was certainly not grudgingly endowed with powers of talk. She stated her case and pleaded her cause at considerable length. Her arguments seemed to amount to this: that as it was clear people *would* come to the races; and, as the ungodly made a profit of their doing so, she saw no reason why

she also should not derive some advantage from the crowd of visitors. "Tisn't as though father and me, saying we wouldn't let, 'ud keep folk from coming, Miss Anne!" said she. "And there'll be that throng of strangers as niver was; as butchers' meat alone 'll cost a week's wage pretty well. We've furnished the little sitting-room up stairs quite genteel. And there's Mat's room empty now, as is the best bedroom i' the house." ("Trust him for that!" thought I.) "And so we've made up our minds to set a ticket i' the window. Father he was against setting the ticket. He thought it seemed like encouraging the races. But I say, 'No; if you want to let, you must make the folk know it.' Setting the ticket won't make nor mar the races as *I* can see. So father he came round at last."

"And what does Mr. Matthew say to it?" I asked.

"Oh, Mat, he's clean against it," answered Alice, coloring a little. "He holds fast by the wages of sin being death. But then, Miss Anne, you see he's well off enough. And I'm sure, if father and me got as much out of grandfather as Mat and his wife does— Well, that can't be cured, and must be endured." With that she bade us good-day, and turned to go back, having first invited Eliza to drink tea with her any Sabbath evening after chapel that she could get leave from Dr. Hewson to do so.

When I told grandfather what Alice Kitchen had said he looked vexed, and passed his fingers through his hair until it was more like a mane than ever. But he made no comment beyond muttering to himself, "Of course, of course. The old story! The usual thing!" He liked Alice. She had become quite a favorite at Mortlands. Since her brother's marriage she had become closer friends with Eliza than ever. And even Keturah, whose good opinion was not lightly to be had, approved of Alice's industry and good-humor; and especially of a certain blunt honesty which characterized her, and which contrasted oddly with the canting form of many of her utterances.

"And so these—ahem!—blessed races are to be more numerously attended than ever this year, are they?" said grandfather, thoughtfully nodding his head.

"So Alice seemed to think, grandfather."

"H'm!" (with a peculiar grunt of discontent).

"Horsingham people are quite rejoicing at the prospect. They say a night's lodging will go up to a fabulous price."

"Ay, ay! Spoiling the Egyptians is good fun enough." Then he added, in a lower tone, "But one doesn't find it so pleasant when one's only daughter happens to have cast in her lot for better for worse with one of the tribes of Pharaoh."

"*He* will be busy gathering in a plentiful harvest," observed Mrs. Abram, mysteriously.

"Pharaoh?"

"Satan!"

"Tut, Judith! There, there, I beg your pardon for startling you. The harvest men will reap on Horsingham race-course; men have sown there; and they plant a fresh crop every year. More's the pity!"

Grandfather withdrew to his study; and no sooner had he turned his back than Mrs. Abram bent forward to me with uplifted finger, and her eyes so wide open that the odd yellow specks in them gleamed very conspicuously, and huskily murmured, in her most inarticulate tones, "Ah, love, if he would but understand! But your dear grandfather never did think enough of the devil!"

CHAPTER IX.

ALICE KITCHEN's expectations were fulfilled. The races of that autumn were more numerously attended than any meeting that had taken place for many years. I remember that autumn well. I have reason to remember it. I remember mother's hesitation as to whether she should, or should not, be present on the race-course on the great "cup" day. And I remember how at last, despite grandfather's remonstrances, she resolved to go. I knew then as well as I know now—albeit, nothing was said between us to that effect—that mother went to the races and took me there, in the hope that our presence might keep father from the betting-ring, and prevent mischief.

It was a lovely bright day. The sky was clear, save for a silver gauzy mist on the horizon, that looked like a breath on a mirror. The course, I heard it said, would be in first-rate order. The person who said so was Dodd's successor, the undersized groom. His name was Flower, and I always thought a more inappropriate appellation could scarcely have belonged to him. Flower was no favorite with my mother. She discovered, a very few weeks after his arrival, that he had introduced the practice of card-playing into our kitchen, a thing unheard of there before. He was not always quite sober, although never too drunk to do his work. His manner was full of a suppressed insolence, and his tongue was, the other servants said, versed in the vilest ribaldry, to which he would give utterance on any occasion when the presence of his superiors did not restrain him. But neither these considerations, nor any others which could be presented to him, availed with my father to induce him to discharge Flower.

"My Lucy, darling," father would say, "can you tell me that the man has ever dared to be insolent or ill-behaved to you in word or look?"

"To me? No, George; but—"

"Or to Anne?"

"Why, no dear. Still I—"

"Or to me, or to any guest or friend we have? To be sure not! And he is a first-rate groom: quite first-rate. As to the servants'

morals, they will take care of themselves. Or, if not, I am sure that neither you nor I are able to take care of them. And I wonder that you should be growing puritanical. *You*, of all people—brought up as you have been!”

This was said as we were driving to the race-course; and I pondered on it a good deal. Father had given forth many such utterances lately, and they never failed to rouse my indignation. There was an implied assumption in them that, because grandfather did not profess to be bound within the narrow limits of any of the orthodox codes of behavior known to Horsingham, therefore he and his must necessarily and consistently grant the widest license, and the most placid toleration to all evil-doers and evil-doings. The High-Church people and the Low-Church people, the Methodists and the Papists, the Zion-chapelites and the Baptists, publicly condemned each other to perdition every seven days or so; but they were quite unanimous in detesting the principles of my grandfather, who was charitable to them all, and comprehended that there were good men to be found in every one of these denominations. If he would but have anathematized any one set *en masse*—if he would even have declared his conviction that they would *all* of them be lost, instead of humbly hoping they might most of them be saved, I really believe they would more readily have forgiven him. In short, it often occurred to me then, and has often occurred to me since, that poor Mrs. Abram had summed up the public grievance against grandfather when she said that he “never did think enough of the devil.”

“You’ll stay with us, George, won’t you?” said my mother, when our carriage was got into its place in the line, and the horses had been taken out. “I get nervous in this crowd if you leave us by ourselves,” she added, with a poor pretense of there being no other reason why she wished to keep him by her side.

“Stay with you? Of course!” father answered, testily. “You don’t mean, I suppose, to pin me to the skirt of your gown? I shall be on the course, and quite within hail all day.”

To see a bright tear come and tremble in mother’s eye, and the color flush into her face and then fade, leaving her very pale, made a feeling of burning indignation rise in my breast against father; and the feeling was not quenched by my catching sight of Flower, who had heard what had passed, and was standing with his drab-gaitered legs apart—as bowed and fleshless they looked as the “wishing-bone” of a chicken that has been picked clean—and an insolent grin on his smooth, sharp-chinned visage.

Presently, as the course began to fill, I recognized one or two acquaintances. My father’s cousins (children of that aunt who lived far away from us in the country, and with whom I have mentioned my parents staying on a visit), the Cudberrys, were there—one son and three daughters—occupying a very odd vehicle, which I well knew by sight. It was nearly square,

with four seats inside and a roof supported by poles, whence depended leather curtains, which were closed when it was cold or rainy, but which now were furled back, and fastened by straps and buckles. This vehicle (“the sociable,” it was called by the Cudberrys) was driven by a man in a drab-colored livery coat of enormous size. It was long and wide and heavy. The collar of it nearly smothered him. The cuffs of it were so ample that his hands were entirely concealed. The skirt of it hung over his heels. It must have been made for a man of exceptionally vast proportions. Its present wearer was rather short, with a very wide, red face—like a face reflected in the bowl of a spoon, I fancied—and red hair, surmounted by a stiff, glazed hat. Him, also, I knew; he was Aunt Cudberry’s principal servant. His accomplishments were exceedingly varied, and ranged from “pitching” a load of hay to decanting a bottle of port, whenever Uncle Cudberry could make up his mind to have one opened, which was not very often. The young Cudberrys, as they were called, although Sam Cudberry, the eldest, was turned forty, and his sisters followed close upon him, made a remarkable contrast with the rustic and old-world air of their carriage and their coachman. They were dressed in extravagant imitation of those works of art on which one may feast one’s eyes in the shop-windows of tailors and dress-makers. I never saw any thing alive clothed quite in that manner save the young Cudberrys, although I have many a time, when I was a child, gazed admiringly upon certain waxen effigies at the door of a clothing warehouse in the High Street, kept by a Jewish tradesman, which came near to rivaling Sam Cudberry in general effect. His sisters, too, were marvels of attire. I counted so many shades of color in Matilda Cudberry’s garments within a minute or so, that I gave it up in despair of enumerating them all. The three sisters were very small and very lean, and they wore so much clothing, and that of so conspicuous a kind, that they themselves seemed lost and extinguished under it. They always gave me the idea of *inhabiting* their clothes, if I may use such an expression, rather than wearing them. They did not love me, nor my mother, nor my father, though for him they felt, I fancied, a kind of compassion. I don’t know why, and I believe they did not know why, either; and my grandfather they actually detested. Nevertheless, catching sight of us, they alighted from the sociable and came toward us—Sam and Matilda and Henrietta and Clementina.

“How do, cousin? How do, Mrs. Furness? How do, Anne?” said Sam.

He had a natural, broad, country accent, which would not in itself have offended my ears, albeit they were used to a nicety of pronunciation in my mother and grandfather very rare in Horsingham. But to hear Sam Cudberry, conscious and ashamed of his tendency to talk his native dialect—overlay it, and smother it, and change it into a mongrel speech, ugly, like

every thing forced and strained, and vulgar, like every thing affected—was a trying thing. To hear him and his sisters mince and mouth their words, and to see the physical contortions of lip and jaw which attended their efforts, was a really dreadfully trying thing. At least, it was so to me. Mother was older and gentler and more tolerant than I was, and she bore it sweetly. For myself, I sometimes longed to make hideous grimaces; to roar out a word at the full pitch of my lungs; to scream with impatience, when I heard, Tilly, or Henny, or Clemmy Cudberry converse; but the worst of it was, that the more genteel and fascinating was their mood, the more did they think it necessary to twist and torture their native language. It sometimes positively became a mere mopping and mowing; and they had all loud, high-pitched voices. They were very genteel on this race-day. Sam, in particular, was of superfine gentility; and smelled of hair-oil to a degree that would have been unbearable any where but in the open air.

"Holloa!" said my father, good-humoredly shaking hands with them all round. "This is something new, is it not? I don't remember ever to have seen you at the races before."

"Oh, dear, Cousin George," replied Tilly, "we must make a beginning. I told ma, and I told pa, that our nursery days were over, and that we *must* begin to do a little like the rest of the world. Society has claims, you know."

If a stentorian peacock could be endowed with speech, I think he would speak like Tilly Cudberry. She pronounced "Oh, dear, Cousin George," "A-o-oo, de-o-ah, Cousin Jaw-arge." But I do not intend attempting to convey to the reader's eyes the mode of speaking with which father's cousins regaled our ears. He must imagine it for himself—if he can.

"To be sure: must move with the times, you know, as I tell the governor," observed Sam, in corroboration of his sister.

It occurred to me that the "times" (in Horsingham at least) had now been moving in the direction of the race-course for a considerable period. But I did not say any thing.

"I suppose," said my father, with an almost imperceptible embarrassment, "that you're not going over yonder, Sam, eh?"

He pointed to the Grand Stand. The betting-ring was there too, as I instantly and painfully remembered.

"What! to the ring? No, thank ye, George, my boy! No, no; S. C., junior, knows a trick worth two of that. No, no, no; not if I am aware of it. One of us is enough. The family will be well represented, eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

I felt as if I could have struck the booby, as he stood beside the carriage with his broad brassy countenance expanded into a grin at his own exquisite humor. I do not pretend that the feeling was not very wrong and very foolish on my part, and I knew it to be so then. But although, alas! my conscience is far from clear of wrong and foolish impulses at this present writing, I had still less cool wisdom and

self-command at twenty; which, my observation leads me to conclude, is not an altogether unparalleled state of things.

I suppose I looked as angry as I felt, for Henrietta observed, spitefully, "What a color you've got, Anne!" and then the three sisters giggled in chorus.

"Had you not better get into the carriage?" said my father, speaking to Tilly, Henny, and Clemmy, collectively. "It is higher, and you will see the course better than from the sociable. You can mount on the box, Sam; and, as you are not going to the Grand Stand, you can remain and look after the ladies. Mrs. Furness was just saying that she did not like to be without a gentleman in this crowd."

Shall I ever forget mother's face when he hurried away across the course, muttering something about "expecting to see a friend," and "having made an appointment!" The wistful glance with which she followed his retreating figure as he made his way through the crowd, towering above most of the men there, and the piteous efforts she made immediately afterward to look smiling and indifferent under the sharp unsympathizing eyes of the Cudberrys, are as vivid to me now as they were at that moment.

"I wonder you let George bet, Mrs. Furness," said Tilly, who generally took the lead in right of her seniority.

Mother put the observation quietly aside, and made room on the seat next herself for one of the girls. We were five women in the carriage, and though it was a roomy barouche, hired for the occasion, we were more crowded than was comfortable, owing to our cousins' voluminous skirts. I had vacated my place beside mother in favor of Clementina, who was the quietest and least fidgety of the three sisters; but Tilly turned her out of it immediately, and took it herself.

"Oh, dear, no!" she said, in her most peacock-like tones, and spreading out her gown, so as almost to overwhelm my mother, like a flood; "Miss Cudberry, if *you* please." (She frequently spoke of herself as "Miss Cudberry.") "No, no, Clemmy; it would look peculiar to see *you* in the post of honor and Miss Cudberry in the carriage."

Clementina submitted very quietly to the superior claims of "Miss Cudberry." Not that she would have allowed her elder sister to tyrannize over her; but they had made a sort of code of laws in the family—or rather the laws had grown up slowly by prescription and precedent—and, among them, the social supremacy of Matilda was a leading article. It was odd to me to observe how undoubtingly they assumed that these rules and regulations were as well known to the outer world as within the narrow limits of their family circle, and with what surprise and resentment they regarded any breach of them by unconscious strangers. They had lived in a very secluded house, and in a very secluded manner, until

quite recently; and being the principal persons in their own village, were not prepared to find their greatness unrecognised elsewhere. I fear that I was partly responsible for the infliction on Horsingham society of the three Misses Cudberry; for from the date of the dancing-party at Sir Peter Bunny's, of which I have slightly made mention, they made high resolve to participate in similar gayeties, and pursued their object with very frightful energy. "It seems so ridiculous, you know," said Henny, who was perhaps the most spiteful, although not the most demonstrative of the three sisters, "so truly incongruous, that *you*, little Anne Furness, as we were calling you only the other day, should visit people we have never been introduced to! And go to a ball, too! We laughed so at home when we heard it."

I had been brought up in great reverence for the laws of hospitality; and I felt that, so far as such considerations were concerned, my father's carriage was the same as my father's house, and I therefore refrained from uttering a sharp retort that rose to my tongue. But if the reader supposes that I felt otherwise than indignant and contemptuous toward my cousin, he gives me credit for more gentleness and amiability than I ever possessed.

Meanwhile Tilly was talking at the full pitch of her voice to Flower, who stood at the carriage-door eying her with a cool-insolence, of which, I think, she was wholly unconscious.

"Flowah, Flowah! Do go and see for our sociable! I can't think where it is! Our sociable, you know. Mr. Cudberry's sociable, of Woolling. We came with our man-servant. Our man-servant is called Daniel. Tell him to draw the sociable up in line with the other carriages directly, because we shall perhaps be going back to it, and if he delays we sha'n't get a good position. And, Flowah, tell him to go next a gentleman's carriage. I will *not* be next that donkey-cart. I know it's a donkey-cart, for I saw the donkey as we passed it on the road. Daniel his name is. Mr. Cudberry's man-servant, of Woolling."

"I know him, miss," responded Flower. And if he had said in plain words, "I know him; he is too ridiculous an object in his livery-coat to be mistaken for any body else," he could not have conveyed more distinctly (to my apprehension, at least) that that was his real meaning.

Tilly, however, continued to utter loud directions to be given to her "man-servant" in a screaming tone, which might have been designed—as perhaps it was—to attract the attention of the whole course to the fact that Mr. Cudberry of Woolling's sociable, in charge of Mr. Cudberry of Woolling's servant, was on the ground, until her attention was seized and her speech arrested by seeing me bow to Lady Bunny, whose carriage had but newly taken its place in the rank not far from us.

"The Bunnys?" she demanded, instantly fixing her eyes on them, with no more hesita-

tion than if they had been so many wax-work effigies, incapable of embarrassment.

"Hush!" I exclaimed, almost involuntarily. "Yes; that is Lady Bunny."

Almost as I spoke Sir Peter Bunny alighted from his carriage, and came toward us, accompanied by a gentleman. I knew the gentleman by sight. I knew his name, too. I had danced with him at the ball. He was an officer, whose regiment was quartered in a small town not far from Horsingham.

"Mrs. Furness," said Sir Peter, raising his hat, "may I have the honor of presenting to you my friend, Mr. Lacer? Ensign Gervase Lacer, of her Majesty's —th regiment of foot," added Sir Peter; and I felt unreasonably ashamed of his doing so, and wished he hadn't, and wondered if Mr. Lacer guessed why I colored—as I felt that I did.

My mother saluted the new-comers with her own sweet and unaffected grace. She remembered having had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Lacer at Sir Peter's house, she said, although he had not then been introduced to her. I could see what a favorable impression her manner and her beauty—for though paler and more anxious-looking than she used to be, she was still very beautiful—made on Mr. Lacer. And I perceived, or thought I perceived, that he was surprised as well as pleased to find me so superior in refinement to the bulk of Horsingham people. And I felt—again quite unreasonably—half vexed, half triumphant at so perceiving.

"Introduce me!" said Tilly, in a loud whisper, and nudging my mother with her elbow.

There was no help for it. "Sir Peter Bunny, I think you have met my husband's cousins?" said mother, gently. "Miss Cudberry"—"Of Woolling," prompted Tilly, parenthetically—"Miss Henrietta, and Miss Clementina Cudberry."

"Don't leave me out, Mrs. George!" called Sam, from his elevation on the box. Sir Peter and Mr. Lacer looked up, and Sam took his hat off with a flourish. Mr. Lacer's stare at him was, I felt, neither polite nor flattering; but Sam evidently conceived himself to have made a very favorable impression. The course was now becoming very crowded, and the hour fixed for the first race of the day was rapidly approaching. Sir Peter proposed to take me back with him to his wife's carriage. Barbara was there, he said, and Lady Bunny had charged him to get Mrs. Furness's permission for me to join their party. I hesitated, and looked at mother. "Go, my love," she said, "since Lady Bunny is kind enough to wish it." I took Sir Peter's arm, and went with him. Even now, when I think of it, I feel a stab of self-reproach. It was selfish, it was almost cruel, to leave mother alone with those hard, uncongenial women, to bear and conceal a thousand anxious thoughts about my father as best she could. Mother—God bless her!—forgave me then and there. Nay, I believe she would not have admitted there was any thing to forgive.

Her maternal love demanded the sacrifice of no wish, or caprice, or self-indulgence from me. But my conscience was not to be hoodwinked, and it made me uneasy at intervals all the day.

Mr. Lacer remained for a few minutes at the carriage-door speaking to my mother. And Sir Peter and I must have been quite a long way off when we heard Tilly Cudberry's voice screeching to Mr. Lacer, with great vivacity, "Do just be kind enough to try if you can find it. Flowah has disappeared! Mrs. George, where *can* Flowah be? Inquire for Mr. Cudberry of Woolling's sociable, Mr. Lace-ah! And for our man-servant, Daniel. Mr. Cudberry's man-servant, Daniel—of Woolling!"

CHAPTER X.

LADY BUNNY and Barbara received me very kindly. They had a handsome roving carriage, and a great hamper full of good things to eat and drink, and it was decidedly more comfortable to be with them than squeezed up as the fifth in a barouche, of which three other occupants were the Misses Cudberry.

Lady Bunny was a handsome, portly woman, with a slow, placid manner. She wore her hair—still of a clear brown color, untouched with gray—in a row of short, loose curls all round her head. This I remember thinking very odd and incongruous when I first saw her, I being then a little girl at school. But the impression soon wore off. And in no other particular, either of manner or dress, did Lady Bunny affect juvenility. Barbara was very like her mother. She had the same large light blue eyes, the same fair complexion and dimpled chin. She, too, wore her hair in a single row of short curls, and looked altogether like a small copy of Lady Bunny; for Barbara, though plump, was short, and built on a much less massive scale than her mother.

"I would have got Sir Peter to ask Mrs. Furness to favor us, my dear, but I see she has company," said Lady Bunuy. She raised a large double eye-glass to her eyes as she spoke, and contemplated my cousins with her usual deliberate quietude.

"Those are my father's cousins, Lady Bunny, the Misses Cudberry."

"Of Woolling," added Mr. Lacer, who had by this time come up to the carriage. He gave me so comical a glance as he said the words that I could not refrain from smiling.

"Ah, sure!" said Lady Bunny. "And Mr. Furness, where is he, my dear?"

"I don't know—I—I—mean, I think he is over there."

"On the Grand Stand, my dear?"

"Perhaps. I am not sure. No, Lady Bunny, he is in the betting-ring, I think."

Lady Bunny said no more. But she raised her double eye-glass again, and looked this

time at my mother. And placid as Lady Bunny's face was, I could discern some traces of trouble and compassion on it as she did so.

"I think," said Mr. Lacer, "that I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Furness several times." He was leaning with folded arms on the carriage-door. He was on the side next me. The others were watching the clerk of the course, as he cantered up and down, scattering the crowd, and the general confusion of "clearing the course." And I think they did not hear what Mr. Lacer was saying. Indeed, I am almost certain that they did not, for he spoke in quite a low voice.

"Where have you met father?" I asked. I, too, spoke in a low voice, I am quite unable to say why. I am very sure that it was not because I feared being overheard.

"Oh, at—several places. Does he not go to the races at W— sometimes?" naming our county town.

"He has been once or twice, I believe."

"I have never seen Mrs. Furness with him there."

"Mother never goes to the races at W—."

"Nor you?"

"No."

"You look, Miss Furness, almost as if you—"

"As if I what?"

"As if you disapproved of races. There was quite a severe expression on your face." Mr. Lacer laughed as he said it, but not rudely—only merrily, I thought; but the subject was one on which it was impossible for me to feel merry—mother's wistful face came too vividly into my mind. Mr. Lacer watched me attentively. I did not see that he did so, for I did not look at his face, but I felt it.

"They are going up to the starting-post," said he, looking at two or three bright-colored specks that were moving gently over the course at some distance. "Will you risk a pair of gloves on the event, Miss Furness? I will give you the field against Butterfly."

"Oh no, thank you! I never bet," said I, with what seemed, I dare say, ludicrous earnestness. He must have thought me the most unsophisticated of provincial school-girls, or the most affected. Mr. Lacer bowed and smiled, and then, as the race was just about to begin, he mounted on to the box, where Sir Peter was already seated.

This first race was by no means one of the important events of the day. When it was over the crowd poured over the course again, and the itinerant jugglers, mountebanks, musicians, and fortune-tellers began to ply their respective trades. I looked out anxiously over the moving mass of heads to try whether I could desery my father. I hoped that, now the race was over, he would rejoin mother. I knew how she would be longing to have him by her side again, away from that surging, roaring, horrible mass of men in the betting-ring. To me there seemed something infernal in their vehemence and excitement. Pleasure or amuse-

ment there was none within that inclosure: merely a hideous, reckless lust of money, that sparkled in their eyes, and flushed their eager faces, and gave a loud, brassy tone to their shouting voices. It was a pitiable and degrading spectacle, I thought, to see these human creatures selling their very souls on the hazard of Blue Jacket or Red Jacket, following every bound of the panting, straining horses with wolfish eyes, and saluting the victor with almost wolfish howls. It shocked and revolted me to know that my father was among this crew. And the bitter knowledge I had of mother's pain of mind did not dispose me to look leniently upon the scene. True, father had promised not to bet; but, alas! it was some time since I had felt that no reliance was to be placed on his word in that respect. Mother felt it, too: she had ceased to boast of her implicit trust in her husband's promise. In her love and fidelity to him—poor mother! *how* loving and how faithful a heart hers was—she forbore to utter a syllable of complaint even to me; but the subject of father's promise, and father's stanch adherence to his plighted word, was, by a tacit and instinctive understanding, entirely avoided between us.

Lady Bunny observed my wandering gaze. "Are you looking for any one, my dear?" she asked.

"I thought that perhaps father might be going back to our carriage now."

"Do you want Mr. Furness?" said Mr. Lacer, jumping down from the box. "Let me go and look for him: may I? I know him very well by sight."

"Oh, it isn't for myself, but I know mother will be—" I began, and then I stopped short, confusedly. He did not seem to notice my confusion; but I knew beyond doubt that he had noticed it, and that he instantly began laughing and talking with the others, in order that they might not observe my flushed face, and eyes in which tears were painfully brimming up, and only kept from falling by a strong effort, and I felt very grateful to him. Lady Bunny and Sir Peter were busily superintending the unpacking of a huge hamper. Barbara was exchanging nods and smiles with some friends on the opposite side of the course; but even if their attention had not been thus occupied, it would speedily have been distracted from me, even supposing they had been interested in observing my tell-tale face before, which was not likely, by the arrival of Tilly Cudberry, who advanced to the carriage-door with her peculiar, jerky little walk, leaning on her brother's arm. It was impossible for any being, unless it were a person afflicted (or blessed!) with total deafness, to ignore Tilly Cudberry's presence for many seconds.

"You abominable creature!" she exclaimed, shaking her finger at Mr. Lacer. The words were intended to be playful, but the voice in which they were uttered was so alarmingly suggestive of the peculiar tone of badinage known

generically as "Billingsgate," that Sir Peter Bunny and his wife looked up from the hamper quite seared, and their servant very nearly let fall a bottle of Champagne which he was in the act of unwiring.

"Meaning me, Miss Cudberry?" said Lacer, with a comical face of dismay.

"Oh, I dare say, you faithless wretch, you! It's no use putting on that innocent look—not one bit of use! Didn't you say you were going to find the sociable, and Daniel, our man-servant? And then you disappear like I don't know what, and leave us in despair! Perfect despair!"

I shall never forget the screech with which she uttered the last word. It rings in my ears, when I think of it, to this day.

Lady Bunny appeared quite bewildered. As to Barbara, she was choking herself with her pocket-handkerchief in order to prevent an explosion of laughter.

"Dear, dear, what is the matter?" said Lady Bunny, in a mildly reproving tone. Mr. Lacer explained that he had endeavored to find the "sociable" and the "man-servant," but had failed. He added that he would take the present opportunity of the interval between two races to make further search for them. Just as he was moving away he said to me, very quietly, "I shall tell Mr. Furness that your mother is without a cavalier, and get him to come back to the carriage. He evidently did not suppose that Mr. Cudberry would desert her as he has done." I thanked him by a silent gesture of the head. I admired his quickness, his self-possession, his good-natured consideration for mother. I had seen so little of the world that Mr. Lacer, with his easy, self-assured manner, which was not to be ruffled even by Tilly Cudberry, seemed to me a very superior being—one to be relied on, and believed in implicitly. Had he been loud, or coarse, or obtrusively complimentary, I should have shrunk from him with my old dainty shyness. But he was really kind, and full of tact, and he had already established, I scarcely knew how, a sort of confidential understanding with me on the subject of my father's besetting sin; and yet we had said no word to each other save such as I have laid before the reader. Still, my faith in Mr. Lacer's *savoir-faire*, great as it was, scarcely led me to hope that he would succeed in bringing father away from the neighborhood of the Grand Stand. I was, therefore, agreeably surprised to see him presently emerge from a knot of people gathered round a conjuror, and walk toward our carriage arm in arm with my father. I kept my eyes fixed on mother's figure, and although I could not, at that distance, discern her face distinctly, I saw the little joyful start of surprise she gave when father, whom she, sitting with her head turned toward the opposite direction, had not perceived approaching, touched her hand to attract her attention. And my heart was filled with tenderness and compassion for her as I saw it.

Meanwhile Miss Cudberry and Mr. Sam Cudberry had made acquaintance with Lady Bunny and Barbara, and were conversing with them after their own engaging fashion. Lady Bunny was the most hospitable creature in the world; and, although I could plainly see that these cousins of ours excited wonder and alarm in her breast, she could not allow them to stand by while the contents of the hamper were being consumed without inviting them to take a seat in her carriage and a share of the good things. The place in the carriage Tilly accepted with alacrity, and she did justice to the solid viands. But on being offered a glass of Champagne she protested, with a cry like that of a huntsman giving the view-hallo, that she never touched wine—nevah! and, not content with simply declining, she made a face expressive of the utmost disgust, as though these troublesome people were endeavoring to thrust upon her something unspeakably nauseous. Whereat Lady Bunny's large blue eyes grew larger than ever.

Sam, however, was not under any such restraint as his sister, and he drank so much wine, and became so convivial, that I was quite miserable, dreading lest he should disgrace himself beyond forgiveness.

"Well, little missy!" said my cousin Tilly, playfully waving the leg-bone of a chicken at me previous to depositing it, cleanly picked, on her plate, "and how do *you* get on? We were so amused, Lady Bunny, to hear of Anne's being at a ball at your house!"

"Were you?" said Lady Bunny, simply. "Dear! Why?"

"Oh, my goodness, I don't know! But there is an absurdity in the idea to *us*, which I dare say you can hardly understand. Gracious!" Here followed a wild peal of laughter, in which nobody joined, for the excellent reason that none of us had a conception what had excited it. Presently she proceeded: "But Anne always was the funniest little frump of a thing. Little Frumpy we used to call her at home. We are dreadful quizes, you must know, Lady Bunny. It's quite a family trait." No one responding to this sally either, Tilly looked once more at me, and exclaiming, "Oh, you queer little creature!" went off into a fit of laughter behind her pocket-handkerchief.

Barbara Bunny here lost patience and blurted out, with school-girl abruptness, "Little! Why, Anne's quite tall: she's a head and shoulders taller than *you*, at any rate!"

Tilly changed the subject. "What a nice creature that Mr. Lacer is!" she said. "Such a military figure! He was quite delighted to make our acquaintance."

"Was he?" began Sir Peter, and then stopped and altered his phrase into "No doubt he was!"

"Oh, delighted! Woolling—our place is at Woolling—in fact, we are *of* Woolling: Cudberrys, of Woolling—is only five miles from where his regiment is stationed. You may fancy how he jumped at it when I said I was

sure Pa and Ma would be glad to see him, and that there would a knife and fork for him any time he liked to call. Because, as to society, gracious, Lady Bunny, I suppose there's *nothing* but tradesmen's families where he is quartered?"

Poor Lady Bunny colored a little, but quite coincided in Miss Cudberry's opinion, that association with "tradesmen's families" was not to be thought of. She was a good woman, and in most things a perfectly sincere one; but on the point of gentility she was weak. Sir Peter professed himself even more shocked and sympathetic for Mr. Lacer's forlorn position in being quartered amidst such abomination of desolation as was involved in having tradesmen's families for his sole society. And yet Sir Peter, who was an honest, well-principled man in the main, had stood behind a grocer's counter with linen sleeves on, in his father's shop, before he took to selling malt instead of sugar, and so made his fortune. These anomalies perplexed and vexed me greatly in those days.

Sam broke in with enthusiastic praises of "Lacer." Lacer was a top-sawyer; Lacer knew a thing or two; Lacer and he, he foresaw, would become great chums. He was more than half tipsy by this time, and was becoming so thoroughly odious, with his natural stupid coarseness peeping through the thin varnish of vulgar finery with which he had overlaid it, that even his sister began to think it possible that the Bunnys might have too much of him if he remained longer. Of herself she never conceived that any society could have too much. She therefore declared that she must return to her cousin George, and send Sam to find the sociable and Daniel; for it was getting late, and they should only remain for one more race, *the* great race. And with many voluble and vociferous adieus to the Bunnys, and holding out the encouraging hope that it would not be long before she paid them a visit, she seized her brother's arm and dragged him off.

"Your cousin's very—lively," observed Lady Bunny to me; "but a little—ahem!—a little sharp in her manners, isn't she?"

"I think she is very rude, Lady Bunny," said I, bluntly.

"Oh, come, come, come!" said Sir Peter, smiling, "don't be severe, Miss Anne; don't be severe." Then turning to his wife, he added, "A good old family, my lady. A well-known name. Cudberrys, of Woolling, have been on their own land from father to son for two centuries and a half."

I saw no more of Mr. Lacer that day until just as we were about to leave the course. I had observed, with almost as much surprise as thankfulness, that father remained in the carriage with mother during the rest of the day; and I therefore was prepared for the beaming face with which my darling mother greeted me when Sir Peter escorted me back to her. Mr. Lacer came up to say "good-by" as we were driving off.

"See you to-morrow, Lacer," said my father, so familiarly that I stared at him. But the other took it quite as a matter of course, and merely nodded.

"I didn't know, George dear," said mother, "that you had invited Mr. Lacer to Water-Eardley for to-morrow."

"No, I have not done so. I shall see him in—in Horsingham. All right, Flower, go on."

I noticed with much indignation that Flower, in touching his hat to Mr. Lacer as we drove away, bestowed on him a broad grin and a grimace that was almost like a wink. But I concluded that he had been drinking. The last sound which saluted our ears as our wheels left the turf of the race-course for the road, and which rose above all the mingled din of the crowd, was Tilly Cudberry's voice, screaming, "Do be so good as look for a sociable! Mr. Cudberry's sociable, of Woolling! And for a man-servant, answering to the name of Daniel" (as if he had been a dog), "Mr. Cudberry's man-servant, of Woolling!"

CHAPTER XI.

A WEEK or so after that race-day I was sitting engaged with some studies for Mr. Arkwright in mother's little morning-room, when the door was opened, after a preliminary tap—a loud and aggressive kind of tap, which seemed not so much to ask admission as to demand it peremptorily—and Mrs. Matthew Kitchen walked into my presence. I do not think she had been to Water-Eardley more than twice since her marriage; and on each occasion she had come with a broad hint that she expected a present. The first time was when she announced to my mother that she was getting her baby-clothes ready, as she expected to be confined within a short time. That announcement induced mother to give her a handsome hood and a piece of fine linen. On the occasion of her second visit, Mrs. Kitchen brought her baby, and informed us that it was just going to be baptized in Zion Chapel, and that old Mr. Green, the child's great-grandfather, had behaved "very handsome" in the way of gifts to the infant. Father was present when this was said, and I saw him wrap a sovereign in a piece of paper and slip it into Mrs. Kitchen's hand, begging her to buy the little one some trifle with it. I had nothing to give; but if I had been mistress of a whole silversmith's shop full of christening gifts, I would not have bestowed one of them on Selina. I felt as if it would be a piece of hypocrisy on my part to do so, there being no emotion of kindness toward her in my heart.

"How do you do, Selina?" I said, looking up from my books in some surprise as she entered.

"I am very well and hearty—I'm thankful to the Lord," she answered.

And indeed she looked strong and thriving. She was buxom and bright-eyed as ever, but her countenance seemed to me to have grown harder without looking older. She had very handsome clothes on, and wore a gold watch fastened outside her waist-belt.

"It is a long time since we have seen any thing of you," said I, rather at a loss for conversation.

Selina seated herself in an arm-chair uninited, and folded her hands on her lap before making answer. "Ah, so it is. I'm a busy woman. I have duties. My husband he is a busy man, and he expects me to do likeways."

"I suppose so. Every body has duties."

"Now, Miss Anne, don't you go to take offense because I spoke of my duties. You always was apt to take offense from a little thing. How's your mother?"

I explained to her that mother was not very well—was suffering from a nervous headache, and could not be disturbed. She received this news very coolly, having lost none of her old insensibility to other people's troubles, and then began to inquire for father, and grandfather, and Eliza, and Keturah, and, lastly, for Mrs. Abram. They were all well, I said shortly. Upon this she commenced favoring me with a kind of homily upon the "lukewarmness" of my family in general, and my grandfather in particular. She herself, she averred, had been "lukewarm" in former days—when she lived in a "lukewarm" family, in fact. And she delicately implied that, had she been prematurely cut off in that tepid condition, she considered that the guilt of it should in justice have been laid at our door. But now, Providence having specially interfered to "snatch her"—these were her words—she was happy to state that she was quite comfortable as to the future prospects of herself, her husband, and her little boy. Respecting the insignificant remainder of the human race, she confessed that she was *not* quite comfortable. Long before she was half-way through this discourse, I had signified to her that I was occupied, that I had some studies to prepare for the next day, and that if she had nothing to say but in that offensive strain, I should take leave to busy myself with my own concerns, and withdraw my attention from her altogether. But this made no difference to Selina. She talked on, and I sat with my eyes fixed on my book, but totally unable to fix my mind there too. I was burning with indignation, and I could not choose but hear the woman's ignorant folly, strongly spiced with malice. Why should she feel maliciously toward me and mine? I asked myself. She owed us nothing but gratitude. As the word shaped itself in my thoughts, it recalled to me Keturah's stern saying, that Mat Kitchen's "natural man" was a man that hated to be grateful. To any cool auditor—which I was far from being—I doubt not that Selina's tirade would have appeared exquisitely ludicrous. She had caught up certain phrases from the

Zion Chapel preacher, and certain phrases from her husband, and jumbled them all together with her own peculiar modes of speech. The incongruity between the fire and fury of some of these sayings, and the stolid calm with which Selina brought them out, was extraordinary.

When she had tired herself with talking, or when, more probably, she thought that for other reasons of her own it was time to bring her visit to an end, she ostentatiously turned her gold watch-face outward, and declared that she must be thinking of going. The efforts she made to see the face of the watch, and the difficulty she had in doing so, in consequence of the watch being securely fastened to her belt by means of a great gold hook, reminded me of my own old struggles with my pocket-handkerchief.

"Will you not have something to eat, Selina, before going back?" said I.

"Yes, I will," she answered, promptly. "I'll take a glass of beer and a bit of cold meat, or whatever they've got in the kitchen."

I rang the bell and gave the necessary orders. Before Selina left the room she held out her hand to me.

"No, thank you, Selina," said I, "I don't feel inclined to shake hands with you."

"Now that's your pride, you see," she retorted, shaking her head. She did not frown, or flush, or show the least discomposure. "You always was proud, from quite a little thing."

"It is not pride that makes me refuse to shake hands with you, Selina; or, at all events, it is no greater and no different kind of pride than I shall show to any of my acquaintances under similar circumstances. I think that you had no right to come here and speak to me as you have done. I think you did not mean what you said kindly, and I resent that."

"Ah!" said she, still perfectly unruffled, "that's the carnal nature, that is. You can't bear to hear the truth, you know. I ain't offended with you, Miss Anne; nor my husband won't be offended when I tell him. I might ha' been the same if Providence hadn't snatched me, only as I never had your temper, nor your pride, nor your height. You always was short-tempered, and proud, and high from a child. Remember me to your mother, will you?"

And with that Mrs. Matthew Kitchen rustled out of the room. I sat gazing at my book for some time after she had made her exit; I do not know for how long, but it seemed a long time; and I woke up suddenly to the consciousness that I had not understood one syllable of what my eyes had been resting on. I rose and put away my books and papers, intending to return to them later in the day, and went out into the garden. From the garden I wandered on into the river-side meadows, and walked as far as the present confines of our land. Then I turned, and was strolling slowly back toward the house, when I saw two figures emerging from the stable-yard. The stable-yard was a

part of our premises that I never visited now. I had sometimes done so in the days when Dodd reigned there. But since Flower's arrival I had never set foot within those precincts. Neither was father apt to visit his stables since the sale of his hunters. There was nothing there for him to take pride in. Nevertheless, one of the two figures emerging from the stable-yard was my father's. The other person I discerned, to my great surprise, to be that of Kitchen. Mat Kitchen, like his wife, was well clad. He wore shining new black broadcloth, and a shining new black hat. And his hair, and his whiskers, and his eyes were black and shining, to match his attire. But his pouting mouth and his short snub nose were as expressive as ever of sullen obstinacy, and contradicted the general sleekness of his aspect in a forbidding manner.

The two men did not see me at first. They were talking earnestly; or rather, my father was talking, and Matthew was listening. I heard the former say:

"I'm sure *you* could manage it for me; and as to risk—where's the risk? What risk can there possibly be? I have shown you enough to—"

Here Matthew interrupted him, saying, in his deep, growling voice, "It don't depend on me, Mr. Furness. Showing *me* and convincing *me* ain't the question. Grandfather Green is a close man. A religious man and a godly man he is, but close, Mr. Furness. Nor he ain't soft, ain't my grandfather. He looks after his percentage, Mr. Furness, in a way that at his years is surprising. And as to security—I never knew Grandfather Green wrong with his security. Sometimes it comes over me like as though it might be a special providence in his favor. For you do see the unescutest done in spite of all their worldly cunning, Mr. Furness. But Grandfather Green he has the wisdom of the serpent along with the guilelessness of the dove—in a script'ral sense—and I never knew him done yet, Mr. Furness."

At this point Mat Kitchen became aware of me, and, breaking off his speech to my father, said, "Good-day to you, miss," in the same sullen, growling way that he had been talking in all along.

"Where is Mrs. Kitchen, Anne?" asked father, in an odd, flustered manner. "I thought she went in to have a chat with you while her husband and I looked at the pony-chaise. Do you think that little matter can be managed, Matthew?"

"It may be patched up for a bit," returned Matthew. But I did not believe him to be speaking of the pony-chaise.

It was all so odd and disagreeable that I drew a long breath of relief when these people took their departure. They drove away in a high old-fashioned gig, drawn by a tall, bony, ancient horse. I recognized both gig and horse as belonging to Mr. Green, the coach-maker. I had often seen the old man driving about Horsingham in it.

"How smart Selina is," said I to my father, as we stood side by side at the gate, watching the retreating vehicle jolting along the road. "I suppose her husband is prospering very much."

"Hah! yes," murmured my father, absently.

"I never was fond of Selina, father, as you know. And I think her rise in the world has made her quite unbearable."

"Eh?" said father, sharply, turning full on me.

I told him of Selina's homily, and my refusal to shake hands with her. He flushed a dark red, as he did when he was very angry. For a minute or so he did not trust himself to speak. Then he began to scold me furiously. Why had I been such a fool as to care what the woman said? Why could I not have been civil, and held my tongue? Did I know what mischief I might have done by my cursed missish airs and pride?—had done, perhaps! For who could tell how Matthew would take it? This was what I learned at Mortlands! This was my grandfather's doing! Dr. Hewson was not content with flying in the face of all—father hesitated for a word here—of all established ordinances himself, but he must get *me* talked to, and lectured, and hectoring by an ignorant, brazen hussy, who was my servant the other day.

I was greatly astonished to discover that, while my father so hotly upbraided me for not having been civil and friendly to Selina, he was at the same time violently angry with her for her impudence and presumption. I bore my scolding in silence, however, and after a while father cooled down. He walked away, stopped, hesitated, and came back to me as I still stood leaning on the gate. "Look here, Anne," he said, "the best thing for you to do will be to keep out of Selina's way whenever—*if* ever—she comes here again. You can do it quietly, without being markedly rude to her. I have a reason for not wishing to offend that sulky beast, Mat Kitchen, just now. I tell you that in confidence, Anne. Do you understand?"

"Yes, father."

"Give me a kiss, and let us say no more about it." He stooped his tall form to kiss my forehead. It seemed to me then a long, long time ago since I had been so small that father's stooping had to be supplemented by my standing on tip-toe in order to reach his lips. Now he had to bend but a little way, for I inherited his straight, upright figure, and was rather above the middle height of women.

I returned to the morning-room, but not to my interrupted studies. I could not fix my mind on them. Mother was still lying in her darkened chamber, a prey to a violent nervous headache, and the only thing that care and affection could do for her in these crises was to watch that she was undisturbed, and to leave her quite alone. So there I sat by myself, looking out on the gray autumn sky and the rotting leaves, and thinking—or rather dream-

ing—sadly enough, when there arrived by the Horsingham carrier a letter for me from my grandfather. The sight of his handwriting revived my spirits like a cordial. He had been wishing to come to Water-Eardley, he said, but had been, and still was, busy with a great many fever cases among poor families in a low part of the town. However, he hoped to see me at Mortlands soon. He had had pleasant news. Donald—I remembered Donald, of course—Donald Ayrle was coming to stay with him. It was to have been a mystery and a surprise; but he, grandfather, hated mysteries and surprises. He would tell me particulars when we met.

I have mentioned that my recollection of my old play-fellow, Donald, had been fading rapidly during the latter years of my school life. It had faded still more since then. But on this mention of him, and this unexpected prospect of seeing him again, I began to rub up the magical lamp of memory, and to summon the genii of the past.

I believe I had got as far in my recollection as our joint discovery of the North Pole, when the door was opened, and the parlor-maid announced my second visitor that day,

"Mr. Lacer."

MADAME MÈRE.

LOOKING out, on a golden morning, from the windows of a castle above the gardens of Genoa the Superb, one may see on the southern horizon the purple mountain summits of an island not more than a third larger than our little State of Delaware, rising from the bosom of the Mediterranean Sea. Imagination never created a wilder fairy-land. Along its eastern borders stretches a range of granite hills, whose loftier summits, clad in everlasting snows, tower skyward full eight thousand feet. Where they slope westward and melt into the marshes of the coast, uplands, covered with grand old forests, intervene; and in sweet, sheltered valleys are rudely cultivated fields and vineyards, with groves of fruitful orange, olive, date-palm, pomegranate, fig, and citron trees. No navigable streams flow out of the island, and not many large towns intrude upon the attention of the lover of nature in its wildness, grandeur, and beauty.

This island was the Cynus of the Greeks, and is the Corsica of our time. Ligurians, Etruscans, Romans, and Carthaginians, and people of various nationalities of modern Europe, have successively occupied it. For centuries the Tuscan tongue has uttered the thoughts of the people, and the Italian Church has satisfied their spiritual wants. A hundred years ago the French seized the island by honest force. Afterward the English acquired sovereignty over it by cunning and perfidy. For more than fifty years it has been a province of France. It has a history as romantic

as an Eastern tale. Its daughter, Madame Mère, has made it immortal in the story of the human race.

In Ajaccio, the capital of Corsica, is a spacious stone house, upon which travelers look with profound interest. In it dwelt, a century ago, a young married couple, named, respectively, Carlo and Letitia. No seer thought of uttering a prophecy of their special eminence in the affairs of the world. The husband was descended from an ancient Tuscan family of noble blood, whose root was in Rome in the Dark Ages—a family conspicuous in the savage wars between the Guelphs and the Ghibelines, which so long desolated some of the fairest portions of Italy; and also in letters of the era of the Medici. The wife was one of the line of the Counts of Colalto, an ancient family of Neapolitan Italy, whose first representative in Corsica was son-in-law of the Doge of Genoa. The husband, at their nuptials, was a youth of nineteen years; the wife was a maiden of sixteen years. He was handsome, wise, and accomplished; she was one of the most beautiful and fascinating of all the girls of Corsica. He had been carefully and severely educated at Pisa and Rome, and soon won the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws; she had been as carefully instructed at home and in a Corsican conventual school, in which moral and religious discipline was the paramount consideration. From earliest childhood *strength* was expressed in every feature of her character.

That pleasant home at Ajaccio was an Eden for the happy pair. But Satan, in the hideous features of war, disturbed it. For a season the energetic Pasquale Paoli, who had driven hostile Genoese from Corsica, had kept the island free from civil war and foreign invasion. He was the government, and sought to elevate the people. Out of anarchy he evolved order. He encouraged industry of every kind, established a public printing-press, and founded a university at Corté. He invited Rousseau to come from France and frame a republican constitution for Corsica; and so wide was his fame as a patriot, a soldier, and a statesman, that distinguished men from the Continent, and even from the British Islands, paid court to him. The young dwellers in the modest home in Ajaccio were his favorites in his hours of repose from public labors.

Again the Genoese, in fulfillment of a bargain with France, attempted to garrison the ports of Corsica. Paoli baffled them. The French king was enraged, and sent Marbœuf and Chauvelin, with many troops, to seize the island. Paoli sounded the clarion for recruits. Patriotic young men flocked in eager troops to his standard. Among them was Carlo, who forsook his law books and sachel, took position on Paoli's staff, and on every occasion showed himself worthy of his leader's confidence. The French were beaten back in several encounters, and would have been driven to their ships or into

the sea, had not the Count De Vaux landed on the island, early in 1769, with twenty-two thousand men, and overwhelmed Paoli with numbers and weight of metal.

When Ajaccio was threatened the people fled to the wild interior. Carlo met his darling Letitia and their baby boy on horseback, almost at the head of the fugitives. She was not unaccustomed to perilous rides, for she had frequently accompanied her husband in wild expeditions, when the French scouts, the previous year, were spreading over Corsica. In the dark recesses of the spurs of the great Monte Rotondo, whose hoary head is almost ten thousand feet above the waters of the sea, they found shelter. There Letitia suffered much from unaccustomed privations, for she was soon to be a mother again; but her brave heart never quailed before danger or pain. Self was merged in her husband and children.

The French were victorious every where. Paoli was compelled to fly from his beloved Corsica. Carlo accompanied him to Porto Vecchio, where he was tempted to embark with his leader for Leghorn. He would not leave his wife and child; so he returned to their retreat in the shadows of the great Monte Rotondo. The French were lenient when the prize was won. Carlo and his family were allowed to return to their home in Ajaccio; and Corsica, as a French province, was soon quiet and peaceful. In the local magistracy that was established by France for the government of Corsica Carlo became a prominent and influential member, for he was an eminent lawyer.

On a hot day at the middle of August, not long after the return to Ajaccio, Letitia, as usual, attended mass in the parish church. There she was suddenly taken ill, and was borne to her home, where, upon a couch covered with a piece of old tapestry, on which warlike scenes from the Iliad were depicted, she gave birth to her second son. Her first-born, whose nativity was at Corté a year and a half before, was named Joseph. To her second son she gave the name of Napoleon.

And so it was that Corsica became the birth-land of the great French Cæsar, for Carlo Bonaparte and Letitia Ramolini were his parents. They had loved and been betrothed when she was only fourteen years of age; but their families were active political antagonists, and the marriage was deferred for about two years, when the Paoli party, to which Carlo belonged, became absolute masters of Corsica, and active strife ceased. They were wedded in 1766 by the archbishop, and received the blessing of her parents at the nuptials.

Count Marbœuf, the conqueror, was made Governor of Corsica, and Carlo Bonaparte and his family were highest on his list of personal friends. Ten years after that conquest the Corsican nobles sent Carlo to Paris as their representative in the popular branch of the imperial government of France. Leaving Letitia in charge of their growing family, he took Joseph

and Napoleon with him. They crossed the sea to Leghorn and journeyed to Florence, where Carlo received from the Grand Duke, Leopold, a letter to his sister, Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France. She made Carlo a welcome guest at Versailles, when Napoleon, then ten years old, first looked upon that gorgeous palace of which he was afterward the master. Carlo left Joseph in a school at Autun, and through the influence of Governor Marbœuf he was allowed to place Napoleon in the Military Academy at Brienne, where the afterward eminent Pichegru was one of his instructors.

Six years later a heavy weight of misfortune fell upon Letitia. Carlo was attacked by the same disease which terminated the life of his most illustrious son at St. Helena thirty-six years afterward. He went alone to Montpelier, in France, for advice and remedies, and there he died, in 1785, under the hospitable roof of a girlhood companion of Letitia, the mother of the celebrated Marshal Junot.

When Carlo died Letitia was not thirty-five years of age, and had been the mother of thirteen children. Five sons and three daughters were yet living—a race of monarchs who occupied thrones and lost them during one of the most wonderful historical dramas, enacted in the space of ten years, the world has ever known. She saw them rise and fall while her tresses were yet dark, and the beauty of her youth yet bloomed on her cheeks and sparkled in her eyes. Her sons were Guiseppe, or Joseph, who was made King of Naples in 1806, and of Spain in 1808; Napoleon, who made himself Emperor of the French and disposer of thrones in 1805; Luciana, or Lucien, who alone refused a crown, but accepted a principality, with its title, from the Pope, in 1808; Luigi, or Louis, made King of Holland in 1806, and refused the crown of Spain in 1809; and Girolania, or Jerome, who was made King of Westphalia in 1807, when that province was erected into a kingdom. The daughters were Maria Anna Eliza, who was created sovereign of Tuscany, with the title of Grand Duchess, in 1808; Carlotta, afterward Marie Pauline, who, as wife of Prince Borghese, became the most illustrious Italian princess of her time; and Caroline Maria Annunziado, the wife of Murat, who became Queen of Naples in 1808.

The young widow of Ajaccio had no reason to dream, in wildest fancy, of the splendors that awaited herself and family. The latter were mostly little children; Jerome, the youngest, an infant in her arms. She was left with scanty means for their support and education. To these she devoted all her energies, with marvellous success. Strength, we have observed, was the prominent feature in her character, and this was displayed in the hour of need. Napoleon once said, "She had the head of a man on the shoulders of a woman.....Losses, privations, fatigue, had no effect upon her; she endured all, braved all." These came at times thick and fast. Joseph, ever kind and good,

helped his mother with all his might as he grew toward manhood; while Napoleon, a rather dull student in outward expression, was preparing, in the military school at Paris, for that wonderful career which enabled him, by imperial decree, to make sovereigns of his brothers and sisters, and to confer upon his mother, at the age of fifty years, the lofty title of Madame Mère, equivalent to that of Empress Mother, with an income of two hundred thousand dollars a year.

Often dark and weary was Letitia's journey up to that bright eminence. Yet light beamed kindly upon her path. She had the counsels and aid of Archdeacon Lucien Bonaparte, brother of her husband, and the Abbé Fesch, her half-brother, who was afterward a cardinal, and Napoleon's ambassador at Rome. The good archdeacon watched over Letitia and her children with parental tenderness and vigilance; while young Fesch, with equal zeal, did all in his power to promote their interests.

Napoleon, meanwhile, had completed his studies, entered the military service, fallen in love with a pretty maiden of Valence (where his regiment was stationed), with whom he had stolen interviews; and under the inspiration of the tender passion, after a visit to Mount Cenis, had conceived the idea of becoming an author and writing an account of his travels, after the manner of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," then a popular style. Absence from the black eyes of Mademoiselle Calombier allowed his thoughts to take stronger form, and he began a history of Corsica, which the venerable Paoli, then an exile in London, approved. It glowed with intense democratic sentiments, then finding lodgment and nurture in the minds of many leading Frenchmen, who had been inoculated with the principles of the American Revolution; and his family (whom he visited at Ajaccio every year) fully sympathized with Lafayette, the Duke De Rochefoucauld, and others in the reform movement in France, which speedily kindled the awful fires of the French Revolution.

The Constituent Assembly of France, under the influence of Lafayette, allowed the Corsican exiles to return. Paoli went to Paris. He was introduced to the king, who created him a lieutenant-general, and made him military governor of Corsica. He was afterward invested with the civil title of President. As the revolution in France progressed, and its direction was taken by violent men from Lafayette and his associates, its sanguinary character shocked and disgusted Paoli. At the instigation of the British government, under which he had found an asylum for twenty years, he organized a rebellion against the then rulers of France. Tho French garrisons were finally expelled, when English troops took their places, and the British monarch was declared to be "King of Corsica." Poor Paoli, deceived and wronged, expected to be made Viceroy, but the office was given to an Englishman. By this perfidy Paoli was ruined.

The Bonapartes were against Paoli in the rebellious movement. They sagaciously perceived that France would be the winner, and they took sides with the strong. So, in the civil war that disturbed Corsica, the sons of Carlo were found in arms against his old friend and leader. They were powerful in Ajaccio, and the people there kept the tricolored flag of the French republicans floating over the town. Paoli determined to humble it. The three sons of Letitia were away at that critical moment. She took upon herself the direction of affairs. She sent messages to Joseph and Napoleon, and giving public notice that they would speedily appear in Ajaccio, she kept the partisans of Paoli quiet.

Napoleon, then acting provisionally as commander of a battalion of the National Guard, went to Corsica with a few troops in a frigate bearing commissioners of the revolutionary government. Meanwhile Paoli had taken possession of Ajaccio. Napoleon drove him out; but the partisans of the old patriot rallied, and the invader besieged him closely in a stronghold. He escaped, when Paoli resolved to drive the Bonapartes from the island.

Letitia perceived her danger; but knew not how to escape. The way was opened. At midnight she was awakened suddenly, and found her room filled with rough Corsican mountaineers. She supposed them to be followers of Paoli, and herself and children prisoners. The room was dimly lighted by a fire-torch that scarcely defined the features of the leader, who said, "Quick! make haste, Signora Letitia. Paoli's men are close upon us. We have no time to lose. Fly with us. We will defend you or perish!"

It was the voice of a friend who spoke—Guido Costa of Bastelica, one of the most populous villages of Corsica, that lay nestled at the foot of Monte d'Oro. One of the villagers had fallen in with a body of Paoli's followers, who told him that they were going to Ajaccio with orders to take the Bonapartes alive or dead. Costa heard of it. He aroused his friends, and to the number of three hundred they made a forced march and reached Ajaccio before Paoli's men.

The warning and departure occurred in the space of a few minutes. Letitia and her children were placed in the centre of the rescuing column; and all moved out of the town so silently that no sleeper was awakened, and the flight was not known until sunrise, when the fugitives were in the deepest recesses of the mountains, in sight of the sea. There they rested. From an eminence near by they could see Ajaccio. Toward noon dense columns of smoke were seen rising from its bosom. "That is your house that's burning, Signora," said one of the men. "Never mind," replied Letitia; "we will build it better hereafter. *Vive la France!*" But Letitia's house was not burned. It is there yet.

During two nights the fugitives journeyed in

the mountains. As they approached the port of Calvi, at dawn, a French frigate was seen in the harbor. It was a joyful apparition to the wanderers. The shore was soon reached; and there, with tears of profound gratitude in her eyes, Letitia bade adieu to the good Costa and his friends, and promised them a life-long remembrance of the services of himself and men. She had nothing else to offer. Nothing more was desired. The frigate was soon reached; and there the exiled mother found Joseph and Napoleon and the French commissioners. At noon the ship stood for Marseilles, where the Bonaparte family landed. It included Letitia's half-brother, the Abbé Fesch. They were in absolute destitution, and Letitia and her little children gratefully received rations of bread daily distributed to patriot refugees. Upon the scanty pay of Joseph and Napoleon as subalterns in military service they depended for all else.

Like other chief cities of France, Marseilles was then a seething caldron of politics. Lucien Bonaparte, though only a youth of eighteen, took an active part as an orator and partisan of the republicans. This fact promised to bring the greatest misfortunes upon his family at first, for the Bourbons were strong in Marseilles, and, as in other cities, were plotting rebellion against the central power of the Jacobins at Paris. The plots ripened into open revolt, in which Marseilles led. But the speedy reduction of Lyons, and the terrible punishment inflicted upon it, made the Bourbons pause in Marseilles, and great numbers of them fled for protection to Toulon, the last of the rebellious cities that held out. The Bonapartes were with the winning party, and were secure from personal harm in their humble home in the old town by the side of an ancient Roman wall. The abbé wisely laid aside his clerical dress and character; for it was as offensive to the Jacobins to harbor a priest as to give shelter to a Bourbon prince. He exchanged his crook for a halberd, and became military store-keeper in the army of General Montesquieu, who, in the autumn of 1793, swept over Savoy.

Although Napoleon was the second son, he was, by common consent, at this time regarded as the head of the family. His career soon vindicated his claim to the distinction. In the autumn of 1793 he was assigned a conspicuous part in the siege of Toulon, a city then held by the Spanish and English, and a place of refuge of a large number of royalists. Its possession by the French was very important. In the siege Napoleon's military genius blazed forth in amazing splendor, dazzling the veterans of the army, and lighting up for him that pathway to renown which he followed with quick steps. Finally he submitted to the council of war a plan of attack, which was accepted, and successfully carried out by him. The victory diffused joy throughout France, and Napoleon was recognized by the best officers of the army as the foremost military man of the age in promise.

"Reward this young man and promote him, for, should he be ungratefully treated, he will promote himself," wrote General Dugommier to the Committee of Safety; and in February, 1794, Napoleon, when in the twenty-fifth year of his age, was commissioned a brigadier-general. During the next four months he made the brilliant campaign against the Piedmontese troops.

The promotion of Napoleon promised better days for his mother. He provided a good home for her near his head-quarters, and the sunshine of prosperity and hope warmed it. But clouds soon gathered. The power of the Jacobins, which gave Napoleon promotion, was tottering to its fall. Robespierre tried to seduce the young general into the immediate service of his party as the successor of Henriot, in command of Paris, with large emoluments. Napoleon disapproved the Reign of Terror, and knew it could not be immortal. Indeed, the speedy passing away of its sceptre was clear to the vision of his sagacity, and he refused the bribe. "It is not so easy," he said to his brothers, "to save one's head in Paris as at St. Maximin. It is not yet time. There is no place for me so honorable as the army. We must have patience: I shall command Paris hereafter."

But Napoleon and his family were temporarily involved in the downfall of Robespierre. The general was arrested as the tyrant's partisan. Joseph fled to Geneva, and Lucien was imprisoned at Aix. Letitia was again plunged into the deepest poverty and distress, but she bore all without complaint.

Napoleon, who was released after a few days, vainly sought military employment. His ambition was boundless, but it had not yet made France its proposed centre of action. He was, in spirit, then, as ever afterward, a mere adventurer, seeking self-honor, and to gratify this, he proposed to offer his services to the Sultan of Turkey. His mother besought him to be patient, and to be true to France. "Never leave it," she said, "except in its service." She was ready to bear poverty for the sake of her children, and had such faith in the future that she continually spoke words of encouragement. Her faith was fortified. At about this time Joseph married the daughter of a wealthy banker of Marseilles, and he was enabled to place his mother and young family in a position of comparative opulence.

In the reorganization of government in France germs of civil war were planted. The Directory and the Convention that constituted the government were obnoxious to the people, and rebellion ensued. It was resolved to put down the populace of Paris by force of arms. Napoleon, who was as ready to fight against the people as for them, for despotism or against it, as his private interest might dictate, was employed to lead the troops of the Convention. And so he again entered the military service. From that time his star was in the ascendant.

His military genius was of the highest order, and was recognized as such by Carnot, at whose instance he was placed in command of the army of Italy early in 1796. His income was now ample, and he assigned a portion of it to his mother, who continued to reside in Marseilles. Of all her sons only Jerome, the youngest, was then with her as a dependent, Louis having entered the army at the age of seventeen, and Lucien was in the commissary department.

Letitia made her abode with Joseph, in Paris, in 1799. Lucien, who had married the daughter of an inn-keeper, was also living there. Napoleon was then engaged in his magnificent scheme of empire in the East, which contemplated the conquest of Egypt and the whole country eastward to the Indus, and the expulsion of the English from Hindostan. It was a splendid failure, and he suddenly returned, in time to engage in the political intrigues in Paris which resulted in the revolution of November, 1799, and his elevation to the position of absolute Dictator of France, with the specious title of First Consul.

That was a most trying period for Letitia—more trying than poverty and privation. She well knew the selfish ambition of her son, and saw nothing but hopeless ruin in his failure. During the roaring convulsions in Paris on the 9th of November her distress was greater than any she had experienced since leaving Corsica as an exile; but her courage and fortitude controlled her emotions. "She appeared calm," said the Duchess D'Abrantes, who was with Letitia when the billows of that revolution were subsiding, "though far from being easy; for her extreme paleness, and the convulsive movement she evinced whenever an unexpected noise met her ear, gave her features a ghastly air. In these movements she appeared to me truly like the mother of the Gracchi. She had three sons under the stroke of fate, one of whom would probably receive the blow, even if the others escaped. This she felt most forcibly. My mother and myself remained with her a part of that tantalizing day, and only quitted her on the restoration of her confidence by Lucien's messengers, who were frequently sent to calm her disquiet. The danger to which the Bonaparte family was exposed might have been even imminent on the night of the 9th or 10th. If the Directory and the Councils had triumphed, all Bonaparte's brothers would have followed him to the scaffold; and their friends and partisans would have been exiled, to say the least."

Napoleon was now next to the imperial dignity in power, but he was careful not to shock too soon the democratic ideas of the people by ostentatious display. His mother and family lived in great retirement, though provided with ample means. The beautiful young widow, Josephine Beauharnais, who had become the wife of Napoleon, was not a favorite with the mother-in-law. Letitia preferred the more quiet and simple manners of the wives of Jo-

seph and Lucien, for whom she felt a real affection; and when, in 1805, Napoleon was Emperor of the French, and a feud between him and Lucien caused the latter to make his residence in Rome, Letitia went with her exiled son. When the emperor upbraided her for her partiality, she said, "An unfortunate son will always be most dear to me."

Napoleon finally persuaded Letitia to return to Paris, and make her abode there in a style suitable for the mother of a reigning monarch. He settled upon her a pension of two hundred thousand dollars a year; gave her, by royal decree, the title of Madame Mère, the equivalent of Empress Mother, and assigned to her a palatial residence and a separate court. Even then she avoided all ostentatious display and vulgar aping of the old courts of Europe, to which the emperor was prone; and she refused to encourage that foolish extravagance in her household which Napoleon's example and wishes were calculated to foster. She was not avaricious, as her manifold deeds of charity daily attested; but she could not divest herself of a fear with which sad experience had impressed her, that reverses might come, when the savings made in a season of prosperity might be needed for the purchase of daily food. Her kindness of heart was as proverbial as her sagacity in detecting imposition of every kind. The deserving always found in her a friend; the undeserving seldom felt the good of her bounty. She was often the medium through which favors were asked of her illustrious son, and she was always gratified when they were granted.

Madame Mère watched with more anxiety than pride the audacity of Napoleon in interfering with the concerns of other nations, and especially in placing members of his family upon thrones to which he had no other claim of possession than the right which might gave. She observed with deepest sorrow the often unscrupulous and cruel acts and policy of that son, whose chief aim she knew to be self-aggrandizement; and in her inmost soul she harbored a firm conviction that retributive justice would one day punish him with its fearful penalties. While the world was dazzled with the glory of his deeds, her eyes saw clearly the dark motives which lurked in secret behind them. It was not a source of comfort to her to see her half-brother, the Abbé Fesch, whom she loved, made cardinal and imperial ambassador by the means employed. She was distressed when she saw Joseph, her first-born, obey the orders of his imperial brother, and mount the throne, first of Naples and then of Spain, which had been stolen by robber bands from quarreling guardians. She trembled when she saw the republic of Holland transmuted into a vassal kingdom, and her son Louis placed on the throne as an expected puppet in the hands of the emperor. And she was unhappy when she saw Jerome, her baby, a young man only twenty-three years of age, made monarch of Westphalia, a kingdom

created for the purpose by the ambitious Napoleon. Nor was she pleased to see her daughters made imperial princesses, and their husbands seated upon thrones by the imperial will alone.

In 1809 the empire was at its noontide glory. Nothing seemed wanting to fill the measure of Napoleon's ambition but an heir to perpetuate his dynasty. Josephine had failed to gratify his desires in that respect. So, sacrificing love, justice, humanity, and the marriage vow upon the red-hot altar of his unholy ambition, Napoleon divorced his wife by his own imperial decree, and married a scion of the house of Austria. It was one of the blackest crimes recorded in human history. His new wife bore him a son, but he never sat on a throne; and the Napoleon dynasty was revived thirty-seven years after the sceptre and crown were taken from the first emperor; not by his own descendant, but by a grandson of the discarded Josephine, who, if report speaks truly, has not a drop of Bonaparte blood in his veins.

This crime of Napoleon deeply stirred the righteous soul of Madame Mère. The new empress appeared to be good and amiable, and she learned to love her. That empress had revolted at the marriage when it was proposed to her, and said she considered herself "a victim devoted to the Minotaur." Madame Mère honored her for it. When the allies approached Paris, in 1814, the mother accompanied the young empress and her court to Blois. On that occasion she showed her usual forethought and prudence. She drew from the treasury the arrears of her allowance, and dismissed nearly all of her attendants.

By the treaty of Paris in 1814, which placed Louis XVIII. on the throne, Napoleon was allowed to take up his abode on the island of Elba, as its sovereign, with a revenue of over a million dollars; and Letitia was permitted to retain the title of Madame Mère, and receive an annuity of forty thousand dollars. Early in August of that year she followed her son to Elba, and on the 15th (his forty-fifth birthday) she presided at a ball given in honor of the anniversary. She fondly hoped for more quiet in that retreat than she had enjoyed for years, and that her son would not again seek the dizzy height from which he had fallen so gently. That dream was soon and suddenly dispelled. Napoleon's thirst for imperial power and universal dominion was as intense as ever. He fomented intrigues in Paris against King Louis; and ten months after he landed in Elba he left it, debarked at Cannes with an escort of a thousand of his old guard, and started for Paris. His confidence in the attachment of the French army to his person was justified by events. Nearly the whole standing army of France joined his cause. Louis fled. Europe was astounded by the unexpected apparition; and the Congress of sovereigns at Vienna, engaged in the nefarious business of disposing of the rights of nations for

their own advantage, broke up in alarm, with a cry to arms against the "terrible scourge of Europe." Napoleon remounted the throne and defied all Europe for a while. His sceptre departed from him forever at Waterloo, in June, 1815, and he was imprisoned for life on a rocky island in the South Atlantic Ocean.

Madame Mère could not be persuaded to go back to Paris with the emperor when he left Elba. She went to Rome and resided with her brother, Cardinal Fesch, in whose palace she had spacious and superb apartments. True to her saying, "An unfortunate son will always be most dear to me," when she heard of the disaster at Waterloo, and it was evident that the emperor had fallen to rise no more, she offered him the whole of her large fortune. And she would gladly have accompanied him, to cheer him in his exile on St. Helena, had she been permitted. "For me," said Napoleon to the Count Las Cases, while tears stood in his eyes, "she would, without a murmur, have doomed herself to live on black bread." And when Las Cases, on his return to Europe, told the story of Napoleon's situation to his mother, she said, "My whole fortune is at my son's disposal."

Madame Mère's continual solicitude for her exiled son was manifested on many occasions. In the autumn of 1818, when the allied sovereigns were assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle, she wrote an affecting appeal to them in his behalf. "Sires," she said, "I am a mother, and my son's life is dearer to me than my own. In the name of Him whose essence is goodness, and of whom your imperial and royal majesties are the image, I entreat you to put a period to his misery, and to restore him to liberty. For this I implore God, and I implore you, who are His vicegerents on earth. Reasons of state have their limits, and posterity, which gives immortality, adores, above all things, the generosity of conquerors." Her appeal was in vain. The sovereigns knew how undying was Napoleon's ambition, and how perfidious was his nature when under the influence of that ambition, and they feared and hated him.

Help for him was more easily rendered by his mother in 1819, when she heard that he was sick, that he would not suffer an English physician to come near him, and desired the company of a Roman Catholic priest. By permission of the Pope, a mission was sent to St. Helena, at her expense, consisting of Dr. Antommarchi, Father Bonavita, and Abbé Vignali. These remained until Napoleon's death in 1821.

Cardinal Fesch occupied the Palace Falconieri, in Rome, and there Madame Mère lived twenty-one years after her brief sojourn at Elba. She lived in splendor, but quietly and unostentatiously. She maintained a retirement congenial with her tastes, and entertained but few persons outside of her immediate family of descendants and her intimate friends. She was a devout daughter of the Italian Church, and was

ever ready to dispense its and her own large charities.

When she was eighty years of age Madame Mère retained strong marks of personal beauty, which Canova embodied in his fine bust of her; and her vivacity was sunshine in her household until the last days of her life. Loving hearts and hands were continually at her service, until, on the second day of February, 1836, when she was eighty-six years old, Letitia Bonaparte of Corsica—Madame Mère of the first French empire—the mother of the founder of the Napoleon dynasty, departed for the world of spirits.

Her tomb is at Rome; that of her husband is at St. Leu, once the estate of their son Lucien, near Paris.

THE FAUN OF PRAXITELES.

He does not see the Gladiator's pain,
Though hopeless at his feet for years
That unappealing agony has lain;
He never knew the need of tears—
Nor grief, nor fear, nor sigh,
Nor sorrow's shadow, ever came him nigh.

He leans against the woody trunk, and seems
(If such might be) a Grace at rest;
One foot on tip-toe poised, as if he deems
By dancing steps should earth be pressed;
In flexile fingers he
Folds lightly rustle pipes of Arcady.

Listening he stands, with lips apart, to track
A train of echoes that just now
Came swiftly floating from the woodlands back,
As he went fluting—and his brow
With happy wrinkles mars,
That never knew of Care the deeper scars.

He smiles at his own music, and at me,
Who can not meet his sunny eyes,
So innocent of that whose mystery
All our brief gladness underlies;
Of problems that perplex,
And restless Nemeses that haunt and vex.

The crowd of feverish nations past him press—
An eager, thought-o'erburdened throng—
For time is gold, and wealth is happiness,
And life is short, and art is long:
He does not see them—airs
Blow on him from another world than theirs.

In *theirs* the scheming despots rise and fall,
Still weaving nets for freemen's feet;
Disloyal spirits nobler hearts enthrall,
Love dies, Truth hides, and armies meet;
And Death's resistless dread
Forever threatens some beloved head.

In *his* world green leaves quiver, clovered banks
Allure the sunshine and the breeze,
And bright-eyed squirrels play their joyous pranks
Along the trunks of mossy trees,
And birds trill happy love
In swaying boughs the shade-flecked turf above.

I enter in with him; there Fauney sings
The notes that lull the weary brain;
There, bathed anew in Beauty's freshening springs,
The soul is panoplied from pain;
And from the enchanted wave
Comes, like Achilles, arrow-proof and brave.

Reluctant from that realm and him I part;
Though still the poet's sesame
To me its gates unlocks, the sculptor's art
Has of its portals lost the key:
No later-born could seize
The cunning chisel of Praxiteles.

But live its record thou! forever fair,
The Celebrated and the Praised,
As when such triumphs Sculpture still could dare;
When bright upon her altars blazed
A fire that has grown cold
Since in the Tripod Street thou stoodst of old.

ANTEROS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE," "SWORD AND GOWN," "SANS MERCI,"
"BREAKING A BUTTERFLY," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

THE Duke of Devorgoil was manifestly ill at ease, and sat plucking at the sable coverlet as though he would fain have hidden himself under its massive folds, and glancing to left and right nervously; but, shift as he would, he could no more evade the steady gray eyes than a patient can the gaze of the magnetizer. So he met them at last.

If a little formal, nothing could be more courteous than Ralph's salute, nothing more placable than his voice and manner.

"I am happy to have this opportunity of presenting your Grace to Lady Atherstone."

Seldom has any dignitary of Church or State been plunged in direr quandary than that in which the Lord Lieutenant of Loamshire found himself now. That first offense of *lèse-majesté*, recorded above, had never been mitigated by any after-homage on the part of the criminal. Whenever county business brought them in contact, Lord Atherstone did not evince the smallest inclination to defer to the other's wishes or opinions. Twice or thrice, when, on the occasion of a royal visit, an invitation was equivalent to a command, Ralph had partaken of a state banquet at Grandmanoir; but of his own free-will he never had darkened those august portals, nor had he once entreated their master to honor Templestowe with his presence.

Throughout all these years the Duke had nursed a sombre resentment, waiting and watching, not overpatiently, for an opportunity of slaking the same; and, besides private pique, he had public grounds for enmity. He did honestly believe that Lord Atherstone was a discredit to the order to which they both belonged, and therefore deserved in all possible ways to be discouraged and repressed; ay, and there was something more: Lupus Fitzrolland was far too sublime a personage to listen to gossip. To the ordinary *cancon* of society he lent no more attention than did the Olympians to the tittle-tattle of Troy. But he had chanced to pass through town soon after the Atherstone engagement was announced; and as he sat conning the papers in his solitary arm-chair at the sanatorium, certain scraps of club talk had floated past his ear, leaving him to infer that, if no grave scandal had attached to Lena Shafton, she had at least been something imprudent in her time. Now, if he had been a rigid Puritan instead of a very indifferent Christian, the Duke could not have entertained a holier horror of any thing in the shape of coquetry. No facilities for flirtation were provided at any of his entertainments, either in town or country; and even on neutral ground couples indulging in the most innocent of such diversions

had been known to start guiltily under his austere gaze, and fly like timid hares to the cover of the conservatory or other fastness, whither the censor's eye could not follow. Was not the edifice of Lord Atherstone's social sins high and broad enough already, but that he must add thereto the very corner-stone, by bringing into the county a wife concerning whom the world's tongue had wagged lightly, if not accusingly?

All things considered, here, in absolute completeness, was the chance of retaliation for which he had waited so long. It was his bounden duty—so he had told himself at least a dozen times—no less as head of a family than as head of a county, to assert his own position, and make the Atherstones feel theirs. Yes, it should be shown so plainly that all who rode might read the lesson, that the house of Devorgoil had the privilege not only of choosing their acquaintance, but of dropping the same at their pleasure. Indeed, the Duke had rehearsed the whole scene to his entire satisfaction; how, when the criminals approached, he would look straight to his front, neither frowning nor smiling, but superbly serene, and implacably ignore their presence, so that they would be fain to pass on, clad in the garments of confusion, and a warning to future misdoers. As for his conduct being questioned—a Lord Lieutenant might possibly, not probably, be called to account by his sovereign, but, assuredly, by no other living creature.

The scheme was not ill laid; but, like many others framed both by men and mice, through a slight miscalculation it went "a-gley." The Duke had never reckoned on his enemy coming straight at him, and opening fire within point-blank range.

Had Hawley been told on the eve of Preston that on the morrow the clansmen would hurl themselves bare-breasted on the sabres of his dragoons, he would surely have laughed aloud. But what the result was we know; and these provoking surprises will go on happening till the end of time.

If, on the present occasion, the noble strategist avoided total rout, he escaped not sore discomfiture; instead of the serene unconcern that he had intended it should wear, his countenance was full of irritated perplexity; there was more of nervousness than pomposity in the frequent clearing of his throat, and evidently something more than the right word in the right place was a-lacking. What he had proposed to say, or not to say, you know; what he said was this:

"I am—ahem—happy to—a—make Lady—er—Atherstone's ac—quaintance."

And, as he lifted his hat a bare inch from his brows, his hand shook painfully. He, also, was

being "executed" in the sight of all the people; but he could not, like brave old Bailly, have replied to a scoffer, "It is with the cold."

If the Baron had "presented" his wife, it would have sounded better; but even this poor salve to the ducal dignity was wanting. Nevertheless, there was now no possibility of drawing back; and henceforward, till fresh cause of offense arose, there must be outward amity, however hollow, betwixt Grandmanoir and Templestowe.

In such emergencies it is generally a woman who shows herself most calm and cruel. Lady Rachel, perhaps, was made of sterner stuff than her sire; for little encouragement could be drawn from her wiry salute, and not a word, courteous or uncourteous, escaped her lips, braced like a steel trap. But Lady Ursula—*bon brin de fille au fond* and a degenerate Fontenaye—nearly spoiled the effect of her sister's admirable behavior by nodding and smiling, and putting some ridiculous question as to Lady Atherstone's sporting taste. Lena had not betrayed the faintest embarrassment from first to last; but she did feel very grateful toward Lady Ursula just then, and her color rose a little as she replied "that this was almost her first essay; but that she fancied that she should grow very fond of hunting."

Jasper Knowsley had a shrewd tact of his own; and it was probably consideration for others besides his hounds, whose coats were beginning to stare under the north wind, that caused him to move off toward the covert without more delay. A glance from Ralph told his wife that the interview was over; and, after another interchange of formal salutes, the pair followed in the wake of the field.

Whether from this passage of arms—the expression is not much too strong—any of the parties concerned issued with the honors of war, is an open question; for, as to the Lord Lieutenant's intentions, or the causes that brought the same to naught, few of the spectators were deceived; and though many admired his nerve, the extorted courtesy did not greatly improve Lord Atherstone's social credit. Perhaps Mr. Chantrey, the horse-breaker, in his homely language, expressed pretty accurately the general opinion.

"The Dook, he meant to be nasty," quoth honest Will; "a blind man could see that with half an eye; but when it came to the push, he had to drop it. It's for all the world like this here black colt of mine. He's got plenty of temper, but no pluck to speak of; and if you just shake this here cutting whip at him, he'll drop his back and lob on like a sheep. The Dook, he's had a side-binder or two from the Baron in their time; I'll pound it. Old Ralph ain't by no means a pleasant sort to tackle."

It is time that we too should follow, for the rearmost hound has topped the covert-fence five minutes ago.

A promising draw, certainly. There is good

lying on the slope of the hill, and a perfect jungle under the alders down there in the hollow, filled, in days before drainage was known, by the ancient mere. Hares by dozens are stealing away, and rabbits by scores scuttling about already; and, if the air is not darkened with pheasants, as it would be within the park-fence of Grandmanoir, a whirl of wings ever and anon shows that there is no danger of the foxes being starved out of this strong-hold. The keeper—leaning against the gate-post yonder, with an air of moody resignation—d'you allow that he padded a bracc, at least, yester morning? Moreover, the wind lies just right for the vale, trending away to the southward, till it seems to narrow to a point in the gray distance.

A few go into covert with the hounds; but the rides must be mere quagmires after the late rains; and the body of the field keep to the sounder ground above, while the first whip gets forward and ensconces himself in the bend of a high bull-finch, so that, unseen himself, he can peer through the upper branches over the open beyond. It is not a day when, even in covert, the scent is likely to lie well; while, at the best of times, Hazlemere takes a deal of working. And very patiently the Master does work it in his own quiet fashion, seldom speaking to, much less hurrying, his hounds; so that the field—no longer overshadowed by the awful Presence, for the ducal carriage keeps to the main road along the hill-crest—has leisure for courtesies or for chaff, as the case may be.

Arthur Corbett, visibly exulting at having stolen a march upon his fellows, presses up to salute Lady Atherstone, and lingers at her bridle-rein; and some half-dozen more are presented to Lena, including Mr. Swarbrick and the Devereuxs. Though Cissy has, to a certain extent, got her company manners on, her cordial welcome is by far the brightest gleam of social sunshine that has crossed Lady Atherstone's path since it led her Loamshireward. Ralph performs his part in these ceremonies creditably enough; but he is very chary of his word, and there is a grave, preoccupied look on his face such as Lena has not seen once since their marriage.

Suddenly, from the thickest of the covert below, comes a whimper, eager, yet not quite confident; but Jasper Knowsley still sits silent and statue-like in the middle ride; for, though Mariner is the very gem of this year's entry, he is apt to be a trifle too keen. The next minute comes a sharp, joyous yelp, about which there can be no mistake, and the Master smiles triumphantly (Mariner is the first produce of a famous cross) and cheers him with a will; then a deeper tongue chimes in, as Vigilant, whose speech is law, proclaims that youth may sometimes be right, though it speak before eld; and other notes swell into music—the music that, more than any other under heaven, maketh the ears that hear it to tingle.

Mr. Swarbrick, out on the hill-side, takes the time to a second from a machine something

larger than a traveling-clock; the which significant action causes some of the thrusting ones to creep forward, though Jem Spurrell, from his post of vantage, flings back his hand warningly; but, "Gently, pray, gently on the right," cries the mild Master, in the act of swattering through a miry pool; and, "That's right, spoil your own sport and be d—d to you!" roars his terrible Echo. Luckily the double-barreled remonstrance takes effect, and the culprits draw rein before harm is done. Soon the chorus within deepens to a crash; from the nook of the bull-finch comes a scream that could no more be printed than it could be set to notes, but which the hounds know as well as they do the Master's horn; and, without the ceremony of taking a run, Jem dives head-foremost into the black-thorn; Swinton Swarbrick, with a dig of his ponderous spurs, launches forth the bony brown, and hurches away over the meadow, like a rock let loose, for a pet gap, which he guesses is only lightly bushed up, followed by Arthur, the squire of dames, and some dozen more. Dick the Driver, who, ever since the find, has been fighting his savage till they both are all afoam, with a great gasp of relief goes hurling at the spot where the growers are thickest; Godfrey Colville—keener for a start than he ever was from Ranksborough—goes straight as a die at the place that he picked ten minutes ago; and Cissy Devereux, humoring Paladin's fidgety mouth like an artist, sails off in his wake happier than any crowned queen.

"Get forward to the gate, Edward" (this to his groom); "and keep quite close to me, Lena," says Lord Atherstone, his face lighting up at last.

Those who make for the same pass—some from awe of the Baron, more for the sake of the bonny bride—forbear to press upon the pair till they are fairly through.

And so the curtain is up, and the play begun.

Unluckily, in many dramas, grave and gay, the interest is apt to decline steadily from the opening scene; and so it happened here. The first burst of a mile or so was quick enough to satisfy any body; but then the hounds got bothered in some sheep-foil, and the scent, out of covert, was so miserably cold, that they never picked up their ground or got upon good terms with their fox again. The Master of the L. H. was patient to a fault, and would "potter" on, as his detractors said, in almost hopeless pursuit, rather than try for a fresh one; but he was compelled to do this at last.

The second fox was a cowardly ringing brute; and when he did break, it was only to slink over the hill along a chain of spinnies that brought him to a "creep" through the park-pales of Grandmanoir; the day, too, was lowering instead of lightening; so Lady Atherstone assented willingly to her husband's suggestion, that they should turn homeward here.

The moody look had settled down on Ralph's face again, puzzling Lena not a little, and pro-

voking her to boot; for she herself felt in unusually good spirits. She had been present at several meets before, but had never seen a covert actually drawn, and the novelty of the sights and sounds had kept her thoroughly amused. Standard-bearer had carried her admirably, and they had negotiated two or three unavoidable fences without any difference of opinion; moreover, the L. H., as a rule, had agreeably surprised her. She liked the placid Master, who, busy as he was, had found time to be presented, exceedingly; Swinton Swarbrick, as a relic of the old Squire Weston days, was inimitable; Mrs. Devereux must be charming, and Mr. Corbett—well—he smiled a little too often and too blandly; but he was pleasant to look upon, and wonderfully amusing and well-bred for a provincial banker. The Grandmanoir party did not impress her favorably; but perhaps the Duke could not help being fidgety and formal, any more than Lady Rachel could help looking acid; and, though she was glad when the interview was over, the idea of an intentional slight had never crossed her mind, much less dwelt there. So, perhaps, there was the slightest shade of pique in her tone when she broke rather a long silence.

"It has been a very stupid morning for you, monseigneur. Indeed, I am half ashamed at having enjoyed it so much."

Ralph started from his reverie, and his brow cleared.

"You're quite wrong, my dear. It would have been a very stupid morning if I had not had you to look after, and—it's the honest truth—to admire. I don't know whether you or Standard-bearer can claim the most credit; but you deserve a good deal between you. The sport has been just about what I expected—much better than I expected, if you have been really amused."

"But something has gone wrong," she persisted. "I would give any reasonable sum to know your thoughts for the last ten minutes, unless they have been simply wandering."

"They have not wandered far," he answered, with his eurt laugh; "I have been thinking of my own folly and blindness—a harder word than either might suit—which began when I first came to live in Loamshire, and have gone on ever since, from bad to worse. I had had crosses and disappointments, of course, but so have thousands who come out smooth and smiling. There was nothing to make one set one's bristles up, and keep all the world at bay. People did try to be civil when first I came home, I quite remember that; but all the forms and ceremonies bored me intensely, and—I showed it. There was another opening just after Philip's marriage, but I didn't take it, though Marian tried hard to persuade me. Of course I've made enemies by scores. They have never had a chance of hitting me before; but they have got one now, and I doubt if they will let it slip, that's what I've been thinking about, my dear."

Lena looked up, wondering. This was not

the first time she had heard of her husband's rough, unsocial ways; but as to the immediate cause which now moved him to repent them, she was still in the dark.

"Don't you overrate your unpopularity?" she said. "I thought every body seemed good-natured enough to-day."

Ralph's keen gray eyes dwelt on her as if he doubted whether she spoke in earnest.

"The Duke of Devorgoil, for instance? It would not have cost much trouble to have made a friend instead of a foe of that pompous old idiot. If I had not cut him short in a congratulation-speech, and if I had asked his opinion twice a year at Quarter Sessions, and lifted my hat an inch and a half higher whenever we met, he would have been civil enough, I dare say. Now he would have been any thing but civil three hours ago, if he had dared; but—it's a constitutional weakness, I've noticed it in him before—he always forgets what he's determined to say or do, as soon as any one not absolutely in his power fixes him with their eyes."

Lord Atherstone wished the words unsaid as he saw the hot Shafton blood mount to his fair wife's forehead; yet he only half guessed the cause of her emotion.

That she was vexed as well as surprised by this new aspect of things is quite true. The old Adam is apt to rise rebelliously within the meekest and wisest of men when they first recognize that the slight has been put upon them, especially if it be too late to resent it; and Lena, being neither meek, nor wise, nor masculine, felt the full force of the sting; but she felt something more. She felt it was quite possible that an ancient grudge and mortified vanity might not entirely account for the Duke of Devorgoil's demeanor; and that if the nerve had been equal to the will, it might have been plain to Loamshire that Ralph Atherstone's wife, as well as Ralph Atherstone, was henceforth to be numbered among those whom the Lord Lieutenant did *not* delight to honor.

When Lena Shafton was first warned that if she took not better heed the world would make free with her name, she had smiled defiantly. If Caryl Glynne kept his promise, and came to claim her, he could never taunt her with risks incurred for him; if he came not, the gossips might talk themselves hoarse for aught she cared. But after the early bitterness was past, and she had settled down into the weary waiting that ended as you wot of, she had, no doubt, more than once repented of her recklessness, though never so keenly as now. The better she understood her husband the more she looked up to and trusted him; and if it was as yet impossible to love, she found it already quite easy to honor and obey. It cut her now to the heart to see him taking all the blame to himself so simply and frankly, when perhaps not half of it was fairly his share; and for a second or two she was moved to abate the consequences of full confession. However, one glance at his face changed her purpose. Lena's courage could

not be measured by the ordinary standard of womankind; but this thing she dared not do. If her voice trembled a little when she made answer, it was not with anger.

"I had not an idea of this, or I would have prayed—so hard—to be spared the introduction. Is it absolutely impossible to breathe Loamshire air without the Duke's sanction?"

"Not at all impossible," Ralph answered, more cheerily. "I've tried the experiment, you know; and I can't say that my lungs have suffered; but if I can't amend my past errors, I ought to try to prevent you pain for them; and, on the whole, I think I acted rightly to-day. The Grandmanoir folks will probably keep up to civility-mark now, and that's all that's required of them. So I might have kept my own counsel, and not have spoilt your pleasure. I am half sorry I told you."

"You need not be," she said. "It's always best—so much best—to speak out."

"'Always best,' of a surety; but is it always so easy?"

Had that question been put to Mother Eve, she would perhaps have answered Nay, before her leafen kirtle was sere.

CHAPTER XXI.

So our first act ends; and before the curtain rises again you must suppose an interval of hard on a year. During this space there was some shifting of scenes and of dresses, but in the actors or the circumstances no material change.

On that Hazlemere day the Duke of Devorgoil had, however grudgingly, entered into tacit recognizance to keep the peace toward Templestowe; and he acted up to the letter of his engagement. He drove over with his daughters to call, on a bright, balmy afternoon, when the odds against finding any healthy human creature within doors were hardly calculable; and, after leaving a sheaf of cards, went his way with a sense of relief, not devoid of humiliation, such as may have been felt by the kings and kaisers of old time, who, for their people's sake, rather than their own, submitted to signal penance. Furthermore, after ascertaining by inquiry, careful, though circuitous, that the Atherstones were absent (they had gone up to town for a fortnight), he besought the honor of their company at one of his state banquets. The visit was returned in due course, and the invitation declined with due courtesy; and so, for the present, the matter ended, it being understood on both sides that, whensoever they met, all the ceremonies of distant acquaintanceship should be observed.

To a certain extent the county took its cue from the Lord Lieutenant. There was no overt case of avoidance; the Atherstones came in for their fair share of set dinner-parties, and neighbors showed themselves not averse to accept from them the like formal hospitality.

Ralph had quite broken through his rule of

seclusion, you will observe, and, if the effort was sometimes evident, played the host much better than might have been expected from his want of practice; but still an invisible barrier, almost resembling a line of quarantine, seemed drawn around Templestowe.

The first year of Lena's residence there was drawing to a close, and—setting Hubert Ashleigh aside, parish duties, according to his own account, kept him much at home—she could hardly claim intimacy with more than two families—the Devereuxs and the Corbetts. That willful Cissy was little accustomed to defer to authorities, spiritual or temporal, and was capable of quite as much audacity in her friends' quarrels as she displayed in her own; not that there was any quarrel here, but it is certain that, had an episcopal as well as a ducal ban been actually launched against the tenants of Templestowe, Mrs. Devereux would not have cultivated their acquaintance a whit less sedulously. Now, from the first, she was rather drawn toward Lady Atherstone; why, it would be difficult to say, for, though there were certain points of resemblance, their characters, essentially, were very different. Both were self-willed and fearless, even to recklessness; but in Lena there was an earnestness and strength of purpose, whether for evil or for good, that, luckily for her own happiness, Mrs. Devereux lacked. Admiration was a necessity of Cissy's existence; and she would have gone out into the highways to exact it from the passers-by, rather than be stinted of the tribute; while Lena simply accepted homage, neither showing herself careful to seek it nor especially grateful when it was rendered. It was not hard to guess that the one life would be full of gay *fabliaux*; but that in the other there had been, or would be found, a single grave story. Here, you were looking on a bright, shallow lakelet, apt to be stirred into mimic waves under the lightest breeze, but never likely to be fatal in its vagaries; there, on a deep, land-locked tarn, the recesses whereof had never yet been fully sounded, not easily to be moved from serenity, but possibly dangerous to the stoutest bark, if a gust should sweep down unawares through the one gorge giving access to the wind. However, in the present state of civilization, differences of character are not a much greater bar to friendship than differences of opinion; and so a kind of *camaraderie* was struck up between these two, and, on one pretext or another, they contrived to meet very frequently. Lord Atherstone, to speak truth, watched the growing intimacy with no great favor. It was not that he disliked Mrs. Devereux—indeed, personally, he rather admired her, and had often been amused by her ready repartees and audacious sallies; but, though he never listened to gossip, he knew that the petulant beauty had been more than lightly spoken of, and that there was little chance of her amending her ways; and altogether, if he had been allowed to select a companion for his wife, his choice would scarce-

ly have lighted here; but then came the question, Was there any choice? and Ralph rather shrank from the answer; at any rate, he neither by word nor deed attempted to check or thwart their arrangements. Once only, when Lena was regretting that Hunsden was so far from Templestowe, he smiled coldly; and she divined, rather more easily than if he had frowned, that here at least she need not reckon on conjugal sympathy.

As to the second intimacy, the expression ought to have been limited. Mrs. Corbett's family cares were so many and various that, if she performed her strict duty toward society in the visiting line, it was perhaps as much as could be expected of her. Moreover, her tastes were decidedly domestic. For some years past her husband had been wont to appear at all sorts of entertainments, both public and private, *en garçon*, and the arrangement seemed to suit both parties so perfectly that it was no wonder if people in general had come to look upon it as a most natural one. But Arthur Corbett was very often at Templestowe. Generally he had some excuse for his presence there.

Among Lord Atherstone's prejudices was an irrational dislike of the legal profession in all its branches; and for some time past divers agency matters, which usually pass through a solicitor's office, had been transacted by the Corbetts—an irregular way of doing business—but it worked well, notwithstanding. It was difficult to conceive these two men having a single idea in common; and Arthur's little weaknesses were precisely of the kind least likely to find indulgence in the eyes of the stern old *sabreur*; nevertheless, the Baron had a high opinion of the other's shrewdness and probity. Moreover, he really liked the sight of his genial face, and listened not unwillingly to his fluent prattle, especially as it always seemed to amuse Lena.

Lady Atherstone hunted pretty constantly up to the end of that season; and, whoever else might be in attendance, one special cavalier was safe to be found, whenever hounds were not running, not far from her bridle-rein; and this was more easily managed after her brother—carrying out his scheme of retrenchment—came down to Templestowe; for Miles speedily struck up a great friendship with the banker, finding it exceedingly pleasant, when the meet lay beyond Heslingford, to be carted over luxuriously from the town to the covert-side, and then to have one of the "little dinners" above mentioned to fall back upon—repasts infinitely preferable, in the hussar's opinion, to the fare at the cavalry barracks, where he was also made very welcome. Moreover, when they met in society Mr. Corbett generally contrived to spend a goodly portion of the evening in Lady Atherstone's immediate vicinity; but the most captious observer could not have detected in his manner the slightest approach to philandering; without being obsequious or constrained, it was always thoroughly deferential; neither did closer

acquaintance embolden him to transgress the outermost verge of familiarity. Lena could not be said actually to encourage these assiduities; it was not her way; but that they were agreeable to her was quite evident. Arthur Corbett certainly seemed to have the faculty of attracting and retaining her attention to an extent not attainable by any other cavalier, whether resident or quartered in Loamshire. Before the year was out "she had got used to him," as she confessed to Cissy Devereux. And in some women's mouths that expression means a good deal.

Early in that same spring Mrs. Shafton paid a long visit to Templestowe. With the state of things within doors she had every reason to be content. She had scarcely expected to find Lena so soon and so thoroughly domesticated. If there was no absolute sympathy between husband and wife, clearly there prevailed a comfortable harmony. The aspect of affairs abroad was hardly so satisfactory. Mrs. Shafton was too keen of wit not speedily to divine that her daughter's welcome in Loamshire had been none of the warmest. For many years past she had given up the luxury of self-delusion, and was wont to look annoyances of all kinds fairly in the face. Therefore, though rumors of Lord Atherstone's unpopularity had reached her ears, she never thought of imputing the coolness of the county solely to this cause; but, howsoever far her misgivings may have traveled, she kept them to herself; and after a few natural questions about the neighborhood, etc., had been answered, she forbore to press Lena on the subject; neither did the latter appear inclined to pursue it. Nevertheless, you may possibly guess what prompted Mrs. Shafton, a fortnight or so after her arrival, to inquire whether there was any probability of the Ashleighs soon appearing at Templestowe.

It was unlikely that Lena could have divined the train of her mother's thoughts. Nevertheless, she colored a little as she looked up from her embroidery.

"I hardly know, mother. Monseigneur has never alluded to the subject yet; and I am sure he would have done so if he had expected them soon."

Mrs. Shafton smiled pleasantly, as she had the knack of doing, even when her inner communications were grave.

"Perhaps he prefers that you should invite them. Men have odd scruples sometimes; and I fancy Lord Atherstone has more delicacy on certain points than the world gives him credit for. It would be only graceful if you were to suggest it, Lena. You liked what you saw of Lady Marian, didn't you?"

"Very much. One can't help being amused by her brisk, downright way, and quaint, original sayings; and I should think she must be honest. As for her husband—it would be almost treason, under this roof, to say exactly what I think of him; but I suppose an attractive couple is rather a rarity, and, I dare say,

Mr. Ashleigh will never care for much of my society. Perhaps you are right, too, mother; and I wish I had spoken to monseigneur about it sooner. I'll do so this very day."

Lady Atherstone felt much more penitent an hour later, when she saw her husband's face light up with satisfaction at her first words. The matter must have been on his mind for some time past, or the broaching of it would not have so pleased him.

"It's very kindly thought of, my dear," he said—"kindly for me as well as for the children. Marian and I have always been great friends, you know; and I'm sure you will find her improve on acquaintance; she's such a cheery creature, though a little sharp at times. As for Philip, to do him justice, he's never much in any body's way; he's always too much occupied with his politics and his ailments; though I believe both are about equally imaginary. Would you mind writing yourself to Marian? This address will find her."

"It's just what I should have wished to do," Lena answered. And her letter went by that day's post.

Whether Lady Marian felt specially grateful for the invitation may be doubted; but that she was ready to accept it is certain. Had there been no deeper motive for her so doing, a natural curiosity to see how things progressed at Templestowe under the new *régime* would have prevented her hesitating.

After Lord Atherstone's marriage the Ashleighs had paid two or three visits, and then taken up their quarters at a West End hotel. The prices there were not extravagant; nevertheless, the thrifty couple had not yet felt such a steady draw on their purse-strings. It so chanced that a fortnight's bill lay on the breakfast-table, side by side with Lena's note; and Philip grumbled sorely over the items. Perhaps it was this that made him listen so readily to his wife's suggestion, that he had really worked hard enough to earn a holiday; and that, though the House had a good deal of business on hand before the Easter recess, it might possibly be scrambled through somehow in his absence. So that same afternoon he paired off with another honorable invalid, whose ailments were not quite so visionary as his own, and the end of the week found the Ashleighs once more at Templestowe.

The meeting was sufficiently cordial on all sides, and Marian quite justified her father-in-law's prediction that she would improve on acquaintance. Her manner toward the family party already assembled there could scarcely have been improved upon; she seemed to settle into her new position without an effort, and never put on those airs of ceremony or deference to recent authority by which some women, under like circumstances, contrive to evince their sense of injury. She was courteous with Mrs. Shafton, pleasantly confidential with Lena, and so good-natured to Miles, that the dragoon, who in polite society was any thing but bold,

under her encouragement waxed sometimes quite talkative. Lord Atherstone, watching her narrowly, could not detect the faintest change in her bearing toward himself; so he, at least, was thoroughly satisfied. Philip, too—by dint of how much private tuition will never be known—behaved himself, on the whole, very creditably. He was punctiliously, almost nervously, polite to Lena; at proper intervals addressed a commonplace remark to Mrs. Shafton; and, if he sometimes started and shivered at Miles's sudden entrance, as though a gust of cold air had swept in, he contrived to keep his dislike of that boisterous person within decent bounds, and cursed him only to Marian *sub sigillo*.

Without personal experience in the matter, you may conceive that the path of a step-mother—especially of a young step-mother—is beset by snares and pitfalls; so that even Philip should have failed to catch her tripping, says not a little for Lena's tact and training.

Though all went on so smoothly in the family circle, Loamshire, as a rule, was provokingly slow to believe in the domestic happiness at Templestowe. Both at home and abroad the Ashleighs seemed to be on the best possible terms with their step-mother; and perhaps neither husband nor wife led their friends to believe they were dissembling with dutiful intent; but somehow, after their visit was ended, people who knew her well began to talk of "poor Lady Marian" (those who knew her very slightly, of course, said, "Poor dear Lady Marian," looking mysteriously compassionate the while), and the prejudice against the Atherstones was not materially abated.

It was Ralph himself who proposed that they should spend part of the season in town; and they had no reason to complain of their reception there. If Lena's early imprudences were not altogether buried, society, at least, could afford to ignore them, now that she was sheltered under a blameless name. The Baron's old comrades—several of whom had taken family honors years ago—were very ready to welcome him in his new character. Miss Bellingham was one of the earliest to bring a peace-offering, and was as affectionate, in her formal way, as if she had never had cause to complain of her niece; Lady Montfort, another relative, who once had found it convenient to forget that any Shafton blood ran in her veins, offered to be the bride's sponsor at St. James's; and few cared to meddle with those under the protection of this potent and warlike dame, whose tongue was a two-edged sword, and who, from the impregnable fortress of her virtue, shot out arrows like hail at whoso presumed to flout her pen-nant.

One circumstance, perhaps, smoothed the way for Lena. Even such as were gifted with disagreeably tenacious memories could not amuse themselves with watching how she would bear herself toward Caryl Glynn. Some months ago he had departed on a long yachting tour,

and since then only vague rumors concerning him and his fellow-wanderers had come home.

Was Lena glad of this absence? Assuredly she tried to persuade herself that she was so; and if occasionally things around her looked strangely flat and dull, like a picture out of which the colors have faded, she had strength of mind enough then not to admit, even to herself, that there was any special cause.

Altogether their sojourn in town was decidedly a success; yet perhaps neither the husband nor the wife was very sorry when the time came for their moving northward. The grouse-disease was rather prevalent that season; so Lord Atherstone gave his Scotch moor a jubilee; but they made a long stay at Kirkfell, and the weeks spent there were certainly the happiest that Ralph had known since his marriage. That the welcome was of the warmest it is needless to say; and there was delight in the very contrast of his present security, with the doubts and hesitations of last year. He never entered the cozy drawing-room without remembering how he had paused on the threshold to watch a tall white figure and a graceful head bowed over the flowers, and his first glimpse of a proud beautiful face, and his first pressure of a soft slender hand—all his own now—his own, as he believed, forever. It was pleasant to listen, out on the hill, to the banter of his jovial comrades, and to see them afterward vying with each other in rendering their honest homage to his queen, and pleasant to watch the complacent self-congratulation of the host; for General Percy evidently attributed all that had happened since to his own diplomacy and foresight. Lena, too, was happy in a quiet fashion. The complete rest did her quite as much good as the bracing air; and she half regretted the other engagements which at last called them away from Kirkfell.

However, in one way or another, the autumn passed quickly and uneventfully, till the fall of the leaf brought the Atherstones home again once more.

LITERARY FORGERIES.

I.

I HAVE not cared to occupy myself with the autographs of M. Chasles, since every one has learned the whole story; but, even before the fraud was unveiled, I have shunned any allusion to the subject. I was not anxious to push at a gate which appeared to me open and swinging both ways. There is great risk of passing for a dupe in treating seriously of certain things. In my opinion, the hypothesis of M. Chasles raised a prejudice sufficient to excuse every man charged with the examination. To what purpose study the pieces, or compare the characters and the dates? The system of the learned astronomer fails in the very enunciation: his theory was false, because it contradicted the rules of probability—because it was absurd. What! here are thousands of letters, written

by a great number of persons, all bearing more or less directly upon a so-called scientific discovery of Pascal, and of all this nothing had transpired elsewhere! The writings of Pascal already known bore no trace of it; the works and manuscripts of Galileo, of Newton, etc., were equally silent on the subject! The proofs of the pretended discovery are all found here, in this collection, and are found only here! Not one tie to bind the fact to other facts already established, to other documents, to other indications! This was a new chapter to add to scientific history, supported, it is true, by innumerable pieces; but, like these pieces themselves, left isolated, without any point of connection, suspended in the air. I repeat it: under such conditions there should have been no examination: the mere statement of the question sufficed to settle it; the honor of the critic himself commanded him to forbear. For such as are but slightly versed in historical studies, the story of M. Chasles's manuscripts can have no other interest than the demonstration of the extremes possible to a forger's boldness and a mathematician's credulity. I am wrong: the story shows, above all, how little the studies prevalent in France develop the critical faculty, when we have seen so many fine minds—indeed, a whole academy—gravely occupied, during eighteen months, with the work of the most daring, but certainly also the most commonplace, cheat who has ever fabricated autographs.

Perhaps it might be worth the trouble to write a history of false autographs; it would be a separate branch, and not the least curious, of the story of literary frauds. The false autograph should not be confounded with the supposititious book; an imposition which consists in passing off a work under the name of a person who is not its author is much more easy, and, consequently, much more frequent, than one which pretends to make us see and touch the very manuscript of the writer whose name it has borrowed. There are thousands of supposititious books. They have existed in all ages—among the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans. There are writings falsely attributed to Homer and to Virgil, to Plato and to Cicero, to Solomon and to St. Paul. There have even been fabricated spurious letters of Jesus Christ; and, it may be said in passing, the great wonder is that M. Chasles's provider did not go to that length. But, I repeat, the false autograph is something much more difficult, and therefore much more rare, than the false book. Besides the invention of ideas and facts, the observance of probability, and the imitation of style, it is necessary to reproduce the material conditions of an original manuscript, the ink and paper of that period, the handwriting of the supposed author—difficulties which can be surmounted only by care and patience, which can never be surmounted wholly, but which seem to have a singular fascination for certain crafty and dishonest natures.

A history of false autographs would have the advantage of proving decisively in how narrow a circle these inventors move. Let them have ever so much imagination, the task is always nearly the same—to forge letters or books of known persons, and to invent handwritings. Besides, forgers can hardly avoid repetition, and the knowledge of old frauds may serve to place the public on guard against new ones. Annius of Viterbo pretended to have discovered Sanchoniathon long before M. De Wagenfeld. Joseph Vella showed Arabic manuscripts from St. Sophia, as Simonides has shown us Greek manuscripts from Mount Athos; Ireland was encouraged by Chatterton's success; Vrain Lucas, or those who employed him, saw the way clear, no doubt, in view of the good fortune achieved by the letters attributed to Marie Antoinette.

In the absence of this history of false autographs—which I commend to the learned as a book worth writing—it has occurred to me to record here some of the most memorable frauds of this kind. It will be, if you like, a specimen of the general history that I would gladly see written, of two or three chapters of which it will be composed.

False autographs, in each country, are naturally conformed to the taste of that country. In Germany the forger writes in Greek or Latin; in France he fabricates correspondence and memoirs; in England he easily becomes a poet—he invents Shakspeare, Shelley, Byron. Here is audacity, at least! Let us begin with these poetical impostors.

England counts many forgers of the sort just mentioned. From this number I select four: Chatterton, the most celebrated; Psalmanazar, the most inventive; Ireland, the most impudent; and Mr. Byron, the most adroit.

Every one knows Chatterton. His precocity, the success of his literary frauds, and his sufferings, all unite to render him conspicuous. He is the only literary impostor whose works have a real value, an interest independent of the name under which they appear. Chatterton has left verses, written at the age of eleven, which already display grace and melody. He was but sixteen when he produced those so-called poems of Rowley which deceived so many excellent judges, and which still hold a place in English literature. It was at nineteen, finally, that he put an end to his life, after having suffered the torments of hunger, and, more bitter yet, the agonies of disappointed ambition. The character of Chatterton was one made up of contradictions—greedy of renown, yet seeking to conceal himself behind a borrowed name; susceptible of domestic affection, yet an adventurer; jealous of his independence, yet the slave of booksellers; endowed with the cleverness of a consummate impostor, yet possessed by an eccentricity bordering on madness. To complete the paradox, he had received a very imperfect education, and even knew nothing of Latin, yet he devoted himself to learned and

antiquarian works. His passion was to deceive the literary public; he had not the vanity of the poet who aspires to celebrity, but the more subtle vanity of the pseudonym, who would make at once admirers and dupes. His invention, his quickness, and his skill were extraordinary. From the old stores of pretended manuscripts of the monk Rowley, Chatterton drew successively, not only the drama of "Ella," ballads, eclogues, and those poems which, as I have just said, form to-day part of the English literature, but even genealogies, coats of arms, an imaginary description of the ancient churches of Bristol, with plans and draughts, a catalogue, not less visionary, of ancient painters and sculptors, an account of the inauguration of a bridge over the Avon in the thirteenth century, and a fragment of a sermon upon the divinity of the Holy Ghost. All this in a style very passably imitated from that of the fifteenth century, traced on parchment with an artificial ink, and in Gothic characters. To-day the fraud seems to us rather awkwardly managed; at the end of the eighteenth century it made many dupes. The works of Rowley have been the subject of an immense controversy, which was not finished in sixty years. Strange! the manuscripts of the false monk will not bear the least paleographic investigation; the language is no more like old English than our own *Cloilde de Surville* is like the French of the time of Charles VII.; yet, with all this, there is no denying the superiority of Rowley's poetry to all that Chatterton subsequently published under his own name, or that was found after his death; so that even to this day we find ourselves confronted by that literary problem—a writer who has shown infinitely more grace and talent in imitations than in his own language; who, in an obsolete dialect, has left admirable fragments, but who dropped to mediocrity in the moment when he returned to the common English of his own time.

Psalmanazar died in 1763, some years before Chatterton. In some respects he was yet more remarkable; with less genius, doubtless, without even talent or real literary aptitude, he displayed a fertility of invention hardly to be surpassed. Psalmanazar, to speak correctly, was not a fabricator of autographs; he was more and less than that—the inventor of a language, of a chirography—what do I say?—of a nation. But his life was yet more wonderful than his inventions. It is all a romance. This romance he has written; we possess his autobiography, yet we do not know his name! Out of regard for his family he has sought to conceal it, and he has carried his secret with him: we shall never know who he was, nor even whence he was. It is supposed, however, that he was born in the south of France, in Languedoc or Provence. His family was poor, his father established at a distance, in Germany. George had been brought up with the Jesuits, then with the Dominicans; having finished his theological course, he was received as preceptor in several

families. But he had indolent and adventurous tastes. He was not slow to adopt the rôle of religious impostor, no doubt in order to profit by his theological studies. We find him borrowing, begging, traversing Provence, on his way to Rome; repairing to Germany; playing the part sometimes of a converted Huguenot, sometimes of an Irish student, or, again, of a pilgrim. He ran many risks, came near being shot as a spy, fell into the depths of misery, and beheld himself covered with sores and vermin. From adventure to adventure, from knavery to knavery, George arrived at the grand fraud of his life. Finding himself in a Protestant country, he could remain neither pilgrim nor Catholic: he gave himself out as a Japanese from the island of Formosa, taken to Europe, he said, by Dutch merchants. Formosa was very little known; the young impostor recalled, as well as possible, such accounts of Japan as he had heard among the Jesuits; then, upon this slight canvas, he began to embroider a whole world of fancy. He fabricated a so-called language of Formosa, an alphabet for writing it, a grammar to explain the rules. He made a new division of the year into twenty months. He invented a new religion, with a book of prayers, and went so far as to worship the rising and setting sun, with all sorts of forms and mummeries. Finally, he accustomed himself to eat raw meat. The idea of doubting the veracity of a man who ate raw meat, and who wrote fluently in characters which no one knew! Meanwhile Psalmanazar (such was the name he had adopted on becoming Japanese, and which he retained to the end of his life) had met another rogue, who conceived the plan of profiting by him. This person, named Innes, was chaplain of a Scotch regiment then in garrison at Sluis, in Holland. It was here that Psalmanazar made his acquaintance, and that they became intimate. It is probable that Innes at first had been himself deceived by the false Japanese, and it is certain that he soon discovered the fraud; however, he did not abandon his designs on that account. Innes took up Psalmanazar, taught him English, carried him to England, showed him to the Bishop of London, baptized him with much ceremony, and, altogether, managed so well that he ended by obtaining from the bishop, as a reward for services rendered to religion, a living in the county of Essex. Psalmanazar, under such patronage, could not fail to develop his happy gifts and ingenious knaveries. He hastened to translate the English catechism into the Formosian language, and had the pleasure of beholding the Bishop of London accord a gracious reception to this work. It was submitted to *savans*, who saw in it nothing out of the way. To whom could it occur to suspect a young man of twenty of so colossal an imposture? Not that there were not, here and there, weak points in the system of the Formosian. It is impossible to be forewarned of every thing: he had forgotten to give names to the letters of his alphabet, which caused him some embarrassment.

He had believed that the Japanese wrote from right to left, like other Oriental nations, which furnished another argument against him. He had asserted, rather carelessly, that the inhabitants of Formosa sacrificed eighteen thousand male infants every year; and when it was represented to him that, at this rate, the island would long before have been depopulated, he had no other answer than an obstinate perseverance in his declaration: he had early formed the resolution never to retract. Psalmanazar, however, understood what he owed to the public, and he crowned all his frauds by a new and gigantic one, "An Historical and Geographical Description of the Island of Formosa, with an Explanation of the Religion, Customs, and Manners of the Inhabitants. By George Psalmanazar, a Native of that Island." The work appeared at London, in the English language, in 1704, and was soon translated into French and German. In the French it passed through three or four editions. It was adorned by the famous alphabet, a map of the island, plates representing divinities of the country, costumes, religious ceremonies, edifices, and vessels!

The work rendered warmer than ever the discussions among the *savans* which had been called forth by the first inventions of the author, all the more that this time the quarrel was complicated by all sorts of rivalries between the Protestants and the Catholics, the philosophers and the orthodox. On the whole, the relation was considered authentic, and during the entire eighteenth century it continued to be quoted by many as an authority. Walckenaer cites a "Universal Library of Travels" which, in 1808, borrowed almost all of this description of Formosa.

We are not yet at the end of the surprises reserved for us by Psalmanazar. Once baptized, he studied at Oxford, took orders, and became almoner of a regiment. So slipped away a dozen years. All at once he experienced a deep and decided change. At thirty-two this warped nature redeemed itself. I know not what hidden reaction raised up the vagrant again, what shock forced him out of vanity and idleness. The squalid adventurer became the model of modest virtue, the audacious forger the pattern of conscientious scholarship. Psalmanazar became a devout Christian, and it must be confessed that no convert ever did greater honor to his conversion. No intolerance nor dogmatism; nothing but humility, love of work, desire of obscurity, and, above all, a profound repentance for the impostures in which he had indulged. Indeed, he earnestly wished to make some honorable amends. He took occasion to introduce, in a treatise upon Geography, a rectification on the subject of his former description of Formosa. When his adventures were spoken of, he turned the conversation, or was silent. Finally, these tacit disavowals proved insufficient, and he wrote a confession, designed for publication after his death.

Walckenaer has well remarked the contrast offered by the two halves of our adventurer's existence. "His life," says he, "was divided into two parts, which hardly seem as if they could belong to the same person. In the last portion of his life, and during a half-century, he made himself endeared by his piety and his virtue; he was conspicuous for works as solid as important, and he enjoyed universal esteem and well-merited consideration. In the first part of his existence, after having received an uncommon education, he fell, successively and voluntarily, to the very lowest ranks of society; he crawled in the vilest pursuits; covered with the rags of poverty, and wasted by the leprosy of utter wretchedness, he appears to us under a hideous and disgusting aspect; and his baseness and hypocrisy make us condemn him as unworthy of the pity which he inspires." So true it is that human nature is large enough, or pliant enough, to lend itself to all kinds of contradictions.

Psalmanazar lived a long time. He devoted himself to erudition, knew Hebrew pretty well, and gained his bread by working for the publishers. We owe to him a good part of a compilation, formerly celebrated, the great "Universal History." Dr. Johnson, who knew him well at that time, and who belonged to the same club, more than once renders witness to the uprightness and sincerity of the ancient adventurer. He was, Johnson told Boswell, one of the men for whom he entertained the greatest respect. Psalmanazar must have had an admirable constitution, for, after having suffered a long time from every sort of misery and privation, we find him, in his old age, working from seven in the morning to seven at night, and taking, without inconvenience, considerable doses of laudanum. He died in 1763, at the age of eighty-three. His memoirs were published the following year by a lady, "his worthy and pious friend," whom he had appointed his legatee and testamentary executrix. It is the history of his life, a general confession of his offenses, a book curious, sincere, and which a grain of talent, a spice of deviltry, might have made an incomparable tale of adventures. But the author is too sincerely converted for that; he is too preachy, too snuffling—in a word, he is tiresome.

Ireland, in one sense, was even more audacious than Psalmanazar: the former invented a country which no one knew, the latter passed off his own poetry under the name of a writer whom every one had read. And that writer? The greatest, perhaps, of all who have ever held a pen! Ireland manufactured Shakspeare. Let us add that Ireland had no talent, and that he made fewer dupes.

William Henry Ireland was born in London about 1776. His father, Samuel Ireland, engraved in *aquatint*, and published illustrated travels; this father was at the same time an amateur of old books and prints, a species of antiquary, interested particularly in whatever

concerned Shakspeare, on the watch for documents and autographs. The son, evidently, early learned to ride the paternal hobby. A journey to Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place of Shakspeare, which he made with his father, doubtless completed the work of turning all his thoughts toward the great dramatist and his forgotten or ruined works. What happiness for young Ireland if it should happen to him to find some lines of that precious writing—a poem, or—who knows?—a drama! But, finding nothing, why should he not make a pretense of having found something? Why not imitate the example of Cbatterton? Why not give his father the joy of pressing at last to his heart a fragment of the writing of the great poet? Without counting the pleasure of circulating his own verses under such a name, of agitating the whole republic of letters, of duping the learned.

It seems that William Ireland began by deceiving his father, but it is difficult to believe that the latter did not later become the accomplice of his son. However that may be, the young man was only nineteen when he executed one of the boldest projects that ever came into the head of an impostor. It was reported, all at once, that Samuel Ireland, the engraver of Norfolk Street, was displaying manuscripts, some of which were by Shakspeare's own hand, while others concerned his life and his person. He got them from his son, who, he said, had found them among some old papers in the country seat of a neighboring gentleman. As for the name of this gentleman, the Irelands were not at liberty to make it known. Among the documents in question had been found a will, and from this will contentions might arise; briefly, the public must content itself with a knowledge of the manuscripts, without showing itself too exacting on the question of their source. Exactly the same pretense as that of poor M. Chasles!

The pieces produced were at first few in number: received with transports of joy by the literary world, they were not slow to multiply. There were books which had belonged to Shakspeare, with marginal notes by his own hand; contracts and receipts; letters from Queen Elizabeth, from Lord Southampton, and various other persons; some verses addressed to Anne Hathaway—afterward his wife—to which Shakspeare had fastened a lock of his own hair. Then appeared a "Profession of Faith," extremely edifying, and whole passages of "Hamlet" and "King Lear," with different readings from the known text. Finally, luck not turning against him, William Ireland risked the grand move, and produced an entire play. The subject was borrowed from the history of the ancient British kings, and was called "Vortigern and Rowena." All these relics were exhibited by Samuel Ireland; it can be imagined the house was never empty; whoever would, might see with his eyes, and touch with his hand, these sacred remains of the past. Boswell, Dr. Johnson's biographer, thanked God

in contemplating them. Parr and Wharton fell upon their knees before the poet's pious "Profession of Faith." Malone, the editor of Shakspeare, and Kemble the actor, were the only ones, it is said, who entertained doubts from the first moment. The pleasure of making dupes, however, was not the only profit derived by young Ireland from the fraud. He sold, at a very high price, the books and other objects belonging to the poet; he published, at one hundred francs a copy, a volume of facsimiles, which found purchasers; finally, Sheridan bought, for a large sum, the play of "Vortigern," for the Drury Lane Theatre, and placed it in rehearsal.

William Ireland had reached that dangerous moment when the false document, forced to appear in broad daylight, meets many unexpected objections. There was now an accessible test, upon which Malone published an exhaustive criticism. Then came the representation of "Vortigern," the second of April, 1796. There was a crowd. At the door of the theatre were distributed advertisements for and against the authenticity of the piece. The public verdict speedily settled the question. After having indifferently supported the tedium of the first two acts, the audience interrupted the play with a storm of hisses. The mine was suddenly exploded; the forger was obliged to disappear and to remain concealed for some time. His father exculpated himself as best he could. As for the dupes, some sought to cover their retreat, while others swore by all the gods that they had always suspected something.

The story does not end here. If William Ireland had imitated Chatterton in writing poems in the archaic style, he imitated Psalmanazar in publicly avowing the fraud of which he had been guilty. Only the false Japanese asked pardon for his crime of God and of men, while the false Shakspeare appeared to have taken a certain pleasure in mocking the public. Ireland, in his account published toward the end of 1796, sought to exonerate his father. He had had, he said, but a single confidant, a young man named Talbot, who had surprised him one day in the very act of forgery, and who, therefore, became necessarily a sharer of the secret. Ireland, however, gave proof of skill and energy. Like all who have followed the same business, he procured paper by tearing out the blank leaves of old books. He was careful to soil them afterward, particularly on the edges, in order to give them an ancient air. The ink that he used was a composition which turned brown when exposed to the fire. The strings that tied his manuscripts were drawn from old tapestries. He had altered an ancient engraving, bought by chance, into a pretended portrait of Shakspeare in the character of Shylock. Unhappily for him, he had but a very imperfect acquaintance with the handwriting of the poet, and none whatever with that of Elizabeth or

Lord Southampton, so that he could not even attempt to imitate them.

The confessions of Ireland, by cutting short all uncertainty, only irritated the more those whom he had deceived. His career was over. He could not remain in England. He went to France, where he lived a long time. There he reappeared during the Hundred Days, at which period Napoleon, for what services I know not, gave him the Cross. He published, in 1822, a

rather curious work upon this epoch and the second Restoration. He passed his life in writing for the booksellers. He has left a history of the county of Kent, several romances, and a poem, none of the slightest value. The author has had precisely that strange fate of being himself the most mediocre of writers, yet of passing off some of his verses under the name of the greatest of poets. He died in 1835.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE have been two topics of universal interest during the summer, the heat and the war. But, despite the African fervor, the latter was the absorbing topic. There was never a more unexpected war. Indeed, the great cloud appeared, discharged itself so suddenly and with such fury, that it may be quite spent before this Magazine is issued. The Peace Society has not been heard from recently. That general disarming of the great powers, of which there was such vigorous suggestion a little while since, has not yet taken place; and the millennium of swords beaten into plow-shares seems still remote. Yet it is not a great many years since the Easy Chair was speculating with a friend, as they strolled through the busy streets, upon the aspect of a great city during a war. So prolonged and profound had been our own peace that a state of war had become half fabulous, and they pleased themselves with fancying the alarm, the lassitude, the paralysis, which must by turns affect a city during war. Soon enough they saw the spectacle which they had fancied. And every town and every village and every quiet valley among inland hills all over the land saw the same spectacle. And every where even now, when the last gun was long since fired and the last soldier has long ago become a citizen again, the country still shows and feels what war is.

This is the reason that the news of the war in Europe was received here with such unanimous deprecation and sense of horror. The sanguinary ordeal has been stripped of all romance. It is no longer, as it seemed to us when we used to read of the wonderful campaigns of Napoleon Bonaparte, "a great drama;" it is merely a cruel and causeless tragedy. In summer days of leisure a young Easy Chair, for instance, read of Lodi, of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Waterloo, of the ghastly Russian expedition, as it read of Diomedes and Pandarus, of Hector and Achilles, upon the plain of Troy. The awful carnage, the inexpressible suffering in the field, the unimaginable sorrow in countless homes, seemed as unreal and remote as the personal grief in Lydia when Cyrus conquered Cræsus. But every Easy Chair reads the newspapers describing the present war of another Bonaparte with eyes touched by the magic of experience. It is romance no longer. It is crime.

Yet if any one is inclined hopelessly to suppose that history is an eternal circle, that we merely seem to advance, and that civilization is but a finer form of barbarism, let him be com-

forted by observing a few significant facts that distinguish this war. The war indeed is itself a fact, and most deplorable. It is, as Mr. Gladstone called it at the Lord Mayor's dinner in London, "a quarrel the most mournful and miserable ever witnessed by mankind." It is, also, as Mr. Gladstone did not say, because he was speaking in the name of a neutral and neighboring government, a war springing from the pride of one man. It is almost literally a war without excuse and without object. It is, therefore, as wanton and wicked a war as could be imagined.

But the quicker conscience of civilization is to be seen in nothing more plainly than in the instant and universal recognition of that fact, in its emphatic statement by the English prime minister, and by the vehement protest of the moral public opinion of the world. That sentiment now distinctly demands that there shall be no war without extreme and inevitable cause. It denounced Louis Napoleon with unsparing severity as a malefactor. The attempts to justify him, or to insist that the sympathy of the world should be neutral between Prussia and France, were absurdly futile. It was an invitation to stultification, to oblivion of any difference between right and wrong. It was an airy exhortation to believe that the anguish of thousands and thousands of loving hearts was nothing to us because they were French and Prussian hearts, and that the tortures of the wounded and dying upon bloody fields need not affect us, because they were foreign fields over the sea. The universal and indignant protest against the war, and the overpowering condemnation of its author, were the declaration that there can no longer be a neutrality of the public heart or conscience, and that any man who invokes war to avenge his mortified vanity or his personal grief shall share the condemnation of the forger and the murderer. The development of such a sentiment and its powerful expression are largely due to the political changes which society is rapidly undergoing, which reverse the theories and practices of the warlike ages, and assert the essential value and equality of men. As the people come into power, wars will be waged only from dire necessity. Not that republics have not been as bellicose as other governments, but that by the conditions of our modern republics intelligence is so developed that the moral protest will be a constantly increasing force.

The better state of things is also seen, despite the fact of the war, in the constant attempt of

the guilty government to justify itself before the world. It is an attempt which not only shows the vivid consciousness of the existence of a public moral tribunal, but also of the weight of its opinion. The Duke of Grammont, the French foreign minister, said that the tone of the English newspapers deeply irritated France. That they deeply irritated the Emperor is very probable. They vexed his uncle also. But his uncle had a short and easy way with such dissenters. Sir Samuel Romilly said that Louis the Fourteenth was never so independent of public opinion as Napoleon Bonaparte. He prohibited all English newspapers; and one of his courtiers in 1800 told an English nobleman that, if the English press was not silenced in its censure of Napoleon, there must be war to the death. Cobbett was mentioned by name by Napoleon as an editor who must be punished. Poor Dr. Addington, the predecessor of Mr. Gladstone, remonstrated with the newspapers, but he could not punish them, as the great Napoleon did, for a difference of opinion. The nephew is irritated, but he does not threaten nor haughtily demand peremptory punishment of misbelievers. Like a criminal at the bar, he proceeds to justify. He tries to defend himself. One of the New York papers said that it was likely to be a war of documents as well as of Chassepots and needle-guns. Documents are official proofs. Their production is an evidence of an uneasy consciousness of the kind of tribunal which sits in permanence upon the war.

Then also the amelioration of war is seen in the attitude of both combatants toward neutrals. The old rule was that every thing must give place to the war. Neutrals had such rights only as the belligerents chose to concede. But the Congress of Paris, in 1856, showed the increasing influence of neutral interests and the deepening conviction that war must be regarded as a horrible alternative, whose direful consequences should spread as little as possible beyond the belligerents. The doctrine that free ships make free goods is a sign that peace and not war is coming to be regarded as the normal state of the civilized world. But at the very beginning of this war, the very first act of Prussia, against whom the fury of France was to be hurled, was a declaration that all merchant vessels, including those of France, should be secure upon the sea. This is a step in the humanity of war beyond that taken by any nation. In 1856, at the Congress of Paris, we had offered to take it in company with the other great powers. Prussia, on the eve of a tremendous war, takes it alone. It is asserted, indeed, that, having a long coast and a small navy, it was her interest to do it, hoping that France would do the same. The Easy Chair is not of those who suppose that Bismarck expected any such action from France. He knew the force of the French navy, and he knew that the French government in so crucial a war would not surrender a single advantage. He undoubtedly expected that France would demand the letter of the bond of 1856, as she did. She consented, accordingly, that free ships should make free goods, but, unlike her magnanimous antagonist, refused to allow the Prussian flag to protect any thing.

Why then did Bismarck pursue such a policy? To secure a moral advantage. And a moral ad-

vantage was possible only because of that better public opinion in regard to war of which we have been speaking, and which is thus acknowledged to exist, and to be worth propitiating by the most astute of living statesmen. With the same consciousness and purpose he published to the world the fact of the overture from France to absorb Belgium. There was a great deal of contempt in the indignation with which this announcement was received, because it seemed a kind of travesty of the old Napoleonic policy by the inadequate heir of a famous name. The time has so wholly passed in which it is permitted to a king or an emperor to lay such plots, that there was also a certain incredulity in the wonder with which it was heard. And if the design itself showed, upon the part of the chief plotter, an indifference to the public opinion of which we have been speaking, the result and his subsequent conduct serve all the more forcibly to prove the existence, and character, and power of that opinion.

The very circumstances, therefore, which are irresistibly conspicuous about the war show the presence and force of a feeling which will hasten the work of the Peace Society. Surely it is a sentiment which every honest man and woman will strive to deepen and strengthen. When governments feel it to be necessary to deprecate the judgment of the world upon their armed contests, such contests will become fewer and fewer. As war becomes more humane, also, it tends to disappear. There is, indeed, another theory which declares that, the more ferocious warfare is, the sooner it will be ended. If wells are poisoned, and bullets are made explosive, and the ocean is ravaged, and wounds and suffering are aggravated, and the horrors of death are multiplied, says this theory, nations will be more wary of undertaking wars. The reply is simple and conclusive. Civilization repudiates such a policy, barbarism pursues it. But among civilized nations wars not only diminish, but they are more sharply denounced; while the normal condition of savages is war. To adopt the barbarons policy—and its adoption has been gravely urged in recent discussions upon maritime war and neutral rights—would, of course, be to barbarize all nations that resorted to it. But is war likely to disappear in the degree that the world relapses into barbarism?

No, no; an age in which Florence Nightingale goes, a humanizing influence, with the British army to the Crimea—an age in which thousands of Florence Nightingales are organized into a Sanitary Commission, which tenderly follows the American army, like a good genius attending a hero—is not an age which fosters war, but which diligently plants the palm of peace. Mournful and miserable, indeed, is the struggle which, as we write, begins to shake Europe, and which sickens every heart in America, that only too freshly recalls six years ago. Remembering ourselves, we know what France and Prussia—the France and Prussia of the people—feel to-day. What consolation there is, is for the assaulted Prussians, to whom no alternative was left. The King of Prussia said, with truth, "I am compelled to draw the sword to ward off a wanton attack." And how curiously must a thoughtful Frenchman wonder whether the genius of his race forbids the hope that the people

of France will ever firmly and intelligently direct their own destiny! —

"THE elephant now goes round, goes round;
The band begins to play;
The little boys under the monkeys' cage
Had better get out of the way!"

The Easy Chair can not properly ask the highly respected reader whether he has lately been to a country circus, because a circus is cosmopolitan, and Mr. Merryman, who, far up in some retired valley of the Green Mountains, runs into the ring and says, "Here I am!" ran into the same ring, with the same humorous ejaculation, in the great city, only a month ago. But when you reflect that he said the same thing last evening and this afternoon, and will say it again this evening and to-morrow afternoon, you will admire the unflagging zeal with which he works at his profession. However, that is not the thing to think of when we go to the circus. And by all means let us go in the country if we can, because a city audience is callous with constant dissipation, while in the country there is always a large part of the audience which is wholly inexperienced in the enjoyment. And the size of the audience, the unexpected crowd, in the country, suggests also the monotony of the life there, which every body is delighted to invade with any excitement.

The premonitory symptoms of the circus break out upon the village fences in the form of huge placards, conveying a temptation which is both appalling and irresistible. It is at once evident that the utmost ferocity in the wild beasts may be expected. The rhinoceros is a terrible creature. His horn, which is a yard long, glistens horribly in the sun while he tears through the jungles of the tent at an incalculable speed. As for the elephant, his huge legs, trunk, ears, and tail are all flying in different directions as he rolls a brace of royal Bengal tigers over and over, who frightfully gnash their teeth and glare upon Behemoth with a savageness that curdles the village blood in its veins. The African lion in his native wilds is consuming three villagers and other men at one meal, and the polar bear lies under the ample shade of the glacier receiving a friendly visit from walruses and seals. If you can turn your eyes from these delightful horrors, there is the celebrated highly-trained animal, Napoleon, the horse that waltzes to slow music. And here is Mademoiselle Éclair flying, and gracefully kissing her hand to applauding worlds as she flies, through several miles of papered hoops. And the modern Hercules simultaneously catches 500-pounders, with a smile, upon the nape of his neck and each elbow. *La Petite Elise*, aged five years, flutters in the most angelic manner, with tiny flags in her hands, over floating draperies. All is delight and grace and happiness, skill, ferocity, and surprise, in the premonitory symptoms.

The young villager studies these great bills with inexpressible awe and expectation. He saw them last year, perhaps, and probably the year before. He has proved the quality of their veracity. He knows whether the rhinoceros really does plow up the elephant's belly, and the elephant's flying leaps has he not seen? But who knows not the magic of a play-bill? Yes, and of a dinner-bill? The first blue-bird in

spring does not more surely foretell a summer that shall not be than the bill of fare in the dingiest cellar smelling of beer insinuates the delicate vision of a dinner beyond Delmonico. Then is there not the Grand Entree of the whole company? the band, comfortably sitting in Cleopatra's barge, playing lively tunes with an overpowering proportion of bass drum? the dusky, dusty elephants, slowly following, flapping their huge ears like punkahs, and stoically restraining that promised tendency of legs, trunk, and tail to fly abroad? and the camels, Bactrian and other, come lounging along; and the boys instantly lose themselves in a learned labyrinth of debate whether it is the camel that has two humps and the dromedary one. Then roll in solemn silence all the red vans, in which we know, with feelings not to be described, that zebras and gnus, and leopards and jaguars, and lions and tigers, are passing, although invisible. If there is a hoarse growl, a sullen rumble, a snarl, a scratch— Oh joy! that in these cages is something that doth live!

What a procession it is! And when does it move, and by what roads? What if, driving by a lonely way for pleasure upon one of the burning afternoons of this summer, you had suddenly come upon camels and elephants plodding heavily along! You would not have been surprised, for you are a philosopher, and evidently our zone has lost its balance, and the tropics have marked us for their own; but what would your horse have said? There was a lemonade merchant at the circus—for we are going gradually thither—who said mysteriously, as he chipped the ice, "Long before the sun's first ray We are off and far away!" Does that help the matter? Suppose that you are passing your vacation at a farm-house, and are awakened at dawn, not by the proud challenge of chanticleer, but by the roar of the king of beasts under your bowery window! "Suppose, my beloved brethren," said the deacon at the prayer-meeting, to the thoughtless world's people who had come in to scoff—"suppose, my beloved brethren, that you should wake up to-morrow morning and find yourselves dead, what would you say then?" One dweller near the springs of Dove, by which the circuses pass to the neighboring town, has a convenient theory of the souring of milk. If it comes upon the table in that state, he says, "Succus at Dove to-night."

"How do you know?"

"Milk's sour."

"How does that prove it?"

"Cows can't stand the noise. When the succus goes by, and the animals snarl, it curdles the milk in the bag. 'Least s'pose so. Can't 'count for it no other way."

The tent is stretched in a large field, and there are other tents adjacent—moons, as it were, to the great planet. Flags wave gayly from the tops of poles. There is a long line of vans and a tent of horses. What a peaceful encampment! How much pleasanter to see than those summer camps upon the Rhine! Here is the tent of the "Grand Opera Troupe and Ethiopian Minstrels," with a prodigious picture. In one corner of the picture a dandy, of a kind never seen upon earth, is bowing to a New York lady of the extremest fashion—a combination of chignon, panier, and high heels; a clown sprawls upon the ground;

and in the other corner a Lydia Thompson appalls Sam Slick with a tremendous demonstration of the cancan. It is all extravagance and bright paint; but the humor lies altogether, like Cap'n Cuttle's, in the application. And here is the tent of the giant, Major Goliath, illustrated by a full-length portrait. It must, indeed, be fully as long as the Major, representing that gallant officer as about twenty-five feet high. We ordinary people are depicted as reaching halfway from the Major's ankles to his knees. But human nature is avenged by Miss Fairy Mite, who is to be seen in the same tent, and who, judging from her portrait, also generously exposed gratis, is apparently of the proportions of a grasshopper. Miss Ada Chubley, the far-famed fat girl, completes the trio of attractions in this department—admission only twenty-five cents.

The circus ticket-seller sits in a red van upon wheels, and sells the tickets through the open back. That of itself is something. It has a picnic air. It sets the refrain humming again, "Long before the sun's first ray We are off and far away." It makes the circus seem a merry-go-round. But the ticket-seller, somehow, is not merry, nor in any degree suggestive of merriment and festivity. He sits in his shirt-sleeves, and has taken off his cravat and collar, and sells tickets with a weary, mechanical air, which is wholly inexplicable to the youngest visitor of the party, who has different associations with a circus. And the men at the door of the tent, who take the tickets as we pass in, do not seem in the least degree excited. The older of the younger members observes that they are as indifferent to the pleasure of which they are a part as a confectioner's boy to candy. The eyes of the younger sparkle as we deliver the tickets.

Well, here it is again, as the clown says; the old familiar smell. One whiff, and we are all children once more. It is a mingling of tannery and stable and menagerie; but it is unmistakable. And all around the ring is a rising bank of eager spectators. It is midsummer, and it is not a sombre audience. The women and children are in light dresses; the men in drilling coats, and often in shirt-sleeves. Every body has a small palm-leaf fan, and there is a half-dizzy flutter in the aspect of the audience. But such eager attention! We walk slowly along, and there are no seats. People upon the lower benches only wish that we would get out of the way, and not hide the view. Down go the younger members upon the grass at the edge of the ring, and the elders squeeze in somewhere modestly, and immediately wish that the next comers would get out of the way and not hide the view. And there is the same old ring, and the same old clown, and the same old double-checked slowly-cantering horse; and there is the same old Mr. Merryman. "My sweet-heart says—I have a sweet-heart," and we are all delighted at the droll fellow's humor—"my sweet-heart says, 'You'd better not keep your cap on 'fore folks.' And she snakes it off—so!" 'Tis irresistible.

That funny fellow must have been doing that very thing, and saying those very words, ever since the siege of Troy. And he seems never to have said it before. It is a happy inspiration. And so it is, when, in that same old gay round

voice, he says to the solemn ring-master, who snaps his whip in a highly stately manner:

"Do you know what my gal says?"

"No, Sir; I don't know what the person whom you call your 'gal' says."

"She says—" and the wit follows the ring-master steadily around the pole.

"Well, Sir, *what* does she say?" demands the ring-master with dignified urgency.

"Wouldn't you like to know!"

"Come, Sir, none of your freedom with me;" and he feigns a snap with his whip at the clown's leg, who feigns a pain, and catches up his leg and hops comically after his leader.

"Well, my gal says, says she—"

"Very well, Sir, what?"

"Shoo, fly, don't bodder me!"

We all laugh again, not immoderately, but pleasantly; while one delighted auditor behind us enjoys every sally and every intended sally. Nor can the funny man exclaim, "I say!" but the friend behind snickers and shouts, and is evidently having his full money's worth. When Mr. Merryman sings his song, lamenting, with appropriate expressions of face, that "Sally's gone away," the delight of our friend is uncontrollable. Laughing is not enough. He nudges all his neighbors with his elbows. He slaps his knees, and he whispers, utterly overcome, "Wa'al, I never see nuthin' to beat that." He takes good wholesome pleasure in every thing that is said or done; but his eyes cling with pathetic fondness to Merryman; and when that gay fellow retires toward the curtain, and, turning, says, "Ladies and gentlemen, the song of 'Sally's Gone Away,' and twenty other new songs that you haven't seen in any other book, are to be had in a little volume which will be offered to you, price ten cents: sold for the benefit of a poor orphan boy; and I'm the chap," slapping his fat sides—it is too much for our appreciative neighbor, who merely pants "Oh! oh!" in utter exhaustion of delight, unable to laugh longer.

Meanwhile Mademoiselle Éclair has bounded into the ring and waves her hand, and smiles the most arid and mechanical of smiles, and is lifted to her horse and kneels and stands and puts out her arm in the most wearisome way, poor thing! and smiles more of that arid smile, and then sits quietly sideways upon the steed, while the attendants bring in long tubs, exaggerated specimens of those in which ice-cream forms are carried about. The attendants stand upon the tubs and hold up the hoops covered with tissue-paper, and up springs Mademoiselle Éclair upon the back of her steed, which begins to canter, and Mademoiselle first goes under the hoops, to get a good start, and then, with an intent, doubtful, half-frightened air, she gives a jump, and happily the tissue-paper breaks and the rider comes safely through. But if her feet caught, or the steed lost his gait, how she would come down, poor thing! and how all of us who are gaping at her would shout and laugh!

"The elephant now goes round, goes round;

The band begins to play;

The little boys under the monkeys' cage

Had better get out of the way!"

We are all sitting gasping as well as gaping. It is three o'clock of one of the most torrid days, and we are packed upon the narrow board seats under the canvas roof. All the women and

most of the men are fanning, and to the right of us and to the left of us it is one volley of "whew!" "whew!" The men ease their necks in their sticky collars; but we none of us take our eyes off the ring. If we had never seen a man or a horse before we could not stare more steadfastly. Young mothers with screaming and belligerent babies—babies who sprawl and kick and splutter and grow red—merely rise, if they are on the lower seat, and move slowly up and down before the audience, their eyes fixed and their souls intent upon the Acrobatic Brethren, one of whom, at the top of the tent, is now holding the other by his teeth, while the other makes himself horizontal high up over our heads, and goes spinning round in a wholly dizzy and bewildering manner. The staring young mothers promenade slowly and stare steadily, totally regardless of the frantic burdens in their arms. It is a noise and a struggle to which they are well used. They are plainly young mothers without what are called nerves, and who do not credit any body else with them. The Easy Chair tries vainly to accommodate its feet upon the seat before it, lest it drop ignominiously through. But a staring elderly lady, sedulously fanning, and resolved to bave value for every penny of the entrance-money, moves this way and that to enjoy a perfect view, and on each side encounters a foot of the Easy Chair. She turns round and surveys the offender, who looks blandly unconscious, and vainly endeavors to adjust the relations of things, but succeeds only in infringing upon the similar rights of others.

These little incidents make it warmer, which is needless; and while they are occurring, and Mr. Merryman is making ludicrous remarks, we are all unable to hear, because of an extraordinary voice, which says something unintelligible and monotonous in a singsong staccato tone. Listening closely, we can hear "Each and every one should secure a copy of the song-book; price ten cents! ten cents for the book. While away an hour every evening; each and every one." And so on from the beginning. This is a constant accompaniment of the performance. The seller of song-books passes, and is succeeded by a boy, copiously beaded with perspiration, carrying a metal tray holding tumblers of iced lemonade. He is evidently a graduate of the same school of elocution. "Each and every one should have a tumbler of iced lemonade; keep you cool for the whole of the afternoon and part of the evening. How many did you say, Sir?" All delivered in the same hard, stilted, measured, absurdly solemn tone. The lemonade boy drips by; and then—"Each and every one should have a *fun*, to keep yourself *cool*!" The whole performance is like one of the highly gilt volumes that you find upon hotel tables, which have an air of being books; but every other page is a circular, and it is not a book, but an advertisement. Presently the ring-master himself stops and says: "At the close of the entertainment the grand opera troupe and minstrels will give a concert in the adjacent tent. You will please to take notice that it is by females only. Tickets will be offered to the audience, to save them trouble in procuring them afterward at the ticket-office. Each and every one can secure tickets for the grand opera troupe without leaving their

seats. Price twenty-five cents! But our own performance is not more than half through." Which is a melancholy departure from the truth, as events prove.

"The elephant now goes round, goes round;
The band begins to play;
The little boys under the monkeys' cage
Had better get out of the way!"

"I didn't care a cent to come to the succus, but the children wanted to see the wild beasts," says one broad-waisted and round-backed matron, steadily fanning, to another. But, truthward, the remark is at least suspicious, for nobody loses less of the spectacle. She watches with delight Signor Caoutchouchi, the India rubber man, whose shins, neck, and calves appear to be interchangeable, and who, as the elder of the younger members remarks, is equally at home upside down or inside out. Mrs. Broadwaist may not care a cent for the succus, but she is deeply interested in *La Petite Elise*, who stands upon her papa's shoulder upon the gentle canterer, and waves her little arms and kisses her little hands, and bounds out amidst our hearty applause. Presently the elephant himself appears, flapping those dusky ears, and the little boys who have front seats upon the ground close to the ring suddenly retire with a serious, preoccupied air; not as if they were obeying any exterior suggestion, but an inward monitor. The huge beast treads over the Saracenic gentleman in a dirty turban, who carries a cowhide; and he limps around the ring upon three legs, and he poises himself upon one of the inverted ice-cream freezers, wheezing and roaring to a degree which is evidently coincident with renewed warnings of the boys' inward monitor, for they withdraw still further.

And so must we all, loudly informed that the concert by the grand opera troupe is about to begin—tickets for sale at the door. But we prefer to pass around and look at the animals, although the authorities immediately warn us to leave, as it is necessary to close the tent in order to prepare for the evening performance. The noscerous is a dreadful disappointment to the younger member, who had expected to behold the unicorn of Scripture, and to see an agile animal with a long ivory rapier upon his nose, "rearing up" for a grapple with an equally lively lion. The heavy, hulking beast with a swelling upon his proboscis—for no horn is visible—is far from satisfactory. We are shuffled out with the crowd, and emerge upon a contest of attractions.

One man in front of the concert tent declares that "each and every one should hear this unparalleled concert. Such a musical attraction is seldom offered. Only twenty-five cents." Opposite, and very near, is the tent of Major Goliath and Miss Fairy Mite. A stentor bawls the hidden charms of that canvas in masterly style: "Ten thousand dollars offered for the equal of this *lusus naturæ*. I give you my word of honor, ladies and gentlemen, that I have never seen his equal for intelligence and learning. The fat girl is alone worth the price of a ticket. Affable as he is tall, ladies, and a universal favorite. Ten thousand dollars offered for the equal of this *lusus naturæ*." The amount was spouted out in such a prodigious voice that it made as much noise as if it had been half a million, and it seemed to make us all richer to hear such

enormous sums so lavishly and loudly mentioned. But the lemonade merchants were not less sonorous: "Step up, ladies and gentlemen. We are not selling now; we are giving it away! Ice lemonade only five cents a glass! A ruinous rate! Each and every one should take a glass of ice lemonade. 'Twill keep them cool all the afternoon and part of the evening. With sugar, lemons, and plenty of ice, We make you a drink that's uncommonly nice. Five cents! Five cents a glass! Sheer ruin! Step up, ladies and gentlemen!"

Every body was going. Only those stragglers for whom the tent of the succus has a resistless attraction still hovered about. Mrs. Broad-waist, who came only because the children wanted to see the wild beasts, went last and lingeringly. It was the same old circus. Nothing was changed. Will any thing ever be changed? Will they always have the trained horse doing exactly the same things, and the elephant likewise? Will there be always the Mademoiselle Éclair jumping through the hoops, and the *Petite Elise* doing what her great-grandmother in the same business did at her age? Will the drunken fellow in the seedy clothes always come tumbling into the ring from the outside, and must he always have been to school with Mr. Merryman, who betrays him into sprawling in the dust? Shall all the world advance, science, art, civilization itself, and the succus stand still? One thing only was new; Monsieur Éclair rode around the ring sitting in a chair upon his horse's back and fanning himself. And to call that new is probably only to betray how long it is since the Easy Chair had heard the stirring words:

"The elephant now goes round, goes round;
The band begins to play;
The little boys under the monkeys' cage
Had better get out of the way!"

A SAD letter of M. Prévost-Paradol to a friend in France, in which the minister speaks despondingly of his position, has been published since his death. It is the letter of a man entirely ill at ease. He would have renounced politics, but it was impossible. He ought to be in the Chamber of Deputies, but he could not afford "to devote forty or fifty thousand francs to an election." To come to America was to allow the course of events in France to be determined, and to fit himself for affairs. It is, indeed, a melan-

choly letter, and has been made the occasion of some melancholy comments upon the penalties of public life, as illustrated from some conspicuous careers among ourselves.

Undoubtedly the three most noted American men of the last generation died disappointed men. Webster, Clay, and Calhoun are sorrowful names to mention. What inducement, cries the critic, has a man to serve his country? See what abuse was hurled at Washington, at Lincoln! Contemplate the ex-Presidents! Who would serve a public which forever proves itself ungrateful!

But is it ungrateful to Washington? Is it ungrateful to Franklin? Is it ungrateful to any of the famous fathers? When a man complains or feels that he has served his country for naught, what does he mean? That he has not helped his country? That it is not stronger, wiser, better for his services? No; he means something very different. He means that he has not received the reward that he wished.

If the careers of the three Senators of the last generation are melancholy to contemplate, why are they so? Is it because they served the country according to their powers and perceptions, or because they are felt to be personally disappointed men? The truth is plain. If a man serves his country that he may be personally honored, his disappointment will sour himself and his friends. But we must understand what honor is. Would Webster, or Clay, or Calhoun be more honored or regarded if they had been President? Would they have been more famous? What is the reward of public life? Is it noble fame and public gratitude, or an office? Would John Bright's political career, his public service, be without reward if he had never been called into the cabinet, if he should never be made prime minister?

Webster, Clay, and Calhoun gave their lives and talents to public life, and were rewarded with great fame and all but the highest office. If they were disappointed, the moral is not that republics are ungrateful, but that the personal ambition of public men is inordinate. The testimony of Mr. Greeley has been given upon this subject in a little speech. He says: "I wish to give my testimony as that of one nearly sixty years of age, and who for forty years has been actively engaged in political strife, and that without holding office or attaining wealth or position; that I feel that my career has been a satisfactory one."

Editor's Literary Record.

POETRY.

IT is curious how, in the cycles of time, literature returns to its starting-point. The oldest books of the world are its sacred books. The philosophy of China, the poetry of India, the legends of our own North American aborigines, the mythology of Greece and Rome, and last, though not least, the entire literature of the Hebrews, their history, philosophy, poetry, and romance, are religious. It would, indeed, almost seem as though nothing else had power of permanent life. And now we have come back, having traveled a long journey meanwhile, to an

era which again produces nothing but religious literature. The modern romance, in its best form, is a parable. The modern history is not only philosophy, but religious philosophy, teaching by example. Modern philosophy is never really content to deal with any less problems than those which concern the infinite. And no poems really stir the heart of the age deeply that do not have in them somewhat of reflected light from the other world. The poetry of Rossetti and of Swinburne only ruffles the surface. The poetry of Wordsworth, of Tennyson, and of Whittier is needed to sound the depths of the soul. Nobody

ever suspected Timothy Titcomb of being a *great* poet, but his "Bitter-Sweet" and his "Kathrina" attained an unexampled popularity, chiefly because they discussed, in the realm of feeling and imagination, problems in soul-experience that can not be solved by the analyses of the intellect. *The Modern Job*, by HENRY PETERSON (H. Peterson and Co.), is a genuinely modern poem in that it is written by one who appreciates this spirit of the age. It is characteristically a religious—we might almost say that it is a theological—poem. It follows, in the outline of the story, curiously close to its Hebrew original. The story opens with a picture of Job in his prosperity, "perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil." But affliction soon overtakes him. Drought, rust, and barrenness blast his fields; his flocks and herds die; his wealth withers to dust and ashes; his wife and children fall a prey to the spotted fever; and, finally, the boils that afflicted his prototype break out all over him. Comforters—Job's comforters—come, in the persons of two clergymen, to console him, by declaring his afflictions to be a divine judgment for his sins. And finally, caught up into heaven, he talks not with God, but with God's vicegerent, Michael, whose interpretation of the mystery of life closes the book. Job's wife alone is wanting, and her place is very well supplied by an impish dwarf, Judas. But here the similarity ends. That mystery of suffering which Jehovah declares to the Hebrew Job to be inexplicable, Michael explains to the modern Job:

"God rules the earth, but rules it through his powers,
As he rules all the planets and the suns."

Michael is lord and ruler of the earth. But he is neither omnipotent nor omniscient. He can never tell what the result of any course of action will be, since men are free agents, and he can never be sure what they will do. He does the best he can. But he makes some bad blunders, and causes immense mischief, by his ignorance or his inability to cope with Satan and his tremendous agencies. This is the moral and meaning of the whole poem. As a work of poetic art, it is a remarkable book. The characters of Job and Judas are strongly marked, and the devil is, if the reader will excuse the expression, an admirable devil. But as an explanation of the mystery of sin and suffering, it is a lamentable failure. The moral of the ancient Job is better than that of the modern one. The theology of the Hebrews is better than that of the Hindoos. It is better to bow before the throne of an all-seeing and all-mighty God whose love we trust, though his ways are past our finding out, than before a Michael who means well but is quite incompetent to manage the estate which has been intrusted to him. We have so little respect for overseers, and agents, and middlemen, and subordinate officials of all sorts, in terrestrial affairs, that we should be very loth to accept any theology which transfers them to the kingdom of heaven.

TRAVELS.

WILLIAM H. DALL's treatise on *Alaska and its Resources* (Lee and Shepard) has been on our table for some time awaiting our attention. Alaska is a pleasant topic to think and read

about with the thermometer at 102° in the shade; but a ponderous volume of over six hundred pages is rather formidable reading for the dog-days, and we have not made so rapid progress in it as we could have wished. It is to be added that Mr. Dall's book is not one to be judged of by a glance at the title-page and the table of contents, nor can the cream of its rich pages be taken off by any skimming process. It is really, what the American press does not often furnish us, a genuinely original contribution to our stock of knowledge, and is likely to prove rather a permanent than a popular addition to the American literature of travel. In 1864 the plan was devised of constructing an international telegraph from San Francisco, by the way of Behring Strait, to Siberia and Russia. An expedition of observation was started in 1865 to explore the Yukon territory, the direction of which, by the death of its original commander, fell into the hands of Lieutenant Dall. Before their explorations were completed the completion of the laying of the Atlantic cable superseded the necessity of any further prosecution of their work, and in August, 1867, the Western Union Telegraph Company abandoned the hopeless enterprise, which had already cost nearly three million of dollars, and recalled the expedition. Lieutenant Dall's scientific enthusiasm was aroused, and he resolved to remain and prosecute his researches for himself, which he actually did for a year, entirely alone. During his two years of absence he did not receive a single letter from home, so complete was his isolation. The result of his observations and explorations is a valuable addition to the cabinet of the Smithsonian Institute, and the volume before us, which is part journal, part narrative, part description, part scientific analysis. The style is vivacious and entertaining; the descriptions, both of nature and of Russian and Inuit life, that of a careful observer. It is a perfect cyclopedia of information concerning Alaska. It opens up to the average reader a land hitherto almost wholly unknown. Its chief defect is its size. The author assumes a degree of interest on the part of the American reader in that land of Indians and Oranians, to use his own word, which the American public are far from feeling. We wish, for our own comfort in reading and for the largest usefulness of the book itself, that its author had made it one-half the size. The illustrations are very fair in execution, and the map is an admirable one.

It is just possible that some of our readers never heard of Musardu. They may even be oblivious of "the populous and thriving towns of Zolu, Zow-Zow, Salaghee, Fissahbue, and Bokkasaw." They may even be ignorant of Ziggah Porrah Zue, with its "vast and noisy market." Nay, it would not be surprising if the whole territory of the Western Mandingoes may be an unknown land to them. For their benefit we will say that it is a territory lying just east of Liberia. We have read with more than usual interest the plain, simple, and unostentatious story by BENJAMIN ANDERSON of his *Journey to Musardu*, the capital of the Mandingoes, and the difficulties with which he had to cope, and the dangers he had to face and overcome. The narrative is a straightforward,

manly one, without any attempt at display, and gives the reader a glimpse of life in the interior of Africa, which it is more agreeable to get by the eyes of another tourist than by one's own. Mr. Anderson, let us add, is a pure-blooded negro, and his narrative is printed and published under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute.

We may, perhaps, classify among books of travel Mr. KINGSTON's reminiscences of Artemus Ward, very well entitled *The Genial Showman* (Harper and Brothers), for he was a very genial showman indeed, and this gossipy volume is a very genial book. Not, certainly, a remarkable addition to the literature of biography, but a very pleasant and readable series of sketches, from which you may extract, without difficulty, many a pleasant laugh, and some little, though not very valuable or useful, information concerning American shows and the private life of American showmen.

SCIENCE AND ART.

To say that a book is French is, in some styles of literature, no less than in fashions and millinery, its best recommendation. Such a book is FIGUIER's *Primitive Man* (D. Appleton and Co.). From the frontispiece to the concluding exclamation point it is French all over. The lively, piquant style is French; the accurate but not heavy scholarship is French; and the numerous plates are the same that were used in the original French edition. Only the version is English. We are learning very fast that no people excel our Gallican neighbors in the facility with which they bring the results of dry research directly before the people, so that even children can learn the sciences while at play. A book on this subject was wanted. Sir J. Lubbock's work is not quite popular enough in its style—in fact, Sir John is himself too much of a scholar in this department to take kindly to the creation of popular effects. He has not that combination of faculties that makes the dashing Professor Huxley so popular with both the *savans* and the lecture-going and newspaper-reading public. Figuiér is a Frenchman, and probably has no more faith than most of his countrymen in Revelation; but he knows that on such a subject the prejudices of his countrywomen must be consulted, and he is as soundly orthodox as the Pope of Rome. "Man descended from a monkey? Cousin-german to a gorilla? Profane doctrine! Besides, here are some scientific arguments against it. To be sure, I must make man from twenty to one hundred thousand years in existence, but the Bible doesn't deny it; and are not M. l'Abbé This-one and Mr. Bishop T'other-one among the leading advocates of this prolonged antiquity?" And so this most pious of the sciences, commended by the most pious of prelates, is piously introduced to the pious French people. And yet, with its somewhat unnecessary disclaimer of irreligion, we do like the book. Every one ought to know something about archæology, and here we have it in a compact, readable form. The ages of stone, of bronze, and of iron; the dolmens and cromlechs; the caves and tombs and lake dwellings; cracked thigh-bones of mammoths, and oyster-shells from Danish kitchen-middens; hatchets and arrow-heads and

fishhooks; and even combs and hair-pins and necklaces; here they are all described, and not only so, but pictured out on almost every page. These smaller pictures are of very great value. They are accurate and indispensable to the reader. But we can not say as much for the astonishing full-page engravings on which the designer has been allowed to indulge a most extraordinary imagination. Life must have been poetry in those days, if we can trust these pictures of the "noble savage." Look at that "Family in the Stone Age." The skin is untanned by exposure. The mother, nursing her child, with her half-grown children around her, has as delicate, girlish, and refined a face and figure as you would any where find. The father, posted in a striking attitude, and gazing out on the ocean, is a veritable Hercules in physical development, and belongs to the highest Greek style of feature. We would suggest one caution to those who read this book. Remember that the geology of man, this study of pre-historic times, is a science yet in its infancy. Its conclusions are not yet to be fully trusted when they do more than describe the bare relics which have been discovered. When they divide the ante-historic period into defined stone, bronze, and iron ages, or when they attempt to prove from the Neanderthal skull what was the mental development of primitive man, or when they would say whether the human remains of Europe indicate an antiquity of five thousand or of five hundred thousand years, they are treading on slippery ground. On such questions the best authorities are at swords' points. So long as Vogt and Quatrefages differ on these matters we will wait till the fight is out, and meanwhile content ourselves with looking at Figuiér's figures, or, it may be, import a little of his French enthusiasm for the investigation of some of our American antiquities.

Dr. T. S. VERDI, in his book on *Maternity* (J. B. Ford and Co.), has treated a very delicate subject with great delicacy. His book fairly deserves the description of its title-page, "A Popular Treatise for Young Wives and Mothers." For a long while a false sensitiveness veiled all the various physiological questions connected with maternity in an obscurity which was only less injurious to the morals than to the health. Women were allowed to grow up and to enter the marriage state in utter ignorance of those truths which, above all things, it concerned them to understand. Such books as were written on the subject were of a character to intensify the popular dislike and suspicion of all medical literature bearing upon it. We welcome cordially the improvement indicated in public sentiment by such works as this of Dr. Verdi. To be ignorant in this matter is a crime, a crime not only against one's self, but against humanity and the state. Every young wife and mother, nay, every woman, should, through some such treatise, acquaint herself with her own constitution, the laws of her own being, and the dangers which threaten both her and her offspring. Among the various volumes of this kind which the last two or three years have produced we give a high place to that of Dr. Verdi. It is more distinctively medical than some others. It belongs to the homeopathic school, and the remedies it prescribes are homeopathic remedies. But apart from this considera-

tion—a recommendation to some of our readers, and a radical defect in the eyes of others—it is admirable in its exposition of the principles of physiology, in its interpretation of the laws of hygiene, and in the eminent good sense of its practical directions, not only to the invalid, but to the as yet strong and well.

Charles Scribner and Co. add to their excellent library of "Illustrated Wonders" a volume on the *Wonders of Architecture*. To those who are familiar with foreign guide-books there will be no new revelations on the subject in the illustrations of this volume, which do not do the theme justice. The book itself gives a very excellent, though a necessarily brief, sketch of the different styles and schools of architecture, and is a very convenient and readable compend.

RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

ALL that patient research can do to illustrate the life and labors of St. Paul by elaborate learning, Conybeare and Howson have done so perfectly that their work is of necessity without a rival, and deserves to be without an imitator. Dr. BARNES, therefore, in his *Scenes and Incidents in the Life of the Apostle Paul* (Ziegler, M'Curdy, and Co.), does wisely to refrain altogether from entering the field which they have cultivated so satisfactorily. But if the work of Conybeare and Howson is perfect of its kind, it does by no means exhaust the life of the great Apostle. It is as an author that Paul has been most influential on the destinies of mankind. A work which should seize and portray, in modern and uneclesiastical language, the spirit and tenor of the Apostle's teachings, which should do for the letters of Paul what "Ecce Homo" has done for the words of Christ, could not fail to render an essential service to humanity and the cause of truth. Scarcely less would be the service which one would render who, seizing the salient facts in Paul's life, should exhibit the truths which he taught by his example, who should elucidate his life and character not by a profusion of learning, as Conybeare and Howson have done, but by an appreciation of his character and its significance, interpreting Paul's life as, for example, Bayne has interpreted the life of Howard. It is the latter office which, if we judge aright, Dr. Barnes has undertaken to fulfill. "The work," he tells us, "is founded on the principle that the nature of true religion is fairly illustrated in the lives of its friends; and that more can be learned of its nature from the example of those whose lives are conformed to its requirements than from a creed or a mere abstract statement of its doctrines." Our chief criticism upon his execution of the plan is that his book is too dogmatic; the story is burdened with too heavy a moral. As the fashion of preachers is, a very large conclusion is drawn from a very small text, a very extensive but rather thin fabric out of a very small cocoon. In short, the book is too much like a volume of sermons, and leaves on our mind the suspicion that the crude material may have been a series of parochial sermons or lectures on the life of Paul; that Dr. Barnes has simply tapped his ministerial barrel at the demand of the publishers; and that, as they are shrewd publishers, and are aware that sermons are not a popular form of literature, he has, at their solicitation, cast them

in a slightly—very slightly—different form. His arguments, too, though it would be heresy to impugn them, will be more satisfactory to the faithful than to the skeptical; they are flavored a little with that characteristic which belongs pre-eminently to the preacher whose misfortune it is to have ordinarily no adversary to answer him and expose his weak points. The rationalist, for example, will ask Dr. Barnes, who argues for the supernatural character of Paul's conversion, how he explains the conversions of Constantine and Loyola; and why he admits the visions of the Jewish any more than of the Roman or of the Spanish saint. We do not say there is no difference, but we do say that in a discussion of this event it devolved on Dr. Barnes to point out that difference. To the arguments with which he presses upon the modern Athenians the importance of pushing their investigations into the realm of religious truth, the disciples of Comte and Herbert Spencer will reply by asserting the incompetence of the human faculties to deal with spiritual truth, and will find in his pages no response to their position. And the Arminian will hardly agree that the Lord's declaration to Paul on shipboard, "there shall be no loss of any man's life among you," amounts to a demonstration of particular and personal election. In short, as a book of "evidences" this volume does not compare with the same author's lectures on the "Evidences of Christianity," nor does it constitute, as the preface partially promises it shall, "an argument of great force" in favor of the Christian religion. It is rather a book of pleasant and profitable reading to those whose faith is unshaken; and will be of greater service to instruct and nurture the believer than to strengthen the doubting or convince and convert the skeptical. The book is handsomely printed on slightly tinted paper, and we recognize in it a sign of improvement in subscription books. The full-page pictures are very fair, but the small wood-cuts are a positive blemish. They are either very badly cut, or, what appears more probable, printed from very old and well-worn plates.

DESPITE the author's disavowal in his preface, the public at large will be very apt to accept Professor NOAH PORTER's treatise on *American Colleges and the American Public* (C. C. Chatfield and Co., New Haven) as an exposition and defense of the principles of education maintained at Yale College. The book is written by a leading professor in that honored institution. It was originally contributed, in a series of articles, to the literary and theological organ of New Haven, *The New Englander*. It is dedicated to President Woolsey. It is printed in the office of the *College Courant*. It comes to us with the imprint of a New Haven publisher. And it maintains and defends from the attacks of educational iconoclasts, and the emendations and alterations proposed by educational reformers, the "old landmarks" which Yale still continues to maintain despite the seductive examples of Cornell University and Harvard College. Professor Porter does, indeed, admit, rather reluctantly, the fallibility of college faculties, and the possibility of reforms in detail, even in Yale College itself. But the reforms he suggests are incidental and not very important: reforms in conduct and spirit rather than in

any fundamental principles of education. His strength is laid out in opposing radical alterations. His book may be defined as a plea for conservatism. He argues for the maintenance of classical studies, for the superiority of the dead over the modern languages and over science as a means of development, for the continuance of enforced recitations, for the perpetuity of the dormitory system, against the substitution of lectures for text-books, against the secularization of the college, and against the transfer of its guardianship from a close corporation to the ever-changing body of its alumni; in a word, for the American College very nearly as it is, without either the addition of any considerable graftings from English or German soil, or any pruning of imagined excrescences, and old and, as some modern educators would have us believe, dead limbs—effete and now blossomless and fruitless growths of the past. Dr. Porter is thoroughly at home in his subject, writes *con amore*, and has produced the very best plea for conservatism in education that we have ever met with. Still, it is this and nothing more. It is a defense, a resolute and able defense, of the educational system of the past against the attacks of a not too reverential present. We applaud the spirit which leads this knight-errant of scholastic institutions in general, and of Yale College in particular, to set his lance against the falsely so-called utilitarianism which would substitute what the Germans call the “bread-and-butter” sciences for the liberal studies—book-keeping for Virgil and Homer, and mechanics for moral philosophy; but we could wish he had been able to get out of the atmosphere of New Haven, to look on a larger world than Yale, to perceive the true meaning and spirit of American civilization, and to see what are its educational wants, and what yet will be its educational provisions. For while it is true that *man* is more than American, and that no system of education ought to be merely national, any more than it should be sectarian, while one of the very objects of scholarship is to break down local and national prejudices, and naturalize men from all nations as from all sects in the one great republic of letters, while it is true that in the kingdom of literature, as in the kingdom of heaven, men come from the north and the south, from the east and the west, and sit down together, yet it is no less true that the traditional instruments and methods of the Middle Ages are not the best which the resources of the nineteenth century can afford, and that some greater modifications in the present too narrow system of schooling are required by the spirit of the age, and by the enlarged domain of knowledge, than Dr. Porter recognizes in the one short chapter which he devotes to a discussion of some proposed remedies of acknowledged evils in the present college system.

Rocks and Shoals (American Unitarian Association) is the title of a small volume of sermons by Rev. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, in New York. Mr. Hepworth is a student of real life. He is more successful in describing the “rocks and shoals” of the great city than he is in pointing out the way to escape them. His style is free, fresh, and unconventional. But there is nothing of the ser-

mon about these lectures except the text, and nothing whatever of that moral power over the heart and life which is the first condition of truly and permanently successful preaching. They are the sermons of a popular but not powerful preacher.—Characteristically unlike them are the lectures of JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE—*Steps to Belief* (American Unitarian Association). Nominally a Unitarian, Mr. Clarke is one of those men of whom the age is prolific, who are too broad-minded to *belong* to any school, though too sensible to dissociate themselves wholly from all schools. He is a Unitarian as Mr. Beecher is a Congregationalist, Father Hecker a Roman Catholic, and as Robertson was an Episcopalian. He delights to deal with the intellectual religious problems of his time. Careless of the theology of the past, seizing the theological problems of the present, his book is an admirable presentation, not of orthodox religion, nor yet of Unitarian religion, but of the Christian religion in its largest and broadest sense, as an experience of love toward God and man, and of faith in Christ and the Holy Spirit as against the cheerless and senseless philosophies of atheism and deism on the one hand, and the bondage of Romanism on the other. It is an admirable book, though it is to be read with the remembrance that it is, after all, written from the Unitarian stand-point. Certainly the evangelical school will not accept Mr. Clarke's conception of the divinity of Christ as a basis of reconciliation between themselves and their Socinian antagonists.

NOVELS.

It has often been said that there is nothing in American life from which romance can be made, and that it is, therefore, a barren field. The truth is, however, that all life has the elements from which romance can be made; only the chemistry by which it is to be extracted must be learned. It is much easier to find romance in European life, because one has had there so many predecessors, and the processes by which the romantic element is extracted are all fixed and formulated. What we want is not the element of romance, but the genius to find it. The variety in American life is so great that it is full of fallow fields for the novelist. If *The New Timothy* (Harper and Brothers), by W. M. BAKER, does not introduce to us a new Dickens, it does bring us a writer who has studied, in a painstaking way, the Southwestern life, and who has drawn it with no little artistic skill, and with a truthfulness to the life that is a perpetual wonder to us. The book is evidently not without its didactic purpose. It is a sharp criticism on some orthodox developments from an orthodox stand-point. Mr. Wall, the hero, the New Timothy, is a young minister not without serious faults, but who yet struggles upward into better life. But the story is a portrait gallery throughout; and some of the characters, the beautiful, fat, indolent Miss Mills, the heiress; Mrs. General Likens, Mr. Merkes, Mr. Long, not to name others, are not simply individuals, but rise to the dignity of types, and show that Mr. Baker must rank not only as a copyist of nature, but as a writer of no little creative power, able to generalize his characters so that they stand in the reader's mind as individuals, but still as file-leaders of classes of whom he knows a long line in his own acquaint-

ance. We can not but admire the strict and almost rigid exactness of Mr. Baker's portraiture. It is the best mistake a novelist can make in the beginning of his career to paint life too closely. But we are glad to note a growing freedom in our author's delineations, not less truthfulness, but more liberty.

Mr. JOHN ESTEN COOKE has been actuated by a very commendable spirit in writing the *Heir of Gaymount* (Van Eyrie, Horton, and Co.)—viz., a desire to teach the F. F. V.'s the value of hard work. He has evidently studied the agricultural books and papers to good advantage, and makes a romance out of cabbages and corn and grape-vines such as only the believers in the five-acres-enough style of literature will be able to credit. Certainly since the era of the Arabian Nights such farming was never known as that of Edmund Cartaret. However, spite of its inherent absurdity, the story is entertaining reading, and will do to while away an hour in the cars or on the veranda after dinner. It is a story to be read when you want no temptation to mental excitement or mental activity of any sort; to be read to-day and forgotten to-morrow.—Mrs. OLIPHANT frankly discloses the secret of the interest of her last novel by its title, *John: A Love-Story* (Harper and Brothers). There is nothing strikingly original in the characters, and the plot is simple and natural enough. But the story has a peculiar charm to it, nevertheless—that which belongs to the story of true love, which it is al-

ways difficult to tell truly and simply, as it is told here.—JULIA KAVANAGH might have entitled her last novel, *Silvia* (D. Appleton and Co.), a love-story, too; for though there are some side issues—a forged will, a thrice-attempted assassination, a conflagration, and an embezzlement—the interest of the story all centres about Silvia and Charles Meredith. Indeed, they and Mrs. Groom are the only real characters. It is only when they are on the stage we read with much interest. We do not wonder that Mr. Lovell is perpetually bored. How can it be otherwise when he spends his days in the tiresome society at Lady John's? The first half of the book is charming. Then it grows wearisome. It would be twice as good if it were half as long.—*True to Herself* (Harper and Brothers), by F. W. ROBINSON, is not, on the other hand, exactly a love-story, though, of course, there is a fair admixture of love in it. Minnie Garth is true to herself because she is true to her father, the father she had been taught to fear and almost hate; and the story of her life is the story of her seeking and finding and coming to love him, despite many obstacles and many misadventures. The whole plan of the story is somewhat novel, and the incidents are not borrowed from those of any predecessor. On the whole, we are inclined to regard Mr. Robinson as the best of our second-class novelists, decidedly the superior of Anthony Trollope, though less popular; and this novel is fully equal to his previous work.

Editor's Scientific Record.

KOERTLING'S METHOD OF RELIEF PRINTING.

A GLASS plate is coated with a non-transparent varnish, and the desired figures are drawn on it with a needle, the dark parts being entirely removed. The glass is then bound to a zinc plate, coated with a layer of asphaltum varnish, and the whole exposed for a length of time to the sunlight, after which the zinc plate is washed with oil of turpentine. The light passing through the scratched lines on the glass plate renders the asphaltum directly subjacent insoluble in turpentine, and the corresponding portion of the zinc remains coated, while the rest is laid bare. The plate is then etched in the usual manner, leaving the figure in relief, and capable of being printed from like a wood-cut, when properly mounted.

WHITE-LEAD.

An eminent German practical chemist has lately had his attention called to the defects of white-lead prepared by the so-called English method, especially to the comparatively slight covering property which it possesses. As some of our readers are aware, this method consists in calcining lead in a reverberatory furnace with one per cent. of its weight of sugar of lead dissolved in water, and placing the mixture in horizontal troughs communicating with each other and closed above. A current of carbonic acid gas is conducted through the troughs, obtained usually by burning coke. A sufficient pressure is produced by the bellows of the furnace in which the coke is burned to force the gas through cool-

ing tubes into the mixture, which is continually stirred during the introduction of the carbonic acid. This process, however, according to careful experiment, is not sufficient to produce a soft white lead, of a suitable coating quality, as the product is found to contain too much hydrated oxide of lead. On this account the suggestion was made—with an excellent practical result—to use two and a half per cent. of neutral acetate of lead, dissolved in water, to one hundred parts of the oxide of lead, to which a slight quantity of vinegar is to be added. By acting upon this suggestion, it was found that the process of the fabrication of lead was greatly accelerated, and that a very much better article was produced, having an extraordinary coating power.

BEST COLORS FOR SIGNAL LIGHTS.

Experiments lately prosecuted, as to the shades of color recognizable most easily and at the greatest distances, have resulted in proving that bright yellow has the advantage in this respect; and that next to this comes blue. Violet, green, and red are said to be less easily recognizable than any other. In the construction of signals, therefore, whether designed to be used by night or day, it would be well to bear this practical suggestion in mind.

COLD PERIOD IN EUROPE.

The scientific journals of Europe have much to say of a remarkable period of cold which occurred during the first half of February of the

present year, and which reached its greatest intensity in the southern steppes of Russia, as on similar occasions, in January, 1848, and January, 1850. The occurrence of this period of cold is believed to have been occasioned by the fact that a very violent polar current was hindered by an opposing equatorial current from extending southward, and changed to a clear, cold east wind. This current then extended in an immense breadth over Europe, gradually wearing itself out by meeting the warm currents from the Atlantic. An appreciable length of time was of course required for the extension of this storm of cold toward the west, and its progress was readily determined by means of the electric telegraph, its entire duration occupying about fourteen days. The temperature indicated varied in different places. Thus, at Stettin it was at about zero of Fahrenheit; at Ratisbon it was -10° ; at Moscow, $+3^{\circ}$; at Constantinople, $+22^{\circ}$; at Paris, $+20^{\circ}$; and at other places varying in a similar manner.

COPYING OLD WRITINGS.

Press copies of old letters or manuscript can be taken, it is said, by pressing the pages on the dampened paper in the usual way, and then applying the vapor of ammonia. Although no result may appear to follow the first operation, we are assured that after the second the letters will appear distinctly on the dampened blotting-paper. Another method consists in dampening the manuscript with a solution of sugar, honey, or mucilaginous matter, and then applying as heretofore. In this case the sugar is put on the paper, instead of being mixed previously in the ink, as is done in one form or other with ordinary copying inks.

We have already made allusion to the method of M. Carré, by which satisfactory copies can be taken of letters and other manuscript some considerable time, even years, after having been written. This, in brief, is accomplished by wetting unsized copying paper with a solution of one part of hydrochloric, or muriatic acid, and twelve of water, instead of plain water; and, after laying this on the manuscript, subjecting the whole to pressure with the ordinary copying press. This method has also lately been used to test the antiquity of certain writing, since, when the manuscript is thirty years old, only an illegible copy can be made. On the other hand, writing less than ten years old disappears entirely after immersion of some hours or days in the same solution, while that thirty years old and more continues legible after fifteen days' maceration. In taking a press copy of writing by Carré's method any acid absorbed by the paper can be neutralized by exposing it for a few seconds above a dish containing aqua ammonia.

CLOSING CRACKS IN STOVES.

It may be convenient to know a ready method of closing up cracks, which are not uncommon, in cast iron stoves; and we are assured that the following recipe is a reliable one. Good wood ashes are to be sifted through a fine sieve, to which is added the same quantity of clay, finely pulverized, together with a little salt. The mixture is to be moistened with water enough to make a paste, and the crack of the stove filled with it. This cement does not peel off or break

away, and assumes an extreme degree of hardness after being heated. The stove must be cool when the application is made. The same substance may be used in setting in the plates of a stove, or in fitting stove-pipes, serving to render all the joints perfectly tight.

THE HEATON PROCESS OF MANUFACTURING STEEL.

Although this process, invented by Mr. John Heaton, the proprietor of Langley Mills, near Nottingham, has now been in use by him for a year or two, yet, as we are not aware that any establishment has yet been started in the United States for its employment, it may interest some of our readers to learn something about it. It is essentially a direct method of producing steel chemically that bids fair to be of the very first importance, and almost to revolutionize that branch of industry. This, to express it in the fewest words, consists in pouring melted iron upon nitrate of soda in a cupola furnace, by means of which the oxygen developed from the nitrate combines with all the impurities—carbon, silicon, phosphorus, sulphur, etc.—which disappear, leaving the iron in the form of a crude steel, to be used in that form, or to be converted by a subsequent process into cast steel. The details of the process are as follows:

Cast iron of *any* quality (and this constitutes the chief advantage of the new process) is melted in a common iron cupola furnace, and a known quantity—from half a ton to a ton—is tapped out into an ordinary crane ladle, which is swung round to the side of the converter. This is a tall cylinder of boiler-plate iron, open at the bottom, and with a space between it and the floor. There is a fire-brick lining to the converter, and a conical covering, out of which an iron funnel opens into the atmosphere. In the bottom are placed a number of short cylindrical pots, lined with brick and fire-clay. Into the bottom of one of these pots is placed a given weight of crude nitrate of soda, the surface of which is leveled, and covered with a circular, perforated plate of thick cast iron. At the side of the cylinder is a hopper, covered by a loosely hinged flap of boiler-plate. This is raised, and the ladleful of cast iron is poured into the converter, descending upon the top of the perforated plate, which becomes gradually heated, and a reaction soon commences in the nitrate, resulting in the development of brown nitrous fumes, followed by blackish-gray and whitish fumes mixed with steam. In five or six minutes deflagration ensues, with a roaring noise, and the escape of a brilliant yellow flame from the top of the chimney, this lasting for a minute and a half, and then subsiding. The converter is then detached from the chimney, and the contents of the pot emptied on the iron pavement of the foundry, consisting of crude steel and of slag. The steel is in a pasty state, and the slag fluid, the cast iron plate melted up with the general mass.

The crude steel thus made is then broken up, and again heated on a balling furnace; afterward rolled or forged into suitable shapes. The material in this form is called "steel iron," and has qualities fully equal, for most purposes, to the Lowmoor iron. It welds perfectly, is neither "hot-short" nor "cold-short," and forges well at both a low red and clear yellow heat. To

convert this again into cast steel, the cakes, after squeezing in the shingling hammer, are broken up and put into ordinary clay melting pots holding about 60 lbs. each. To 100 lbs. of the metal are added $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 lbs. of spiegeleisen, or its equivalent of oxide of manganese and charcoal, and the whole fused and cast into ingots. It is now cast steel, and from it bars can be produced in the usual way, fit for any required purpose.

Various reports have been published upon the iron and steel produced by the Heaton process, all of them unanimous in its praise. Mr. Robert Mallet pronounces it in strict accordance with theory, and that it can be conducted safely and economically on any scale, yielding results of greatest value, competing with any other known process. First-class wrought iron and steel can be produced from inferior brands of pig-iron, abounding in phosphorus and sulphur, to which no other method is applicable. Mr. Mallet's report concludes with the words: "Heaton's process constitutes, both with respect to economy of production and utilization of inferior pig-iron, one of those metallurgic advances which leave their mark indelibly on great national industries."

CONNECTION OF METEOROLOGICAL CONDITIONS AND DISEASE.

The result of an investigation into the variation in the rate of mortality with changes in the character of the season establishes quite conclusively the fact, that the influence of meteorological causes in producing fluctuations in the rate of mortality is much greater than any other recognized agent; and that the class of diseases most affected by meteorological changes is the so-called zymotic. It is also stated that the relative increase in the number of fatal cases of disease at different ages, in unfavorable seasons, is greatest between the ages of twenty-five and seventy-five, and among classes most exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather.

FOSSIL MAMMALS IN CHINA.

The occurrence of some interesting species of extinct mammalia in China has recently been announced in connection with a collection lately brought to England by Mr. Swinhoe, the well-known naturalist and explorer of Eastern Asia, most of the specimens having been obtained by him in apothecaries' shops at Shanghai, where they seem to have been preserved as articles of the *materia medica*. These consist principally of two new species of elephant; a new hyena, a new tapir, a new rhinoceros, and a species of *Chalicotherium*. The geological age of these fossils is referred to the upper pliocene, or the post-pliocene, with the exception of the *Chalicotherium*, which belongs to the miocene period.

THE FOSSIL PEDIGREE OF THE HORSE.

Much interest has been excited by the lecture delivered by Professor Huxley before the Geological Society of London, having special reference to the geological age of the horse, and the successive forms of its supposed development from a primitive ancestry, as exhibited in strata of successive periods of deposition. This was made the subject of a special lecture by the learned professor at the Royal Institution, entitled "The Pedigree of the Horse," in which the ar-

guments for the view in question were presented in a popular form. Premising his adherence to the views of Mr. Darwin in regard to the evolution of species of animals from their predecessors, he stated that the case in question was one of extreme strength, and able to resist any amount of criticism. After showing that the horse of the present day differs from ordinary quadrupeds in having one instead of two or more bones in each of the fore-arms or front limbs, and in each of the hind-legs, and that it has lost some of the toes of the average quadruped, and really walks on the tip of the nail of the middle toe of each foot, its teeth also being arranged in layers of hard and soft substances, so as to give a rough, grinding surface, like that of a millstone—he stated that the remains of the horse so constituted are found in abundance during the later geological periods of both Europe and America, and exhibit no marked change in structure until the upper miocene period is reached. In this period a second form, called the *Hipparion*, is discovered, similar to the horse, but with two more toes, one on each side above the hoof of each foot, and likewise tipped with a small hoof; while the teeth, although still resembling those of the horse, are more like those of the ordinary hoofed mammal. Going still farther back in geological time, we find in the lower miocene deposits an animal called the *Anchitherium*, having the supplementary toes, and their hoofs, more developed and lower down. Its teeth also have still less of the special structure of those of the horse, while the skull is more like that of other ungulates. Thus the farther the horse is traced back in time, the nearer does it approach to the average quadruped in the matters of skeleton, feet, and teeth. He submitted that it was impossible to get evidence more complete than this, of its kind, of the origin and pedigree of the horse.

GENERAL CONSTITUENTS OF METEORITES.

According to Rammelsburg, the essential constituents of meteorites, which are always present in every different class of these bodies, are nickel, iron, phosphorus, sulphides of the metals, oxides, silicates, free silicic acid, and, in rare instances, carbon and combinations of carbon.

IMPROVED ENVELOPES.

One of those very simple improvements in the construction of a long-known article has recently been announced in England, in regard to the gumming of envelopes, consisting in applying the mucilage to the lower part of the envelope instead of the flap. On moistening the edge of the flap, as usual, and pressing it down upon the gummed surface below, a very thorough adhesion takes place, without the objection of getting the taste of the gum in the mouth, or removing a part of it by the tongue.

PERUVIAN MAIZE.

Among the agricultural products of Peru is a kind of Indian corn, called Carogua. This is of remarkable size, attaining an elevation of ten feet or more, and with a grain an inch in length. It grows at a great height upon the mountains, and thrives in a poor soil. The yield of the corn is said to be 60 per cent. additional to that of the ordinary kinds, and of forage 90 per cent. Ex-

periments recently made in France show it to be well adapted to the mountainous portions of that country, and it would doubtless do equally well in the United States.

TREE OF RAPID GROWTH.

Experiments have recently been made in Algiers with a very remarkable species of Australian acacia (the *Lophantha*), and to its adaptability to the reclaiming of arid deserts by covering them in a very short time with a dense forest growth. Seeds sown at Hyeres, in France, in May, reached a height of over ten feet, and a circumference at the base of nearly seven inches, by November. The lateral branches stretched out nearly five feet, and the whole tree was of a beautiful pyramidal shape.

HYDRAULIC MORTAR.

An easy way of making hydraulic mortar out of ordinary lime consists in adding to burned lime as much water as it will take up without becoming pasty, and allowing it to stand in heaps for eight days, and swell up. It is then passed through a wire sieve with meshes about the fifteenth of an inch in diameter, for the purpose of separating the hard particles. The residuum of preceding siftings that have been exposed to water or moist air are to be rubbed up and added to the mass, the whole to be well mixed together and then piled up in heaps, protected from rain, till needed. It may be preserved thus for years, ready for use at any moment.

ALBERTYPE PRINTING.

This method of printing directly from the photographic negative, invented by Albert, of Munich, a year or two ago, is probably familiar to many of our readers, but as some additional details of manipulation have lately been announced, it may be of interest to many to have some account of the entire process. For this purpose a glass plate, about five-eighths of an inch thick, is coated with the following solution: Filtered water, 300 parts; white of egg, 150 parts; gelatine, 15 parts; bichromate of potash, 8 parts.

The plate thus covered is to be dried, a black cloth laid behind it, and exposed two hours to the light. It is then covered with a mixture of gelatine and bichromate of potash, in the proportion of gelatine, 200 parts; bichromate of potash, 100 parts; and water, 1800 parts. When this coating is dried the plate is printed upon by means of a negative, the rays of light falling perpendicularly. After a sufficient exposure the plate is washed and then printed from, like a lithographic stone—that is, a fatty ink applied by means of a roller, and then a print taken off, under a lithographic press. The theory of the process is as follows: The photographed surface of the plate is washed with cold water, not to take off any portion of the gelatine, but only to remove the chrome salt and to moisten the gelatine. The portions of the layer that have been the most exposed to the light, and corresponding to the deepest shades, are entirely insoluble, and do not take up the water. The less illuminated portions take up some water, not being entirely insoluble; but the higher lights, or the portions of the plate not exposed at all, absorb the water.

The lower plate thus prepared is treated just like a lithographic stone. When the ink passes over it the color sticks to the dark shades, in a less degree to half lights, and not at all to the entirely light portion, on account of its coating of moisture. One peculiarity of the impressions thus obtained consists in the fact that lights and shades are not presented in a continuous tone, as in an ordinary lithograph, but in a fine granulation, which is the result of the manner in which the gelatine absorbs or repels the water. Sometimes this granulation is undistinguishable without a lens, but it can always be detected on close examination. It is said that a thousand impressions have been taken from a single plate, although this is perhaps questionable.

PREPARATION FOR SOFTENING LEATHER.

An oil has lately been introduced into commerce in Germany which answers an excellent purpose in softening stiffened leather, and rendering it almost as pliable as when new. This preparation, it is said, consists of a mixture of sixteen parts of oleic acid, two parts of alcohol of 90 per cent., and one part concentrated sulphuric acid. The oleic ether formed is poured off, it being a thin, brownish oil. It is separated from the free sulphuric acid and the alcohol by shaking it up in warm water and decanting it. On mixing this oleic ether with an equal weight of fish oil, and adding, for the purpose of concealing the smell, from a quarter to half an ounce of nitro-benzole to the pound, a preparation will be obtained which experiment has shown to possess all the qualifications required for the purpose.

LUMINOUS FLAMES AND SOUND.

Among the curiosities of physical science is the well-known fact that luminous flames are very sensitive to sound, exhibiting different phenomena under different circumstances. An ingenious savant proposes to turn this to practical account, and for this purpose has devised an apparatus, consisting of two upright copper rods, one of which, at its upper extremity, has a metal band attached at a right angle, and consisting of thin layers of gold, silver, and platinum, welded together. When exposed to heat the bands expand unequally and bend to one side, thereby coming into contact with a platinum point which is attached to the other bar, so as to stand at about four-tenths of an inch from the bands. Both ends are connected with the poles of a small electrical battery, in the circuit of which an electrical bell is introduced, in a distant part of the room, and which sounds whenever the circuit is closed. A flame is now brought to about ten inches from the metal band, and on removing to a distance of ten or fifteen yards from the flame, and whistling, the flame answers immediately, by becoming shorter and broader. In this way it comes into contiguity with the metal band, and this, curving to one side as it is heated by the flame, touches the platinum point, closes the current, and we hear the distant bell sound each time in answer to the whistle. In a similar manner, the cry of a child in its cradle by night may be carried to the room of its parents; and, by a somewhat similar arrangement, a thief attempting to open a door with a key, can sound a distant alarm—

bell, if he makes the least noise. It is even possible to arrange an apparatus resembling this, by means of which, in a fog or by night, the approach of a boat or vessel can be detected at a great distance, by the sounding of a bell in the captain's cabin.

ELECTRIC LIGHT IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Among the most interesting communications made before the American National Academy of Sciences, at its last meeting, at Washington, in April, was one by Dr. Woodward, of the Army Medical Museum, in regard to the use of the electric light in photography. Occupied for many years in the preparation of photographic negatives of microscopic objects, the author experienced great inconvenience from the difficulty of working at times when the sun did not shine sufficiently for his purposes; and, after trying various kinds of artificial illumination, he finally came to the conclusion that the electric light, under some circumstances, was to be preferred even to the sun itself, since photographs could be taken at any time of day or night, and after a much shorter exposure than to the sunlight. The magnesium light was found to have some advantages, especially when the object was not to be magnified more than one thousand times; but for average work, especially under very high powers, the electric light was found to surpass all its rivals.

The apparatus used was a Duboscq's lamp, kept going by a battery of fifty small Grove's elements. Seven and a half pounds of strong commercial nitric acid, with three of sulphuric, diluted with ten times the quantity of water, were sufficient to charge the battery and keep up a continuous light for three or four hours, during which time from twelve to thirty or more photographs could be produced, the number varying with the character of the subject and the amount of preparation required. Dr. Woodward states that for a negative of one thousand diameters, about thirty seconds are sufficient for some objects, while for others about three minutes were required. This light was found to be perfectly adapted for producing photographs of the soft tissues with any power under a thousand diameters.

REMOVAL OF PHOSPHORUS FROM IRON ORES.

It is said that iron ores containing phosphates can be purified by treatment, first, with sulphuric acid, and a subsequent washing with water. In some cases, instead of the sulphuric acid, some other oxygen combinations of sulphur are employed. Ores which contain sulphurets and carbonates should be roasted before the treatment just referred to.

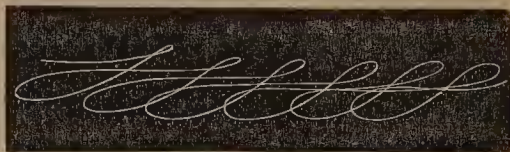
SIRUP OF HYDRATE OF CHLORAL.

A German preparation for a sirup of hydrate of chloral is made in the proportion of ten grains of the hydrate of chloral, eighty-five of the sirup of sugar, and five of rectified alcohol, to be digested at a gentle heat, and put away for use. This sirup can be prepared in advance, and keeps without change for a considerable time. If prepared for immediate use the addition of alcohol is superfluous. The peculiar taste of hydrate of chloral can be corrected by chloro-

form; one drop of chloroform to one hundred and twenty or one hundred and fifty grains of hydrate of chloral being enough to disguise its taste completely.

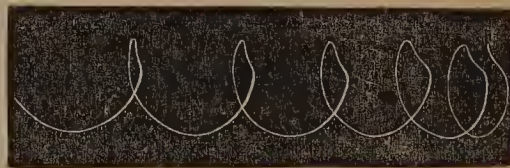
FLIGHT OF WINGED ANIMALS.

In course of an elaborate memoir, published by the Linnaean Society of London, Dr. Pettigrew, of Edinburgh, proves conclusively, by a large number of dissections and experiments, that the motion of the wing of a flying animal, whether bat, bird, or insect, is actually that of a screw—and, indeed, a reciprocating screw—a figure of 8 track being described during the oscillations of the wing, similar, in some respects, to that described by an oar in sculling.



FLIGHT OF A BIRD.

This is true of the vibrating wing when the bodies are artificially fixed; but when at liberty, and flying at a high horizontal speed, a figure of 8 is actually converted into a wave track, since the wings are carried forward by the body, and are never permitted to complete more than a single curve of the 8.



FLIGHT OF AN INSECT.

These announcements have lately been confirmed in a curious manner by Professor Marey, of the College of France, in Paris. This gentleman, well known in connection with experiments in the use of the sphygmograph, has actually caused the wing of a bird or insect in motion to register its own movements in the following manner: A cylinder revolving at a given speed is enveloped by a sheet of thin paper, smeared with lampblack, and to this the tip of the rapidly vibrating wing of the insect is applied in such a manner as to cause it to brush out its track on the blackened paper. A similar result is obtained from the bird by fixing a registering apparatus to the wing and causing the bird to fly in a chamber. In this case the register is connected with the cylinder by means of delicate wires, and the registry is effected by means of electricity. In both cases a figure of 8 and the wave movement originally described by Dr. Pettigrew are faithfully reproduced.

The lectures of Professor Marey, as published in the *Revue des Cours Scientifiques*, are illustrated by numerous diagrams, showing the nature of the movement of the wing, and will, it is understood, be transmitted and published in this country before long.

BEST MODE OF APPLYING CORALLINE.

On dissolving a given quantity of coralline in a boiling hot solution of one part of sirup of

water-glass and four of water, a paint of the most beautiful rose and the most brilliant carmine-red will be obtained. This solution has been applied with great effect to the coloring of white woods containing very little tannin, such as fir, white pine, linden, etc., which afterward can be lacquered and polished. It is also used for wall paper and other materials, for coloring pictures, by basket-makers, and for lead pencils and artificial flowers it also renders good service. The solution must be used within a day or two after preparation, as it decomposes and loses its efficiency.

INFLUENCE OF OZONE ON NITRO-GLYCERINE, ETC.

According to recent experiments, the presence of a small percentage of ozone produces spontaneous explosion of nitro-glycerine, dynamite, iodide of nitrogen, chloride of nitrogen, and other similar compounds. Gunpowder prepared with picrate of potash is also slightly decomposed under similar circumstances, while ordinary gunpowder is affected in the course of some weeks. The explosion of picrate of potash in the establishment of Fontaine, in Paris, some time ago, which caused a number of deaths, and was for a time so inexplicable, is now asserted to have been produced by atmospheric ozone; and some otherwise unintelligible explosions of gun-cotton have, it is suggested, been produced in a similar manner.

OXYGENATED BREAD.

An article of diet termed oxygenated bread has of late been introduced into England, and found considerable favor. For its preparation the bread is placed under an air-pump, and the carbonic acid gas and atmospheric air exhausted, and then oxygen admitted in sufficient quantity to fill the pores of the bread. An inconvenience attending its use is its tendency to become mouldy very rapidly. This can be obviated by avoiding the use of yeast, or by placing a paper saturated with a solution of carbonic acid on the top of the box in which the bread is preserved, this scarcely affecting the taste of the bread. A single mouthful of oxygenated bread is said to remove the want of appetite, and to induce an agreeable sensation in the epigastrium in dyspeptic attacks. In the case of gastric disturbances arising from nervous depression, incomplete assimilation, or scrofulous affections, it is said that the use of this bread produces a very sensible improvement in the course of one or two weeks.

DOMESTICATION OF THE REINDEER IN THE REINDEER PERIOD.

An interesting question has lately been raised as to whether the ox, horse, and reindeer were domesticated during the so-called reindeer period. Bretmeyer is inclined to take the affirmative, against most other paleontologists. Vogt is very decidedly opposed to the idea; and especially on account of the entire absence of the dog. He says that any one who has seen a herd of tamed reindeer will readily understand that their use without dogs, especially trained for the purpose of keeping them in order, is entirely impossible. The reindeer is so stupid and incapable of training, and his return to a wild condition takes

place so readily, that man alone, without the assistance of the dog, can not look after him. He therefore considers that the training of the dog must have preceded that of the reindeer; and, since no bones of the dog are found among the remains of the reindeer period, we must conclude that the reindeer bones of that epoch belonged exclusively to wild animals that were killed from time to time, as needed for food.

CLEANING PRINTED SHEETS.

A method recommended by a foreign contemporary for cleaning printed matter and engravings consists in fastening the sheets to a board by broad-headed tacks, and washing it with clean water, to which a slight percentage of carbonate of ammonia has been added. This process must be conducted very carefully with a soft brush. The paper is then to be rinsed off with water, and the operation repeated on the back side as soon as it is dried. It is then to be moistened with water acidulated with pure wine vinegar, and again washed with water, to which a little chloride of lime has been added. Finally, it is washed off again and dried in the air by sunlight. In this way it becomes extremely white without any injury to the impression. Some valuable engravings have, it is said, been completely restored by this method.

LABELS FOR OUTDOOR PLANTS.

A convenient method of preparing outdoor labels for plants, capable of resisting any weather, consists in first cutting them out of smooth paste-board, and writing upon them whatever may be desired in ordinary ink. When this is dry they are immersed in linseed-oil, or, what is still better, linseed-oil varnish, until they are completely permeated by the liquid; after which they are hung in the open air upon threads to dry. They become like iron, and resist wet for a long time, and are more durable than slips of metal.

WHITENING LINEN.

According to a French writer, crystallized carbonate of soda, although so great a favorite with the washerwomen, is a declared foe to linen, since, notwithstanding its cleansing power, it attacks the fibre, and after a time makes it so rotten as to cause it to tear, almost at the touch. An improvement on this substance, it is said, consists in the employment of a solution in the proportion of two pounds of soap to twenty-five quarts of warm water, to which are to be added one table-spoonful of essence of turpentine and three spoonfuls of ammonia. The mixture is to be stirred by the help of a little broom, and the linen immersed in it for several hours, the tub being completely covered. The articles are then to be washed in the ordinary way, rinsed in tepid water, and then blued, if this is necessary. The same solution can be used twice over by heating again and adding half the amount given of essence of turpentine and ammonia.

It is claimed that this process is accompanied by great economy of time, labor, and fuel, and that the linen experiences little or no injury, appearing finally in a condition of irreproachable whiteness. The ammonia, it is said, does not exert any corrosive effect upon the fibre, since it evaporates immediately; and the odor of the turpentine entirely disappears in drying.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 25th of August. It necessarily consists mainly of a summary of the military operations in Europe.

The North Carolina election, on the 3d of August, resulted in a Democratic victory, the conservatives electing five out of seven delegates to Congress, and securing also a large majority in each House of the State Legislature.

Mr. Frelinghuysen has formally declined the appointment of Minister to England.

Admiral David G. Farragut died at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the 14th of August, in the seventieth year of his age.

EUROPE.

When we closed our last Record the French Emperor had arrived at Metz, assuming the position of commander-in-chief of the French army. His forces were then stationed as follows: In the vicinity of the Rhine, and in the advance, were three corps: the First, under Marshal M'Mahon, at Strasbourg; the Fifth, under General De Failly, at Bitche, northwest from Strasbourg, and a little north of west from Weissenburg; and the Seventh, under General Douay, at Belfort, some distance south of Strasbourg. Four corps were stationed in a direct line eastward from Paris: at Chalons, the Sixth Corps, under Marshal Canrobert; at Metz, the Third and Eighth, under Marshal Bazaine and General Bourbaki; and at St. Avold, the Second Corps, under General Frossard. North of Metz, at Thionville, was the Fourth Corps, under General Count Ladmirault. The Emperor's plan of campaign evidently contemplated an advance across the Rhine. In his address to his soldiers, on assuming the command, the Emperor said: "The war which now commences will be long and hardly contested, for its theatre will be places hedged with obstacles and thick with fortresses; but nothing is beyond the persevering efforts of the soldiers of Africa, Italy, and Mexico. You will prove once more what the French army is able to accomplish, animated by a sentiment of duty, maintained by discipline, influenced by love of country. Whatever road we may take across our frontiers we will find upon it glorious traces of our fathers, and we will show ourselves worthy of them."

The Prussians were meanwhile concentrating their forces on the east of the Rhine, and it soon became evident that they had it in their power to bring into the field immediately a much larger army than the French. The South German States promptly declared their adherence to the Prussian cause. The conscription embraced all between 20 and 32 years of age. It was announced that 950,000 men were at the disposal of Prussia, of whom nearly 700,000 were ready to take the field. The popular war enthusiasm in Germany seemed more profound, and likely to be more permanently sustained, than in France. After the declaration of war was made by France the King of Prussia left Ems for Berlin. On July 31, with General Moltke, the most able of German strategists, and Count Von Bismarck, his Prime Minister, he set out for Mayence, the Prussian head-quarters, where he arrived on the

3d. The Prussian forces were then concentrated in the triangle formed by the Rhine, the Moselle, and the Saar rivers.

The French army assumed the offensive, but only for a single day. It crossed the frontier August 2, and captured Saarbrück, a position of little importance, and held by a small Prussian force. This was on the French left. The next day the Prussians, under the Crown Prince, Frederick William, attacked the French right-centre at Weissenburg, which was held by General Douay's division of M'Mahon's corps. The position was carried, 800 French prisoners were taken, and General Douay was killed. From that action the French were put on the defensive. Edmond About, writing after the event, says: "Having declared war, we let the Prussians begin it. True, neither party was ready, yet the French lost twenty days in useless marching and countermarching. They were surprised at Weissenburg by an enemy whom there were no videttes to watch, no skirmishers to meet, and no settled plan to repel." The Crown Prince again attacked M'Mahon at Wörth, on the 6th, and with marked success, capturing 4000 prisoners and 30 guns. The same day the French left, under General Frossard, was attacked, and compelled to retire. M'Mahon, on the right, had for a time been cut off from the main army. The French centre remained firm at Metz, where were three corps that had not been under fire.

On the receipt of the Emperor's telegram, acknowledging a defeat, there was great consternation in Paris, and that city was declared in a state of siege, though the enemy was over 200 miles away. The Empress issued a proclamation appealing to the patriotism of the people.

M'Mahon, after his defeat, fell back on Sarverne, having reinforced the garrison at Strasbourg, which by his retreat had been left uncovered. On the 8th the Prussians menaced Metz and occupied St. Avold; M'Mahon's retreat was continued to Nancy, and the Emperor was reported to be at Chalons.

The Prussians had thus compelled the French army to swing back its entire centre and right around Metz into the interior of France.

On the 9th the Corps Législatif met, and, by a large majority, carried an order against the then existing ministry.

After M'Mahon's and Frossard's defeat, Marshal Bazaine was made commander-in-chief of the French army. The revulsion in Paris had given power to the Orleanist faction, and we soon find General Trochu a major-general of the army, taking the place of Lebœuf, and General Changarnier holding a prominent position on the Emperor's staff.—On the 10th, in the Corps Législatif, a measure was carried conscripting all unmarried men from the age of twenty-five to thirty-five. General Count Palikao announced the new ministry as follows: *Minister of War*, Count Palikao; *Minister of Foreign Affairs*, De la Tour d'Auvergne; *Minister of the Interior*, Henri Chevreau; *Minister of Justice*, M. Grandperret; *Minister of the Marine*, De Genouilly; *Minister of Finances*, Pierre Magne; *Minister of Public Works*, Jerome David; *Minister of Public Instruction*, Jules Brame; *Minister of Commerce*,



Clement Duvernois; *President of the Council of State*, Busson Billaut.

On the 14th the Prussians occupied Nancy, evacuated by the French the day before. The united armies of Frederick Charles and General Steinmetz—the right and centre of the Prussian army—had their head-quarters at Herny, on a direct line with Saarbrück, and within twenty miles of Metz.—In the Corps Législatif a proposition made by Jules Favre for a Committee of Defense received only from fifty to sixty votes.—Count Palikao issued an address to the troops blaming them for firing too rapidly. At Weissenburg, he said, they used more ammunition in one day than the Prussians did in three.

On the 14th M'Mahon was at Toul, the Emperor at Verdun, and the main body of the French army, which had been concentrating for some days at Metz, was attempting to move westward from the Moselle toward the Meuse, *i. e.*, toward Verdun, in order to keep up its communication with M'Mahon. This was Sunday. When half of the French army had crossed over to the left bank of the Moselle the Prussians made an attack, which appears to have been a surprise, as Napoleon, in his dispatch, says: "Our advance guard had no knowledge of the presence of any force of the enemy." The Emperor, however, claimed that after four hours' fighting the Prussians were repulsed with great loss. On the other hand, the King of Prussia claimed a victory for his army.

From this point until the time of closing our Record there have been several engagements fought between Metz and Verdun, the object of the Prussians evidently having been to keep the main body of the French army at Metz, while the Crown Prince, with an army numbering from 150,000 to 200,000, should advance toward Paris.—On the 15th the Prussians lost, it is reported, 40,000. In regard to the battles which followed each other day after day, from the 14th to the 21st, we only know this, that they were very severe. The French, though repeatedly driven back to Metz, it is reported, finally, on the 23d, succeeded in advancing northward from Metz toward Montmédy. A later telegram, however, throws doubt upon this statement, and indicates that Bazaine was, on the 24th, still held at Metz. It is very doubtful whether, even in this case, the Crown Prince would venture to advance upon Paris. M'Mahon, having broken up the encampment at Chalons, was prepared to oppose an army of 170,000 against any force moving upon Paris.

The French government has asked for a loan of 1,000,000,000 francs. The books were opened on the 23d, and before night 680,000,000 francs were subscribed. The French declare that peace is impossible as long as a Prussian soldier treads French soil.

Editor's Drawer.

A GENTLEMAN just returned from an extended Western tour reports to the Drawer, as in duty bound, the following as having occurred in one of the thriftiest towns in Minnesota:

A young lawyer, clever, but slightly irregular, having married a bright, sensible, plucky young woman, promised faithfully to abandon all sinful ways, and be very good. The new wife kept her fond husband pretty well in hand, and for months every thing was lovely. But meeting, in an unlucky hour, certain old cronies from a neighboring town, whom he had not seen since his nuptials, he yielded to importunities, and joined them in "just one little tear." The "tear" was vigorous and prolonged, lasting until ever-so-many o'clock, when, being in a condition of conceded fuddlement, he was led home by one of the troop, who, after posing him safely on his doorstep, rang the bell, and retreated somewhat deviously to the opposite side of the street, to see if it would be answered. Promptly the "porte" was "overted," and the fond spouse, who had waited up for her truant, beheld him in all his toddiness.

"Why, Walter, is this you?"

"Yes, mydear."

"What in the world has kept you so?"

"Been out on littleturnwithboys, my d-d-arling."

"Why, Walter, you are intoxicated!"

"Y-y-es, dear, I estimatethat'sso."

"What on earth made you get so drunk? And why—oh, *why*, do you come home to me in this dreadful state?"

"Because, my darling, *all th'other places 'r' shut up!*"

OUR Fifteenth Amendment friend is progressing. He begins to study, and is ambitious to learn. Recently, in one of the schools taught by a young lady, a colored brother whispered to his teacher, and said: "Miss, won't you please give me a Bible lesson; for they call on me to preach sometimes, and *I'm mighty tight upon the words!*"

TALKING with a friend a few days since, while fishing at Pelham Bridge, we were told the following anecdote, hitherto unpublished, in connection with the late Archbishop Hughes: He had been rather overworked, and for recuperation had gone to Long Branch. There he found two or three gentlemen with whom he was on terms of personal intimacy, who saw that what the bishop required was quiet, pleasant diversion. They therefore proposed a row out to the "fishing-banks," and a day's fishing. Next morning, having secured the services of the leading fisherman at the Branch, they were roved out. The morning being somewhat foggy, the bishop enveloped himself in a cloak. Just as they were coming to the right place for anchoring the boatman saw bearing down for the same spot a steamboat, which so annoyed him that he commenced to swear quite freely. One of the gentlemen quietly nudged him, and glanced at the bishop. But the fisherman "didn't take," and "ripped out" again awfully. "Sh!—sh!"

quietly whispered the gentleman, giving him another nudge, and a significant and deprecatory glance at the bishop, whereat the old fellow paused, and, leaning over, asked, in a whisper, "*Is the old man pious?*" The answer was a nod, and he ceased blaspheming. The good bishop would occasionally, with great point, narrate this little incident.

For the following we are indebted to an English friend:

When Mr. John Stuart Mill was returned to Parliament for Westminster, an immense crowd gathered in Covent Garden to hear the announcement of the state of the poll in the afternoon. Close by were handsome equipages crowded with ladies, some of whom were well known to fame. Later in the day, after the mob was tired of waiting, a short, stout man, with a bushy head of (say) tawny hair, suddenly showed his head above the rostrum, and shunted out an arm, semaphore fashion, as if to bespeak the ears of the friends, Romans, and countrymen present. Loud cheering and clapping, and cries of "*That's Mills! That's him! Don't you see?*" But a very stout man, who wore a blue apron and smelled of fish, hissed fiercely. "What are yer hissin' for?" inquired a pugnacious friend of Mr. "Mills." "Hissin'!" said the fisherman; "why, he says a man as has only eighteen bob a week, like me, ought to be lugged up if he has more than three children!" This concrete version, or rather perversion, of Mr. Mill's doctrine would startle both him and the shade of Sismondi, whose teaching he invokes. But, whatever the limit (Sismondi says *two*), it might well have puzzled all the Mills, Malthuses, Ricardos, and Sismondis that ever lived to hear the impromptu comment of a free-spoken, elderly dame who supported the fisherman. "How," said she, with infinite contempt, "can you tell they *won't all three of 'em be twins?*"

IN one of the western towns of this State resided some years since a somewhat noted character, called "The Major." When the local savings-bank suspended payment, and hundreds of depositors lost their little all, the Major, perhaps unjustly, was more bitterly accused of malfeasance, as one of its directors and largest stockholders, than any one else; and he was seriously advised by his friends not to show himself on the street until the public indignation had somewhat abated, lest personal injury should be inflicted upon him. But the Major was ever careless of personal consequences; and so, on the Monday following the report of the collapse, he sauntered down toward the post-office with his usual nonchalant mien. He immediately found himself pursued by half a dozen clamorous people, including an irate Irishwoman. All of them accosted him with reproaches and threats; but the Celt, with all the volubility of her race, heaped the most furious reproaches upon him.

"There he goes, the ould thafe!" she cried. "Come back here, ye ould spalpeen, and give me back the bread ye've taken from the mouths of me childer!"

The object of these attacks, not at all discomposed, faced about, and coaxingly said:

"Now, really, my good people, you mustn't blame me about this sad affair of the savings-bank. I hadn't any thing to do with it. I was as much surprised and grieved as any of you to learn it; and, after all, you simple creatures! you don't seem to realize half the truth of this wretched business. There's a great deal more about it than the mere loss of your money, I can tell you."

The serious tone and solemn countenance of the speaker hushed the noise of his accusers, and one of them inquired, in a more respectful voice, what he meant.

"The miserable institution," burst forth the Major, swelling with mock anger, "*it broke on Sunday!* Just think of it! a bank breaking *itself* and the *Sabbath* all at once! *Enormous!*"

He turned and walked rapidly away under cover of this astounding announcement, and was out of reach before it occurred to his pursuers that one of the Major's clever artifices had been played upon them.

A GEORGIA friend, who has laughed over some of the very extra-judicial decisions of learned judges that have found their way into the Drawer, sends the following as having actually occurred in one of the cities of that State:

Our friend is full of the dignity of his office, and entirely convinced that the affairs of the country would come to a full stop but for his efforts. Not long since a man was brought before him on a warrant for vagrancy. A plainer case could not be presented, and as the evidence was given in, the young lawyer who was defending him thought it hopeless. On arising to sum up, while badgering his head what to say, he happened to notice that his client was tolerably well dressed, and called the attention of the Court to that fact, claiming that no man who wore "good clothes" could properly be considered a vagrant, a vagrant being a ragged, dirty vagabond. Observing that the Court made a memorandum of "good clothes," he had the good sense to sit down. After the prosecution had concluded, the judge, with his rich brogue, said: "The Caart having ittintively haard the ividence and the remarks av counsil, is of the opinion that, inasmuch as the prisoner wears good clothes, he can not properly be considered a vagrant; *but*, as he has not shown to the satisfaction of the Caart how he obtained thim clothes, I shall bind him over for *simple larceny!*"

He was so bound over, and the papers are on record in the county clerk's office.

NOTHING like grammar! Better go without a cow than go without that. There are numberless "professors" who go "tramp, tramp, tramp, my boys!" around the country, peddling a weak article, by which in "twenty days" they guarantee to set a man thoroughly up in the English language. An instance in point comes from Greenville, Alabama, where a "professor" had labored with the youth of that people, and taught them to dote on grammar according to "Morris's" system. During one of the lectures the sentence, "Mary milks the cow," was given out to be parsed. Each word had been parsed save one, which fell to Bob L——, a sixteen-year-old,

near the foot of the class, who commenced thus: "Cow is a noun, feminine gender, singular number, third person, and *stands for Mary.*" "Stands for Mary!" said the excited professor. "How do you make that out?" "Because," answered the noble pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, *how could Mary milk her?*"

A SCOTCH gentleman, who has recently taken a run through the South, says that the only negro song he heard that had a vindictive turn about it was one dating from an early day in the conflict, and was said to have been first sung by an old negro prophethess at a jubilee meeting of emancipated slaves near Washington. It run thus:

"If de debble do not catch
Jeff Davis, dat Confederate wratch,
And roast and frigazee dat rebble,
What is de use of any debble?"

THAT the newly imported serving-woman reads the papers is fairly deducible from a remark she made in the parlor of her master's house a day or two since. While clearing up that apartment she became discouraged at the profusion of articles with which the room was filled, and exclaimed, "Och! an' sure things is layin' round wholesale and *advertail!*"

SPEAKING the other day of the different forms of burial-service used by different religious bodies, a gentleman remarked that the briefest one he had ever heard was that used by a Scotch deacon, the clergyman being absent. When the hearse reached the grave the solemnities began and concluded as follows: "Tak' him oot." "Put him in." "Cover him up."

And then they all "gang'd bock again."

WE fear that *some* of the merchants whose stores are located on the City Hall Park side-walks are not governed by that fine moral sense that should animate the conscientious dickerer; for, under date of July 14, from Colusa, California, we have the following statement:

When I was walking around the Park, opposite the Astor, I saw a decrepit pea-nut merchant sitting over his basket, awaiting customers. I made a purchase and sauntered on, opening and eating them as I walked. I found that for every good nut there were a dozen bad ones; so, turning back, I accosted the vendor, and told him that the nuts he sold me were bad. That enterprising trader, with perfect frankness, replied: "I know it. *I didn't ask you to buy 'em, did I?*" He had "the law on his side," and I walked over to the Astor.

MR. DAVID MACRAE, a Scotch gentleman, has just published in Edinburgh a book about "The Americans at Home," which contains several anecdotes of that singular people. When he was at Mobile he was desirous of seeing Captain Semmes, of Alabama notoriety, and asked the clerk of the hotel if he knew where the captain lived. No, he didn't.

"What paper does he edit?"

"No paper," said the clerk. "He *did* edit a paper once, but he gave that up."

"What is he doing now?"

"God knows," said the clerk.

"I reckon they'll be able to tell you at the *Tribune* office," said a tall gentleman who was lounging against the rails.

Away to the *Tribune* office Mr. Macrae went, made his way up to the editor's room, but was taken aback by the following intimation on the door:

POSITIVELY NO ADMITTANCE

Until after Two o'Clock,

EXCEPT TO WHIP THE EDITORS.

After some little trouble, but without whipping any Southron, he found Captain Semmes, and had a talk with him. The talk didn't amount to much.

HILLSBOROUGH, Missouri, where the commissariat seems to be irregularly organized, contributes (in an envelope indorsed "literary biz") the following:

A gentleman was passing through here recently, when he came upon a youth of apparently seventeen summers, who was furiously scratching at the side of a gravelly hill.

"What are you after, my friend?" inquired the stranger.

"After a ground-hog I saw run in this hole."

"Why, you don't expect to get him in that way?"

"Git him! Bound to git him! We're out of meat!"

TALK about things that are "slow!" Could any thing be more leisurely than the following, from a correspondent at Martinsville, Virginia?

"In this region you will find every few miles turb mills for grinding corn, nearly all of which (through ignorance) are very 'slow.' Nell — had the honor of being the presiding genius over one of the slowest of turbs. Having started his mill one morning, he proceeded to get his breakfast, but had not been long seated at table when his dog set up a furious barking in the direction of the mill. Thinking the animal had treed a 'possum, he hurried to the spot, and found that the dog had eaten the meal up, and was *barking at the spout for more!*"

THE freemen of Rushford, Minnesota, celebrated with becoming ceremonial the late anniversary of the "glorious Fourth." As a part of the proceedings the following "sentiment" was offered from the stand, and is supposed to express the general tendency of Western thought respecting the *Sixteenth Amendment*:

"The woman of the coming time!"

Shall man *to vote* app'int her?

Well, yes or no; your bottom dime,

He'll do as *she's* a min' ter!

We know she "*will*," or else she "*won't*"—

And 'Twill be the same as now;

And if she *does*, or if she *don't*—

God bless her, any *how!*

A CORRESPONDENT at Paris furnishes the following neat saying of a lady to the eminent philosopher and doubter, M. Ernest Renan, who, by-the-way, rarely shows himself in the Parisian salons, but who on this occasion was present at a reception given by one of the ministers. He was there presented to Madame G——, who paid him some rather sarcastic compliments about his learned writings. "Sir," she said, "I am sure

that there is among the Apostles one whom you will not have failed to treat as a brother and colleague."

"And who is that, madame?" asked M. Renan.

"St. Thomas," was the reply.

THE members of a church in one of the very rural towns of Illinois recently procured a small cottage organ to aid the vocal services. This was quite acceptable to most of the congregation; but one good brother was opposed to it. On the Sunday evening following its introduction he was called on, as usual, to close the meeting with prayer. Raising his head, he replied, "Call on the *mersheen*; if it can sing, it can pray. Call on the *mersheen*."

THAT was very neat of a good old gentleman on his friend, as they were cracking jokes at each other:

"Did you ever see me when I had taken more than you thought I could carry?"

"No, indeed; I can not say that I have," was the reply; "but I have seen you when I thought you had better have gone twice after it."

GRIEF and business have seldom been more thoroughly mixed than in the following obituary advertisement. The residence of the defunct we omit, and the name we have changed, therefore it will not worrit his friends:

"Othniel Sitgreaves, we are sorry to stait, has decesed. He departed this last Mundy. He went 4th without any struggle, and sich is life. He kept a nice store, which his wife now waits on. His virchews was numerous, and his wife inherits them. We are happy to stait that he never cheeted, speshully in the wate of mak-erel, wich was always nice and smelt sweat, and his survivin' wife is the same way. We niver new him to put sand in his suger, though he had a big sand-bar in front of his house; nor water his lickens, tho the Ohio river past his door. Piece tu his remanes. He leves 1 wife, 9 children, 1 kow, 4 hoses, a growcer's and other quadroopeds to mourn his loss. Bnt in the langwidge of the poit, his loss is thare eturnal gane."

DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE, in his entertaining "Life of Dickens," has the following hit by Dickens at Thackeray, as to the originality of the latter's witty reply to Mr. Angus B. Reach, when the latter told him that his name should be pronounced *Ree-ack*—Thackeray asking him, as he passed a peach, "Mr. *Ree-ack*, will you take a *pee-ack*?" Dickens (it was at a dinner-party) asked Thackeray, "*Did* you say that?" "Certainly." "And think it original?" "Of course. Perhaps *you* said it?" "No," replied Dickens, with a merry twinkle of the eye; "but I was at Lord John Russell's the other day, and having to wait for him a few minutes, took up a book, which happened to be one of the volumes of Tom Moore's 'Diary.' There I read, under date of 1826, I think, that Luttrell, the wit, dining next a gentleman whose father invented the small napkins, or *serviettes*, used after dinner to put finger-glasses or wine-glasses upon, addressed him as '*Mr. Doyley*,' and was informed, rather angrily, that the real name was Deh'-Oyley, with a long rest between the elided preposition 'D' (or

de) and the rest of the word. 'Very well,' said Luttrell, in his blandest manner, pointing to a neighboring dumpling on the table. 'May I trouble you, Mr. D'—Oyley, for a little of that d'—umpling?' So," added Dickens, turning triumphantly to Thackeray, "*your* joke is at least thirty years old."

Does seem to us that, at this present writing, there are at the various eligible street corners, church fronts, and under good shading around the parks and squares, a larger number of strong, first-class blind beggars than were ever before seen in New York. Begging has become as much a fine art with us as ever it was in the Old World. Each respectable beggar has his particular stand or district, inside the metes and bounds of which no other respectable beggar intrudes. And a good business they make of it. The which is merely prefatory to the introduction of a little dialogue between two Dublin professors of indigence:

"Good-morning to ye, Mrs. Fogarty" (reaches a snuff-box to offer a pinch).

"Thin good-morrow kindly, Judy; I hope I see you well this mornin'."

"So, Mrs. Fogarty, you married your daughter?"

"I did—praise be to goodness!"

"Did she get a good match?"

"Faix, thin, it's herself that did! She got blind Darby Driscoll, on the Dyke, that makes more than any o' thim beggars in Cork."

"I'm delighted to hear it, Mrs. Fogarty. Did you give her any fortune, Mrs. Fogarty?"

"Any fortune, is it! Ah, thin now, Judy, is it insultin' me you'd be? Sure you know in your heart that a child of mine was never married widout it. Didn't I give her the best side of Patherick Street, which, if *well begged*, is worth seven and sixpence sterling a week?"

THERE was once an itinerant preacher in West Tennessee, who, possessing considerable natural eloquence, had become possessed of the idea that he was also an extraordinary biblical scholar. Under this delusion he would very frequently, at the close of his sermons, ask any member of his congregation who might have a "knotty text" to unravel, to announce it, and he would explain it at once, however it may have troubled "less distinguished divines." On one of these occasions, no one presuming to proponnd a text, he was about to sit down, when a chap "back by the door" announced that he had a Bible matter of great "concern," which he desired to be enlightened upon. The preacher, quite animatedly, professed his willingness and ability, and the congregation was in great excitement. "What I want to know," said the outsider, "is, whether Job's turkey was a hen or gobbler?" The expounder looked confused, and the congregation tittered, as the questioner capped the climax by exclaiming, in a loud voice, "*I fotched him down on the fust question!*" From that time the question-asking was abandoned.

SPEAKING of morality, how tersely and strongly put is the following, from one of Robertson's sermons, a volume of which has recently been published by the Harpers:

"Every profession has its conventional moral-

ity, current nowhere else. That which is permitted by the peculiar standard of truth acknowledged at the bar is falsehood among plain men; that which would be reckoned in the army purity and tenderness would be elsewhere licentiousness and cruelty. There is a parliamentary honor quite distinct from honor between man and man. Trade has its honesty, which, rightly named, is fraud. And in all these cases the temptation is to live content with the standard of a man's own profession or society."

A LEGAL brother in Maine, somewhat noted for his avarice and smallness generally, while engaged recently in the trial of a cause, was beaten on a technical point by the counsel opposed. This exasperated the old gentleman, who accused his young adversary of sharp practice. The young gentleman quickly retorted: "The court and the bar will readily recognize the fact that *small objects* can be picked up only on *sharp points*." The court and bar recognized.

RATHER a matter-of-fact treasurer of a Boston railroad corporation was he who, on being told on the day of the reception of the tidings of the death of Dickens, by the president, that "the death of Charles Dickens would be a serious loss to us all," replied: "Charles Dickens! There is no such name as that of any one that works for this corporation."

It will be remembered that the President, accompanied by several members of his cabinet and other government officials, attended the funeral obsequies of General Thomas at Troy. While *en route*, the train to which their car was attached came to a halt at one of the stations upon the Hudson River Railroad, where a large concourse of people, in anticipation of the arrival of the distinguished party, had assembled around the dépôt, all manifesting a lively anxiety to behold the Chief Magistrate of the nation. At the proper time the whistle sounded, the train approached, and before the wheels ceased revolving the crowd rushed round the train in every direction, until they discovered the carriage of the excursionists, which they invested on every side, peering through the doors and windows, and eagerly scrutinizing every face in sight, as well as all persons who came out; but, to their intense disappointment, they could not find the President; neither did he seem disposed to gratify their curiosity by coming out and exhibiting himself. Just before the train was about to depart, and as they were on the point of giving up the search, General Parker, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, came out upon the front platform, and remained there for a moment. Now the general, although an educated and polished gentleman, has a physiognomy and complexion which bear unmistakable attestation to his aboriginal lineage. No sooner did he make his appearance than one of the spectators, who professed to be well acquainted with General Grant, and who had been designated to point him out to the assembled tyros, gave a very significant wink and nod to the crowd, at the same time eagerly exclaiming, in a low tone of voice, "That's him, boys! that's him!" Thereupon all looked with deep and respectful interest upon the man they took to be the renowned hero, and various com-

ments were hazarded in regard to his personal appearance, his military bearing, etc., etc., all of which were of the most just and complimentary character. Only one individual manifested any doubt about the identity of the person before them, and this man, it appeared, had served under General Grant in the early part of the war. He, after walking several times past the Commissioner, and giving him a most scrutinizing examination, at length turned to the assembly, remarking: "Wa'al, now, I'll just tell you fellers what it is. If that's General Grant, the ole man's got confoundedly sun-burnt since he went to Washington, sartin sure!"

THERE has just been published in Paris a book entitled, "Private Recollections of Prince De Talleyrand," which contains several anecdotes of that clever and witty diplomatist hitherto unpublished:

Cambacérès said to Prince De Talleyrand: "A great many epigrams have been written against Count Siéyès, but they are groundless. I have heard him speak very often in our assemblies, and he has always shown himself to be a very profound man." Prince De Talleyrand replied: "Profound is not the proper word to apply to him. You should say hollow—very hollow."

When Prince De Talleyrand returned from a mission to Berlin, other German courts, and St. Petersburg, Napoleon asked, "Well, what do they say about me in the northern courts?" Prince De Talleyrand replied, "Sire, some think you are a god, others a demon; but I met nobody who thought you a man."

One morning, after the campaign of Dresden, Napoleon observed Prince De Talleyrand at his levée, and bade him remain, as he wished to talk privately with him. After the company had gone, he went up to Talleyrand and bawled: "What have you come here for? To show me your ingratitude? You give the public to believe that you belong to a party in opposition. You think, I dare say, that were I to die you would be President of the Council of Regency. Now, mark my words. Were I so much as dangerously ill, the first thing I should do would be to have you shot." Prince De Talleyrand, with the grace and quiet of a courtier who had just received new favors, bowed low and respectfully as he replied: "I did not require, Sire, such a warning to address most fervent prayers to Heaven to vouchsafe health and long life to your Majesty."

One of Napoleon's favorite ironical expressions was, "And what will the Faubourg Saint Germain say?" He was always secretly irritated by the disdain and opposition of the old nobles, and was especially annoyed by the disdain and opposition shown to him by Countess De Narbonne, the mother of Count Louis de Narbonne, one of his aids-de-camp. After the battle of Austerlitz (when, moreover, he had literally showered favors on Count Louis de Narbonne) he hoped that he had fairly won the mother's heart, although she was one of the oldest and most obstinate adherents of the House of Bourbon, to which she was attached by personal affection. Soon after the battle of Austerlitz Napoleon abruptly turned on Count Louis de Narbonne, and asked, "Does your mother love me now?" Count De Narbonne

was too embarrassed to reply. Prince De Talleyrand exclaimed, "Sire, Madame De Narbonne has not yet got further than admiration."

Now that the oyster has resumed his pleasant position at table, let us tell the following of Thackeray: When a dish of large-sized "Saddle-Rocks" was set for the first time before him, he gazed at them for several moments, and then asked what he was to do with them.

"Eat them, of course."

"Oh! eat them," said Thackeray, as if a new light had dawned upon him; adding, after a pause, "Well, here goes!"

When he had swallowed one, his friend asked him how he felt after it.

"*I feel*," said he, "*as if I had swallowed a baby!*"

DURING the late "difficulty" Southern soldiers were quite as fond of joking each other as they were of doing that same at our expense. This from a "Nof Ca'lina" friend, who is proud of his "tar and turpentine" State:

A North Carolina regiment, marching by a camp occupied by troops from Virginia, one of the latter asked, banteringly,

"Say, got any tar left?"

"No; General Lee has used it all up, putting it in the trenches here."

"Ah! What's that for?"

"To make the Virginians stick to their posts."

WHEN FIRST SHE CALLED ME "NED."

When first I saw those beaming eyes,
When first she answered "Mr. Brown,"
Ah, how I felt my poor heart rise
And fall beneath my silken gown!

I was a country curate then;
My income—it was scarce a jot;
How could I hope that such a gem
Would brighten a poor preacher's cot?

And yet, whene'er we met, she smiled—
I never saw her pout or frown;
And still my heart beat high and wild
Whene'er she answered, "Mr. Brown."

The laughing spring to summer turned,
And autumn brought its golden fruit,
And stronger still my love it burned,
But all my eloquence was mute.

One day we walked along the shade
Of green boughs, waving overhead;
Theu, half in sport, and half afraid,
She archly smiled and called me "Ned."

Oh, how it thrilled my very frame,
And joy, like lightning, through me sped,
When first she dropped the formal name
Of "Mr. Brown," and called me "Ned!"

Then, then true rapture played her part—
No words *my* rapture could define;
I pressed her to my throbbing heart,
Kissed her warm cheek, and called her "mine."

PROBABLY no man laughs more heartily at the jokes perpetrated on him, especially those that occurred during the war, than General Butler. That one of a Southern person who, seeing placarded on the fences and gutters of New Orleans, "Buy your shirts at Moody's," supposed it not merely to be an order to that effect from head-quarters, but that General Butler was actually a partner in the concern! A joke, somewhat similar, is told of General D——, who was jocosely said to have a *penchant* for rebel furniture. Being seriously ill on one occasion, an

officer asked the surgeon in attendance what the matter was. "Only a heavy meal of furniture," said the surgeon; "but I have got him to throw up a bureau and a rocking-chair, and I think he will get round."

SOME years ago there resided in one of the principal towns of Maine a butcher, who, though illiterate, was not without wit. During one of his diurnal rounds with his cart he stopped at Judge B——'s, who asked, "What have you today, Thomas?"

"Mutton, Judge."

"How much a pound?"

"Two cents and a half. Have some?"

"Two cents and a half a pound!" replied the judge, in affected astonishment. "I'll live on faith before I'll pay two cents and a half a pound for mutton!"

The butcher-man paused a moment, and, holding out his hand, replied, "Judge, you'll have to *diet on repentance* some time before you can *live upon faith*!"

As an illustration of the progress of education in Connecticut, we introduce this:

N——, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR, I want to in form you that I am a boy of moral good earacter and would he wishfull to stud the interest of my employers and would gow to your office if you would give me a ehancee to gow to a forin country so as I would have any sort of Pay I am prety well sienced in lerning and is between 17 and 18 years of age and I can gave a good recomdation please answer this and let me know your respect full friend

JOHN —

A boy so well "sienced in lerning" should at once come to this metropolis, where that sort of thing is so promptly and remuneratively recognized.

ONE who signs himself "yours fraternally," in Alabama, sends the following as a specimen of the hand-bill of that region:

strayed!

STRAYED frOm me at town, one white, blaek, and red speckled cow. If any person should see her about here, I will thank him if he will notify me at town. She is one of the old stock, and will have one calf in about two weeks.

A BRIGHT young lady of Indiana, on hearing of the approaching marriage of a friend, sat down and dashed off the following, to "rid her mind of the consciousness of neglected duty:"

"MY DEAR —: I hear you and — will soon be joined by the holy bonds of matrimony, and ere you have quite passed into his hands I wish to give you a few words of advice. Be kind to him, for he is one that must be treated tenderly, or fade away. Love him much, for he is worthy of all trust, honor, and love. And when you stand to be united, be ever ready with your own strong arm; in the excitement of the scene he may exhaust his sensitive nature, and, unless you lend him your aid, he may faint away. Treat him carefully. Make the fires for him. Saw his wood for him. Work for him. Walk for him. Kill yourself for him. Then, if on your death-bed he thanks you, humbly accept his thanks, and depart in peace!"

Admirable woman!

FROM Jordan, New York, where the public highway is in a notoriously and proverbially unsatisfactory condition for purposes of locomotion, a legal friend sends the following:

Some little time since I was employed, on be-

half of the complainant, to prosecute a prisoner for stealing, and during the trial undertook to impeach the testimony of one of the leading witnesses for the culprit. To do so I called, among others, Tom R——, who at home was considered by his neighbors to be a "knowledgeable man," well posted in the law. On being placed in the stand he assumed a grave demeanor, which led the audience to believe that his testimony on so important a question would be received by Court and jury as conclusive. Judge of the surprise and merriment of his hearers, and the consternation of myself, when, in answer to my question, "What is the character of the witness for truth and veracity in the community where he resides?" he replied, with the utmost gravity: "Bad for truth, but *good* for veracity!"

An expression of hilarity lighted up the general countenance; then we *all* laughed.

THERE lived, in 1844, in — County, Ohio, a man who had just been elected Justice of the Peace, upon whom called, one fine morning, a couple to be married. The new justice asked for a little time to prepare for the case; consulted "Swan's Treatise," but could not find the ceremony laid down, and not liking to lose the job, turned round and said, "S——, hold up your right hand, and with your left take the hand of the lady," which being done, the justice continued: "You do solemnly swear that you will take the woman you hold by the hand to be your lawful and wedded wife, and do by her as other people does under like circumstances, so help you God!" As there was no book to kiss, he did the next best thing, and "swapped gum" (as they say in Iowa) with the ber-ide.

A CORRESPONDENT in Western New York mentions a certain grave-yard in his bailiwick which seems to abound in curious conceits *in memoriam*. We append two specimens. The first is an epitaph which, after reciting the virtues of the deceased through a dozen lines, concludes with an injunction to her friends and relatives:

"Like Nancy live, like Nancy die."

Another stone, erected over the remains of an old gentleman by his sons, bears the brief but touching inscription:

"Our Father—ANOREED."

A thoughtless friend has suggested to our correspondent that to complete the idea and render it harmonious, a cenotaphic tablet should be placed next it, and exhibit the status of the widow of the deceased, as follows:

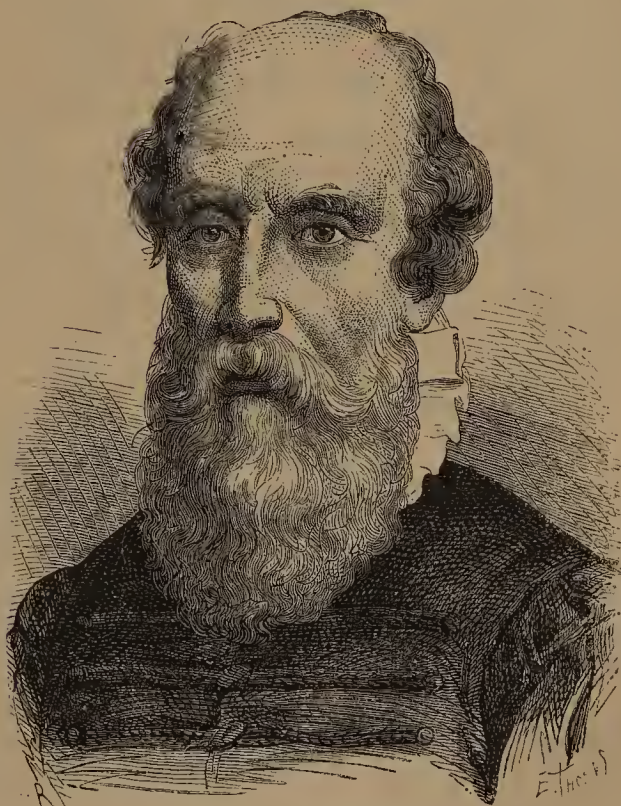
"Our Mother—AFLOAT."

JUDGE CHASE, of Vermont, was a man of excellent sense, and withal a great stickler for the dignity of courts. A case of very trifling importance, having well-nigh run the gauntlet of legal adjudication, came up at length to the highest court in the State. The counsel for the plaintiff was opening with the usual apologies for a frivolous suit, when the subject-matter, "to wit, *one turkey*, of great value," etc., catching the ear of the judge, he called out, "Mr. Clerk, strike that case from the docket. *The Supreme Court of the State of Vermont does not sit here to determine the ownership of a turkey!*"

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THE HUGUENOTS.



BERNARD PALISSY.

THE barbaric dream of chivalry proved singularly attractive to the imaginative people of France. The strength and glory of the nation were wasted in endless wars. The same impulse that leads the Comanche to butcher the Sioux, or the King of the Guinea Coast to burn the villages of his neighbors, drove the French kings and nobles to fierce inroads upon Germany and a constant rivalry with Spain. Glory was only to be won upon the battle-field; he who fought was a noble; the honest laborer was his inferior and his slave. To murder, to waste, and to destroy, were the proper employments of kings and princes; while the church of Rome aroused anew the worst elements of human nature by preaching a series of ruthless

crusades and by its example of a general persecution.¹

Chivalry, the offspring of barbarism and superstition, culminated in the person of Francis I. By historians Francis is usually called gallant, but his gallantry consisted only in an intense selfishness and an utter moral corruption.² He was the scourge of France, the de-

¹ De Felice, *Hist. Protestants in France*. D'Aubigné, *Reformation in Europe*, book 2, c. x. Martin, *Hist. Fran.*, ix. See Gassier, *Historic de la Chevalerie Française*, i. 277, for the cruel traits of chivalry; so, too, i. 360, for the origin of constables and marshals.

² For this period Smiles, the Huguenots, and White, *Massacre of St. Bartholomew*, may be consulted with advantage. Capeciguc, *François 1^{er}*, enlarges on cet esprit chevaleresque, etc., i. p. 209.

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stroyer of his people; and if, in this respect, he was no worse than his contemporaries Charles V., Henry VIII., and the popes of Rome, he was more guilty, because more highly endowed. Nature had been singularly bountiful to the chief of the house of Valois. His form was tall and graceful; his mind had been fed upon romance and song. He was a poet, the author of sweet and plaintive verses; a hero longing to renew the exploits of Amadis and Charlemagne; the friend of Leonardo da Vinci, the patron of Clement Marot.¹ Yet, with all these softening impulses and tastes, Francis lived the life of a savage. At home in his splendid palace, the Louvre, he was plunged in the coarse pleasures of a profligate court; abroad he rushed like a madman from battle-field to battle-field, never happy unless surrounded by carnage. Under the rule of its chivalric king France knew every woe of which nations are capable. Whole districts were desolated by the tax-gatherer, the conscription, the invasion of the enemy, the hand of persecution. Famine, disease, poverty, bloodshed, were the gifts of Francis to his people; and while the king and his mistresses were borne in pomp from banquet to banquet beneath canopies of velvet seamed with gold, the mothers of Languedoc saw their children die of hunger in once prosperous towns, and the holy men and women of Merindol were butchered by thousands to soothe the venal bigotry of their master.² It is sometimes said that the crimes of kings and popes, like Leo X., Henry VIII., and Francis, are to be palliated by the general barbarism of their age; it might be easily shown that they were usually the most vicious and corrupt of their contemporaries. In France were thousands of wise, pure, honorable, and gifted men, well fitted to rule a nation, who saw with shame and horror the cruelties and the vices of the unhappy Francis and his persecuting court.

In the dawn of this disastrous reign the Huguenots first appear. They were the direct offspring of the Bible.³ As the sacred volume, multiplied by the printing presses of Germany, first made its way into France, it was received as a new revelation. Before Luther had published his theses it is said that there were Protestants at Paris, and wherever the Bible came it was certain to found a church. But it was chiefly among the men of labor and of thought that its teachings were ever welcome. Labor, flying from the decaying cities of Italy and the disturbed dominions of Charles V., had found a new home in many of the towns of France; accomplished workmen in silk and linen, iron or clay, had stimulated the prosperity of Lyons and Tours, Saintes and Meaux; painters, sculptors, architects, and poets had sprung up amidst

the barbarism of chivalry; Paris was as renowned for its painters as for its goldsmiths; and the College of France spread liberal learning among the ambitious students of the day. To the cultivated artisan and the classical scholar the gross corruptions of the church, and the open vices of monks and priests, were singularly odious; for the one had learned the charm of virtue by practicing a regular life, the other by a study of Socrates and Cicero. When, therefore, the Bible, in its modern translation, was laid before the people, a wonderful religious revolution swept over France. Nearly the whole working-class became Protestants.¹ The great manufacturing towns were converted at once from Romanism to the faith of St. Paul. Almost every eminent artisan or inventor was a Huguenot. Stephen, the famous printer, Palissy, the chief of potters, the first French sculptor, Goujon, the great surgeon Paré, and a throng of their renowned companions, shrank from the mass as idolatrous, and lived by the precepts of the Bible.² The professors of the College of France and the ablest of living scholars adopted the principles of reform. The impulse spread to nobles and princes. The house of Bourbon and of Navarre were nearly all Huguenots. Marguerite, the sister of Francis, became the chief support of the reformers, and the king himself seemed for a moment touched and softened by the sacred language of inspiration. The Bible ruled over the rejoicing French. Of the wonderful power of this wide reform it is impossible to speak without enthusiasm. Swiftly there spread over the manufacturing towns of France a reign of saintly purity. Men once more shrank from vice and clung to virtue. The gross habits of the Middle Ages were thrown aside; the taverns and theatres were deserted, the morris-dancers and jongleurs no longer amused; the rude dissipation of the peasantry, the licentious fêtes of priests and nobles, awakened only disgust; but in every village prayer-meetings were held, and the Bible was studied by throngs of eager students, who, for the first time, were now enabled to listen to the voice of inspiration.

The reformation began, it is said, at Meaux, a small manufacturing town on the borders of Flanders, which had learned from its Flemish neighbor industry and independence.³ Its people had been coarse and rude, its priests vicious, indolent, and dull, and the little town had found its chief recreation in drunkenness and barbarous license. Its inhabitants were wool-carders, fullers, cloth-makers, and mechan-

¹ Schmidt, Geschichte von Frankreich, ii. 293, and ii. 693, note. Le protecteur de Marot en est souvent l'heureux rival.

² De Felice, p. 32. White, Massacre of St. Bartholomew, p. 13.

³ Smiles, Huguenots, p. 23.

¹ Archives Curieuses, 1^{er} ser., vol. ii. p. 459, La Reine de Lyon, a contemporary tract, denounces the new faith as the cause of the independent spirit of the workmen of Lyons. Until now they had obeyed their masters (1529). Mais, depuis la venue de ceste faulce secte nouvellement non trouvée mais renouvelée de ces maudictz Vauldoys et Chaignartz venans de septentrion, unde omne malum et iniquitas, le peuple a prinse une elevation et malice, etc. The people began to doubt the divine right of their princes to rule.

² Smiles, Huguenots, p. 37.

³ De Felice, p. 19.



MASSACRE OF THE INHABITANTS OF MÉRINDOL.

ics, living by the product of their daily labor, and grasping eagerly at every uncultivated pleasure. Jacques Lefèvre, the translator of the Bible into French, a man of nearly seventy, and the young and brilliant Farel,¹ his faithful associate, preached to the working-men of Meaux and distributed among them copies of the gospels. At once the mass was deserted, the priest contemned, and eager throngs listened to the daring missionaries who ventured to unfold the long-forgotten truth.² A swift and graceful transformation passed over the busy town. No profane word was any longer

uttered, no ribaldry nor coarse jests were heard. Drunkenness and disorder disappeared; vice hid in the monastery or the cloister; in every factory the gospels were read as a message from above, and the voice of prayer and thanksgiving mingled with the clamor of the shuttle and the clash of the anvil. The rude and boisterous artisans were converted into refined and gentle believers, ever seeking for the pure and the true; and the sudden impulse toward a higher life awakened at Meaux by the teachings of Farel and Lefèvre stirred, like an electric shock, every portion of diseased and decaying France. A moment of regeneration seemed near, a season of wonderful advance.

At a later period Palissy, the potter, has left a pleasing account of a similar transformation.

¹ Said Farel: Je viens prouver la vérité de mes doctrines, et je le ferai au péril de ma vie. See *Histoire Genève*, par A. Shoarel, ii. p. 89.

² See Felice, p. 19.

In the busy town of Saintes, where he was pursuing with incredible toil and self-denial one of the chief secrets of his art, Palissy became the founder of a church. Too poor to purchase a copy of the Bible, he learned its contents by heart, and every Sunday morning exhorted or instructed nine or ten of his fellow-townsmen who assembled in secret to hear the Word of God. The little congregation soon grew in numbers.¹ For some time they met at midnight, and hid from persecution. At length the purity of their lives and the earnestness of their faith won the respect of the people of Saintes; a pastor was procured; the people crowded to the Protestant assembly; a revival spread over the town, and a sudden reform in morals made Saintes a haven of rest and peace. Coarse plays and dances, extravagance in dress and license in living, scandal, quarrels, and lawsuits, says Palissy, had almost wholly passed away. Instead of profane language and idle jesting were heard only psalms, prayers, and spiritual songs.² The religion ruled over the happy town, and even the priests and monks, stirred by the general impulse, began to pray and preach with honest fervor, and to emulate the purity of the zealous reformers. A gentle harmony prevailed between the rival churches; for the moment the evil passions of men were charmed into repose. Then, adds Palissy, might be seen, on Sundays, bands of work-people walking cheerfully in the meadows, groves, and fields, singing spiritual songs together, or reading to one another from the sacred volumes; young girls and maidens chanting hymns beneath the pleasant shade; boys, with their teachers, full of a steadfast purpose to live a noble life. The very countenances of the people, he asserts, were changed; the coarse lines of sensuality had been swept away, and from every face shone only benevolence and truth.

The picture of the reformed village, drawn by the honest pen of the gentle artisan, reads like an idyllic dream amidst the dreadful story of the reign of the chivalric Francis; it seems scarcely more probable than Livy's narrative of the golden age of Numa, or Homer's legend of the gentle Phæaciens. Yet it was no doubt true. In many towns and cities of martial France similar scenes were witnessed. More than two thousand churches sprang up in the apparently ungenial soil. The early Huguenots were noted for their austere virtues, their truthfulness, their love of peace. They lived together, a happy brotherhood, joined in a common faith, a similar purity of life. Men trusted the word of a Huguenot when the oath of the Catholic noble awakened only distrust. They brought honesty into commerce, and the domestic virtues into every home. They softened their enemies by a tolerant patience; they strove to convert rather than to destroy;

their brilliant leaders, adorned by rare talents and eminent virtues, attracted the admiration of the age; and it seemed possible that the tide of reform might sweep unchecked over France, subdued by its gentleness the hostility of the Gallican church, and restrain, with a mighty force, the barbarous instincts of the feudal princes and the impulsive king.

But France was not permitted to reform itself. It was the slave of an Italian master and of a throng of Italian priests. From their distant thrones a series of cruel and vicious popes awoke the fires of discord in the progressive nation, denounced the gentle Huguenots as the enemies of Heaven, and demanded their extirpation.¹ The French priests, roused to madness by the intrigues of Rome, began the fatal labor of persecution; the uncultivated nobles and the immoral court yielded to the fierce anathemas of the Italian potentate; robbers and assassins were let loose upon the peaceful congregations of reformers; the horrors inflicted by the popish inquisitors awoke retaliation, and the dawning hope of France was forever lost in the unexampled terrors of its religious wars.

The pope gave the signal for a perpetual St. Bartholomew's; Francis obeyed, perhaps reluctantly, the Italian priest; a general crusade began against all those flourishing Protestant communities where sanctified labor had lately born Hesperian fruit. In 1525 Clement VII. sanctioned or created the French Inquisition, endowing it with "apostolical authority" to try and condemn heretics. A series of royal edicts followed, enjoining the public officials to extirpate the reformers; and in every part of France it became the favorite pastime for the idle and the dissolute to plunder the houses of the Huguenots, burn their factories, desolate their homes by dreadful atrocities, and bind them with malevolent exultation to the stake.² At the command, by the instigation of Clement, Paul, Julius, Pius, the successors of St. Peter, every Romanist in France was made an assassin, every faithful adherent of the pope was enjoined to rob or murder an unoffending neighbor.³ The era of reform, which had lately seemed so near, vanished before the malevolent interference of the Italians; the commands of Rome checked the advancing tide of civilization. Bands of plunderers, blasphemers, ravishers, murderers obeyed the Holy Father and sprang upon the Protestant communities. No

¹ The Romish church has always advocated the extirpation of heresy, where it can be accomplished with safety to itself. De Castro, De Justa Hæret. Punitione, 1547, 119. Jure divino obligantur eos extirpare, si absque majori incommodo possint. So fides illis data servanda non sit.

² D'Aubigné, Ref. in Europe, i. 552-557. Francis was hired by the clergy to extirpate the Huguenots. See J. Simon, La Liberté de Conscience, p. 123 et seq., for the cruelties of the king.

³ Relations des Ambassadeurs Vénitiens, Doc. Inéd. Hist. France, i. p. 520. Fu introdotta questa peste in Francia, etc. It was a horrible poison the Catholics wished to expel.

¹ Palissy, Œuvres Complètes, Recepte Véritable, 108.

² Smiles, p. 39-42.

more were heard the chant of holy songs on Sundays in the pleasant groves; no longer fair young girls made sacred music in the forest; no more the manly youth planned lives of generous purpose. The austere, benevolent Huguenot was cut down at his forge or his shuttle; his wife and children became the victims of the papal soldiers; every village rang with blasphemy and the jests of demons; every enormity was perpetrated in obedience to the orders of the pope.

Palissy has described, with simple truthfulness, the effects of the papal interference upon his once prosperous church at Saintes. The town had been invaded by a band of papal persecutors. The very thought of those evil days, he exclaims, fills my mind with horror.

To avoid the spectacle of the robberies, murders, and various crimes perpetrated in the town, he concealed himself for two months in his own house. During all this long period the work of persecution went on, until all the reformed had fled from the hapless neighborhood. It seemed to Palissy as if Satan had broken loose and raging demons had suddenly taken possession of Saintes. Where lately had been heard only psalms and spiritual songs and exhortations to a holy life, now echoed on every side abominable language, dissolute ballads, profanity, and execrations. Led by their priests, "a band of imps," he says, issued from a neighboring castle, entered the town with drawn swords, and shouted, "Where are the heretics? we will cut their throats at once." They rushed from house to house, robbing and murdering; they uttered blasphemies against both God and man.¹ Palissy himself soon after escaped to Paris. Here he was employed for many years by Catherine de Medicis and her children; was at last sent to the Bastille for heresy, and by dying in prison escaped the stake. His narrative of the events at Saintes, of the horrors of the papal persecution, may be accepted as an accurate picture of what happened in every Protestant village or town in France by the direct command of the pope at Rome.

There now began a remarkable contest between the Romish church and the Bible—between the printers and the popes.² For many centuries the Scriptures had been hidden in a dead language, guarded by the anathemas of the priests from the public eye, and so costly in manuscript form as to be accessible only to the wealthy. A Bible cost as much as a landed estate; the greatest universities, the richest monasteries, could scarcely purchase a single copy. Its language and its doctrines had long been forgotten by the people, and in their place the intellect of the Middle Ages had been fed upon extravagant legends and monkish visions,

the fancies of idle priests, the fables of the unscrupulous. The wonders worked by a favorite image, the virtues of a relic, the dreams of a dull abbot or a fanatical monk, had supplanted the modest teachings of Peter and the narrative of Luke. Men saw before them only the imposing fabric of the church of Rome, claiming supremacy over the conscience and the reason, pardoning sins, determining doctrines, and had long ceased to remember that there was a Redeemer, a Bible, even a God. A practical atheism followed. The pope was often a skeptic, except as to his own right to rule; the church and the monasteries teemed with the vices depicted by Rabelais and Erasmus. Then in the close of the fifteenth century a flood of light was poured upon mankind. The new art of printing sprang into sudden maturity, and great numbers of Bibles were scattered among the people. They were sought for with an avidity, studied with an eagerness, received with an undoubting faith such as no later age has witnessed; arrayed in the charm of entrancing novelty, the simple story of the gospels and the noble morals of the epistles, translated for the first time into the common dialects, descended as if newly written by the pen of angels upon the minds of men.

Every honest intellect was at once struck with the strange discrepancy between the teaching of the sacred volume and that of the church of Rome.¹ No religion, indeed, seemed less consistent with itself than that of medieval Romanism. The Mohammedan of the fifteenth century still clung with tenacity to the minute requirements of the Koran; the Jew obeyed in every particular the injunctions of the Decalogue; the Greeks and Romans had suffered few alterations in the rituals of Jupiter and Diana. But it was found upon the slightest inspection that there was no authority for the Romish innovations in any portion of the Scriptures. There was no purgatory, no mass, no papal supremacy, no monasteries, no relics working miracles, no images, no indulgences to be found in the book that contained the teachings of Christ and his Apostles. The inference was at once every where drawn that the theories of the Roman church were founded upon imposture; and when, at the same time, the shameless lives of its priests and popes were brought before the public eye by satirists and preachers, its gross corruption was believed to be the necessary result of its want of truthfulness; its cruelty and violence seemed the offspring of its unhallowed sensuality and pride. The Bible alone could now satisfy the active intellect of France; the Bible awoke anew the simple church of the apostolic age.

To the Bible the popes at once declared a

¹ Smiles, 44, 45.

² Relat. Ven. Amb., Doc. Ined., ii. 139. Corroero thinks the heresies might have been repressed if Francis had been more active. Yet it was during this period that Montaigne was writing his essay upon "Cruelty," and teaching wisdom from history.

¹ To the sellers of indulgences the New Testament was particularly odious. It stopped their trade. So Lyndesay's pardoner or indulgence-seller exclaims:

I give to the devil with gude intent
This unsell, wickit New Testament,
With thame that it translaikit.

Satyre of the Three Estates.

deathless hostility. To read the Scriptures was in their eyes the grossest of crimes; for they confessed by their acts that he who read must cease to be a Romanist.¹ Not murder, robbery, nor any other offense was punished with such dreadful severity.² The tongues of the gentle criminals were usually cut out; they were racked until their limbs parted; they were then forced to mount a cart, and were jolted over rough streets in agony to the stake. Here they were burned amidst the jeers of the priests and the populace. Yet the Bible sustained them in their hour of trial, and they died ever with hymns of exultation. Great wars were undertaken to drive the sacred volume from schools and colleges. The Inquisition was invested with new terrors, and was forced upon France and Holland by papal armies. The Jesuits were every where distinguished by their hatred for the Bible. In the Netherlands they led the persecutions of Alva and Philip II.; they rejoiced with a dreadful joy when Antwerp, Bruges, and Ghent, the fairest cities of the working-men, were reduced to pauperism and ruin by the Spanish arms; for the Bible had perished with its defenders. "There are above forty thousand Protestants in this town," wrote Sir Thomas Gresham from Antwerp in 1666, "which will die rather than that the Word of God shall be put to silence." A few years later their heroic resolution had been fulfilled; they had nearly all perished by famine, disease, and the sword of Alva.

To burn Bibles was the favorite employment of zealous Catholics. Wherever they were found the heretical volumes were destroyed by active inquisitors, and thousands of Bibles and Testaments perished in every part of France. Yet the fertile press soon renewed the abundant fruit, and the skillful printers of Germany and Switzerland poured forth an incessant stream of French, Dutch, and English Bibles, besides an infinite number of tracts and treatises by eminent reformers. The demand for these books could never be sufficiently supplied. At Nuremberg, Mentz, and Strasbourg there was an eager struggle for Luther's smallest pamphlets. Of his catechism one hundred thousand were sold. The sheets of his tracts, often wet from the press, were hidden under the purchasers' cloaks and passed from shop to shop. The most hated and the most feared of all the agents of reform, in this remarkable period, by priest and pope, was the humble colporteur or Bible-seller. Laden with his little pack of Bibles, Testaments, and Protestant treatises, the godly merchant made his way from Antwerp or Geneva into the heart of France, and beneath the hot summer sun or in the snows of winter pursued with patient toil his

dangerous traffic.¹ He knew that if detected he must die; he felt that the keen eyes of inquisitors and priests were every where watching for his coming. Yet, often disguised as a peddler of ribbons and trinkets, he made his way into the castles of the nobles or the homes of the working-men, and cautiously exposed his forbidden wares. They were bought with eagerness, and read by noble and peasant. But not seldom the daring missionary was discovered and punished; his little stock of Bibles was dragged forth and burned by rejoicing priests, and the humble Bible-seller was himself sacrificed, in fearful tortures, to the dreadful deity at Rome.

Between the printers and the popes the war now began that has never ceased. The clank of the printing-press had to the ears of the Italian priesthood an ominous sound. "We must destroy printing," said an English vicar, "or it will destroy us." The Sorbonne of Paris denounced the printers in 1534, and burned twenty of them within six months, and one woman. A printer of the Rue Saint Jacques was condemned for publishing Luther's works; a bookseller was burned for having sold them. At last the Sorbonne, the council of the papal faction, in 1535, obtained a decree from the king for the total suppression of printing.²

Robert Stephen was one of the most eminent printers and scholars of the age. From his accurate press at Paris had issued Latin Bibles and Testaments of singular excellence and beauty. But he was a Huguenot, and even the favor and protection of the king and the court could not shield him from the rage of the Sorbonne. It was discovered that in the notes to his Latin Bible of 1545 he had introduced heretical doctrines. He was prosecuted by the Faculty of Theology, and fled from France to escape the stake. His contemporary, the poet, printer, and scholar, Dolet, was burned for atheism in 1546. Yet the bold printers in Protestant Geneva, Germany, and the Low Countries defied the rage of popes and inquisitors, and still poured forth an increasing tide of Protestant tracts and Bibles. The press waged a ruthless war upon the antichrist at Rome. It founded the republic of Holland, the central fount of modern freedom: it reformed England and the North. It filled the common schools with Bibles and instructed nations in the humanizing lessons of history. From age to age it has never ceased to inflict deadly wounds upon the papacy; until at length even Italy and Spain have been rescued from the grasp of the Inquisition and the Jes-

¹ Said Paul IV.: A heretic never repents; it is an evil for which there is no remedy but fire.

² Said Montaigne, *Essay on Cruelty*: I live in a time abounding in examples of this vice; we see nothing in ancient histories more extreme than what we meet with every day.

: De Felice, p. 73. Reading the Bible to a congregation unauthorized by law is still a criminal offense in France, or was so in 1857. See M. Jules Simon's *La Liberté de Conscience*, p. 27. His treatise may be read with instruction.

² A. F. Didot, *Paris Guide*. C'est ainsi, says Didot, a good authority, que traitait l'imprimerie celui qu'on à volu surnommer le Père, ou le Restaurateur des Lettres, p. 296. The French are slowly discovering the absurdity of their received histories.

uits, and have proclaimed the freedom of the press. In the city of Rome alone, under the tyranny of an infallible pope, the printer lies chained at the mercy of his ancient adversary; from the dominions of Pius IX. the Protestant Bible, the source of modern civilization, is excluded by penalties scarcely less severe than those imposed by Pius V. And as once more the Italian priests prepare to renew their warfare against the printing-press and the Bible in the cities of free America, they will encounter, though with new arts and new arms, their successful adversary of the Old World. The printer once more defies the pope. He points to the ashes of his martyrs, scattered in the waters of the Seine or the Scheldt in the sixteenth century; to the prisons of Bologna or of Rome, so lately filled with the dying advocates of a free press in the nineteenth; to the crimes of Pius IX., no less than those of Pius V., as his gauge of battle.¹

More than thirty years of ceaseless persecution, filled with scenes of horror, of flourishing seats of industry sacked and blighted, of holy men and women martyred with incredible sufferings, of dreadful atrocities perpetrated in every town and village by the emissaries of the popes, had passed over the patient Huguenots before they resolved to take up arms in self-defense. Their gentle pastors, with persistent magnanimity, inculcated theories of non-resistance. Calvin himself, rigid and severe, still urged upon them obedience to their merciless kings. He was content to meet the savage barbarism of the Inquisition with spiritual arms. From his strong-hold at Geneva he organized his Bible societies, and poured an incessant stream of reformed literature over every part of France. He cheered the martyrs with austere exhortations; his Bible-sellers were seen in every secluded path and by-way, stealing with fearless faith from congregation to congregation; his presses at Geneva were never idle; his "Institutes" were scattered widely over his native land. During this period of suffering the Huguenots continued to increase in numbers. Yet their congregations were often forced to meet in caves and forests, and to chant in subdued tones their sacred songs, lest their persecutors might break in upon them with fire and sword. Often the pious assembly was discovered in its most secret retreat, and men, women, and children were massacred by hordes of priests and brigands.

At Meaux, the birth-place of reform, fourteen persons were burned alive in the market-place. In the south of France two Protestant towns, Cabrières and Merindol, were razed to the ground—every house was destroyed, and the unoffending people were murdered in the streets.

Four or five hundred women and children, who had taken refuge in a church, were butchered at once; twenty-five women, who had hidden in a cave, were smothered by a fire kindled at its entrance by the papal legate. At Paris, on the night of September 4, 1537, a congregation of Protestants was gathered in secret at a private house in the suburbs.¹ Many of them were refined and pious men and women from the cultivated classes of society; some were noble and connected with the court. But, united by a common piety, they celebrated the communion and listened to the exhortations of a faithful pastor.² They were startled by the cry, outside the door, of "Death to the Lutherans!" A wild mob of papists surrounded the house and besieged all night the terrified women, who were guarded alone by the swords of the gentlemen who attended them. In the morning the police arrested the whole Huguenot congregation and dragged them through the streets to the filthy dungeons of the Châtelet, where they had neither room to lie or sit down. By the strict law their lives were forfeited; they were offered pardon if they would go to mass. But not one consented. A long and terrible imprisonment passed away before they were brought to trial. Among the captives, the fate of Philippa de Lunz—a refined and high-bred woman, only twenty-two years old, a widow, possessed of wealth and influence—is singularly illustrative of the papal theories. She was examined, and refused to recant. She was next led out for execution. In the gay city of Paris, in September, 1558, a throng of papists assembled around a pile of fagots in the Place Maubert, dancing, singing, and calling for the victims. The king, it is said, looked on from a distance; the courtiers were not far off; the priests were no doubt all present. At length a cart drove into the square, on which were seen Philippa and two Huguenot companions. Their tongues had already been cut out. But Philippa had laid aside her widow's weeds, and was dressed in her best attire. For she said, on leaving prison, "Why should not I rejoice? I am going to meet my husband."

She witnessed the horrible convulsions of her two friends as they expired amidst the flames. She was lost in fervent prayer. The executioners roughly seized her, tore off her outer dress, and held her, with her head downward, in the fire. Her feet had already been burned off. She was then strangled, and her great soul escaped to heaven.³

Several others of the prisoners were executed. But their fate now awakened the attention of Europe. Calvin wrote to the survivors a letter of encouragement; at his entreaty the princes of Germany interceded for them; the younger

¹ The present pope began his reign by promising a free press and liberal reforms to his people. He violated all his promises; and there is no existing government that has shown such excessive severity to its political opponents as that of Pius IX. See Facts and Figures from Italy, and Italy in Transition.

¹ White, Massacre of St. Bartholomew, p. 40-43.

² The Huguenots fled from Paris in great numbers. The streets resounded with the cry of the ban proclaimed against them. J. Simon, *La Liberté de Conscience*, p. 131.

³ White, Massacre of St. Bartholomew, p. 43.



CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.

prisoners were carried to monasteries, from whence they were afterward allowed to escape; others were pardoned upon making an apparent recantation; and it is possible that even the French king and court were satisfied with the woes already inflicted upon the pious congregation of Paris. But the pope was enraged at the lenity shown to the Huguenots, and denounced the faint trace of toleration on the part of the king. He complained, he remonstrated. He was discontented because every prisoner had not been hung with his head downward in the flames and strangled, like Philippa de Lunz.¹

I have sketched the fate of the Protestants of Paris, as an illustration of the Roman doctrine of employing force in preserving religious unity. The popes and the Italian priests still defend that theory of persecution by which Philippa de Lunz was strangled; by which every country of Europe has been filled with woe; by which, if honestly accepted, every devout Roman Catholic might be converted into an assassin.²

Silenced and overpowered, their congregations broken up, their pastors driven from France, the Huguenots still expressed their religious impulses by a singular expedient. Music came to their aid. Clement Marot translated

the Psalms of David into French verse, and soon the inspired songs of the Jewish king were chanted in every city of the realm. They resounded in plaintive melodies from the caves and forests where the Huguenots still ventured to assemble; they made their way into the palace and the castle; and Francis, Henry II., Catherine de Medicis, and Henry of Navarre, had each a favorite psalm. Catherine, with some propriety, selected "O Lord, rebuke me not;" Diana of Poitiers, the mistress of Henry II., delighted in the *De Profundis*. The Huguenots sang the psalms as a substitute for divine worship; and often, as throngs of Parisians were walking on summer evenings in the pleasure-grounds of Pré aux Clercs, some daring reformer would strike the key-note of a psalm of Marot, and the strain, caught up by innumerable voices, would swell over the gay assemblage. The King and Queen of Navarre often went to the fashionable walk to hear the singing. But the priests at length procured an edict forbidding the

practice, and the voice of sacred melody was finally hushed in the horrors of St. Bartholomew.

King Francis, the chivalric, died of his own excesses; his son, Henry II., succeeded, the husband of Catherine de Medicis. He was even more vicious and cruel than his father; he persecuted with Italian severity; he died amidst the thanksgivings of the Huguenots, pierced by the lance of a rival knight, at a magnificent tourney. His death made way for the rule of his widow, Catherine de Medicis, and their three miserable sons. Nor can one reflect without a shudder of disgust upon that wretched group of depraved men and more monstrous women, into whose hands now fell the destiny of the Huguenots and of fair and progressive France. Touched by the genial impulse of reform, filled with a brilliant generation of poets, scholars, accomplished artisans, and gifted statesmen, such as the world has seldom known, the unhappy realm was checked in the moment of its advance by the follies and the crimes of Catherine, the popes, and the Guises. Rome ruled at Paris, and in the peaceful and holy communities described by Palissy and Beza was soon aroused a dreadful discord that ended in their destruction. The workman fled from his forge or his loom to die upon the battle-field; the scholar, the musician, and the poet carried the fruits of his genius to foreign lands; the Italian prelate, with malevolent touch, blighted the dawning civilization of France.¹

¹ Laurent, *Le Catholicisme et la Religion de l'avenir*, Paris, 1869, p. 577 *et seq.*, shows that the Holy Office is still defended by the Romish bishops.

² The Syllabus still asserts that heresy must be repressed by force. The infallible pope still wields the sword of persecution.

¹ A Romish view of the persecution of the Huguenots

Catherine de Medicis led the revelries, the fashions, and the politics of the age. Her youth had been singularly unfortunate.¹ No friendly voice, no fond or tender counsels, had awakened in her cold heart a trace of filial or maternal love. Her father, Lorenzo de Medicis, had deserved by his vices the miseries he endured; her mother was no less unhappy; and Catherine, the descendant of the wealthiest mercantile house in Europe, was born penniless and a child of evil omen. It was foretold of her at her birth that she would bring destruction to the city where she was born; the townspeople of Florence would have exposed the infant in a basket to the balls of their enemies. But she was preserved alive, was shut up in a convent, and in the school of Macchiavelli and of Rome learned dissimulation and self-control. Her uncle became pope, and Francis I., anxious to win the support of Clement, married his son Henry to the portionless orphan, then a girl of fourteen. But misfortune still followed the child of evil omen. The pope, her uncle, soon died; Francis reaped no benefit from the hasty marriage; and Catherine came into the family of Valois only to be neglected by her husband for Diana of Poitiers, and to be condemned by her regal relatives as the penniless descendant of a race of merchants.

For many years she lived powerless and obscure, the nominal wife of a depraved king.² Yet she was singularly beautiful. Her brilliant complexion, her large and lustrous eyes, the inheritance of the Medicean family, her graceful form, her hand and arm that no painter nor sculptor could imitate, were set off by manners so soft and engaging as to win the esteem even of her foes. Few left her presence without being charmed by that graceful courtesy which had descended to her from Lorenzo the Magnificent; few could believe that her placid countenance concealed the passions, the resentments, the unsparing malice of the most ambitious of women. From Lorenzo Catherine had inherited, too, a love for exterior beauty in dress or form; a taste for lavish elegance. She shone at tourneys, and glittered in stately processions. From him, perhaps, came that passion for political intrigue that seemed the only vigorous impulse of her placid nature, and for which at times she became a murderess, reveling in the spectacle of her bleeding victims, or meditated and prepared the corruption, the degradation, or the death of her own sons.

By some ardent Roman Catholic writers Catherine is adorned with all saintly virtues as the guardian and defender of the church; by most historians she is looked upon as an in-

comprehensible mystery.¹ Not even her contemporaries could penetrate that chill and icy heart, where no maternal nor friendly affections ever dwelt, where pity and compassion never came, which was dead to the sufferings of others, and even to her own, and discover the secret springs that guided her erratic policy of vacillation and crime. Yet it is possible that the true mystery lay in her boundless superstition. For the common modes of belief she had nothing but skepticism. She toyed with the Huguenots; she was not afraid to cajole or defy the Catholics and the pope. But before the sorcerer or the fortune-teller all her narrow intellect was bowed in abject submission.² Her credulity was, perhaps, the cause of her impassive cruelty. She obeyed implicitly the decrees of the stars; she consulted with awe the famous seer of Salon, Nostradamus, whose name and writings are still cherished by the lovers of curious mysteries, and whose rude oracles were freely purchased by the noble and the great of his superstitious age. She wore a mystic amulet or chain that still exists; she kept around her astrologers and alchemists, and possibly believed that in all her cruelties and crimes she was governed by an overruling fate. It is probable that a secret insanity clouded the active mind of the French Medea. Yet at the age of thirty-nine Catherine held in her unsteady hand the destiny of France.

By her side had grown up into rare beauty and equal dissimulation and pride a woman scarcely less mysterious than herself. The character of Mary, Queen of Scots, is still the subject of animated debate. She was the wife of Francis II., Catherine's eldest son, now King of France.³ He was a feeble, mindless boy of sixteen, but the acute and brilliant Mary was a year or two older, full of graces and accomplishments, of ambition and pride. In the splendid dawn of her mournful career Mary was rightful Queen of France and Scotland, and the popish claimant of the crown of England. She seemed the most powerful and prosperous of living women, and in the petulance of youthful pride was accustomed to taunt her mother-in-law, Catherine, whom she hated, with being the daughter of a race of Florentine shop-keepers. The two acute and heartless women struggled for power; but the contest was soon ended by the death of Francis and the reluctant retreat of Mary from the palaces and revels of Catholic France to the barren wilds of her northern kingdom.

At the head of the violent faction of the Catholics stood the ambitious family of the Guises. The feeble kings, and even the aspiring Catherine, were forced to submit to the impetuous and overbearing policy of these devoted adherents of the papacy. It was the favorite aim of the Guises to exterminate the Hu-

is given by De Saclière, *Coup d'Œil sur l'Histoire du Calvinisme en France* (1844). This author palliates the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and exults over the Revocation.

¹ Vita di Caterina de' Medici, Alheri, softens the portrait of Catherine. La gran figura de Caterina—domina intera un' epoca importantissima, etc.

² Alberi, p. 45.

¹ The Venetian ambassador, Suriano, 1569, describes her as femme sage, mais timide, irrésolue, et toujours femme Relations, etc., vol. i. p. 559.

² Capefigue, François 1^{er}, il. 8. ³ Alberi, p. 59.



DUKE HENRY DE GUISE.

guenots, and to lay at the feet of the Roman pontiff France purified by a general massacre of his foes. Yet the power of the Guises was only of recent origin. Their father, Duke Claude, had come up to the French court an impoverished adventurer, and had died leaving enormous wealth, the fruit of a corrupt but successful career. His family of six sons were the inheritors of his fortune and power. His daughter was the mother of Mary of Scotland. His eldest son, Duke Francis, ruled over the family, the court, and the king; the second, Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, had engrossed innumerable benefices, and was almost the pope of France; his rare eloquence and vigorous intellect were employed with fatal effect in the cause of persecution; his sonorous voice had chanted at the Council of Trent a perpetual anathema against heresy. The two Guises, Duke Francis and the cardinal, were called by their contemporaries "the butchers;"¹ nothing stirred their savage breasts with such real joy as the spectacle of Huguenots dying by torture. It was the custom of the cardinal, after a stately dinner at his regal palace, to show his guests a fair array of martyrs executed for their entertainment, or sometimes to hang up a tall and stalwart reformer in the banquetting chamber itself. Such monsters as the Guises, Catherine, or her children have never been produced in any form of Christianity except the Roman Catho-

¹ White, *Massacre of St. Bartholomew*, p. 85. The Duchess of Guise nearly fainted at one of these exhibitions.

lic, and are the necessary result of the Romish doctrine of force.

As if in happy contrast to Catherine and Mary, two women of singular piety and decorum ruled over the chiefs of the Huguenots. Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre and mother of Henry IV., governed her little kingdom with masculine vigor, expelled the priests and the mass, corresponded with Calvin, and scoffed at the malice of the pope.¹ To Jeanne the Huguenots owed their best counsels and their final success; for she educated her son in the valleys of the Pyrenees to bear toil and hunger, to feed on the coarsest food, to play barefoot and bareheaded with the children of the villages, and to prepare himself by early deprivations for the duties of camp and court. Henry descended from his native mountains robust, tall, strong in mind and will, tender-hearted and benevolent, the direct opposite of the three malicious and degraded kings, his predecessors, who had been moulded by the corrupting hand of their mother, Catherine de Medicis. Another pure and courageous woman, Charlotte de Laval, wife of the great

Coligny, inspired the most eminent of the Huguenots with her own heroic zeal. She urged, she implored her husband to take up arms in defense of reform; and when Coligny pointed out to her, with wise and tender words, the dangers and sufferings that must fall upon them both if he yielded to her advice, she nobly promised to bear all without a murmur. The Huguenot mothers, in fact, in this hour of danger, seemed to emulate the heroism of Jeanne d'Albret and the wife of Coligny, and bade their husbands and their sons go forth to battle, followed by their blessings and their prayers.

Yet the Huguenots were fearfully outnumbered. They formed scarcely a twentieth part of the population of France. Paris, the chief city of the realm, was intensely Catholic. The court and the Guises held in their power the capital and the government of the nation. Calvin and the Protestant pastors urged submission upon the persecuted Huguenots, and it was with sincere reluctance that Coligny and the chiefs of his party raised at last the standard of a religious warfare. A terrible atrocity suddenly aroused them to action.² On Sunday, March 1, 1562, the bells rung for service in the little town of Vassy, in Champagne, and a con-

¹ De Felice, p. 14. Jeanne introduced into Bearn a puritanic austerity. She was learned, bold, severe, the most eminent woman of her age.

² Even De Saclières admits the long patience of the Huguenots. *Se soumit, quoique avec beaucoup de peine, à se laisser punir, etc.* Yet sees in them only *cette secte turbulente*. *Coup d'œil*, p. 4.

gregation of twelve hundred Huguenots had gathered in a large barn to celebrate their simple worship. Duke Francis of Guise rode into the village at the head of a party of soldiers on his way to Paris.¹ The peal of the Huguenot bells enraged the fanatical chief, and after dinner he led out his soldiers to disturb or destroy the peaceful worshippers. They broke into the barn; the Huguenots, unarmed, threw stones at the intruders, and one struck the Duke on the cheek. He gave orders for a general massacre of the Protestants; men, women, and children were cut down or shot by the merciless assassins; few escaped unharmed from the dreadful scene; the duke, covered with the blood of innocence, rode on in triumph to Paris. He was received in the most Catholic city as the avenger of the church. Surrounded by a body-guard of twelve hundred gentlemen (?) on horseback, he entered the city by the St. Denis gate amidst the applause of a vast throng of citizens; the streets rang with songs and ballads composed in his honor; he was from this time the consecrated leader of the papal party; and the priests and bishops from every pulpit celebrated that "noble lord" who had instigated and guided the massacre of the heretics at Vassy. A year later the duke lay on his dying bed, his ambition stilled forever, his furious rage quenched in the last agonies; and in the varying accounts of his dying hours it is at least certain that there rose up before him the picture of the pious congregation he had so ruthlessly destroyed—a memory of the wickedest of all his evil deeds.

At the news from Vassy the Huguenots rose in arms, and for ten years all France was filled with civil discord; the factories were closed, the seats of industry sank into decay, and the vigor of the nation was wasted in a useless warfare; the Duke of Guise, fierce, ambitious, full of physical and mental power, fell, in the opening of the contest which he had begun, by the hand of an assassin. His death was charged upon Coligny, who denied the accusation, but scarcely condemned the act. The war raged with new violence, and the Huguenots repaid, with dreadful retaliations, the savage deeds of their foes; frequent truces were made, the nation sighed for peace, and even Catherine herself would have consented to grant toleration to reform, would have aided in giving harmony and prosperity to France. But the pope and the Italian faction still ruled in the divided na-



THE CARDINAL OF LORRAINE.

tion, and saw without a sentiment of pity or regret the horrors they had occasioned, the fierce passions they had aroused, the holy impulses they had stifled forever. They called incessantly for the total extermination of the Huguenots;² they lamented every truce as impious, denounced every effort toward conciliation; they inculcated a merciless cruelty, an undying hatred. Paul IV., maddened with strong wine and the insanity of a corrupt old age, had instigated the latest persecutions that led to the civil wars of France.³ His successors, Pius IV. and V., fanned the fires of strife, and called incessantly for blood; they aimed the assassin's dagger, or roused the evil passions of devout Catholics, by insisting upon the duty of repressing heresy by force; nor can there be found in history, except, perhaps, among their own predecessors, three sovereigns who have so increased the sum of human misery—three potentates, in any age, who have less deserved the name of Christians.

The teachings of the popes and the violence of the Catholic faction led to the massacre of St. Bartholomew.³ Catherine de Medicis, weary of incessant civil war, guided, perhaps, by her malignant star, had resolved to gratify

¹ For the massacre at Vassy, see Martin, *Hist. France*, x. p. 110. Les gens du duc commencèrent à insulter les Huguenots.

² Pius V. to Catherine, April 13, 1569, urged the complete extirpation of the Huguenots. He pressed Charles IX., March 28, 1569, to destroy them. Yet to Platina, Vite Pont., this barbarian is a model of piety, p. 390.

³ Ranke notices Paul's indulgence in wine.

³ De Felice, p. 167.



JEANNE D'ALBRET.

the court of Rome, the Guises, and the Parisians by a total extermination of all those eminent and generous chiefs who had so long defied the armies of their Catholic foes. Within her dark, inscrutable breast had been matured a plot of singular efficacy for drawing into her toils the leaders of the Huguenots, and the lessons she had learned in the school of Machiavelli were exemplified with matchless power. It is impossible, indeed, to believe that St. Bartholomew was not premeditated;¹ it seems certain that a rumor of the approaching horror had filled the extreme faction of the Catholics with secret joy. A hollow pacification had been arranged; Catherine proposed to Jeanne d'Albret and the Huguenot chiefs to complete the union of the two parties by marrying her daughter Marguerite with young Henry of Navarre; Catherine's son, Charles IX., consented to the match, and pressed it in spite of the opposition of the pope, and in the summer of 1572 the ominous wedding was celebrated at Paris with rare pomp and boundless ostentation.

Young Henry of Navarre, at nineteen, frank, generous, a Huguenot in faith if not in practice, was brought up by his mother, Jeanne, Queen of Navarre, to be married to the daughter of her bitterest foe, and to mingle with a society and a court whose profligacy and corruption she

had ever shrunk from with disdain. It would have been well for the austere queen had she still repelled the advances of her rival. But Jeanne seems to have yielded to the arts of Catherine, and to have believed that some trace of womanly tenderness lingered in the breast of the new Medea. She consented, for the sake of the oppressed Huguenots, to suffer her son to marry the child of the house of Valois, and ventured to come up to Paris, the citadel of her foes. Her death soon followed. Whether premature age filled with sorrows and doubts had weighed her down, sudden disease, or secret poison, the annalists of the period could not determine, but among the Huguenots, shocked at the suddenness of their loss, arose a dark suspicion that their favorite queen had died by the Italian arts of Catherine. It was said that the mother of the expected bride had poisoned the mother of the bridegroom by presenting her with a pair of perfumed gloves, prepared with a deadly powder; it was believed that the austere and spotless Queen of Navarre had been lured into the circean circle of the French court

to be made way with the more securely. Yet Jeanne d'Albret died, as she had lived, a stern reformer, an example, and a warning. The corrupt ladies of Catherine's court, who visited her in her last hours, saw with wonder that the courageous queen needed none of the customary ceremonies of the papal church. She asked only the prayers of the Huguenot pastors and the simple rites of the apostolic faith.¹

Meantime Paris was filled with a throng of the bravest and noblest of the reformers, who had been lured into the centre of their foes.² Coligny, loyal, and trusting the word of his king, rode boldly into the fatal snare. Wise and faithful friends had warned him of his imprudence; a devoted peasant woman clung to his horse's rein and begged him not to trust to the deceivers; but no entreaties nor warnings could shake his resolution. He was followed by his companions in arms, the heroes of many a brilliant contest. But it was noticed that as the Huguenots entered the city no cheer of reconciliation arose from the bigoted citizens; that the streets were filled with menacing throngs; that every eye was averted in hatred and gloom.³ Henry of Navarre and his cousin, the Prince of Condé, came to Paris in the first days of August, and were lodged in the palace

¹ Most modern writers have abandoned the theory of premeditation; but the proof is strong on the other side. See an able and learned article in the *North British Review*, St. Bartholomew, October, 1869; and Martin, *Hist. de France*, x. 553.

² Mem. Marguerite, p. 24.

³ Sully, Mem., i. p. 21-30.

³ The Catholic writers deny premeditation, on the testimony of Anjou, Marguerite, and Tavannes. See De Saclières, p. 236. But Sorbon, the king's confessor, proclaims it; so Capilupi, Salviati, and Michiel.

of the Louvre. Coligny and his followers occupied an inn or hotel on the street of Bresse; the king, Charles IX., Catherine, and the young Duke of Guise, received their victims with eager civility, and Charles welcomed Coligny almost as a father. The city rang with revelry; the young princes, Henry, Condé, the Dukes of Anjou and Alençon, and Charles IX., joined with ardor in the revels and sports; and Catherine, surrounded by a corrupt train of beautiful women, inspired the dreadful hilarity.

Paris, in the sixteenth century, possessed few of those attractions that have made it in the nineteenth the most magnificent of cities.¹ It was renowned chiefly for its narrow and filthy streets, unpaved or lighted, the perpetual haunt of fever or plague; for its sordid and often starving population; and for the fierce superstition of its monks and priests. Several grand hotels of the nobility, each a well-garrisoned fortress, arose amidst its meaner dwellings; the new palace of the Louvre, lately built by Francis I., was the residence of the court;² but the Tuileries was unfinished, and the Palais Royal did not yet exist; and high walls, pierced by lofty gates, shut in the medieval city from the free air of the surrounding plains.³ Yet in the hot summer of 1572 its streets were filled with brilliant throngs come up to witness the marriage of Henry and Marguerite, of the Protestant and the Catholic, and every eye was fixed with curiosity and expectation upon the preparations for the splendid ceremony. Henry, the generous son of the mountains, was already renowned for his courage and his manly vigor; Marguerite was known only as the child of the corrupt Catherine. Her life had been passed in ceaseless terror under the iron sway of her mother, the enmity of her brother of Anjou, and the doubtful favor of Charles. Yet she had wit and talent, a pleasing manner, a graceful person, a natural duplicity encouraged by her early training; and few of the virtues of her namesake, the elder and purer Marguerite, had descended to her luckless grandniece. But the young pair were still in the bloom of youth when all Paris attended their nuptials.

The wedding was celebrated on the 18th of August, beneath a pavilion richly adorned, in front of the church of Notre Dame. It was performed with neither Protestant nor Catholic rites.⁴ Henry, attended by the king, Charles IX., and the two royal dukes, all dressed alike



ADMIRAL COLIGNY.

in yellow satin, covered with precious stones, and followed by a long array of princes and nobles, attired in various colors, ascended the platform; the king led in his sister, who was robed in violet velvet, embroidered with the lilies of France and glittering with pearls and diamonds. Catherine de Medicis followed, surrounded by a fair, frail circle of maids of honor. A bright summer sun shone on the gay pageant and gleamed over the towers of Notre Dame. The ceremony was performed by the Cardinal Bourbon; but no sooner was it ended than the bride left her husband to witness mass in the cathedral, while Henry turned sternly away from the unscriptural rite. In the evening a grand entertainment was given in the Louvre; maskers and royal and noble revelers filled its wide saloons, and for several days afterward Paris was a scene of strange merriment, and of feasts and tourneys, upon which the wiser Huguenots looked with grave disdain.¹

But the dreadful day was near when the secret purpose of the wild revels was to be perfectly fulfilled. The week which had opened with the wedding-feast and the carousal was to close in more than funereal gloom. Charles and Catherine had constantly assured the pope that the marriage was only designed to insure the destruction of the Huguenots. Orders were sent to the governor of Lyons to allow no couriers to pass on to Rome until the 24th of Au-

¹ Paris Guide, p. 557, La Palais du Louvre.

² Yet we could scarcely call the Louvre a sanctuary, with De Lasteyrie. *C'est un sanctuaire*, p. 557.

³ Paris Guide, p. 560.

⁴ Sully, i. p. 21.

¹ Marguerite, *Mémoires*, Guissard, éditeur, p. 25-27, has described with minuteness the splendor of her dress and of the pageant.



CHARLES IX.

gust; it was intended that the news of the wedding and the massacre should reach the Holy Father at the same moment.¹ The Huguenots, unconscious of danger, still remained in Paris. On Friday, the 22d, they were startled from their security by the first deed of crime. Coligny was shot at by order of the young Duke of Guise, and was borne back to his inn wounded, though not mortally, amidst the rage of his companions and the secret joy of his foes. In the hot days of August, amidst the noisome streets of Paris, the admiral lay on his sick-bed, surrounded by his bravest followers in arms. He was surprised by a visit from the king, who came to express his sympathy for his suffering friend—his rage at his treacherous foe. But with him came also Catherine, who wept over the wounded Coligny, and the Duke of Anjou, apparently equally grieved, but who were only spies upon the impulsive king. They feared that the wise and good Coligny might succeed in awakening the better element in the nature of the unhappy Charles.

From this moment a gloom settled upon the crowded city, and its Catholic people, no doubt, felt that the hour of vengeance drew near.² On Saturday, the 23d, the Huguenots could scarcely go into the streets without danger. They gathered around the bedside of Coligny, or in the chamber of Henry of Navarre, but seem nev-

er to have thought of escape. They breathed out threats against the assassin, Guise; yet they still trusted to the professions of Catherine and the word of the king. Nor does Charles seem to have been altogether resolute in his horrible design. He wavered, he trembled, he was weary of bloodshed. His feeble, imperfect intellect seems still to have turned to his friend Coligny for support, and Catherine saw with secret rage that some traits of humanity and softness still lingered in the breast she had striven to make as cold and malevolent as her own.¹

The August night of the 23d sank down over Paris, and upon its narrow streets and gloomy lanes a strange stillness rested. The citizens awaited in silence the signal for the massacre of the Huguenots and the perfect fulfillment of the constant injunctions from Rome. Every Catholic, every Parisian, knew that the popes had never ceased to inculcate a general destruction of the heretics. The king's body-guard had been stationed under arms in the city; the citizens were provided with weap-

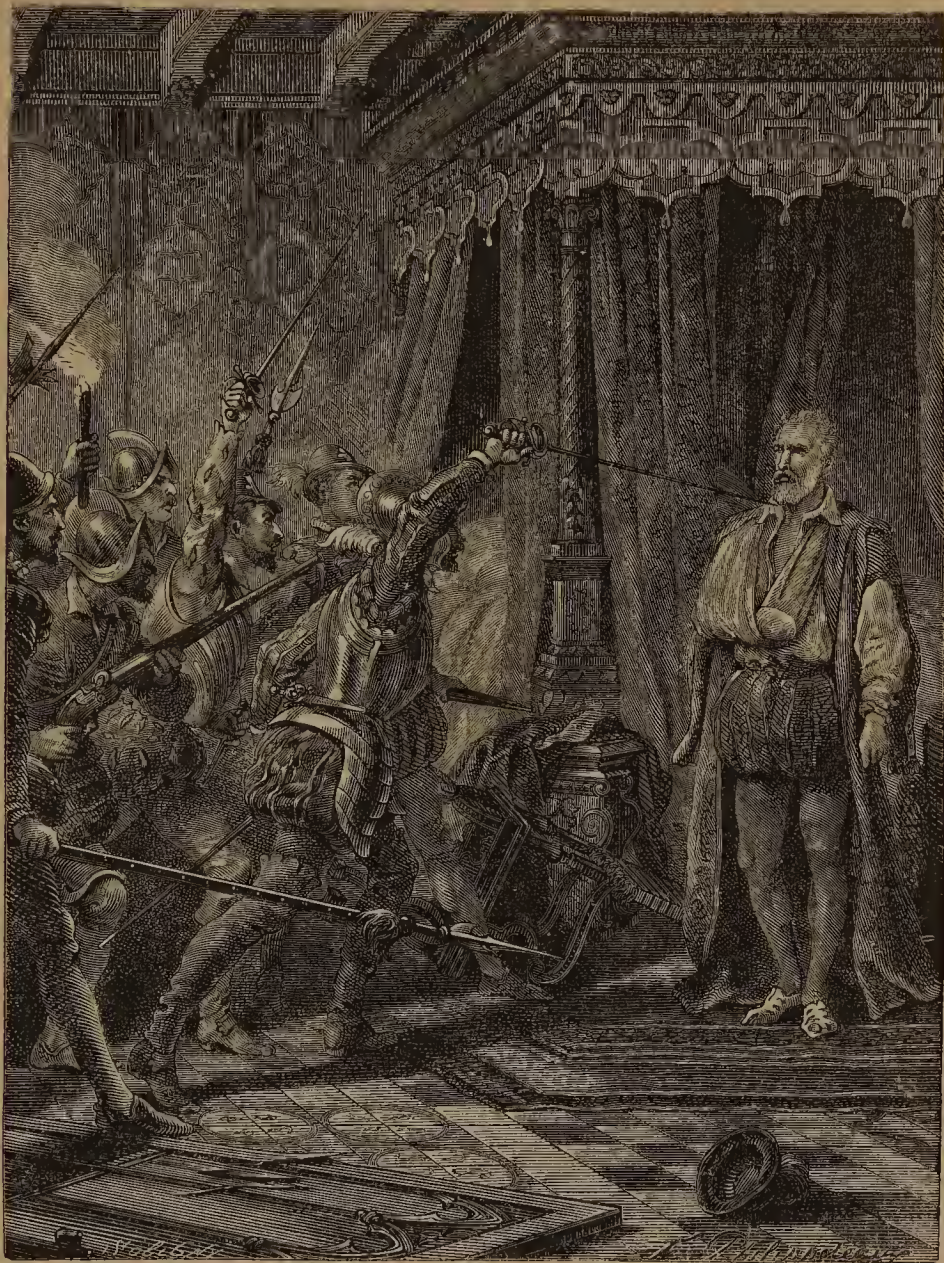
ons at the public cost; the houses of the Huguenots were marked to guide the murderers to their doors; the Catholic assassins were enjoined to wear a white cross to distinguish them from their victims. But while all was still without, in a retired chamber of the Louvre a scene of human passion and wickedness was exhibited such as can scarcely be paralleled in history. A mother was urging her half-insane son to an unequalled deed of crime. Charles hesitated to give the final order. Soon after midnight Catherine had risen, perhaps from sleep, and gone to the king's chamber. She found Charles irresolute, and excited by a terrible mental struggle. He was probably insane. At one moment he cried out that he would call upon the Huguenots to protect his life; at another he overwhelmed with reproaches his brother Anjou, whom he hated and feared, and who had now entered the room. The other members of the guilty council—Guise, Nevers, and their associates—followed and gathered around the king. He still paced the room with rapid steps, incapable of decision. But Catherine, roused to a fierce rage, her voice filled with sinister meaning, told Charles that it was too late to recede, and that the order must be given. The king,² still scarcely twenty-two years old, accustomed from infancy to tremble before his mother's glance, his mind enfeebled by dissipation and

¹ Martin, *Hist. Fran.*, x. This letter seems of itself to prove premeditation.

² *Le Tocsin contre les Antheurs*, etc., Archives Curieuses, 1^{er} ser., vol. vii. p. 42-50.

¹ White, *Mass.*, p. 396.

² Marguerite, *Memoires*, p. 29, describes Charles as tres-prudent, et qui avoit esté toujours tres-obeissant à la royne ma mere, et prince tres-Catholique, p. 31.



ASSASSINATION OF COLIGNY.

crime, conscious that if he disobeyed that menacing tone his own life was not safe, and that Catherine might remove him by her secret arts to place her favorite Anjou on his throne,¹ in a sudden access of terror or of frenzy, gave the fatal command. From this moment all that was gentle in his nature died forever, and he became the chief promoter of the general massacre, the active instrument in the hands of unsparing Rome.

Guise at once went swiftly from the room to begin the labor of death by the murder of Coligny.² The clash of his horse's hoofs resounded

¹ Henri de Valois, par De Noailles, p. 1, 2, describes the endless schemes of Catherine to make Anjou a king.

² Martin, Hist. Fran., x. 567. De Felice, 164-167.

in the still Sabbath morning as he led a party of soldiers to the admiral's quarters. Catherine, Charles, and the other conspirators, terrified at what they had done, kept closely together, and gathered at a window overlooking the Tennis Court. "We were smitten," says Anjou, "with terror and foreboding." Catherine, it is said, even sent to recall Guise; but he replied, "It is too late." Coligny had been stabbed in his bed-chamber, and his body thrown out of the window into the court below. Many Huguenots perished with him. The death of the chief of the reformers roused the conspirators to new energy, and Catherine gave orders that

Sully, Mem., i. 25. They cut off Coligny's head, and brought it to Catherine.

the signal for the general massacre should be given before the appointed hour. The clock of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois sounded over silent Paris.¹ Its ominous peal awoke an awful clamor, such as the earth had never witnessed before. A clang of bells responded from every tower and belfry, the adherents of the pope seized their arms, rushed to the houses of the Huguenots, and murdered every inmate, from the sleeping infant to the gray-haired grandsire and the helpless maid. The city had been suddenly illuminated, and from every Catholic house the blaze of torches lighted up the labor of death. Beneath their rays were seen women unsexed, and children endowed with an unnatural malice, torturing and treating with strange malignity the dying and the dead. It is impossible, indeed, to narrate the details of this awful event, over which Catholic kings and priests rejoiced, and for which the infallible pope at Rome gave public thanks to God.

Within the palace of the Louvre itself, where a few days before every saloon had rung with festivity, and where mask and dance and throngs of gallant knights and maidens had greeted the nuptials of Henry and Marguerite, now echoed the groans of the dying Huguenots, and the shrieks of the terrified queen.² In the evening Marguerite had been driven by her enraged mother from her presence and from the arms of her sister Claude, who would have detained her, and was forced to go trembling to the apartment of her husband, lest her absence might excite suspicion. She lay awake all night, filled with a sense of impending danger; she pretends that she knew nothing of the approaching event. Henry's rooms were filled with his companions in arms, who passed the night in uttering vain threats against the Guises, and planning projects of revenge. Toward morning they all went out in company with the king; and Marguerite, weary with watching, sank into a brief slumber. She was aroused by a loud cry without of "Navarre! Navarre!" and a knocking at the door.³ It was thrown open, a man wounded and bleeding, pursued by four soldiers, rushed into the room, and threw his arms around the queen. He clung to her, begging for life. She screamed in her terror; the captain of the guard came in and drove off the soldiers, and the wounded Huguenot was allowed to hide himself in her closet. Marguerite fled hastily across the halls of the Louvre to her sister's room, and, as she passed amidst the scene that had so lately rung with the masks and revels of her wedding night, she saw another Huguenot pierced by the spear of his pursuer, and heard the clamor of the general massacre. Faint and trembling,

she went to her mother and the king, threw herself at their feet, and begged the lives of two of her husband's retainers.

Meantime, when Henry of Navarre had left his room in the morning, he had been arrested, and carried to the king's chamber; but of the throng of Huguenots who had attended him in the night only a few escaped. Each man, as he passed out into the court, between two lines of Swiss guards, was stabbed without mercy. Two hundred of the noblest and purest reformers of France lay piled in a huge heap before the windows of the Louvre; Charles IX., Catherine, and her infamous train of maids of honor, inspected and derided them as they lay dead. All through that fearful Sabbath day, the feast of St. Bartholomew, and for two succeeding days, the murders went on; the whole city was in arms; every hat or cap was marked with a white cross, and every Catholic was converted into an assassin.² Charles, a raging lunatic, rode through the streets laughing and jesting over the fallen; the streets were filled with corpses; the Seine was turned to blood; many Catholics grew rich by the plunder of the Huguenots; and it was believed that the king and his brother, Anjou, shared the spoils of opulent merchants and skillful goldsmiths. The papal nuncio, Salviati, overjoyed at the spectacle, wrote to the pope that nothing was to be seen in the streets but white crosses, producing a fine effect; he did not see the heaps of dead, nor the scenes of inexpiable crime. Charles IX. shot at the flying Huguenots from his bedroom window. The rage of the murderers was chiefly turned against women and infants.² One man threw two little children into the Seine from a basket; another infant was dragged through the streets by a cord tied around its neck by a throng of Catholic children; a babe smiled in the face of the man who had seized it, and played with his beard, but the monster stabbed the child, and, with an oath, threw it into the Seine.

For three days the massacre continued with excessive atrocities; a month later Huguenots were still being murdered in Paris. It is computed that several thousand persons perished in that city alone. In every part of the kingdom, by orders of the king, an effort was made to exterminate the Huguenots; and Lyons, Orleans, Bordeaux, and all the provincial towns ran with blood. Four thousand reformers are said to have been killed in Lyons. At Bordeaux, Auger, the most eloquent of the Jesuit preachers, employed all his powers in urging on the work of slaughter. "Who," he cried, "executed the divine judgments at Paris? The angel of the Lord. And who will execute them in Bordeaux? The angel of the Lord, however man may try to resist him!" The

¹ Le Tocsin, Archives Curieuses, 1^{re} ser., vol. vii. p. 54. Toute la ville fut en un instant toute remplie de corps morts de toute sexe et age.

² Mémoires, etc., de Marguerite de Valois, par. M. F. Guesnard, editeur, p. 32. Marguerite's narrative may be relied on for personal details.

³ Mem. Marguerite, p. 34.

¹ Le Tocsin, a contemporary account, describes how poor shoemakers and tailors died for their faith; how women and children were thrown into the Seine, p. 57. The particulars can not be repeated.

² Le Tocsin, p. 54-57.

STREETS OF PARIS ON ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.



number of the slain throughout France has been variously estimated at from ten to one hundred thousand. History has no parallel to offer to this religious massacre even in its most barbarous periods.

The pope, Gregory XIII., received the news of the fate of the Huguenots with unbounded joy.¹ The wish of his heart had been gratified, and Charles IX. was now his favorite son. Rome rang with rejoicings. The guns of the castle of St. Angelo gave forth a joyous salute; the bells rang from every tower; bon-fires blazed throughout the night; and Gregory, attended by his cardinals and priests, led the magnificent procession to the church of St.

Louis, where the Cardinal of Lorraine, the brother of the Duke of Guise, chanted a *Te Deum*. The cry of the dying host in France was gentle harmony to the court of Rome. A medal was struck to commemorate the glorious massacre; a picture, which still exists in the Vatican, was painted by Vasari, representing the chief events of St. Bartholomew. The pope, eager to show his gratitude to Charles for his dutiful conduct, sent him the golden rose; and from the pulpits of Rome eloquent preachers celebrated Charles, Catherine, and the Guises as the new founders of the papal church.¹

¹ Le Tocsin, p. 76. Louant Dieu qu'à son advenement à la papauté une si bonne et heureuse nouvelles s'était présentée.

¹ It was the working-men who had chiefly suffered by the massacre. At Meaux une grand nombre d'artisans suffered. The murders were joined with general robbery. See Alberi, Vita Cat. Med., p. 147.

But from every Protestant land one cry of reproach and detestation arose against those royal murderers and assassins who had covered with infamy their country, and even their age. The intelligent were affrighted at a barbarity that seemed worthy only of an Attila or an Alaric; the humane and the good looked upon the massacre in France as something portentous and almost incredible. Clothed in mourning, with every eye averted in gloom and aversion, the English court and its Protestant queen received the French ambassador, La Mothe Fénelon, after the intelligence of the fatal event; and the envoy himself, touched with shame, confessed that he blushed for his country. The mild Emperor of Germany, Maximilian II., lamented that his son-in-law, Charles IX., had incurred such an overwhelming load of guilt. The Protestant powers of the North joined in the general condemnation. Philip II., of Spain, alone laughed aloud—for the only time, it is said—when he heard how well Catherine had performed her task. Yet Catherine herself soon found that her bloody deed was only injurious to herself. She hated the Guisces, she feared Philip II., she despised the pope, but to them alone could she now look for support and countenance. New dangers thickened around her. The Huguenots, enraged at the massacre, rose once more in arms; the sympathy of England encouraged the revolt; Catherine endeavored to excuse or explain her share in the massacre, and discovered that she had committed a great crime in vain.¹

But upon the feeble intellect of her unhappy son the effect of the dreadful deed he had witnessed and directed was fatal. The fierce excitement had scarcely passed away when his health began to decline. His mind was torn by remorse and terror; his conscience never slept. Around him in the air he heard strange noises like the voices of the dying Huguenots. The ghosts of the murdered stood by his bedside; his room seemed suffused with blood. His nurse, who had reared him when an infant, was a Huguenot, and now watched over him as he was dying. "Oh, nurse," he cried to her, amidst sobs and tears, "what shall I do? I am lost! I am lost!" She tried to soothe him with the hope that repentance and a Saviour's righteousness might save his guilty soul. Catherine came to him soon after with the good news of the capture of one of her enemies. "Madame," he said, "such things concern me no longer; I am dying." He received the last rites of the Roman church, and died soon after. Catherine's favorite son, the Duke of Anjou, for whom she had plotted and schemed with incessant labors, now became king, and it was believed that the miserable Charles had been carried off by poison administered by his mother.

Catherine died, her son was assassinated, her

guilty race faded from the earth, and Henry of Navarre became King of France. In 1598 the Edict of Nantes gave peace to the Huguenots, and once more a period of progress and reform opened upon the prosperous realm. In the opening of the seventeenth century there was still hope for France. Vigorous, energetic, active, intellectual, the Huguenot element in the nation began rapidly to sweep away the barbarism of the age. The reformers were every where active. They inculcated industry, and soon in every part of France grew up flourishing manufactures and a valuable trade.¹ The moral vigor of the people was renewed; honesty, purity, and mental culture supplanted the barren dreams of chivalry and the corruption and indolence of the Catholic rule. Great Protestant churches were erected, in which immense congregations listened to their accomplished preachers and heard lessons of virtue and self-restraint. To be as "honest as a Huguenot" was a common proverb. To be industrious, frugal, generous, sincere, was discovered to be far better than to be a Condé or a Montmorency. The period of progress continued long after the death of Henry IV., and even Richelieu, who crushed the Huguenots forever as a political party, never sought to extirpate them wholly. In the dawn of the reign of Louis XIV. the nation still advanced under the influence of Huguenot principles, and the most eminent men of the age belonged to the party of reform. The wise Colbert was a Huguenot;² the poets, orators, and authors of the day reflected the vigor of the new movement; the Protestant schools and colleges inspired with new life the fading intellect of France.³

Then once more the tyrannical hand of Rome was stretched forth to crush the rising impulse of reform. But it was now the disciples of Loyola and Lainez that aroused the last great persecution of the Huguenots. Louis XIV., in the latter period of his reign, guided by the counsels of the Chancellor Le Tellier and the Jesuit Père La Chaise, resolved to win the favor of heaven by a complete destruction of the heretics. Madame De Maintenon, herself once a Huguenot, confirmed the malevolence of the king, and grew rich by the plunder of the reformers. Slowly the cloud of ruin gathered around all those fair and prosperous communities that had sprung up under the influence of the new faith. The Huguenots foresaw with hopeless alarm their own final destruction. They held in their hands the commerce, manufactures, and the wealth of the nation; but they were comparatively few in numbers, and had no longer any hope of resistance. Their churches were torn down; their printing-presses were silenced; they were forbidden to sing

¹ Alberi, p. 382. She makes Charles IX. declare that it was a political conspiracy that produced the massacre; to Philip II. she wrote on the 29th of August, thanking God for his mercy.

¹ Smiles, *The Huguenots*, p. 130. The Huguenots were excellent farmers; manufactured silk, velvet, paper, and a great number of other articles. See Weiss, *Hist. of the French Protestant Refugees*, p. 27.

² Smiles, p. 135. Colbert was honest, and died poor.

³ Martin, *Hist. Fran.*, xiv. p. 667 *et seq.* Stephens.

psalms on land or water; were only allowed to bury their dead at night or at daybreak, and were oppressed by all the malicious devices of the Jesuit fathers. Yet they submitted patiently, and still hoped to soften the rage of their enemies by holy lives and Christian charity. Stricken by a mortal disease, Chancellor Le Tellier, from his bed of death, prayed the king to revoke the Edict of Nantes, and extirpate the Huguenots.¹ He died rejoicing that he had once more awakened the fires of persecution. Louis XIV. obeyed the commands of the Jesuits, and repealed (1685) the edict of toleration that had alone given hope to France. A wide scene of horror spread over the flourishing realm. Every Huguenot dwelling was invaded by fierce dragoons,² the missionaries of the persecuting king; the wealth and rich products of the industrious reformers were snatched from them by the indolent and envious Catholics; the manufactories were deserted, flourishing cities sank into ruin, and such crimes were perpetrated by the savage soldiers of Louis as can only be paralleled in the various persecutions instigated by the popes of Rome. Yet the king and his courtiers found only a cruel joy in the sufferings of the people. Even literature, the faded product of the corrupt age, celebrated Louis as the destroyer of heresy; and the infamous band of gifted preachers who adorn and disgrace this period of human woe united in adoring the wisdom of their master and the piety of the Jesuits. Bossuet, with rare eloquence and singular inhumanity, triumphed in the horrors of persecution; Massillon repeated the praises of the pitiless Louis; Fléchier, the pride of the Romish pulpit, exulted in the dreadful massacres; Bourdaloue was sent to preach in the bleeding and desolate provinces, and obeyed without remonstrance; and the whole Catholic priesthood were implicated in the fearful crimes of that fatal period.³ The wise, the good, the gentle Huguenots became the prey of the vile, the cruel, and the proud.

Nothing is more remarkable in history than the constant hostility the church of Rome has always shown toward the working-classes—the fatal result of Catholic influence upon industry and thrift. Ghent, Bruges, and Antwerp, under the rule of Alva and the Jesuits,⁴ saw their commerce and manufactures sink forever, and

their laboring-classes fly to Amsterdam and Leyden. Spain and Italy, under the destructive activity of the popes and the Inquisition, were soon reduced from the highest prosperity to a low rank in commerce and trade. Swarms of monks and nuns took the place of honest laborers, and industry was extirpated to maintain the corrupted church. It was only when England ceased to be Catholic that it began to lead the world in letters and in energy; it was when Germany had thrown off the papal rule that it produced a Goethe or a Schiller, and in the present day the traveler is every where struck by a remarkable dissimilarity. In Catholic Ireland all is sloth and decay, empty pride and idle superstition. In Protestant Ireland all is life, energy, and progress. A Catholic canton of Switzerland is always noted for its degraded laboring-class, their indolence and vice. The Protestant cantons abound in all the traits of advance. The Romagna and the papal states, so long as they remained under the rule of the popes, were the centres of sloth, improvidence, and crime, and brigands ruled over desolate fields that might have glowed with abundant harvests. In France, under Louis XIV., the whole energy of the Jesuits and the king was directed to the ruin of the laboring-classes, and their vigorous efforts were followed by a signal success. Seldom has so dreadful a revulsion fallen upon the industrial population of any nation. It was as if the factories of Lowell or Manchester were suddenly closed, and half their population murdered or sent into exile; as if every Protestant were driven from New York, and every warehouse plundered in Boston. Hundreds of factories were destroyed, many villages were deserted, many large towns half depopulated, and great districts of the richest land in France became once more a wilderness.¹ At Tours, of forty thousand persons employed in the silk manufacture scarcely four thousand remained; the population of Nantes was reduced one-half; it is estimated² that one hundred thousand persons perished in Languedoc alone, one-tenth of them by fire, strangulation, or the rack! Such was the victory of the faith over which Massillon, Bossuet, and Bourdaloue broke forth into loud applause; for which they celebrated the miserable king, with whose vices they were perfectly familiar, as the restorer of the church.

"Let our acclamations ascend to heaven," said Bossuet, "let us greet this new Constantine, this exterminator of the heretics, and say, 'King of Heaven, preserve the king of earth.'" "At the first blow dealt by the great Louis," cried Massillon over the general massacre, "heresy falls, disappears, and bears its malice and its bitterness to foreign lands."³

Rome and the pope, too, were eloquent in

¹ Sismondi, xxv. p. 514.

² Les dragons été de très bons missionnaires, wrote Madame De Maintenon, Sismondi, xxv. p. 521; and she bought up at a low price the estates of the exiled Huguenots.

³ Hist. Fanat., 1692, par M. De Brueys; Archives Curieuses, vol. ii. p. 318. Bossuet, Oraison funèbre de Michel le Tellier, p. 333. Fléchier boasted that Le Tellier had given the last blow to the dying sect. Oraison funèbre de M. le Tellier, 1686, p. 354. The inhumanity of Massillon, Bourdaloue, Bossuet, and Fléchier makes them responsible for the horrors of the dragonnades. Eminent in eloquence, in cruelty they were still harbarians. Fénelon alone protested against the persecution. Racine ventured to assail covertly the persecutor.

⁴ See Relation d'Antoine Tiepolo, p. 143. They had revolted to save their commerce and industry.

¹ Smiles, Huguenots, p. 169. Weiss, i. 116.

² By Boulainviers, De Felice, p. 340.

³ I have abridged the eloquence of the two inhuman preachers. La Liberté de Conscience, J. Simon, p. 186, ventures to mention their disgrace.

eongratulation over the ruin of the working-classes of France. *Te Deums* were sung; processions moved from shrine to shrine; the Pope addressed a letter to Louis filled with his praises.¹ The whole Romish church rejoiced in the slaughter of the heretics. Public thanksgivings were offered at Paris; medals were struck to commemorate the fortunate event; a brazen statue was erected to Louis on the Hôtel de Ville, with a brief Latin inscription, "To the asserter of the dignity of kings and of the church." During the Revolution it was taken down and converted into cannon, to be aimed against the throne and the priesthood.

There now occurred in the course of their annals that wonderful spectacle of heroism and devotion, the flight of the Huguenots from France.² The pure, the wise, the good, the noble, the wealthy or the poor, animated by a common resolution to preserve their faith at the cost of all they held dear, resolved to abandon their native land and throw themselves upon the charity of strangers. From every part of France, in mournful processions, in secret, by night, in strange disguises, and in fearful sufferings and dangers, a vast throng of men, women, children, made their way to the frontiers. No severity could restrain them; no offers of emolument or favors could induce them to accept the Romish creed. Louis and his priestly advisers dispatched the fierce dragoons in pursuit of the fugitives, and filled the galleys and the prisons with their helpless captives. The unparalleled enormities inflicted upon the flying Huguenots can scarcely be described in history.³ Yet still the wonderful flight went on. Powerful nobles, the owners of great estates, left their ancestral homes, and through a thousand dangers escaped impoverished to Germany and Switzerland. Fair and gentle women, accustomed to the ease and luxury of the château and the city, stole forth disguised, often in the midst of winter, and thought themselves happy if, elampering over the snow-clad hills, and wandering through the wild forest of Ardennes, they could at last reach, with broken health and exhausted resources, a shelter in the free cities of Holland. Two young ladies of Bergerac, disguised as boys, set out on the perilous journey. It was winter; yet they plunged bravely into the forest of Ardennes, on foot, and with wonderful constancy pressed on beneath the dripping trees, along the woodland roads, oppressed by hunger, cold, privation; and for thirty leagues joyfully pursued their dangerous way. Their constancy never wavered; they were sustained by the hope of approaching freedom. But the guards seized them as they approached the frontier

and threw them into prison. Their sex was discovered; they were tried, condemned, and shut up for the remainder of their lives in the Convent of the Repentants at Paris.

The lord of Castelfranc, near Rochelle, with his wife and family, set out in an open boat to escape to England. He was overtaken. Three of his sons and three of his daughters were sent as slaves to the Caribbean Islands; three other daughters were held some time in confinement, and were then allowed to escape to Geneva. The slaves were finally liberated, and the family was afterward reunited in England. The two Misses Raboteau, who lived near Rochelle, refused to become converts to Romanism, and were then offered the alternative of marrying two Roman Catholics or being shut up for life in a convent.¹ They resolved to fly. Their uncle was a wine-merchant, and promised to aid them to escape. He inclosed each young lady in a large cask, and thus conveyed them on board one of his ships. They reached Dublin in safety, married, and several eminent and gifted Englishmen trace their origin to the brave fugitives.

Geneva, the city of Calvin, showed unbounded generosity to the distressed Huguenots, and from its narrow resources contributed large sums to maintain the hapless strangers. The Catholics looked upon it with singular aversion. The inhuman saint, Francis de Sales, had in vain called out for its destruction. "All the enterprises," he exclaimed, "undertaken against the Holy See and the Catholic prince have their beginning at Geneva."² To destroy Geneva, he thought, would dissipate heresy. But Holland, Prussia, and at length England, were scarcely less active, and in every part of Protestant Europe the industrious Huguenots planted the germs of prosperity and reform. Huguenots filled the army with which William of Orange invaded England; they fought in the armies of Marlborough, and aided in bringing to shame the last days of their persecutor, Louis. They wandered to America, and founded prosperous settlements in New York and South Carolina.

A Protestant seigneur, Dumont de Bostaquet, has described the sufferings of a noble Huguenot family in the reign of Louis XIV. His ancestral château stood amidst the richest fields of Normandy.³ Around it on all sides spread out the wide and splendid domain of his ancient race. The château was adorned with costly hangings and the rarest furniture; its pleasure-grounds and gardens sloped gradually away and were lost in a girdle of woodlands. His plate was of great value; his stable filled with horses of unrivaled speed; his gilded coach, attended by outriders and musketeers,

¹ Weiss, i. 125.

² Weiss, *Hist. des Réfugiés Protestants De France*, describes the period from Henry IV., the revocation, the emigration. He has been freely used by later writers.

³ See *Mémoires d'un Protestant condamné aux Galères*.

¹ Smiles.

² Vie de St. François de Sales, Lyons, 1633, p. 120, 121.

³ *Mémoires inédites de Dumont de Bostaquet*, Paris, 1864. These memoirs were preserved by the author's descendants, and have but lately been published.

was conspicuous at the gatherings of the provincial nobility of Normandy.

For thirty years the life of the Protestant lord had glided on in opulence and ease; a family of sons and daughters had grown up around him, gifted, intelligent, refined; and his stately château was often the scene of masks and gay carousals. It does not seem that the Huguenot chiefs were marked by any puritanic austerity. The family at Bostaquet were fond of merry entertainments and Christmas revels; the hunting-horn often sounded through their broad domains; and young ladies, queens of the chase, gave the last blow to the panting stag. The château resounded with mirth and gallantry, with music, dance, and song; and the Protestants mingled without distinction with their Roman Catholic neighbors.

At length, in 1687, the storm of persecution broke over the quiet scenes of Normandy; a line of dragoons surrounded the Protestant district; each avenue of escape was closed; and the alternative was offered to every heretic of recantation or imprisonment, and perhaps death. The dragoons committed the most horrible atrocities; the Huguenot châteaux were sacked and burned; the noblest families were often treated with barbarous indignities until they accepted the Romish faith. Bostaquet at first yielded to the powerful temptation. He looked, perhaps, on his wife and happy children; on his fair estate he had so loved to enlarge; on his pleasure-grounds and gardens, planted under his care; on the scenes of his youth and his ancestral home; and obeyed the commands of the persecutors. For the first time in the château of Bostaquet the priest and the Jesuit ruled unrestrained, and the unhappy family were even compelled to attend mass.¹ But conscience awoke; the saddened countenances of the seigneur and his sons and daughters showed their abhorrence of the feigned conversion; and parents and children watched eagerly for the happy moment when, abandoning their costly home and their ancestral lands, they might escape, impoverished exiles, to England.

One fair summer day from the ancient château set out a band of pilgrims, on whom rested the radiance of a perfect faith. At the head went the Seigneur Bostaquet; his mother, eighty years old, rode by his side, and was the most ardent of all the pious company; his sons and daughters of various ages followed; many friends and fugitives joined the cavalcade as they made their way to the sea-coast. The evening was charming; the moon shone bright and full; the emigrants moved on cheerfully in the cool night-air, and rejoiced at the prospect of the sea. The old lady of eighty, with her daughters and her grandchildren, sat on the shingle of the beach watching beneath the

moonlight for the ship that was to carry her away forever from her native land.

A loud outcry arose, and a band of robbers, or coast-guards, attacked the unprotected Huguenots. Bostaquet and his friends seized their pistols, and drove off their assailants. But they soon came back; Bostaquet was wounded, and was forced to abandon his family and ride for life toward the frontier. Accompanied by a friend he made his way over the hostile country, often aided, however, by generous Catholics; crossed mountains, woods, and rivers, and reached at length the shelter of friendly Holland. The ladies on the beach were seized by the coast-guard and shut up in convents, from whence they afterward escaped to England. Bostaquet's large estates were confiscated; his servants sent to the galleys; his family ruined; but he distinguished himself as an officer in the army of William III., and lived prosperously for many years in Ireland.

A yet more dreadful fate than loss of home and country awaited those unlucky Huguenots who were arrested in their efforts to escape.¹ They were condemned at once to the galleys. The French galleys were vessels usually a hundred and fifty feet long and forty wide. They were employed to guard the coasts, and sometimes to attack English cruisers that approached the shore. Along each side of the galley ran a bench or seat, to which the slaves were fastened by an iron chain around one leg, and of sufficient length to allow them to sleep on the deck beneath. Here they remained night and day, exposed to the torrid heat or the winter's cold, half fed, and urged on by blows and imprecations in the painful task of pulling the heavy oars. In these floating dungeons, surrounded by convicts and criminals of the deepest guilt, the pure and gentle Huguenots sometimes continued for ten or twenty years, chained to the bench, or often died of exposure and the enemy's shot, and were flung ignominiously into the sea. Old men of seventy years or boys of fifteen or sixteen soon yielded to the fearful toil; but others, more vigorous and mature, endured long years of torture, and were at last released at the instance of the Protestant powers. The captains of the galleys usually treated their galley-slaves with barbarous severity. They scourged their bare backs to make them row with speed; they threw them on the deck and had them beaten for trivial faults. Emaciated, faint, and feeble, the poor slave often sank beneath the blows and died, happy to escape from the intolerable torments inflicted by the stately and gracious Louis.

But the most unsparing of their tormentors was usually the chaplain or priest of the galley.² He was almost always a Jesuit. The disciples of Loyola were thought peculiarly fitted for this unattractive task. It seems to have been the duty of the chaplain to see that the Huguenots

¹ The Jesuits were always the leaders in all the worst persecutions. *Mémoires d'un Protestant condamné aux Galères*, p. 3. *Les Jésuites et les prêtres—ces impitoyables et acharnés persecuteurs*.

² De Felice, p. 337.

² *Les Forçats pour la Foi*, par A. Coquerel Fils, Paris, 1866.

were not spared in any one of their sufferings, and to strive to induce them to recant by incessant cruelty and blows.¹ Yet such was the wonderful constancy of these faithful martyrs that they chose rather all the pains of their sad condition than to accept an idolatrous mass. With one word of recantation they were offered a release from all their sufferings; with one feigned submission they might have been free. No promises moved them from their resolution; no artful insinuations could deceive them into insincerity. "You must know," said Father Garcin, a priest, to the maimed and bleeding Marteilhe, who has left an account of his imprisonment—"you must perceive that the church has no share in this matter. You are punished for disobedience to the king." "But suppose," he replied, "we wish for time to reflect, could we not be set free?" "By no means," said the priest; "you shall never leave the galleys until you recant." And he ordered their torments to be redoubled. It was the church that instigated the barbarity of the king.²

In the galleys might be seen for many years a sacred company of the purest, the most refined, and the most intelligent of the French. The men who might have saved and reformed the nation were chained, in horrible torture, amidst robbers and assassins. Marolles, once counselor to the king, by the express order of Louis, was secured by a heavy chain around his neck, and compiled his "Discourse on Providence" while fastened to the oar.³ Huber, father of three illustrious sons, was also a galley-slave. The Baron De Caumont, at the age of seventy, labored with the rest. But few ministers of the reformed faith were found among the number, since, if captured, they were usually put to death. More than a thousand Huguenots appear on the lists of galley-slaves, and it is believed that the real number has never been told. At length, in 1713, at the solicitation of Queen Anne, the sad remnant of the saintly band were set free from their tortures, and came, maimed and feeble, to Geneva. That noble and ever-honored city received the miserable exiles with fond congratulations and overflowing bounty. The magistrates, the clergy, and a large part of the population came out from the gates and welcomed the galley-slaves as they approached the walls; they were covered with honors and glad felicitations; and every citizen took to his arms some one of the band of martyrs and bore him proudly and fondly to the comfort and luxury of his Protestant home.

With the flight of the Huguenots a general decay settled upon France, and in the last days of the persecuting Louis his vain, aspiring nature was borne down by a thousand humiliations. No Protestant Turenne any more led

on the French armies to victory; no Huguenot Colbert saved, by careful economy, the resources of the nation. The best soldiers of France were fighting in the ranks of Marlborough and Eugene; its rarest scholars—a Descartes, a Bayle, a Jurieu—spoke through the printing-presses of Leyden or Amsterdam; its artisans had fled to England, Holland, and America; its people were chiefly beggars.¹ All over France, under the Catholic rule, men, women, children fed on roots and grasses, and browsed with the beasts of the field. Paris became one vast alms-house, and it is estimated that, at the breaking out of the Revolution, two hundred thousand paupers claimed charity from the hands of the king. The Jesuits alone flourished in the decaying nation, and ruled with dreadful tyranny over churches and schools, the prisons and the galleys. Literature died out; the mental despotism of the church gave rise at last to Voltaire, Rousseau, and the Encyclopedists; the Jesuits were overthrown by the indignation of the age; but their fall came too late to save from an unexampled convulsion that society which they had subjected only to corrupt.²

Under the rule of the Jesuits (1700-1764) the Huguenots who remained in France are still supposed to have numbered nearly a million. But they were no longer that bold and vigorous race who, in the sixteenth century, had nearly purified the nation. The Jesuits watched them with restless vigilance.³ They were forced to hide their opinions in cautious silence, to study the Scriptures at the peril of death. Yet they still maintained their church organization in secret, and elders, deacons, and evangelists still held their yearly meetings in lonely places, sheltered by the forest or the cave. The religious services of the Huguenots were held with equal difficulty and danger. Driven from the cities and public places, the devoted people would wander to the utter solitude of some unfrequented woods, or gather in great throngs beneath a fissure in the rock. Sometimes at night they assembled on the seashore, or climbed among inaccessible hills, where no hostile eye could follow.⁴ The Huguenots were noted among the Catholics for their love of solitary places, and their sect was called the "Church in the Desert." Here, in the heart of rocks and wilds, they ventured once more to chant the psalms of Marot, and heard the plaintive eloquence of their persecuted preachers with fond and eager attention. Yet often the Jesuits pursued them to their retreats with malignant eyes, and broke in upon them in the midst of their supplications.⁵ It was the favorite occupation of the active dis-

¹ Mémoires d'un Protestant condamné aux Galères, p. 362. The missionaries or disciples of St. Vincent de Paul seem to have been equally cruel with the Jesuits.

² Mémoires d'un Protestant condamné aux Galères, Paris, 1864, p. 362. On peut voir, says Marteilhe, parla le caractère diabolique de ces missionnaires fourbes et cruels.

³ Weiss, i. p. 100.

¹ Le Détail de la France, 1695, Archives Curieuses, has a clear account of the embarrassments of trade, p. 311.

² Weiss, i. p. 100, describes the depopulation of France.

³ Martin, Hist. France, xviii. p. 19.

⁴ Hist. des Églises du Desert, C. Coquerel.

⁵ Martin, Hist. Fran., xviii. p. 21. Sometimes the Huguenots turned upon their persecutors and killed a Jesuit.

ciples of Loyola to follow the church to its home in the desert, and bring to justice the bold criminals who still refused to worship at the shrine of Mary; they were still resolved to extirpate every trace of heresy in France. Eighteen Huguenot pastors were executed or burned in the reign of Louis XV.; their dying voices were often hushed in a loud beating of drums. The galleys and the prisons were still filled with reformers; some perished, forgotten, in lonely dungeons; some died in chains or torture. The Jesuits, who knew the power of books and of the press, strove to destroy every trace of Protestant literature or libraries; they would have read throughout all France only history as sanctioned by the popes, or morals as treated by the casuists; a decree was issued (1727) ordering all "new converts" to give up their Protestant books; in every town and village of France bonfires were fed with Bibles and Testaments, or other "pernicious" treatises;¹ the reformed libraries were wholly destroyed, and the Huguenots, once the most learned of their contemporaries, sank low in mental culture. The French intellect was fed on the brilliant sophisms of Rousseau, the sharp diatribes of Voltaire, the historical fables of Bossuet and the Jesuit fathers.

One of the last and most remarkable of the scenes of Romish tyranny in France was the tragedy of Jean Calas. In the holy city of Toulouse, in the year 1761, still lingered a few heretics, distinguished for their peaceful lives and spotless morals. Yet to their Catholic neighbors they were ever objects of suspicion and dislike. Toulouse, indeed, had long been renowned for its rancorous bigotry. It was called the holy city because in one of its crypts might be seen the skeletons of seven of the Apostles, and in its bosom the cruel Saint Dominic had first conceived or applied the machinery of his holy inquisition. The spirit of Dominic ruled over the people, and Toulouse had been hallowed, in the eyes of popes and Jesuits, by several massacres of the Huguenots seldom equaled in savage cruelty. In 1562 a Protestant funeral procession was passing timidly through its streets; it was assailed by an angry throng of Catholics; a general slaughter of the heretics followed, and three thousand men, women, and children were torn to pieces by their Romish neighbors. The pope, Pius IV., applauded the holy act; an annual fête was instituted in honor of the signal victory; and every year, until 1762, a magnificent spectacle, attended by the blessings and the indulgences of successive popes, kept alive the rage of bigotry and inspired the thirst for blood.²

Jean Calas, a quiet Protestant merchant, lived (1761) among this dangerous population.³

He was sixty-three years old, respected for his honesty and his modest character; with his wife, six children, and one maid-servant, a Catholic, he lived over his shop, which stood on one of the best streets of the city. He had four sons and two daughters, and the eldest of his sons, Marc-Antoine, the cause of the ruin of his family, was now about twenty-six. He was a moody, indolent, and unhappy young man, who had sought admission to the bar, and been rejected because he was a heretic. He had sunk into melancholy in consequence, and had apparently meditated upon suicide. Yet in October, 1761, no shadow of gloom rested on the innocent family. It was evening. The shop was closed and barred; a visitor came in, and the Huguenot family gathered round their modest supper-table and passed the evening in cheerful conversation. Meantime the elder son, Marc-Antoine, left the table to go below. "Are you cold, monsieur?" said the servant to him. "No," he answered; "I am burning with heat." He passed on and went down stairs. About ten o'clock the younger son, Pierre, went to conduct their visitor to the door, and found his brother suspended by a cord, and quite dead. He had hung himself.

The father, stricken with grief, took the body of his son in his arms; a physician was called, who could do nothing; an irreparable woe had fallen on the gentle household; the mother wept over her first-born.¹ But common sorrows were not to suffice for the fated family, and a dreadful bigotry was to make their names renowned over Europe and in history. A curious crowd gathered around the barred door of the shop, and a suspicion arose among the Catholics that the Calas family had put their son to death to prevent him from abjuring his faith. The wild fancy grew into a certainty; the throng broke into the shop; the father, mother, the son, and the servant, were arrested and shut up in a close confinement; the church, the government, and the people of Toulouse assumed their guilt; and the dead Marc-Antoine, a Protestant and a suicide, was buried in solemn pomp as a martyr, attended by all the clergy of the city, followed by a vast and splendid procession, and covered with all the honors and blessings of the Roman church.

All Toulouse, now mad with religious hatred, called for the punishment of the Calas family.² It was asserted that all Protestants were assassins; that they made away invariably with their children, if necessary, to prevent their conversion to the Romish faith. It was believed that the whole Calas family had been engaged in the murder of Marc-Antoine; that father, mother, his brothers, and even the sisters, had united in the secret immolation. Jean Calas, after a long process, was tried and convicted. But no evidence of any value had been produced against him, and his own clear proofs of his innocence

¹ Smiles, p. 342 and note.

² Histoire de Toulouse, Aldéguier, iv. 315.

³ Jean Calas, et sa Famille, Paris, 1858, par Athanase Coquerel Fils. M. Coquerel has done valuable service to the cause of historical truth by his various monographs from the Huguenot annals.

¹ Histoire de Toulouse, Aldéguier, iv. 297-302.

² Hist. de Toulouse, iv. 307. Tout ce que pouvait être dit à la charge de la famille Protestant, etc.

were excluded by a fanatical court. The maid-servant, a Catholic, who could have shown that he was absent from the room where the fatal event occurred, was never suffered to be examined. Calas appealed to the Parlement of Toulouse; the church ruled over the highest tribunal, and Calas was sentenced to a horrible death. He died on the rack, still declaring his innocence. "Wretch," cried one of his persecutors to him as he lay in torture, "you have but a moment to live. Confess the truth." Calas, unable to speak, made a sign of refusal, and the executioner drew the cord around his neck.

But all Europe soon rang with the barbarous deed.¹ Voltaire took up the cause of the Calas family; friends at court aided in reversing the judgment of the fanatics of Toulouse; in vain the whole Roman church assumed the defense of the murderers of Calas, or Dillon, the Irish Archbishop of Toulouse, showered indulgences and honors on the guilty counselors; public opinion for the first time in France condemned persecution, and the corrupt church trembled before it. Rose Calas, the widow, the bereaved mother, the most unfortunate of women, went up to Paris, and was received with sympathetic attention by the court and the king; a new trial was ordered; the innocence of the Calas family was shown by conclusive proof; the judgment was reversed, and a late justice was done to the unhappy Huguenots. Yet the Catholic church, confident in its infallibility, never abandoned its belief in the guilt of its victims, and its falsified manuals of history will continue to assert that Marc-Antoine Calas was a martyr for the faith as long as the papacy endures.

The Revolution soon followed, and the example of persecution which the clergy of France had exhibited for so many ages was now retorted upon them with signal vigor. The scaffolds ran red with the blood of the priests. The galleys and the prisons, once crowded with Huguenots, were now filled with their persecutors. Chained to the bench and toiling at the oar, the Roman Catholic clergy experienced all those woes their church had so freely inflicted on the gentle heretics. A general emigration of priests and nobles took place. France lost, for a time, a large proportion of its people; yet it is impossible not to be struck with the unimportant effect of this later emigration compared with that wide scene of disaster and national decay that followed the flight of the Huguenots. When the gay nobles and the corrupt clergy crossed the frontiers no flourishing manufacturing cities fell into decay; no fertile districts returned to their native wildness; no intellectual dullness or moral decline succeeded a period of unwonted progress. It is probable, it is certain, that the destruction of a single centre of industry and trade by the intrigues of the Jesuits under Louis XIV.—the exile of its pi-

ous artisans and their well-trained families—was more injurious to France than the expulsion of all its nobility and the fall of its monarchy and its church. In the one case it lost a centre of moral advance; in the other only the sources of religious and political decay.

Under Napoleon the Huguenots experienced the toleration of a despot; at the Restoration they became nominally free. They were no longer forced to worship in caves and deserts. The last massacre and persecution occurred at Nîmes in 1815.¹ But the Catholic powers of France and the popes of Rome have never ceased to oppress by ingenious devices the rising intellect of the reformers. The Bourbons strove to suppress the dissidents;² even Louis Philippe was forced, in obedience to the Romish supremacy, to deny equal rights to his Protestant subjects. And in our own day³ a cloud of danger still hangs over the future of the Huguenots. France once more, as in the days of Louis XIV., has fallen under the control of the Jesuits.⁴ Slowly the society of Loyola has spread like a miasma over the land it so often desolated. The schools and colleges have been transferred to Jesuit teachers; the Protestant teachers are persecuted and trampled down. The Gallican church has abandoned its feeble show of independence, and is the strong defender of the persecuting faction at Rome; the politics of France are, perhaps, controlled by the chief of the order of the Jesuits. A strange mental darkness is settling upon the nation, and in most of the French schools and colleges it is openly taught that Louis XIV. was a magnanimous king; that the persecution of the Huguenots was a righteous act; that, as the Jesuit Anger declared, or Bossuet and Massillon implied, it was "the angel of the Lord" that presided at the massacre of St. Bartholomew and directed the horrors of the dragonnades.⁵

The Huguenots, therefore, are still in peril in their native land; their ancient foes, the Jesuits, rule over the church, and are plotting their destruction. An infallible pope sits on

¹ De Felice, p. 478.

² De Felice.

³ J. Simon, *La Liberté de Conscience*, p. 217, shows that as late as 1850 Protestant meetings were suppressed, Protestant schools broken up by unjust laws. It is doubtful if things have improved since then.

⁴ M. Athanase Coquerel thinks a new persecution impossible in France (*Les Forçats*, p. 142); yet he suggests a doubt (p. 143). If, as M. Jules Simon tells us, it is a criminal act to read the Bible to an assembly without permission from the government (see *La Liberté de la Conscience*, p. 217), or to establish and maintain a Protestant school in a Catholic neighborhood, the Huguenots can scarcely be thought secure (see p. 218, note).

⁵ The history authorized by the French government and the Romish church misrepresents all the leading facts in the religious wars. The massacre of Vassy appears as a quarrel between the two religions; the Duke of Guise is full of benevolence and honor! See *Simple Récits d'Histoire de France* (1870), the state history for secondary schools, p. 141. The massacre of St. Bartholomew is made to seem *un coup à l'Italienne*; the horrors of the reign of Louis XIV. are not mentioned.

¹ De Felice, p. 428. Rochette and three companions were executed at Toulouse the same year.

the throne of St. Peter, who proclaims, as the direct revelation from heaven, the persecuting doctrines of Pius IV. and Pius V.;¹ who has himself filled the dungeons of Rome and Bologna with the advocates of the Bible and of a free press. It is possible that France may prove the last battle-ground between the Jesuit and the reformer, the Bible and the pope. It is certain that in such a struggle the printing-press will not be silent; that the printer will still defy his natural foes; that the public sentiment of the age will rise in defense of truth and honesty; and that the lessons of history

will dissipate forever the lingering delusions of chivalry and of the Middle Ages.¹

We have thus imperfectly reviewed the sad but instructive story of the Huguenots. The tale of heroism is always one of woe. Yet the impulse toward reform begun at Meaux by Farel and Lefèvre has never been lost, and the energy and the sufferings of their disciples have every where aided the progress of mankind. It would not be difficult to trace the beneficent influence of Huguenot ideas in the prosperity of England, Holland, America, or France.

¹ In a somewhat extensive work, by Professor Laurent, of Ghent, *Le Catholicisme et la Religion de l'avenir*, may be found a clear statement of the medieval tendencies of Rome. The pope still threatens persecution, defies governments, annuls their acts, and only waits for an opportunity to destroy all his foes. See p. 362, 411, '568, etc.

¹ At the congress of the Roman Catholic bishops of Germany, France, Belgium, and England, at Malines, in 1863, Archbishop Deschamps excused the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and defended persecution. No Roman Catholic dares denounce the Inquisition, or to relate true history. He is obliged to repeat the feeble ideas that flow from the diseased intellect of the Romish Propaganda. See Laurent, *Catholicisme*, p. 574, and book xi., on Traditional Religion.

MY BABES IN THE WOOD.

I KNOW a story, fairer, dimmer, sadder,
Than any story painted in your books.
You are so glad? It will not make you gladder;
Yet listen, with your pretty restless looks.

"Is it a Fairy Story?" Well, half fairy—
At least it dates far back as fairies do,
And seems to me as beautiful and airy;
Yet half, perhaps the fairy half, is true.

You had a baby sister and a brother,
Two very dainty people, rosy white,
Sweeter than all things else except each other!
Older yet younger—gone from human sight!

And I, who loved them, and shall love them ever,
And think with yearning tears how each light hand
Crept toward bright bloom and berries—I shall never
Know how I lost them. Do you understand?

Poor slightly golden heads! I think I missed them
First in some dreamy, piteous, doubtful way;
But when and where with lingering lips I kissed them,
My gradual parting, I can never say.

Sometimes I fancy that they may have perished
In shadowy quiet of wet rocks and moss,
Near paths whose very pebbles I have cherished,
For their small sakes, since my most bitter loss.

I fancy, too, that they were softly covered
By robins, out of apple flowers they knew,
Whose nursing wings in far home sunshine hovered,
Before the timid world had dropped the dew.

Their names were—what yours are. At this you wonder.
Their pictures are—your own, as you have seen;
And my bird-buried darlings, hidden under
Lost leaves—why, it is your dead Selves I mean!

THE CAVE OF BELLAMAR.



ASCENT TO THE CAVE.

THE Cave of Bellamar, although discovered but a few years since, already enjoys a world-wide reputation. At the present day no visitor to Cuba fails to repair to that wondrous subterranean palace, unrivaled, perhaps, in the grandeur of its stalactitic masses and the exquisite detail of its sparry decorations. Easy of access from Havana by railway, and commodiously and safely prepared for the reception of visitors, it fully repays one for a day's absence from the busy scenes of the capital.

About a mile from the bridge of Bailen, on the south side of the city of Matanzas, there is a group of pretty villas designated by the name of Bellamar—a favorite place of resort in the hot season for sea-bathing. Not far from these is the famous cavern, which borrows its name from this picturesque hamlet. At a short distance beyond Bellamar you turn your back upon the foamy beach, and, following a tortuous road of reddish earth, thickly strewn with fragments of calcareous rock, you ascend a steep and rug-

ged hill, on the summit of which is the entrance to the cave.

On the 17th of April, 1861, some laborers were at work on this hill extracting limestone for a kiln, which still stands on the premises. One of these laborers, in forcing a crow-bar into the interstices of the loose rock, suddenly felt it slip through his hands and disappear, as if by magic, into the earth. Upon examination it was discovered that the crow-bar had slid through a fissure into a sort of well-like cavity. This natural well was very deep and dark. In a few days the opening made by the crow-bar was widened sufficiently to admit the body of a man. It needed no little boldness to venture into the yawning abyss of this cavity at the end of a rope. Mr. Santos Parga, owner of the premises, having been informed of the mysterious disappearance of the crow-bar, upon gazing down into this opening, surmised that the most valuable portion of his property was not on his lands, but under them. Being a man of nerve and intrepidity, he resolved to unravel for himself the secrets of this remarkable cavern. Upon being lowered through the perilous aperture he found himself, torch in hand, descending into a vast and magnificent temple, whose pillars were of glittering crystal, and whose lofty dome was formed of fantastic arches that sparkled as if coated with frosted silver.

Parga was not able to explore his wonderful subterranean domain very far, owing to the dangers which threatened him at every step. There were deep gullies which he could not cross, and steep precipices down which it would have been madness to attempt a descent. It was not without considerable labor that he, with a few companions, succeeded after several days in penetrating into some of the main avenues.

At present the visitor finds every thing very conveniently arranged for the descent. A comfortable pavilion has been constructed over the entrance, rendered accessible by the improvement of the roads to vehicles from the city.

Led by a guide, who provides us with a lantern or a torch made of long wax-candles twisted together, we descend by a stairway into the cave. This stairway is furnished with a hand-rail, and is supported by an artificial wall. We descend some twenty or thirty steps to an eminence within, around which a railing has been placed that we may safely approach the verge of the precipice, and gaze into the frightful abyss below. Here also we may divest ourselves of such extra articles of clothing as might interfere with our transit through the galleries, or render our subterranean sojourn uncomfortable in consequence of the excessive heat, which, in some portions of the cave, is almost intolerable.

From this elevated natural terrace we obtain our first grand view of the interior. It is like standing in the gallery of a temple. This first hall is about five hundred feet in length, with an average width of two hundred, and an elevation from the abyss to the dome of about one

hundred. A number of large lamps have been so placed that the whole interior can be taken in at a glance. At the farthest extremity of this chamber are two dark spots. These are the entrances to two of the principal avenues, which, after continuing for some distance, intersect each other, so that we can pass out of the main hall at one of the dark spots and return into it by the other. At the apex of this irregular V another avenue starts, which penetrates still deeper into the earth, altering the V into a Y, the base of which is nearly a mile from the entrance under the pavilion. The general course of these avenues is east. Starting also from the main hall is another principal avenue, running south for a distance of three miles, according to the measurement made by Mr. Santos Parga. A third avenue penetrates under the hill in a westerly direction for a distance of a mile, diverging also from the main hall, or "Gothic Temple," as it is named.

As we step upon the terrace the first object that strikes us is one calculated to make an impression not soon to be forgotten. It is a cluster of tall stalagmites standing directly in the centre of the chamber. We do not need the hint from the guide to the effect that this is called the "Guardian of the Temple;" we see that at once for ourselves. It is the colossal statue of a warrior seated upon a sort of Gothic throne; in his right hand he holds uplifted a tall, keen lance; his left arm is bent, and rests upon his thigh; his head is slightly turned, as if toward the opening by which we have just entered; he stares us in the face, and, as the yellow and unnatural light of the lamps flickers about his vague features, we can easily imagine that we feel the fixed and freezing glare of his stony eyes. We are forcibly reminded of some tale of enchantment read in our childhood, and we can not divest ourselves of the singular fascination which this weird and supernatural figure exercises over us. Our curiosity compels us to seek a nearer view of this stern, motionless, eternal sentinel, placed there by nature to watch over the hidden treasures of this shadowy domain. Accordingly we descend into the dark gulf at our feet, along a zigzag path cut in the gravelly and crystallized soil of the terrace, and approach the spot where we but a moment since saw the giant form of the warrior-gnome. Alas! we seek for it in vain; it is nowhere to be seen, having melted away as though at another touch of the enchanter's wand. What we behold in its place is but a confused heap of broken stalagmites, without any discoverable shape or meaning. The delusion is complete.

From the foot of the terrace we look up at the lofty dome overhead, incrustated with sparkling crystallizations which dazzle us, and gaze down from the little bridge on which we stand, and which spans a deep and perilous ravine, into the darkness. We can not escape a sort of vague terror. Indeed, we feel here as trespassers upon a forbidden precinct; and as if



THE GUARDIAN OF THE TEMPLE.

there were a fifth element—darkness—which we have rashly entered.

Among the pillars of the temple, which look as if they were sustaining the weight of the lofty arches, there is one remarkable for its huge proportions; it is called the "Mantle of Columbus," owing to the deep flutings in its surface, which bear some resemblance to the drooping folds of a mantle. Here the stalactites and the stalagmites, the former growing downward and the latter upward, have met and formed one solid mass of crystallization about sixty feet in height and twenty feet in thickness, as white as snow and as transparent as alabaster. As we wander through the grotesque aisles of this gorgeous cathedral every thing around us sparkles with brilliant coruscations that dazzle the eye.

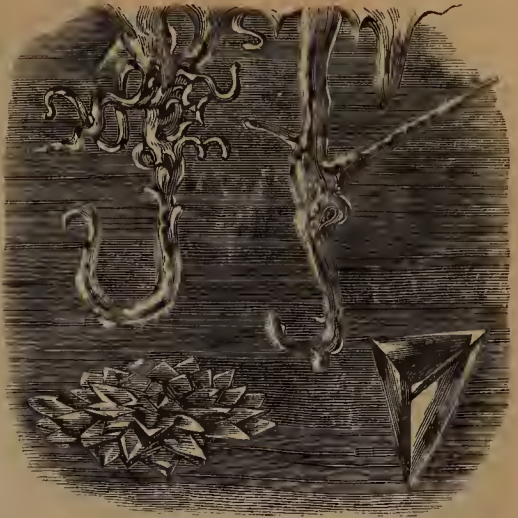
Whatever advantage, as to extent, other caves may possess over Bellamar, surely none in the world can surpass its wondrous wealth of rare and exquisitely beautiful crystallizations. Nature seems to have exhausted her fancy in producing these myriads of quaint forms and curious combinations. The stalac-

tites are singularly capricious and beautiful. From the gigantic "Mantle of Columbus" to the newly formed delicate tubes and cones, scarcely an inch in length, there exists every intermediate variety of size. Some are flat and transparent, and will vibrate when struck, with a sound as clear and melodious as a silver bell. Others are tube-like, hollow, twisted, or curved, sometimes branching like coral, at others hanging like hooks, or darting sharply upward. According to the accidents of their position, they assume at times entirely different forms. Now they are frozen dribblets along the yellow surface of the rock; again they have worked themselves into grotesque fringes, or are scalloped into delicate frills; now they are like glittering serpents flashing wildly in the torch-light; then the rock is coated as if with a heavy frost; and again, the shapes take the form of crucibles, of cornucopias, or of flowers tinged with delicate colors and resembling dahlias and roses.

In the complex web which they form it is difficult at times to separate the stalactites from the stalagmites. The latter form, in some

places, rich curtains of the whitest and most quaintly patterned lace; they hang like the rich drapery of silken robes; or, like motionless cascades of glittering diamonds, they extend, wave after wave, and fold after fold, from the ceiling to the floor. Sometimes they assume the most grotesque forms and resemblances; here and there we see them about the floor like devotees kneeling before fantastic idols, in silent and eternal adoration; again they seem like weary travelers stretched out to rest at noon on the cool grass by the wayside; or, perhaps again, like plumed and naked savages gathered in dread circles around the council fire to plot the war-path, or to plan the chase.

And all this is accomplished simply by the combination of water with lime! A feeble stream of water permeates the limestone above, and filters through it, carrying along some minute particles of lime in solution. As this water drops from the roof of the cave, or dribbles along the surface of its walls, it leaves behind it these calcareous particles, which, in the form of carbonate of lime, harden and are crystallized, forming a thousand capricious figures. If the drops fall from the roof, the form is generally that of a pendent tube, or elongated cone, terminating in a keen point, to which every additional drop from above naturally runs. Each drop remains there suspended for a moment, contributing its infinitesimal quota of lime toward the lengthening of the stalactite downward; it then falls to the ground, carrying with it the residuc of the lime, which is there



CAPRICIOUS FORMS OF CRYSTALS.

deposited and crystallizes, contributing to the growth of the stalagmite upward. Thus every drop tends to increase the two formations.

If the dribblet of water, however, flows along the surface of a rock, then it leaves the lime behind it to mark its devious path in the form of delicate tracery and fringes. If the quantity of water is large, then the cascades and curtains and snow-drifts are formed. The roof of the cave, its walls, and its floor, are thus all, at the same time, being ornamented through the agency above described. Considering the extreme slowness of the process, how many ages it must have required to agglomerate gigantic



STALAGMITES.

masses of crystallization like that called the "Mantle of Columbus!" And yet this, necessarily, is not so old as the cave itself.

Caves such as Bellamar are to be met with on a smaller scale in all the calcareous formations on the island, where natural bridges, tunnels, and subterranean rivers are likewise found. The origin of the Cave of Bellamar may be due to volcanic action; but it is more probably owing to the gradual erosion of yielding strata by the action of water. The wonderful tunnel bored by the Cuzco River, in the eastern part of the island, might suggest the origin of a cave like this of Bellamar. The Cuzco is an insignificant and shallow stream, which, however, in the rainy season, becomes a powerful torrent. A lofty ridge barred the course of its ancient channel, and through the heart of this ridge it has carved a tunnel large enough to admit of the passage of huge trunks of palms and eriodendrons. After disappearing at the base of the hill, several hundred feet below the crest, it does not appear again until it comes out at the other side of the ridge, a distance of nearly three miles. Any volcanic action tending to alter the level or bed of the stream might divert its waters into a different channel; the former one would be soon covered with a dense vegetation, and all distinct traces of it be lost. The tunnel, or cavern, itself probably disturbed from its original horizontal position, would remain to puzzle future geologists.

The Cave of Bellamar, however, has no known communication with the upper air except by means of the artificial entrance broken through the thin crust which roofs over the principal hall, or "Gothic Temple," and its avenues, as far as explored, have all a downward grade, sinking to the depth of four hundred feet below the surface of the hill.

Passing the "Guardian of the Temple," we will visit what is called the "Altar." It stands in a spacious niche at the other side of the chamber, and facing the "Mantle of Columbus." It is a rude imitation of an altar, around which one may imagine that he can discover the forms of sculptured images, animals, and flowers.

We next follow the guide into the low subterranean passages, entering at the dark spot on the left, into what is called the "Avenue of the Fountain." This avenue is about half a mile in length, and presents at every step objects curious and beautiful; here you have on one side fantastic arabesques sculptured in relief on the dusky walls, quaint Gothic friezes and cornices, and Norman pillars; on the other side is a miniature polar scene, with its icebergs and piled snow-drifts and icicles; beyond we stop to notice the exquisite embroidery on a cambric robe, or the delicate tracery on a half-drawn curtain; then we come to a portion of the passage which, as it narrows, becomes so low that we must stoop to avoid the long stalactites which hang from the roof; then we creep carefully along the brink of some deep gullies and ravines which look like new-



THE EMBROIDERED PETTICOAT.

dug graves, where all is sepulchral and dark and dismal. Suddenly we find the passage has widened into a beautiful chamber, radiant with crystallizations, which make it seem as if we had passed from the night into the day.

Here is the fountain or spring from which the avenue takes its name. It wells up near the middle of the passage. It is a clear and sparkling fountain, gurgling in a polished vase of sculptured alabaster.

We are now at the apex of the V. On our left is a dark and irregular opening. This is the entrance into the passage through which, by-and-by, as we return, we shall again enter the "Gothic Temple." Picking our way cautiously among the debris of fractured stalagmites, we soon reach a gloomy archway and recess called the "Devil's Gorge." Any lugubrious vaticinations suggested by this name, however, are rapidly dispelled by the sight of a monster church organ, with its pipes quite symmetrically and elegantly arranged, and its row of ivory keys, which seem only to need the touch of some enchanted hand to fill those dark corridors, those gloomy depths, and lofty vaults, with the swelling and sonorous strains of a solemn music not meant to be listened to by mortal ears.

Not far from the organ there is another object which carries us pleasantly back to the familiar world of irrepressible realities: it is a rare and beautiful stalagmite, broad, smooth, thin, and very transparent, with perpendicular folds and plaits, and tastefully embroidered along the base with rich and graceful patterns. This is called the "Embroidered Petticoat." In order to show the embroidery to advantage, a light is placed behind it, when the exceeding transparency of the stalagmite sets off the denser lines of the patterns to greater advantage. Beside this memento of the upper world there is, just beyond, an elegant sofa, covered with white damask, with its curiously wrought back of silver and of ivory, and its rich and glossy cushions, which, though not so soft as they



MOUTH OF THE HIDDEN GALLERY.

look, yet silently invite the beholder to the dreamy luxury of an Oriental siesta. This luxury, however, we must endeavor to forego, because there yet remains a great deal to be seen, and the guides, who are all day long breathing this cavernous atmosphere, and are constantly being taught how much has been successfully accomplished by the restless and persevering labor of ages, will not fail to remind us that to them also, in this dark world of subterranean speculation, "time is money."

So we take another lingering look at the wonders of the "Devil's Gorge," and, with a parting sigh for the damask sofa, we again follow the guide, and plunge still deeper into the cavern in search of other wonders.

After continuing along the avenue for a short distance we come to a contracted and rugged passage, where we have to stoop low to avoid a savage-looking boar's head, with keen and desperate tusks, that menace us from the low roof, and immediately beyond we suddenly find ourselves in one of the most beautiful chambers of the cave. It is called the "Chamber of the Benediction," because it has been rendered historical that here a certain Catholic bishop, who had come to visit the cave, was so enchanted with the beauties he beheld, that, in the exuberance of his pious admiration for the wonders of the created world, he blessed and consecrated the Cave of Bellamar.

This splendid hall is nearly forty feet from the floor to the roof; it is somewhat more than that in length, and has a breadth varying from

twenty to twenty-five feet. The extreme beauty of its crystallizations, with their spotless whiteness and brilliancy, its graceful columns, and the smooth and even floor, all render it a favorite spot with visitors.

On the right, as we enter, there is a running spring which overflows into a shallow basin, whose pure waters are seen to glisten among numberless stalagmites. This shallow basin is in a low recess under a massive frieze-work, highly ornamented, and the receding portions of which are seen beautifully reflected on the tranquil surface. Upon approaching the spring we stoop and look into the recess, and perceive that there is at the back of it a dark opening, through which comes the streamlet like a silver thread. That dark aperture is the mouth of an extensive passage, which has been explored for the distance of nearly a mile by Mr. Parga and two others. When at that distance from the mouth a jet of water from the roof extinguished their only remaining taper. They attempted to light some matches with which they had provided themselves, but these had been rendered useless by the dampness, and one after another failed until only one was left. This was their last hope. They felt it would be impossible, in the dark, to retrace their steps through the labyrinth of narrow and tortuous passages, and the dangerous places they had passed. They groped about, feeling with their hands for a dry spot on the surface of the rocks. The last match was finally tried; it flickered for an instant, and went out! The situation

of the explorers was now very critical. Weary as they were—for they had been wandering all day through those intricate passages—they were now compelled to creep on their hands and knees, the sharp stalagmites tearing their clothing and lacerating their limbs. At moments they would sit down to rest themselves, exhausted and despairing, in this horrible darkness. It was midnight, and they seemed to be no nearer to the mouth of the passage than they had been in the afternoon, when their light was extinguished. A frightful death was staring them in the face. Hour after hour passed away, and as they groped about those dark passages, which brought back to their ears only the useless echoes of their own voices, the perils of their situation became every moment more and more apparent, and its terrors increased as hope grew less.

At last, toward morning, one of them thought he heard the echoes of other voices. They listened with breathless anxiety; a calmness and silence as profound as that of the grave seemed to mock their hopes.

Suddenly there came, faint and distant, the reverberation of a voice. They replied, and it answered them again. They pushed on toward this voice, groping in the darkness. The two voices sought each other. Soon a distant glimmer, like that of a faint star, shone in the distance. It came nearer and nearer.

The wife of Mr. Parga, alarmed at his long absence, had persuaded some friends to go into the cave in search of him. They were in this way rescued from a fearful doom.

This basin, with its crystal waters and its cool atmosphere, has a delightful effect upon the mind of the visitor. But the guide's narrative is not calculated to produce an equally agreeable result. We are never entirely at our ease when underground. The close, hot air of these caves suffocates us; the silent darkness ahead is horrible; the brain reels; there is at moments an irrepressible longing for the upper air; the voices of our companions sound weird and unnatural, and the red glare of the tapers has something demoniacal in it. We are startled at every slight noise behind us; a sort of vague terror haunts us lest the lights may go out, or may not last until we regain the entrance; or the ponderous dome give way, and, blocking up the narrow aperture which is our only means of exit, may consign us to the frightful doom of being buried alive in this natural sepulchre!

Near the spring is a beautiful piece of crystallization called the "Mantle of the Virgin." The crystals which adorn it are of extraordinary size and brilliancy. It looks like a mantle of white satin, embroidered with silver thread, and ornamented with diamonds and pearls.

The vaulted roof of this beautiful chamber is hung, in some parts, with innumerable stalactites of all shapes and sizes, the most of them presenting the appearance of alabaster lamps hung from the ceiling. As the guide waves his torch over his head, each one of these lamps



DON COSME'S LAMP.

darts forth a thousand brilliant coruscations in blended rays of azure, gold, and crimson. They are fairy lanterns, each lit with the blaze of a burning diamond. Among these stalactites there is one deserving of special notice. We reach it by passing through a narrow and irregular passage called the "London Tunnel." This stalactite is an exquisite specimen of subterranean workmanship. It has been named "Don Cosme's Lamp," from the fact that a Havanese gentleman of that name offered to pay a thousand dollars for it, provided he was allowed to carry it home with him entire. It is a yard and a half in length, quite broad at the top where it is joined to the roof, and terminates below in a keen point. It is a perfect specimen of its kind, and is covered with brilliant crystallizations, and fancifully decorated with the most delicate filigree work, tinted with violet and pale gold. The myriads of minute branching stalagmites on its surface are twisted and woven about each other in the most capricious and complex shapes. Indeed this portion of the cave can not be surpassed for the beauty and quantity of its crystallizations. The roof and walls are literally incrustated with them. It will, perhaps, be our good fortune to notice a curious and beautiful representation of a rainbow on one part of the wall, in which, on a dark ground, the colors of the solar spectrum are accurately displayed in a semicircular form. As a torch is moved back and forth before it the effect is beautiful beyond description. Here, too, the ceiling is, in many parts, of a rare and delicate salmon-color, studded with myriads of brilliants; and graceful colonnades of stalactites, solid to the floor, fall into varied perspective as you move about the chamber, giving to the whole the appearance of some enchanting Oriental retreat.

We pass out of the "Blessed Chamber" and its lovely grottoes and quaint recesses with no little regret, and follow the guide along the last portion of the main corridor into what is known as the "Avenue of the Lake."

On our way we pass many beautiful and interesting objects, but we have seen so much, and our eyes so ache with prying and staring, that we stop only for an instant to contemplate the beauties of a dazzling waterfall called the "Diamond Cascade"—a glowing mass of crystallization, which looks for all the world as though some princely gnome, standing in a niche which is near the roof, had emptied down a casket of diamonds, which, in a glittering shower, had remained suspended in the air.

But we hasten on to obtain a view of the greatest wonder of the cave—the "Lake of the Dahlias," which is at the termination of the avenue. We are now at the bottom or



AVENUE OF THE LAKE.

foot of the Y, and somewhat less than a mile from the pavilion. In order to reach the lake it is necessary to climb up to an aperture near the roof, above the smooth surface of a rock coated with a cascade of crystals, which looks as if it might be an overflow of the waters of the pool. As we approach this end of the gallery we observe a marked change in the temperature of the air, which gently fans our temples with a delicious coolness. This is a breeze from the lake—a beautiful sheet of water, one hundred and eighty feet long, thirty feet broad, and eighteen feet deep. It is pure and transparent, and its bed or bottom is paved with the most remarkable crystallizations, most of them of the shape of flowers resembling dahlias. These dahlias are formed by triangular, concave crystals, starting from a common centre, in layers one above the other, precisely as the petals of dahlias are arranged. They vary from three to five inches in diameter. Their greatest beauty consists in the exquisite manner in which they are tinted with veins of violet and blue and delicate yellow and pale crimson. These colors are probably due to the presence of mineral salts which filter down with the water from the overlying strata. The dahlias are all slightly flattened, as if by the pressure of the fluid above them.

Here, then, we have an enchanted lake in which the most fastidious of naiads would not refuse to dwell. A lake with its surrounding landscape of fantastic, sparry forms and its beds of wondrous flowers, and with its own sky bending above it full of sparkling constellations—a

lake on which the sun has never shone, and whose smooth and silver surface the light wings of the breeze have never rippled, nor the rage of the tempest ever maddened into foam.

Retracing our steps we now return to the fountain, where the avenue of that name is intersected by the passage which, in conjunction with it, forms the V. This passage is called the "Avenue of Hatuey"—in memory of the Indian chieftain whose martyrdom is recorded in the early annals of Cuban history. After proceeding along this passage for a short distance we come to a spacious vault called the "Cupola of St. Peter's," from the symmetrical proportions and great elevation of its dome. Directly under this dome stands isolated a tall, keen stalagmite called the "Lance of Hatuey."

As we continue to explore this passage our attention is constantly directed to the great variety of rare fossils embedded in the walls and roof. The latter consists here of a stratum of yellowish conglomerate. Among other remains are casts of oyster shells, some of which measure six inches in length, with a proportionate width. There are also casts of echini or sea-urchins, some of them measuring as much as seven inches in diameter. The existing species of oysters found in the island are seldom more than two inches in length, being generally found adhering in clusters to the tangled roots of the mangrove-trees along the sea-coast, in the same manner as Columbus, in his fourth voyage, said he saw them along the shores of South America. The sea-urchins found at present on the island are seldom more



THE CONFESSIONAL.

than three or four inches in diameter. These casts carry us back to a remote geological era.

The "Avenue of Hatuey" is rendered very picturesque by the tortuousness of its course and the inequalities of its floor. In some places we descend into deep ravines, to ascend again along erratic zigzag paths; in some parts it is necessary to stoop quite to the ground to be able to creep through the narrower passes. There abound many beautiful incrustations, especially those veins with colors—buff, red, and blue. Some of the colored stalactites are very striking, especially near a beautiful recess called the "Bondoir of the Matanzas Beauties." It is a very beautiful chamber, with arches and pillars tastefully distributed and decorated. A quaint Gothic niche near by also displays the usual wealth of rich ornament and tracery, and fanciful design. It reaches from the floor to the ceiling, but is roofed over at the height of about six feet; a broad, flat stalactite serving as a partition wall and leaving a narrow doorway. In this wall is a small Gothic-shaped opening, or window. We need not be told the name given to this eccentric little nook is the "Confessional."

We have now to toil for some distance over the fatiguing irregularities of the narrow path which leads us up a very steep ascent to a terrace which is on a level with the floor of the "Gothic Temple." We have then returned to our starting-point.

Most of the other galleries are not as yet opened to visitors; it is hoped that before long

they will be rendered safe enough to be exhibited, as they are said to contain many interesting and wonderful objects. But we have seen enough for one visit; we have spent a whole morning in these realms of subterranean mystery, and as we climb up the stairway to the pavilion and behold again the clear, white light of heaven, and breathe once more the pure untainted air of the outer world, we can not but confess that we feel in the best of spirits—a vein of good-humor with which is pleasantly blended that wholesome excitement we always experience after the contemplation of the marvels of nature, even when our investigation has

been associated with a sense of peril.

PHANTOM DAYS.

SWEET-HEART, when the year turns back,
And over her summer track
Goes trailing in robes of mist,
And holding her poor pale lips,
Chill with their half eclipse,
Up to the sun to be kissed—

Then over the parting line
The dead days glimmering shine,
With pitiful faces fair.
They are perfect, all but breath,
And I mind me of their death
By the chill that is in the air.

Yet at the sight I yearn;
And O, that they would return
With the love that I forego!
And I murmur, ah! how long?
And sorrow takes up her song—
"Till the rose blooms in the snow."

So all the story is told.
Cease, for the heart's a cold,
And the winter claims its own.
In the first night o' the frost
Beauty and bloom were lost,
And what is the stalk alone?

O! when will the rough winds blow,
And when will the blank white snow
Cover the dead from sight?
For, like the haze on the hill,
Lieth on thought and will
The spell of a past delight.

So, over the yellow leaves,
And the empty place of sheaves,
I follow my aimless feet.
O! love that is lost to me,
Are there ghosts that walk with thee
In this time o' the bitter-sweet?

O! what but the heart's desire
Can you have seen in the fire
Of the autumn woods ablaze!
And what but an ended tale
In the ashes few and pale
Of these Indian Summer days!



WE were a party of six—three ladies and three gentlemen. Two of these only were husband and wife, so it can easily be believed we all got on very well together.

We were to take our point of departure from the city of St. Louis, not because the would-be capital of all the States is particularly interesting in itself, but because it is easily reached from any where else; and because one may be sure to find here large and comfortable steamboats, which go all the way to New Orleans.

Steamboats of the largest size, such as the *Thompson Dean*, *Great Republic*, *Richmond*, and others, do not go above St. Louis, neither do they ascend the Ohio, except for a short distance, because of shoal water and rapids, and therefore they do not invite freights. On a "full river," however, they can pass over all of these, and then these monster craft appear at the levee of Cincinnati.

St. Louis is the greatest transfer dépôt on the river. Steamboats bring to this point freights from the Upper Missouri and Mississippi and all the rivers which empty into these largest of the water-courses, and thus there is abundance of business for the great export mart of New Orleans.

To St. Louis, therefore, we repaired in search of the steamboat *Thompson Dean*, whose reputation for size and safety was so well assured as to gain the confidence of us timid travelers. We had a day to spare before the steamboat went to sea—to river, I had better say—and attempted to see the objects of interest, and made a total failure of it; for of all places under the sun St. Louis is the most uninteresting. There is but little architecture, and less art. There is literally nothing of the past or present to interest a stranger.

The boat we were to take was advertised to start at ten o'clock in the morning. An hour before that time we were on board, and had settled ourselves in the plain but large and comfortable state-room, which had been previously engaged for us through the medium of

the telegraph. There were no evidences of haste nor press of business about the gangway of the boat. What freight there was had been stowed away, and the passengers who were to accompany us dropped in quietly. At the hour appointed the lines were cast loose, and we backed easily out from among the crowd of steamers which lay at the levee. There was a raw wind from the north, and the sun shone cold and cheerless through the gray and white clouds which covered the sky. At the bow of the boat were gathered the negro deck-hands, who were singing a parting song. A most picturesque group they formed, and worthy the graphic pencil of Johnson or Gêrome. The leader, a stalwart negro, stood upon the capstan shouting the solo part of the song, the words of which I could not make out, although I drew very near; but they were answered by his companions in stentorian tones at first, and then, as the refrain of the song fell into the lower part of the register, the response was changed into a sad chant in mournful minor key. Very soon we were fairly out into the river, and, with head down stream, with choking gasps from the steam-pipes, and bulging columns of smoke from the huge lofty smoke-stacks, and swift revolutions of the large paddle-wheels, we sped away toward our destination.

At the risk of telling many of your readers what they will know as well as I, let me give a brief sketch of a Mississippi River steamboat. It is one of the most striking, as well as most original forms of our altogether original American architecture. Whenever our people attempt to build public edifices, such as churches, state-houses, and private dwellings, after their own invention, they are pretty sure to make a frightful botch of it; but American steamboat architecture, which has grown out of the needs of our commerce, is not only original to us in its form of construction, but it is sometimes splendid in appearance. This is a noble craft which bears us safely over the turbid waters of the great river. Her actual carrying capacity is thirty-two hundred tons. She is some two hundred and ninety feet in length, and fifty-six in breadth. From her keel to the roof of the upper cabin she includes forty feet. Above that is the "Texas," as it is called, which is an upper row of cabins, where the officers' quarters are, and upon the top of which is imposed the pilot-house. The main cabin is plainly but well furnished, with large state-rooms on either side. Below it is the main-deck, where the big boilers and furnaces and engines are. Below this deck again there is a deep, spacious hold, where a thousand or fifteen hundred tons of freight may be stowed away. This hold is a peculiar feature of our boat. At least, with my experience, I have never seen such a space below decks. Perhaps the most ornamental and most needful parts of this noble creature, as we see her from the outside, are the two big black smoke-stacks. These are the



THE PARTING SONG.

nostrils of this monstrous moving, living thing, that send forth vast clouds of smoke, which, like the terrible Affrete in Arabian story, spread forth and cover the heavens. But no seal of Soliman is required to repress the mighty powers of our genius, for its mission is one of peace and goodwill.

The mention of the officers who control the movements of the boat is necessary to our narrative. They are the captain, without whom the boat is nothing, and with whom it is every thing, in our case; then there are two pilots; the clerk, to whom we all go for every thing we wish; two mates, of whose harsh voices and terrible looks we have more fear, probably, than the forty or fifty dark-skinned deck-hands, toward whom they are usually directed; there are the engine-drivers, coal-heavers, cooks, waiters, barbers, porters, laundresses, and last, but not least, Spencer, our good-natured, handy, irrepressible cabin-boy, who is blacker than darkest night.

Pretty nearly all the incidents which go to make up human life and society are represented on this steamboat of ours; and there are some which are exceptional, and find no parallel elsewhere. During some ten days which were occupied in our trip to New Orleans I passed a good deal of time in the pilot-house, and came to have a deeply interested admiration for the men who guide these noble vessels upon their devious journey.

Of all that belongs to life on our great Western rivers, the business and experiences of the

pilots interest me most; and, as they are to have our lives in keeping for twelve hundred miles to come, it is worth our while to know all about them. No class of public servants stand in a position of greater trust and responsibility than theirs. The captain of our boat, for example, has supreme command, and is held responsible for the doings of all those within his control, but his authority is, in fact, limited in the pilot-house; for, although he has the power of directing the action of the pilot, yet, so far as taking this or that direction is concerned, he seldom exercises it. I can not conceive of a more arduous and dangerous business than that of guiding one of these gigantic steamboats along the twisting, shifting, treacherous channel of the river. The ocean steamship, whatever may happen, has the refuge of the open sea. The direction to be pursued is well known, and the compass points the way, while, if the vessel is deprived of the use of steam, she can resort to canvas, and, beyond delay, but little injury occurs. The man who directs the movement of the locomotive may, by the slightest carelessness, cause the death of hundreds of his fellow-beings; yet most accidents by railroad happen from exterior and accidental causes. There are many other stations in life where the safety of human beings and of property is dependent upon the judgment and good conduct of a single man. But in neither one nor all of them is there any such grave responsibility as that resting upon the pilot of the Western river. Truly must he be a man of rare natural gifts of mem-

ory of localities, quick observing comprehension, a sure hand, rapid judgment, determination of will, iron nerve, even temper, and good habits.

Let the reader imagine himself perched sixty feet above the water in the pilot-house, which is a good-sized box, usually ten or fifteen feet square, built up high above the cabins of the boat, and somewhere near its centre. This lofty eyrie is inclosed upon all sides with glass windows, so that the pilot at the wheel, which is a big thing, may see both shores and up and down the river. Our pilot is surrounded by speaking-tubes and bell-ropes. There are two engines, so that there are duplicate bell-ropes. They signal "stop her," "go ahead," "back her," "slovy," "fast," and what not, so that, although fifty feet or more of space and half a dozen decks separate the pilot from the engineer, yet they are as one man, or one is the double of the other.

This is a superior point of observation up here, and we shall have a good deal to describe in the course of our twelve-hundred-mile journey. First, however, we will have something to say about our friend the pilot. He and his "partner" serve at the wheel, watch and watch, which is divided into spaces of time of about four hours.

From St. Louis to Cairo is what the pilots call a "bad piece of river." To me the river all the way down is "bad"—that is to say, difficult of navigation. I stand by the side of our pilot, and watch with curious interest the movement of the boat. To my eye the surface of the water is all the same, and there appears no reason why a course should not be pursued straight down the stream to the point a mile away, where the cotton-wood trees dip toward the gray horizon; but suddenly the large wheel whirls swiftly around, and the bow of the boat points directly in shore at a right angle to the course of the stream. In an instant we are close under the bank, where the water is whirling and tearing along, where big roots of trees, like snakes, are crawling out from the yellow, crumbling earth. On the bank, near a log-hut, there stands a yellow-visaged man, who moves not, but stares at us with lack-lustre eyes. I see all this, so near are we to the bank; in fact, one might jump ashore, but one had rather be left on a desert island than in that dark forest. The man we saw will stay there but a little while. He has "squatted" there for the purpose of cutting wood for the steamers. He owns neither land nor wood, and, after earning a few dollars, will either move to another place, or go to some city on the river, where he can drink and gamble his money away. But we have left him far behind, and pushed out again into the middle of the river, not in a straight course, but winding hither and thither, as if led by some fitful sprite. First one side, and then the other, until your wits are fairly puzzled, and you are almost willing to believe that the pilot is a sham, or that he has some insight beyond that of human ken,

which permits him to pursue his dangerous way among snags and shoals and sand-bars with perfect certainty and safety. You can comprehend how the direction might be taken from certain landmarks on the shore, although that would require a prodigious effort of the memory in these hundreds of miles; but between St. Louis and where the Ohio River joins the Mississippi the channel changes daily. We passed the wreck of the steamer *Lady Gay*. A few days ago an ugly snag went on an exploring expedition in her hold. The water followed it, and the steamer sank. Three or four other steamers had met with the same fate from this same snag; but in two days the channel shifted across, a mile away, to the other side of the stream.

"You see where that bit of brush-wood lies in the water?" said the pilot to me, as he pointed to a spot some half a mile from the shore. "When we came up three days ago the channel ran the other side of it, and up toward that sand-bar; but I see it has changed, and has gone away over to the other shore."

Again the wheel whirled about, and the swift-speeding steamboat shot across with as much certainty as if she were off Sandy Hook, and all the world of water before her.

"I have watched and searched for some sign by which you can find your way, and give it up. It is a mystery I can't fathom," I remarked to the pilot.

"Well, it's sort of instinct," he replied. "I can tell something by the color of the water, something by its motion, and something in the habits of the beast; and between 'em all I manage to find my way."

This was navigation by day; but subsequently in the darkness of night, when neither moon nor stars gave forth their light, and the volumes of black smoke from the smoke-stacks were lost in the black sky—when those big iron fingers arose to the right and left like shadows—when the river was a dark gliding mirror reflecting the darkness above—when the forests of cypress and cotton-wood on the nearest bank were but a spectral line, and always the same, unvarying in its obscurity and monotony—when all human sounds had ceased, and only the deep solemn breathings of our river monster could be heard—then it was not difficult to believe that the silent figure standing there in the darkness, guiding us through the darkness and into darkness, was leagued with powers of the other world.

The pilots of the Western rivers are a vastly superior class of men to those who followed the profession ten years ago. The improvement is in their morals, their education, and their usefulness. Much of this is owing to an organization which unites them in one association for purposes of self-improvement and protection. No pilot is admitted to this association unless he is a man of temperate habits, good character, and capable in his profession. They have in St. Louis, which is the head-quarters, a

place of rendezvous where the members may amuse themselves by reading or otherwise. At one time the captain and owners of the steamboats were inimical to this pilot association, for it was looked upon as a monopoly. But this prejudice has been removed in view of the admirable results which are in all ways manifest. To be sure the society fixed upon \$250 per month as the fair rate of wages for a first-class pilot, but they do not prevent any of their number from accepting less if he wishes so to do. There are many first-class pilots who are not members of this association, but they all work amicably together. One of the invaluable results of this plan is an arrangement by which every pilot going up and down the river deposits in boxes stationed at St. Louis, Cairo, Memphis, White River, Vicksburg, and New Orleans, written reports of the state of the river, changes of channel, appearance of snags, etc., that have occurred in that section over which he has just passed. Thus each pilot is at once informed of the condition of the river, and is able to avoid its new dangers.

It is a life of unceasing care, hazard, and anxiety, but one of intense interest and varying incident. These are men of courage, and at no time was their nerve and coolness more manifest than during the war. From their exposed situation they were in constant danger from the rebel sharpshooters, who were lying in ambush on the river-bank to pick them off as they passed. The pilot-house is full of stories of adventure, and I will relate one of these, which not only illustrates their courage, but their professional integrity as well.

When the war broke out many of the pilots, whose residence and sympathies were in the South, joined at once in the rebel cause. One of these fought for two years in the rebel army, was disabled by a wound, discharged from the service, went home, and was subsequently induced to serve as a pilot on one of the steamboats running from New Orleans up the river, which then, as Mr. Lincoln had it, "went unvexed to the sea"—not altogether undisturbed, however, for now and then a rebel field-battery would appear upon the bank, and stop and rob and burn the steamboats. The remainder of the story shall be told in the words of one of the actors:

"James Allen was my partner on the *Von Phul*. He had been in the rebel army, but I had known him for many years, and trusted his honor when he came under our flag. We started out of New Orleans and had got up to Morgan's Point, where the river makes a bend. I was in my state-room, and Allen was at the wheel, when I heard a crash of the glass in the pilot-house, and then the sound of a cannon-shot. I rushed out on the Texas, and looked up and saw Allen pale as death.

"'What's the matter?' I said; and just then another shot came from the shore smashing through the boat, and I looked and saw a six-gun battery blazing away like mad.

"'Are you hurt?' I continued, while Allen stuck to the wheel.

"'No,' he replied, keeping his eyes on the bow of the boat, which he was pointing away from the bank where the rebel battery was. 'But the captain and bar-keeper are killed.' I ran up into the pilot-house, and sure enough there they were, dead and bloody; but I hadn't long to look at them, for hardly had we got round the point when there was the infernal battery again firing away. 'Go below,' said Allen; 'it's my watch, and I'll steer the boat.' And I went. Before we had got past, between the two attacks, they put into our boat sixty-two shots; but we were saved, and all owing to the honesty and courage of Jim Allen, a rebel pilot."

However brave the pilots may be wherever human agencies are concerned, they are as superstitious as any Jack Tar who has seen the *Flying Dutchman*. A story is told of an adventure that happened many years ago to a pilot on the steamer *St. Louis*. It was in the summer, and on a trip up the river. A corpse had been taken on board at Memphis, and for safety's sake, and because it was cooler there, it was placed in the pilot-house. The pilot was not altogether temperate. In fact, a cocktail was necessary to his happiness at least every half hour, and he had made an arrangement with the bar-keeper by which, after midnight, he had possession of the key to the bar, so that he could go or send down for his own cocktail. As midnight approached he began to get rather nervous about this corpse, and all the ghost-stories he had ever heard came thronging before him with intense reality. Now and then he would look over his shoulder at the coffin, which stood upright against the window, and the sight did not reassure him.

Suddenly, for an instant, he turned his eyes from the river, and at his very elbow he saw a figure in white which held up a bony finger, as if in warning, while ghostly, hollow eyes stared into his. That one look was enough; for, fully possessed with the belief that the ghost of the man dead in the coffin stood beside him, he gave one frantic scream, and, at a single jump, sprang over the wheel and through the window on to the roof of the cabin, twenty feet below.

It subsequently required the presence of the ghost in person to persuade our poor pilot that he was only the bar-keeper, who had forgotten to send up the key of the bar until after he had gone to bed, and so came up, silently, in his bare feet, shirt, and drawers.

But we have been listening to the stories of our friends in the pilot-house while the boat is rapidly passing points of interest on the river-bank. Here is St. Genevieve, an old French settlement, where, for many generations, the people have cultivated a large extent of land, covering a thousand acres or more, in common. I do not learn that these people are disciples of Fourier or of any of the celebrated communists;

but it is certain that they work together, and, by some mutual arrangement, divide the proceeds of their labor. It is said that this community increases slowly, is not very wealthy, and its members do not quarrel among themselves nor with their neighbors. It would be interesting to know more of the city of St. Genevieve.

The scenery on this part of the river is not at all startling. On the one side we pass low swamp lands filled with forests of cotton-wood. On the other, low bluffs arise, whose red and yellow earths frequently indicate the presence of one or another kind of mineral. This character of scenery is interrupted at Grand Tower, which takes its name from rocks some forty feet high, which have been worn by the action of the water into a circular shape. A railroad strikes the river at this point, and brings coal from a place called Carbondale. It is said to be much better and cheaper than the Illinois coal, and at St. Louis and along the river is largely used.

Cape Girardeau is another town of prominence, but at this, as well as at a dozen and more stopping-places between St. Louis and Cairo, there is little or nothing to attract the attention of the traveler. But grand old nature ever presents glorious spectacles to the reverent eye, and nowhere do the clouds and sky and atmospheric effects take on more exquisite changes of beauty than in the valley of the Mississippi. As the first day of our voyage was closing into evening the sun went down toward the western tree-tops in glowing splendor. We were all gazing in love and delight, when out from the paler rosy-gray of the eastern horizon there came a line of dark, which each instant increased in size and length until the sky was filled with flocks of birds, flying toward us and into the sunlight. At first we thought them flocks of ducks or wild-geese, but as they neared us, beating the singing air with their white wings, we found that they were the beautiful swan; and, as if to do us greatest pleasure, one by one, as gracefully as a feather falls in the quiet air, they settled down upon a bar of golden sand which ran far out into the now darkening waters of the river. A more fascinatingly lovely sight I never beheld, as tens and fifties and hundreds and thousands of these aerial visitors swept round and round as they neared the earth, their snow-white plumage taking on infinite tints of beauty as it glanced and fluttered in the ruby rays of the setting sun.

When the darkness came on the boat went into port for the night. Our wise and careful captain refuses to risk the lives of his passengers and the safety of the boat by running on this part of the river after nightfall. They call this route between St. Louis and Cairo a "bad piece of river," for more accidents and loss have occurred here than in the remaining thousand odd miles to New Orleans.

When near Cairo we bothered ourselves little about currents and snags and sand-bars, but steered in a straight course from point to point.

At times it seemed as if we were crossing large lakes; and when, near nightfall, we rounded a group of trees, and directed our course toward some far-distant lights upon the edge of the horizon, it was hard to realize that we were not upon some large inland sea, instead of the river whose course upon the map is indicated by a crooked black line.

We laid over at Cairo a day and a night. A more disheartening place I never beheld than this same Cairo, which, from its location at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, many people professed to believe would become a large city. I would not like to prophesy as to its future beyond that of a third-class graveyard, but to-day it is the vilest hole above-ground, if the streets formed by introducing foreign soil can be said to be above-ground; for the open lots formed by the streets were partially filled with water covered with green scum, and which was also the receptacle for offal, dead animals, and other offensive refuse. Turn which way you would the sight was unspeakably disgusting. The streets were knee-deep in mud, and it seemed impossible to transact business upon them when horses and wagons were required.

"It must be very sickly here in the summer," I remarked to one of the store-keepers.

"Not at all, Sir," he stoutly replied. "We never have chills and fever nor cholera here. One of the healthiest places on the river, Sir. Bound to be a big city, Sir."

The yellow skin and hollow cheeks of the speaker were more eloquent reporters as to the health of the city than his tongue; while in every shop window hung placards of "Chills and Fever Specific," "Jones's Fever Cure," "Osgood's India Collaghouge," and so on. All the day and into the night the loading of our steamboat progressed. Thousands of barrels of flour were rolled into the hold, which lies under the main-deck, until it seemed as if not another stave could find place. Then the cars came in from the north, and several hundred "head" of mules and horses came on board, and were put somewhere. Subsequently there came coops filled with geese, turkeys, and chickens, and the air was filled with braying, neighing, bleating, crowing, cackling, and gobbling, until one began really to believe they could appreciate the feelings of Noah when he was loading up for that little excursion he took in the ark.

Upon the following morning, when we were once more puffing our way down the swollen river, I ventured with confidence to say to the captain:

"Well, Sir, we took in a big freight. Crowded full, are we not?"

"Full, my good friend!" he answered, with a smile of pity at my ignorance. "Why, she'll take in fifteen hundred tons more!"

I made no reply, but at the first opportunity plunged below stairs. What a sight it was, to be sure!—piles of sacks of corn ten high and ten



A CREVASSE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

square, and I do not know how many of them running fore and aft. Piles upon piles of barrels of flour, almost filling the lower hold, which seemed to be another boat when you got down there. Out on the guards of the main-decks were the four-legged animals. In the passageways and on the guards of the saloon-deck above were stacks of wagons, plows, shovels, and all sorts of farming utensils. I gazed at all of this mass of merchandise, and, muttering to myself "fifteen hundred tons more," slowly and thoughtfully ascended to the ladies' cabin of the boat, where the passengers were occupied in reading, playing cribbage, or otherwise amusing themselves.

The morning after leaving Cairo we came upon deck, and, gazing about, we no longer recognized the river Mississippi, of which we have just now used opprobrious epithets.

In the presence of this vast flood of water rushing resistlessly along we stand in awe and wonder.

What the river people here call a rise, in Europe would be an inundation, which would carry havoc in its path. It is not so much what the eye takes in upon the surface of drifting trees and logs and houses, but it is the hidden force which, rushing and whirling and eating underneath, undermines the giant trees of the forest; they tumble as if smitten with the hand of death, and plunge into the stream to be whirled and turned hither and thither like twigs in a whirlwind. Then secret currents dig and dig at the base of some high bluff, and, in an instant, acres of rock and earth and forest sink into the waters, and before your very eyes the solid land is engulfed and disappears. As the steamboat with assured pace steams quickly past the forest of cotton and cypress, with their solemn depth made more than melancholy by their long drapings of hanging moss, as you pass swamps and cultivated fields, you will detect a break in the brimful bank, and in a second the flood is upon the land, not with a rush and a roar, giving the poor farmer with

his wife and children yonder in his cabin notice of its approach, but, with silent fatal speed, it covers and envelops field and cabin, and fortunate is its human prey should he escape the deathly embrace.

All along this great river the water overruns the banks, extending far inland, uniting, by bayou and lagoon and lake, thousands of miles of country in one vast flood.

Now that we are fairly on our way, let us see who are our companions. It is after dinner—that is to say, about three in the afternoon. The cold wind from the north takes on a keener edge as the sun begins to decline, and most all the passengers are indoors. The young gentleman and lady on the sofa yonder came aboard with us at St. Louis. There is a neat, natty look about them, especially the young lady, which has the manner of New York. All her wardrobe is of the latest fashion. Her boots are close, firm-fitting, and have that nice look which suggests a fashionable shoemaker; and so with the looped skirt of the dress, the jaunty hat; and about the *ensemble* there is a nameless something of nicety which breathes the atmosphere of the metropolis. The remark has been made that these people are bride and bridegroom on a wedding trip. Why young people should always be thus accused I know not, but any lady and gentleman traveling together, who have not turned forty, are always subject to this charge. At the piano, which, by-the-way, is an excellent square Chickering, is seated a young lady, who, they tell me, is the sister of a priest; if so, he is Irish to a supreme degree, for she bears unmistakable marks of that nationality. Not unpleasantly so, perhaps, but, in spite of that, Irish. The young lady plays very well; but her escort—a rather wordly looking priest—thinks her a paragon of merit, if one might judge by the attention he gives to her rendering of the "Star-spangled Banner," with variations.

At Cairo we received a decided addition in

the way of numbers to our company. One of them was in the unique shape of a family from Alabama, and, among all the strange faces about us, none are more picturesque and striking than they. The father, with slouched hat and homespun clothes, is a type of a miserable sort of a poor white man, who has grown up under the influences of civilization at the South. His wife has brought at least six children into the world. Poor woman! she seems to be utterly dragged out, and, in common with her husband and children, has that torpid, listless manner which is inseparable from those who have been the victims of the chills and fever.

"Ye-e-es," she said to me, with a long drawl, in reply to a question, while the fingers of one hand wandered feebly about her chin and face as if seeking for thought and resolution of purpose, which had forsaken it, if it had ever been there. "Ye-e-es, thar has been a deal of fever and agur whar we come from. Nigh all the children have been down with it. That child," pointing to a girl of four years old, with large blue eyes and long lashes, as pretty as any mother might be proud of, "has a chill every other day, and the others shook all last summer."

"What medicine you use?"

"Quinine. And a heap of it we have took since last June. Mr. Culbertson and the rest on us have took fifteen dollars and fifty cents wuth since that time."

"You have been very ill yourself, I should suppose."

"Oh no, I've not been sick, except a touch of congestive chill which I took just afore we got to Florence, where we took the steamboat to come down to Cairo. I had the chills and fever all last summer, but we're used to that. This congestive chill quite took me down. A power of people have died of that whar we come from."

Poor woman! there she sits on the sofa all day long, now and then her listless gaze following the motions of the two-year-old Quincy, who is playing about the floor. Unhappy, and yet fortunate, for her misery is tempered by her ignorance. At Memphis this family take another boat, which carries them up White River to Little Rock, and then out upon the wide prairie, to be swallowed up in that dim line which hovers between barbarism and civilization.

Out of Egypt there also came to us a strangely different pair. As those we have just described stand upon the outer border of civilization, this German man and his wife are near the centre, where the highest faculties of the intellect, the widest stretch of the imagination, are known. These are not the heavy-thoughted, clumsily limbed, honestly stupid Germans who may be found among the working population of this country. This man, with his introspective eyes, his classic face, and long, dark hair, is Auerbach's Eric; this woman, with flowing ringlets, gentle smile, and loving eyes, is



BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

Mauna; and they both are journeying through the New World. Theirs is not a life of dull commonplaces. Jean Paul is the lowest flight they take, unless it is to absorb some abstruse science, or evolve some hidden mystery of mechanics. Yes, this is the wonderful Eric—this later creation of the German fancy. An individual man whose knowledge embodies all there is of the past and present in mechanics, metaphysics, science, philosophy, prose, and poetry. Verily, this is the impossible Eric.

In this after cabin, of which we are writing, there are several more people, who are commonplace, who lounge about, walk the decks, and are punctual when the black stewardess stands behind the piano and rings a little bell, announcing one or the other of our three daily meals.

In the forward cabin, usually gathered about the big stove or at the tables playing cards, there is a motley group of men. There are two sprucely dressed young fellows from Baltimore who are going to Texas on a sporting expedition. Somewhere in the interior of that vast country they have a place well furnished with dogs, guns, and ammunition; the game, they say, comes of itself, of all sorts, and in any quantity, from black bear to quail.

Half a dozen quiet, orderly men I see day by day moving around; these appear to be merchants, farmers, or traders. But of altogether another sort is a part of our invoice from Cairo. Four of these are tall, muscular young fellows, from Kentucky I think, who, in the old time, when it was not honorable in the South to labor, would have turned out first-class ruffians. As it is, they have all the swagger and dare-devil manner which characterizes the cut-throat and bravo. All of this party carry pistols, a strange sight nowadays. One of them wears a Confederate gray coat, and a look into whose eyes reveals a story of adventure.

There is another gang in the forward cabin who are not even as respectable as those we have just described; these last are gamblers.



PLAYING POKER.

We had heard that this feature of steamboat life in the West had, since the war, disappeared. In truth, it has—or, at least, its character has changed.

You can not see now, as we did ten years ago, the cabin tables surrounded by planters, merchants, and politicians, calling themselves gentlemen, who would gamble from morning till night, and again till morning, staking, and often losing, their entire fortunes. We do not now encounter the elegant, gentlemanly, professional gambler, who was accomplished in every way, and not least in the use of the pistol and bowie-knife. Well-educated, fascinating gentlemen were they, whose hands were again and again stained with the blood of their fellow-creatures. All this class of men are hardly to be found in the Southwest in this goodly year of our Lord 1870. The war did splendid scavenger-work in sweeping them into the other world. And the young men now coming up into life, who would have been such as they, find a better existence in working for their daily bread. The gang of gamblers who are our companions on this trip belong to altogether another class than those whose places they fill. These are what the panel thief is to the bank burglar, what Burns is to Morrissey. It is amusing for your experienced traveler to watch the tricks and schemes of these miserable wretches. One of these is short, rather fat, dressed in black broadcloth, and carries under his plug hat a cunning, greasy, smooth-shaven face, which has small, ferrit-like eyes in it, and a red snub nose, like a carbuncle, imposed upon it. This man is called the "Judge," and is, I believe, the leader of the gang, although another fellow in common clothes, with a wolfish, cowardly countenance, gives the cue to all their doings. The third thief of the party is small in stature, with black mustache, and an assumed wobegone look. It is he who, in their make-believe games, bets wildly and largely, who most always loses, gets

angry, and appeals to the lookers-on. The fourth of the squad looks like an honest tradesman, who ought to be in better business than betting.

One day these gentlemen were playing at poker, which is a favorite game for their nefarious purposes. The "Carpenter"—we will give them such names as describe them best—had dealt "Ferret-eyes" a hand of three kings and a seven and eight of clubs. To "Wolf-mouth" he gave three aces and a nine and

ten of hearts. With these hands "Ferret-eyes" and "Wolf-mouth" began to bet and brag in the most excited way, talking to each other, appealing to the crowd, and getting up an enthusiasm pretty much as the clown and ring-master do in the circus, shouting and running in order to make the audience believe that the horse which the "equine queen" is riding is going fearfully fast, when it is all a sham, gotten up for effect. Such was the excitement about our steamboat gaming-table.

"I see your twenty dollars and go fifty better," shouts "Ferret-eyes."

"I sec your fifty and go ten better," screamed "Wolf-mouth."

"I see that, and make it one hundred," cries "Ferret-eyes."

At this point there was a dead pause and silence, broken in an instant by "Wolf-mouth," who turned beseechingly to the by-standers with the remark:

"Gentlemen, I'm blowed if I ain't strapped."

Meanwhile moving around the table there was a peaked sandy-haired man, who has on board forty mules, which he is taking to Memphis. This fellow had seen both hands, and knew that "Wolf-mouth" had the strong cards. Just at this moment he caught the gambler's eye, who continued:

"Ef I had a mule, wouldn't I sling him, ears and all, atop o' that pile?"

"You kin bet one of my mules," was the answer of "Sandy-hair."

"Will you take the mule?" cries "Wolf-mouth" to "Ferret-eyes."

"Yes," answered the other, asking the "Carpenter," as he had a right to by the laws of the game, for two cards, in place of his seven and eight of clubs. That obliging gentleman at once complied, giving him the fourth king and an ace. "Wolf-mouth" did not ask for more. They showed their hands. "Ferret-eyes" swept in the pool, and "Sandy-hair," to his dismay, had lost his mule.

Below stairs on the main-deck, among the corn-sacks, mules, and deck hands, there are other travelers, going I know not whither. Filthy, hungry, forlorn wretches are they; men, women, and children on the same errand which hurries us all onward, forward, somewhere; the struggle of humanity, whether on the lower deck or in the cabin, in the hovel or the palace, life, life, to live.

The state-rooms, or sleeping-chambers, on the boat are quite large; they have double berths, wash-basins, and mirrors, and all of this is kept in good, cleanly order. Of course there is a door opening out upon the guards. This doorway has blinds, and a printed notice on the wall tells you there are very good life-preservers, in the event of a burst up, or other accident. It is rather uncomfortable significant to see these means of saving life, and the constant call upon your attention, so prominent; but it is well to know that these and other means of safety, which also include cork life-preservers, are at hand. By-the-way, if there should be an accident, I prefer, as a matter of choice, one of the blinds.

It is a question whether this steamboating is a more dangerous mode of travel than others. It had a sort of settlement the other day, at least in the mind of one of the negroes, who exclaimed:

"If yer blowed up on the railroad, thar you is; but, good Lord, if yer blowed up on a steamboat, whar is yer?"

The cabin of our boat is so large that we are able to have tables placed across as well as lengthwise. Thus, instead of three fearfully long tables, where every thing is in confusion and all is in common, the passengers are divided up into parties of six and ten, to the convenience and comfort of all. The food provided is very palatable.

Take it all in all, the scenery of the lower Mississippi is monotonous. Bluffs rise here and there, but they vary but little from the flat, far-stretching corn and cotton fields and the border of cotton-wood forests. From Memphis to Cape Girardeau is found the most fruitful corn lands in the world. They raise from sixty to one hundred bushels to the acre. Sometimes we passed corn-fields which extended continuously for miles along the river and for a long distance inland. Many of these places were situated upon the shore of some shoot or side channel of the river, which could not be approached by our steamboat but for the high water. But now she entered fearlessly these side channels. All along the bank would be found piles of corn. A signal from its owner would cause our boat to swing round and take the pile of three or ten hundred sacks on board. Again and again and many times was this done, until we ceased to wonder at the receptive capacity of the vessel, and came to believe that there was no limit to her space.

To the passing observer there is very little of interest in the cities of the Mississippi. We

passed places whose names had significance mainly as having been associated with the war. New Madrid and its neighborhood interested me chiefly as having once had, some thirty years ago, a severe shock of earthquake, which submerged the land and disturbed the waters of the river to a dangerous degree. I was told that these shocks continued to take place, greatly to the terror and discomfort of the inhabitants. No explanation is given, if one is needed, for these phenomena in a country which evinces no other evidence of volcanic action. Fort Pillow no longer exists above the surface of the river. Several acres of forest and the remains of the fortification one day collapsed with more suddenness than did the rebellion, and sank beneath the flood. It was but little satisfaction to our curiosity to point to tree-tops swaying in the current as the spot where this famous fort once stood. At Memphis we took on board a party of twenty negroes, who had come all the way from Virginia, and were *en route* for the Red River country. I was told that it was easier to get these people over all the remainder of the long journey than through this city of Memphis, where they are waylaid, robbed, and maltreated. If the representations are true, Memphis is a thriving cut-throat hole, a shade worse even than the city of New York.

From Memphis down the river cotton is raised. The plantations are very large, or they were extensive before the war. Now and then we came upon plantations which seemed to be working a large number of hands, and the far-spreading fields were under cultivation; but most often we passed by lands which ten years ago were valued at hundreds of dollars per acre, but which were now overgrown with weeds, or perhaps the neglected levee had been worn away, and the mad waters were pouring swiftly in to lay waste the land.

At Helena we made quite a halt, in order to take on three hundred bales of cotton. We smiled derisively at the suggestion, but had the pleasure of seeing them piled up twenty feet high on the forward deck. We were to take this cotton to New Orleans; but at this point, and higher up, cotton usually goes up stream, and is forwarded east by railroad at Memphis or Evansville, on the Ohio.

Helena is a place of some commercial importance as the *dépôt* of transhipment for the White River country. Its social aspects, judging from a cursory view, would not fascinate a stranger. You know that General Hindman was assassinated in his own house here, not long since; and I saw an ugly population lounging about the streets and on the levee. Groggeries were to be found at every step, and in one of them a mob of negroes, with clenched fists and drawn knives, were discussing the question of mutual superiority in a way which could have only a bloody ending.

It took a long while for our deck hands to load up the bales of cotton. These men, who



A NIGHT LANDING.

have the technical name of "rousters," have put on board an immense amount of freight since we left St. Louis. They have been up at all hours of the day and night; and the mate, with his gruff voice, growls, unremittingly, "Take a sack, take a sack, take a sack!" or, when the barrels of flour came in, "Roll, roll, roll!" or, on all occasions, "Where are ye? where are ye? where are ye?" uttered at lower C without a change of tone. Whether the men work any faster because of his eloquent periods I do not know; but it is certain that, after four days out, they moved languidly, and made but little headway. These "rousters" are hired by the month, at the rate of \$45. They manage to ship just as the boat is leaving port, and after she is pretty well loaded. Perhaps there are worse occupations in life than theirs; but if I had a choice in the way of manual labor, it would not be in the line of a "rouster."

Lying at the levee at Helena we saw several of those unique flat-boats whose business it is to trade on the river. These float down the stream, or are propelled by broad sweeps; but there are trading steamboats which go from one place to another carrying all sorts of merchandise, which they sell or trade for hides, corn, cotton, or other products of the soil.

At Red River the gang of negroes from Virginia left us. It was after dark when we made our landing at the wharf-boat. As usual, when we made a night landing, the iron cages at the bow of the boat were filled with blazing pitch-pine knots, which threw a lurid light upon the immediately surrounding objects. Beyond those all was deep darkness. Out from the shadows of the between decks crept these poor wanderers. Some bore upon their backs bundles of bedding, clothing, cooking utensils, and children. Out of the darkness they came, men and women, young and old; in the glare of the torches they hobbled across the plank, and then disappeared in a deeper darkness. Some

said the scene was significant of the history and fate of the negro race; while others, more hopeful, said, "Nonsense, the history of the negro has just begun."

Vicksburg we came upon in the night. It was a pretty sight to gaze upon the many lights blinking and sparkling on the hill-side; and one could imagine the magnificent spectacle of the passage of the forts and batteries by the fleet during the war.

No fierce cannon belched forth iron and flame from all the hill-

side as we rounded the celebrated point and finally rested quietly at the wharf-boat. It would have been a great delight to have seen this famous strong-hold of the rebellion by day, to have followed the line of defense which so successfully contended against our arms; but the experience was not vouchsafed to us. A stoppage of a few hours occurred, and again the big steamboat was surging through the darkness.

Neither Natchez under the hill nor Natchez on top of the hill served to arrest our now rapid journey toward the Crescent City. It was on the ninth day of our journey after we left St. Louis that we arrived on the "coast," as that part of the river is termed which is fenced in with levees, behind which lie magnificent plantations of sugar. I had had but little idea of the extent of these sugar plantations. When they were in operation, and many are not, each place with its grand house and manufactory and negro cabins formed a village in itself. I was told that some of the establishments for converting the cane into sugar cost as high as three hundred thousand dollars.

Even with the enormous protective duty on sugar, I was informed by several planters that, with the difficulties of getting labor, it was impossible to raise sugar at a profit. The negro, it is said, is no longer available for economical labor. This is an important question, the merits of which it is not proper to discuss here, but it is one which affects the producing interests of the whole South. The planters are desirous of introducing the Chinese workman, but they say the government has interfered, forbidding long periods of service.

It was in the afternoon of a glorious sunny day that we were presented to the Crescent City, the commercial metropolis of the Southwest. Past groves of orange-trees filled with their rich yellow fruit, past elegant villas surrounded with the waving palm and far-spread-

ing oak, past gardens and fields clothed in fresh tints of green, past all that was charming and refreshing to the vision which a few days before had rested only upon snow and ice, we came upon the city of New Orleans.

The sun was going down behind us, and its

golden light illuminated each roof-top and wall and spire. So that all the length and breadth of this great city was bathed in splendid radiance. It was a noble presentation, and afforded a happy termination of our journey "down the Mississippi."

THE NEGATIVE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.



LIGHT AND DARK SPOTS OF THE OBJECT.

THE word *negative*, which the photographer applies to the first image which he obtains of the subject, whatever it may be, that he is to photograph, is rather a misnomer, inasmuch as the properties which characterize it, though striking and peculiar, do not seem very clearly to involve any idea of negation. If it had been called the *reverse*, instead of the negative, its name would have been perhaps more suggestive of its character. But the name negative is established, and must stand.

In the first impression which the photographer obtains upon the screen in the camera the image is reversed in three respects: first, in respect to top and bottom; secondly, in respect to right and left; and thirdly, in respect to light and shade.

First, the image is reversed in respect to top and bottom, as in the engraving on page 846. The reason is, that the rays proceeding from the upper part of the object *descend*, of course, in going toward the lens, and continuing their course after passing the lens, are brought to a focus at the *lower* part of the screen; while the

rays from the lower part of the object, *ascending*, come to a focus on the upper part of the screen.

Any person may easily observe this effect by means of any convex lens—a sun-glass, for example, or the glass of a pair of spectacles, such as are used by elderly people, and a sheet of white paper. In the evening, when there is but a single light in the room, as of a lamp, or candle, or gas-burner, an image of the flame may be thrown upon the paper by holding it at the proper distance. This image will be more or less distinct according to the perfection of the glass, the general darkness of the room, and the distance at which the glass and the screen are

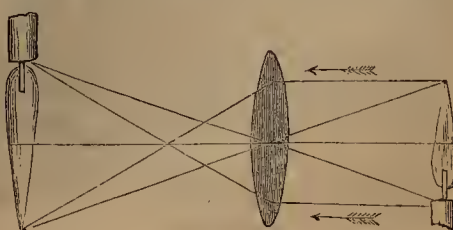




IMAGE REVERSED IN POSITION.

held from the source of light. Under ordinarily favorable circumstances quite a distinct image, both of the flame itself, and also of those parts of the object from which it issues which are most brightly illuminated by it, will be given, and it will be reversed in position.

The mode in which the lens accomplishes this inversion is illustrated in the engraving on page 845, where the rays of light, passing from the flame, in the direction of the arrows, through the lens, are refracted or bent in the direction shown by the lines. The image in all these cases is reversed not only in respect to top and bottom, but, on the same principle, and for the same reason, the right side of the object will be the left side of the image, and *vice versa*.

But perhaps the most important of all these reversals, and the only one with the rectifica-

tion of which we have to do in this article, is that in respect to light and shade. The thin, sensitive film which is spread over the plate of glass, or the sheet of metal or of paper, on which the image is to be impressed, consists always of some chemical substance which is *darkened* by the action of rays coming either directly from the sun, or by reflection from any object upon it. Consequently all those parts of the object which are of the lightest color—in other words, which reflect the light most perfectly—will cause the parts of the image corresponding to them to be the darkest, and *vice versa*.

For example, in our leading engraving the faces of the three figures, and certain points and portions of the dress, reflect the light strongly, and appear white in the engraving; while other portions, either from their color or from their being in a position to reflect less strongly the direct rays of the sun, appear more or less dark. Now, as the darkness or brightness of an object depends upon the degree in which it reflects the sun's rays, it is plain that the bright parts will throw most light into the camera, and affect those parts of the sensitive plate on which they fall most powerfully. In other words, the parts of the object which were lightest in the object will be darkest in the image; and, on the other hand, those which were dark in the object will throw *less* light into the camera, and will leave the corresponding parts of the image comparatively light.

It is usual, in speaking of the effect of the sun's rays upon the sensitive chemical plate in the camera, to attribute the efficiency to the *light*; but, strictly speaking, it is not the action of the luminous rays to which the change is due, but to certain other rays accompanying, and to some extent intimately blended with, the light-producing rays. Light and color are really sen-



NEGATIVE.



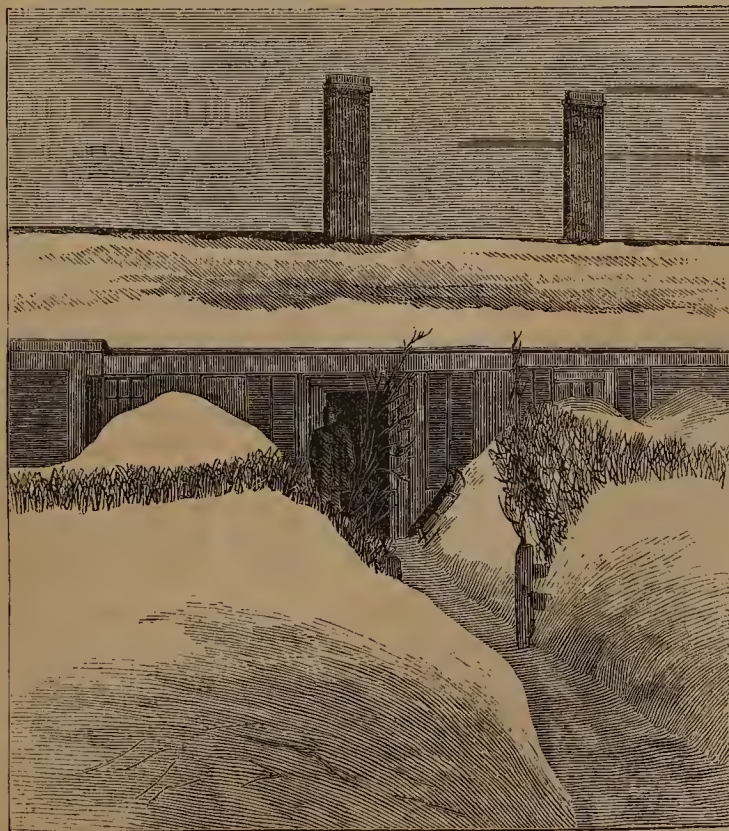
POSITIVE.

sations of the human mind, produced by the action of certain emanations from the sun upon the human sensorium, through the eye, and the portion of the cerebral system connected with it. The change produced in the sensitive plate in the camera is, on the other hand, a *chemical* effect produced upon a material substance. It is found, moreover, that the emanations, or radiations, which produce the one effect are different from those concerned in the other, and that, although the two influences usually accompany each other, they are really distinct in their nature and action, and may be, to a great extent, separated. The former are known by scientific men as the luminous rays, while the latter are designated the *actinic*, or chemical rays. These rays are, in a measure, separable from each other in the spectrum, and the actinic rays may even be so far isolated that photographic effects may be produced in the dark—



WINTER SCENE—THE NEGATIVE.

that is, without any luminous rays whatever striking upon the sensitive surface.



WINTER SCENE—THE POSITIVE.

In the same manner the rays of *heat* and *light*, which usually come combined in the radiations of the sun, may be separated by suitable devices, so that we may have solar heat without light, and solar light without heat. This separation is sometimes effected by natural means, as, for example, in the case of the moon, which sends us an abundant reflection of the sun's light, with a scarcely appreciable portion of his heat; and that of the *ground*, which, during the night, after a warm summer's day, returns to the atmosphere the *heat* which it received during the day, without any portion of the *light* which accompanied the heat in its emission from the sun.

The chemical and the luminous rays are thus often spontaneously dis severed from each other, to a greater or less extent, by the various reflections and refractions to which the so-

lar emanations are subject in falling upon different substances upon the earth's surface. Some substances reflect well the luminous rays on which their appropriate color depends, but not those necessary to act on the photographic surface. In other words, they look bright and pleasing to the eye, but, as the photographers say, "do not take well."

But to return to our "negative." The light parts of the object, throwing the strongest light into the camera, and thus acting most powerfully upon the sensitive surface there, as has been already explained, will, of course, make the corresponding parts of the image *dark*; while the dark parts of the object, reflecting little light, will affect the sensitive surface but little, and so leave the parts of the image corresponding to them *light*. Thus the lights and shades of the picture will be the reverse of those in the reality.

The engravings on page 846, representing the negative and the positive of the same object, show this reversal of the light and shade very clearly—the former, the negative, giving the effect actually produced, in the first instance, on the sensitive plate, and the second showing the lights as they exist in reality, in the object, and as they ought to be in the picture.

The illustration shows only the third of the three reversals before mentioned, the other two having been corrected before making the engraving. It remains now only to show how this is also corrected, by the production of a positive picture from the negative, after the negative has been obtained from the natural object by the camera.

The negative is usually taken by photographers upon *glass*. The glass is previously covered upon one side with a thin coating of the sensitive chemical substance on which the impression is to be made. This plate, thus coated, is placed in the camera, and exposed for the proper time to the action of the actinic rays existing in the image of the subject formed by the lens—the bright parts of the image becoming dark, of course, and the dark parts remaining bright.

From the negative thus formed the positives, or the copies intended for use, are afterward printed by allowing the light to pass *through the negative* to a sheet of sensitive paper placed beneath it. Of course the image now formed upon the paper will be *re-reversed*, so to speak, and will come out in the proper condition in respect to light and shade; for those parts of the glass which had been most darkened by the bright parts of the image falling upon them will now shelter the corresponding parts of the paper beneath, while those which had been left most transparent will allow the rays to pass through. Thus the picture on the paper will become the reverse, in respect to light and shade, of that on the glass, and will correspond with the subject itself from which the picture is taken.

The difference in character between the negative and the positive image is very clearly shown

in winter scenery, where the snow, reflecting in all its power the full radiance of the sun, blackens completely those parts of the sensitive surface of the negative on which its image falls; while the other objects, which absorb large portions of the actinic rays, represent themselves more faintly. These effects are shown very strikingly in the engravings on page 847, which are copied respectively from a view taken last winter of a portion of the country home of the writer, while the deep snows still remained upon the ground. In this case the reversal in respect to top and bottom is corrected, while those in respect to light and shade, and also in respect to right and left, remain.

MY DISTINGUISHED FRIEND SELTSAM.

I.

THE evening of September 19, 1855, I went to call on my old university friend, the distinguished Dr. Seltzam, Professor of General Pathology, Clinical Lecturer, Accoucheur to the Grand Duchess, etc., etc. I found him alone in his magnificent drawing-room in Bergstrasse, his elbow resting on a little black marble table and his eyes fixed on a crystal globe, which seemed filled with perfectly clear water.

Spite of the crimson rays of twilight which came in by the three lofty windows opening on the palace gardens, my friend Seltzam's lean face, with its razor-shaped nose and prominent chin, seemed to borrow from the globe a frightful sort of livid tint, somewhat like the head of a corpse freshly decapitated, and the red edging of his dressing-gown completed the illusion.

All this surprised me so that I did not dare interrupt him in his reflections, and was even on the point of withdrawing, when a big footman whom I had found snoring in the ante-chamber took it into his head to open one eye and cry out with stentorian voice: "Counselor Theodore Kilian!"

Seltzam, with a long-drawn breath, turned slowly round to me like an automaton, and holding out his hand, said, "Salve tibi, Theodore! Quomodo vales?"

"Optime, Adrien," I answered. Then with raised voice: "What are you at there, my dear fellow? I should think you were puzzling over the doctrine of Sangrado!"

But here his face wore so singular an expression that I stopped, confused and astonished.

"Theodore," said he, after an instant's silence, "this is no joking matter. I am studying the ailment of your respectable aunt Annah Wunderlich. What you told me day before yesterday is serious. These fits of ecstatic excitement, these sudden starts, and particularly the venerable lady's exaggerated expressions in speaking of Haydn's 'Creation,' Handel's oratorios, and Beethoven's symphonies, all indicate some dangerous kind of affection."

"And you expect to get at the bottom of it in this vessel of cold water?"

"Exactly. It's very lucky you came. I was thinking of you." Then pointing to a violin hanging against the wall—"Would you be good enough to play me Mozart's 'Abduction from the Seraglio?'" This invitation seemed to me so odd that I began to doubt whether my poor friend Seltam's brains were not on the point of taking leave of him, like my poor aunt's; but, guessing my thoughts, he resumed, ironically, "Don't be alarmed, my dear Theodore, don't be alarmed. My intellectual faculties are intact. I am on the way to a great—to a sublime discovery!"

"Very good; that's enough."

And taking down the violin, I looked at it with envious eyes. It was one of the famous Lévenhaupt's, of which Frederick II. had a dozen made to accompany him in his flute-playing—perfect, irreproachable instruments, which some connoisseurs put on a par with the Stradivarius. However that may be, I had scarcely laid the bow across the strings when it seemed as if all that had been told me about them were below the reality; and what with the elegance of the composition and the purity of the tone, I felt as if I were lifted to the seventh heaven.

"O great, great master!" cried I. "O sublime melodist! Who could be insensible to such grace, vigor, and inspiration!" My hat had rolled off, my eyes were half closed, and my knees tottered beneath me. I was beside myself. For me, Seltam, the globe, and my aunt's ailments had no further existence. About an hour after I waked as from a dream, stretched on Dr. Adrien's sofa, and wondering what had happened. I saw Seltam armed with a strong lens still before his globe. The water had become turbid, and myriads of *infusoria* were shooting back and forward in it in every direction.

"Well, Seltam," cried I, in a weak voice, "are you satisfied?"

Hereupon he came toward me, his face radiant with joy, and seizing both my hands, cried, emphatically, "Thanks! thanks! my dear and excellent friend, a thousand thanks! You have just rendered the greatest service to science!"

I stood confounded. "How! by merely playing an air I have done science a service, have I?"

"Yes, my dear Theodore, and you shall learn the glorious share you have taken in solving the great problem. Come with me. You shall see every thing, understand every thing." He lit a candelabra, for night had come on, opened a side-door, and signed to me to follow him.

A prey to the deepest emotion, I followed him, and, as we passed through several rooms in succession, it seemed as if some revolution were about to occur in my whole nature, and I was on the point of receiving the key to invisible worlds. The candelabra threw its dazzling light on the sumptuous furniture of the

splendid house. Ornaments, pictures, and carpets spread out in dim vistas through the gloom; smiling heads, half starting from their frames, looked down on us as we passed; and the light, glancing on from gilding to gilding, led us at last to the landing of a broad staircase with bronze balustrade.

We descended into an inner court, where the furtive sound of our steps echoed in the distance like mysterious whispers. In this court I noticed that the air was calm, and countless stars were shining in the sky. Our journey led us past several doors, at one of which Seltam stopped, and turning to me, said:

"Here is my amphitheatre. It is here that I labor and dissect. Don't be disturbed. It is only into the hands of death that nature will render up her secrets."

I was scared, and would have been glad to back out; but as Adrien had gone in without waiting for my answer, I was fain to follow. I entered, then, pale with emotion, and saw stretched on a great oaken table a body—the body of a young man—the arms close against the sides, head back, and eyes staring, motionless as a clod.

He had a fine forehead. On his left side a deep wound had pierced the breast. But what most impressed me was neither the sight of the wound nor the sombre grimness of the head—it was the motionless stillness. "So this is man!" said I to myself; "inertia—eternal rest!" I was still benumbed by the crushing weight of this feeling when Seltam, laying the edge of his scalpel on the inert body, said to me:

"All this was alive: all this will come to life again. Thousands of existences, the bond-slaves of a single force, are ready to regain their freedom. All that has ceased to exist in this body is the power of command, the authority which imposed upon all these individual lives a single direction—the will! This power lay here."

And he struck the head, which gave back a dull thud like a block of wood.

I was chilled with horror, yet Seltam's words somewhat reassured me. "So we are not to believe that every thing is annihilated?" cried I. "So much the better. I had rather live in detail than not live at all."

"Yes," cried Seltam, who seemed to read on my forehead the thoughts which were passing within—"yes! man is immortal in detail—each molecule composing him is imperishable; they all live! but their life, their sufferings, are transmitted to the soul which rules them, consults their needs, and imposes on them its will. Men have sought for the type of the most perfect government, and have claimed to find it in a bee-hive or an ant-hill. This ideal model is here!" and he plunged his scalpel into the body and opened it completely. I drew back with horror; but he, not even appearing to notice my movement, went on, calmly:

"First let us see the means of action and

transmission employed by the soul. You see these thousands of white fibres branching over the whole body; these are the nerves, the high-roads of this vast country where lightning-like couriers are ever hurrying up and down, carrying to the extremities the orders of the central molecule, or warning the latter of the wants and dangers which affect or threaten its countless subjects. Then every thing stirs, is agitated, and gets on—every thing tends to the end assigned it by the soul. Yet each molecule has its own task and its own nature. Thus, Theodore, look at the organs of respiration—the lungs; here, again, are those of the circulation of the blood—the heart, veins, and arteries; and here are those of digestion—the stomach and intestines. Well, you are not to fancy that they are composed of the same elements, the same beings. No; when decomposition takes place the lungs produce the kind of insects called *douves*, which fasten themselves like leeches by their pores; their body is long and thread-shaped. The intestines produce *lombrics*, formed of fleshy rings; these are cylindrical, pink, and tapered off at the extremities, without any resemblance to the *douves*. The heart produces *hematodic fungi*, a sort of little corrosive mushrooms; and so on of each organ.

“The living man is a whole universe subject to one *will*! Know, too, that each one of these infinitesimals has its immortal soul. The Supreme Being gives no monopoly in immortality; for every thing, from the atom to the immeasurable whole of space, is subject to absolute justice; no molecule is ever out of the place its merit assigns it, and this alone explains the admirable order of the universe. Just as man, a particle of humanity, obeys God enforcedly, so the molecule acts according to the will of the living man. Now do you understand, Theodore, the infinite power of this great being, whose will acts on us as our soul acts on our flesh and blood? Nature, whole and entire, is God’s flesh and blood. He suffers by her, lives by her, thinks by her, acts by her; each one of her atoms is imperishable, for God can not perish in a single one of his atoms.”

“But where, pray, is liberty?” cried I. “If I am a subject molecule, how am I responsible for my actions?”

“Liberty remains intact,” said Seltsam, “for the molecule of my flesh may revolt against my whole being, and that is just what actually happens; but then it perishes, and my organism eliminates it. It has been free; it has borne the consequences of its action. I, too, am free: I can revolt against the laws of God; I can abuse my power over the existences which compose me, and by that very act bring on my dissolution. The molecules become independent again, and my soul loses its power. When we have shown that we suffer from our own faults, is it not clear that we are responsible for them, and consequently free?”

I had nothing more to answer, and we sat

there looking at each other as if each would read the other’s very soul.

“My dear Seltsam,” said I at last, “all this appears very logical and fine in theory; but I don’t understand how it all bears on your globe, my aunt’s illness, and the music you just got me to play for you.”

“Nothing simpler,” said he, smiling. “You can’t but know that the vibration of sounds impresses on sand spread over a drum-head rapid movements, and causes it to describe geometrical figures of wonderful regularity—”

“Certainly; but—”

“But hear me out!” cried he, impatiently. “Sound acts in the same way on the molecules of a fluid, resulting in infinite combinations—with this difference, however, that these molecules being movable, the figures resulting are animate beings; this is what physicists call equivocal creation. Now sounds, acting on the nervous system, produce an electric discharge, which in turn acts on the fluids inclosed in our bodies, from which spring thousands and thousands of insects, which attack the organism and produce a crowd of ailments, such as singing in the ears, deafness, dim sight, epilepsy, catalepsy, idiocy, nightmare, convulsions, St. Vitus’s dance, nervous colic, sore throat, palpitations; and in general that infinitude of ailments to which women devoted to music are peculiarly subject, and whose nature has till now remained unknown. In fact, the insects I have mentioned, viz.: *myriapods*, six-footed and wingless; *thysanuræ*, which have their abdomen fringed at the side with false paws; *parasites*, with smooth eyes and mouth formed like a sucker; *coleopteræ*, with very strong jaws; *lepidopteræ*, with two threads rolled in a spiral for a tongue; *neuropteræ*, *hymenopteræ*, *ripiphoræ*—all these myriads of devouring creatures are dispersed through the interior of our bodies, as in an old honey-combed bit of furniture; they dig in with their pincers, their nails, their bills, their rasps, their snouts, and pull you to pieces from top to bottom. ’Tis just the same story as that of the Roman people, enervated by Asiatic luxury, while the barbarians devour it without resistance.”

Seltsam’s description made my very hair stand on end. “And so you think,” cried I, “that music is the cause of these disasters?”

“Incontestably. You have only to watch women long in the habit of playing on the organ, the piano, or the harp, to be convinced of it. Your unfortunate aunt is threatened with speedy destruction; I know but one way of preventing it.”

“What way, Seltsam? Though her presumptive heir, I can not in conscience but do all I can to save her.”

“Yes,” replied he, “I recognize your usual delicacy. It is affection and not interest which guides you. But it is late, Theodore; I just heard it strike twelve. Come back to-morrow at ten in the evening, when I shall have ready the only means of saving Madame Annah. I

wish you to owe her cure to me. It will be radical, on my academic honor!"

"No doubt; no doubt. But couldn't you tell me—"

"What use would it be? To-morrow you shall know all. I can hardly keep awake."

We crossed the court-yard, and he opened the *porte cochère* on the Bergstrasse; we pressed each other's hands as we said good-evening, and I got back to my room, plunged in the most dismal reflections.

II.

I did not sleep a wink the whole night for puzzling how Seltam would manage to free my respectable aunt Wunderlich of her *ascariides*. All next day I was tormented with the same idea. I went hither and thither, questioning myself aloud, and people in the street turned round to watch me, so marked was my agitation. Passing before the shop of the druggist Koniam, I stopped over an hour reading the endless labels of his vials and jars—*asafoetida*, *arsenic*, *chlorine*, *potassium*, Chiron's balm, Capuchin's remedy, Madame Stefen's remedy, Fioraventi's ditto, etc., etc.

"Heavens!" thought I, "what a clever fellow it must need to light on just the vial to cure us, without eliminating the central molecule! What courage it must require to deal with *asafoetida*, or Capuchin's remedy, or Fioraventi's, when a simple bit of bread or meat so often causes us an indigestion!"

That evening, supping *tête-à-tête* with my excellent annt, I watched her with an eye of compassion.

"Alas!" thought I. "What would you say, poor Annah Wunderlich, if you knew that millions of ferocious microscopic creatures are bent on your ruin, while you are quietly taking your cup of tea?"

"Why do you look so at me, Theodore?" asked she, uneasily.

"Oh! nothing—nothing—"

"Yes, but I see that you don't think me looking well to-day. I look ill, don't I?"

"Why, yes, you are rather pale. I would wager that you have received a lot more music?"

"Why, certainly; yesterday I received the opera 'The Great Darius'—a sublime work! a—"

"I thought so. You have been all night drumming on the piano, striking attitudes, going into ecstasies, crying out, 'Ah! oh! perfect! wonderful! divine!'"

She turned crimson.

"What does this mean, Sir? Haven't I the right—"

"Oh! I don't dispute it; but it's ridiculous. You are ruining your nervous system; you—"

"My nervous system! You are going cracked yourself; you don't know what you are talking about!"

"For Heaven's sake, be calm, aunt! An-

ger causes electric discharge, which in turn produces insects by myriads—"

"Insects!" cried she, starting up as if moved by a spring. "Insects! have you ever seen insects about me, you wretch? What, do you dare— Why, it's outrageous! Insects! Louise! Kate! Leave the house, Sir!"

"But, aunt—"

"Go, Sir! Go! I disinherit you!"

She screamed—stammered—her cap got pushed awry: it was a frightful job.

"Come, come!" cried I, getting up, "don't let's get vexed. Why, the deuce! aunt, I am not talking about the insects you think; I am talking about *myriapods*, *thysanuræ*, *coleoptera*, *lepidoptera*, *parasites*—the whole countless crowd of little monsters which have taken up their quarters with you to devour you!"

At these words Aunt Wunderlich fell back in her chair, arms dangling, head fallen forward, and face so pale that the rouge on her cheeks looked like blood spots.

I made but one bound from our house to Seltam's hotel. As I rushed in I must have been pale as death.

"My dear fellow! There's a crisis—"

But I stopped in amazement. Seltam had got together a numerous company. There were, first, the Conservator of the Archæological Museum, Daniel Bremer, with his big powdered wig and maroon-colored coat, full face, and froggy eyes; he had in his mouth a sort of mammoth bagpipe, whose use he seemed to be explaining to the others. Then the orchestral leader, Christian Hoffer, with an opera hat, crumpled up in a big chair, with his long legs stretched in distant perspective under the table; he was playing with his bony fingers on the keys of another queer instrument of tubular shape, and did not even look up at me when the door opened, so absorbed was he in his studies. Kasper Marbach, anatomical lecturer at St. Catherine's Hospital, and Rebstock, Dean of the Faculty of Belles-Lettres, both in black coat and white cravat, were also there, one armed with an immense bronze waiter, the other girded with a sort of wild Indian drum of wood and buckskin.

These sober people, seated about the candelabra, with cheeks puffed out, stick raised, and meditative faces, made so droll an impression on me that I stopped short on the threshold, neck out and mouth open, like one in a dream. Seltam coolly pushed me a chair, and the conservator went on with his explanations.

"This, gentlemen," said he, "is the famous *busca-tibia* of the Swiss. Its terrible sounds reverberate with prolonged majesty among the echocs, and rise above the crash of the torrents. If Counselor Theodore will be so good as to take it, I don't doubt he will get a superb effect out of it;" and solemnly handing me the horn, and turning to Kasper Marbach,

"Your drum, Sir, is the most admirable thing of the kind which we have, the *karabo* of the Egyptians and Abyssinians. The jugglers use

it as dancing music for the bayadères and the serpents."

"Is that the way?" said Marbach, thumping away alternately right and left.

"Very well, very well indeed! You will get on; and as for the dean, he will only have to give a rap from moment to moment on his gong, the famous *tomtom*, whose dismal sounds resemble the toll of the great bell in our cathedral. It will have a colossal effect, especially in the silence of the night. You all understand, gentlemen?"

"Perfectly."

"Then we can set off."

"One moment," said the doctor; "we must inform Theodore of our plan." Then, turning in to me,

"My dear friend, your respectable aunt's ailment demands an heroic remedy. After long reflection I have been struck with a brilliant idea. What is her trouble? A relaxation of the nervous system, the debility resulting from the abuse of music. Well, what shall we do in such cases? The most rational way is to combine in the same treatment Hippocrates's principle, *contraria contrariis curantur*, and that of our immortal Hahnemann, *similia similibus curantur*. What can be more contrary to the tame and sentimental music of our operas than the wild music of the Hebrews, the Caribs, and the Abyssinians? Nothing. So I borrow their instruments, play your respectable aunt a Hottentot air, and the principle *contraria contrariis* is satisfied. On the other hand, what is more like music than music? Evidently nothing. So the principle *similia similibus* is also satisfied." This idea seemed to me sublime.

"Seltsam!" I cried; "you are a man of genius! Hippocrates summed up the thesis, and Hahnemann the antithesis of medicine, but you have just created the synthesis. It is a magnificent discovery!"

"I know that," said he; "but hear me through. I have consequently called in the Conservator of the Archæological Museum, who not only consents to lend us the *tomtom*, the *busca-tibia*, and the *karabo* from his collection, but is also kind enough to help us by playing on the fife, which will fill out our little improvised music party very happily."

I made a low bow to the conservator, and begged to express my gratitude. He appeared touched at this, and said:

"My dear counselor, I am happy to be of service to yourself as well as to your respectable aunt Annah Wunderlich, whose many virtues are clouded by this unlucky exaggeration of musical indulgence, and the abuse of stringed instruments. If we can only succeed in bringing her back to the simple tastes of our fathers!"

"Yes, if we could only succeed!" cried I.

"Come on, gentlemen," cried Seltsam; "come on!"

We all marched down the large staircase. It was striking eleven, and the night was dark and starless, while the street lanterns swung,

and the weather-cocks creaked in the frequent gusts of wind. We crept along the walls like evil-doers, each holding his instrument of music concealed about him.

At my aunt's door, I slipped the key softly into the lock, and Seltsam having lit a bit of candle, we quietly entered the vestibule, where each one took position before the bedroom door, and, with his instrument at his lips, awaited the signal. All this had been so discreetly managed that nothing in the house had stirred. Seltsam even softly opened the door a crack, and then, raising his voice, cried, "Go ahead!"

And I puffed at my bull's horn, while *tomtom*, fife, and *karabo* did their best to aid the din.

It would be impossible to describe the effect of this wild music—you would have thought the roof was coming down. We heard a cry from within; but, far from stopping, we were seized with a sort of madness; the big drum and *tomtom* broke out afresh, till I couldn't even hear my own horn, whose blasts generally rise above the crash of the thunder-bolt; but the *tomtom* was the stronger; its slow and dismal vibrations awakened in us a feeling of inexpressible terror, as at the approach of a feast of cannibals, where one should have to figure as roast sirloin. Our hair stood up on our heads like wands: the last trump, when it sounds the *reveille* of the dead, will scarcely have an effect more terrible.

Twenty times had Seltsam cried to us to stop; but we were deaf, possessed with a sort of demoniac frenzy. At last, panting, exhausted, and scarce able to stand, so used up were we, we were fain to stop our frightful racket. Then Seltsam, with raised finger, said:

"Silence! listen!"

But we could not hear the slightest sound for the humming in our ears. In a few moments the doctor, uneasy, pushed open the door, and went in to see the effect of his remedy. We waited impatiently, but he did not come back; and I was on the point of entering myself, when he came out, pale as death, and with a strange look.

"Gentlemen," said he, "let's be off!"

"But what is the result of the experiment, Seltsam?"

I was holding his arm. He turned round abruptly and answered, "Well, she's dead!"

"Dead!" cried I, starting back.

"Yes, the electrical commotion was too violent; it destroyed the *ascarides*, but it unluckily crushed the central molecule. However, that proves nothing against my theory. Your aunt died *cured*!" And he left the house.

We followed, pale with terror. Once outside, we scattered, some right, some left, without a word. We were appalled at the upshot of our adventure. The next day the whole town heard that Madame Annah Wunderlich had died suddenly. The neighbors asserted that they had heard strange, terrible, and unusual noises; but, as it had been an unusually

stormy night, the police made no investigation. Besides, the doctor called to testify to the death declared that Madame Annah died of an attack of apoplexy, playing the final duo of the "Great Darius;" they had found her seated in an arm-chair before her piano.

About six months after Dr. Seltsam published a work on the treatment of *helminthæ* (intestinal worms) by music, which had incredible success. Prince Hatto de Schlittenhof sent him the grand cross of the Black Vulture, and her Highness the reigning Duchess deigned to compliment him in person. They even talk of choosing him President of the Scientific Association.

As for me, I shall reproach myself my life

long with having been instrumental in my dear aunt's death, by blowing for a whole quarter of an hour into that abominable *busca-tibia*, which may Heaven confound! True, I had no notion of harming her; on the contrary, I hoped to free her of her *ascarides*, and give her many more years of life; but she died of it, for all that, worthy woman, and I shall never get over it.

Heaven is my witness that the notion of smashing the central molecule never entered my head. Alas! I confess, to my shame, I should have laughed in any one's face who had come to me with the idea that you could kill even a fly *with a tune*.

LIFE IN BRITTANY.

I.—A WEEK AT NANTES.

WE passed out of the Mont Parnasse station, Paris, promptly at half past nine in the evening, and as promptly, at six the next morning, we glided into Nantes, the ancient capital of ducal Brittany. In eight hours and a half we had traversed France from the metropolis nearly to where the shores of Biscay form the western boundary of the empire; and, leaving in the evening the splendid centre of the latest civilization, we awoke amidst a primitive people, whose ideas and habits were in many things those of a by-gone age. Fortunately the early morning sun had awakened us out of that troubled slumber which one snatches as he can when traveling by rail; and during the last two hours of our journey we were able to enjoy to the fullest the singular landscape of the lower Loire.

The Loire, rising in the east of France, and holding an erratic course through its centre, becomes, near Nantes, a broad, deep, and swiftly flowing stream, bordered by meadowy banks, and holding in its bosom a multitude of fertile little islands. The railway runs along its northern bank, following closely the windings of the river. From the carriage window the eye stretches over the lovely islands which are almost crowded as they lie in the stream, so numerous are they, and beyond them were beautiful meadows, with their quaint villages and plenteous crops, until the sight is bounded by a range of lofty, and here and there craggy hills, whose summits are now thick with chestnut and oak forests, now crowned by an ancient Breton château, and now bearing upon their sides a curious, sleepy village, and on the very summit a stately old church, in singular contrast with its flock of lowly huts. In the Loire itself the busy world of raftsmen and fishermen, of little steamers and pleasure yachts, was already astir; and we were amused to note, among the former, how primitive and old-fashioned was their *modus operandi*; how the rafts were still navigated by long poles planted in the river's bottom, and the sails were those of the Middle Ages; and with what patient, snail-like plod-

ding each man did his allotted work. Afterward it occurred to us that this first glimpse of Breton river-life was a hint of the condition of that province in all respects—material, intellectual, social, and religious; for we discovered that in all things these Bretons were slow and patient; that they clung to old customs, appliances, and thoughts, and hated the new civilization as an impudent intruder; that here, of all sections of France, the old religion held the least disputed sway; that education was backward, learning rare; that the stiff and ceremonious social life which, elsewhere, revolutions had subdued, here remained stagnant, and gave the key-note of communication between man and man.

The first view of Nantes, as we emerged from the station, and were for once pleasantly disappointed in not being forced to pass through a pandemonium of importunate *cochers*, was striking indeed. The station stands at one end of the town, upon a slight eminence; and from its porch our view to its further limits was almost uninterrupted. There lay, just awakening to its daily labor, the quaint and fine old city of another age, only just modernized enough to keep life in it.

Just below us the river wound in an abrupt turn, passing on through the midst of the town, and flowing rapidly—perhaps merrily, as if not suspecting its defilement by the crowded city—perhaps desperately, as if conscious that it *must* "flow on forever," defiled or not; and now, as it disappeared among the houses, dividing into many separate streams, and forming as many crowded and thickly built islands, straight before us, its foundation below the level of the street, stood the ancient castle-palace of the sovereign dukes of Brittany, repaired here and there for present garrison service, but wearing the gloomy and mouldy look of extreme age; while just beyond, on the summit of a hill overlooking the castle, stood the square-towered cathedral, "built," the guide-book told us, "in the twelfth century," and now showing indications of the revolutionary desecration which the venerable pile had suffered more than once.

A rickety old city it was, too, as we gazed on it from the station portico. Houses were leaning over against each other, or jutting threateningly over the narrow streets in a most ludicrously drunken fashion; some were sunk below the street, and seemed about to topple into the waters of the Loire; others sought each other's mutual support, and seemed to have made an eternal contract on the principle of "united we stand, but divided we fall." Further down, where the Loire, passing the populated islands, remingled its waters into one wide sweeping stream, lay the shipping—small vessels mostly, engaged in the coasting trade, and now moored to the fine long quays; to build which the Nantais were forced to give up—and not without much conservative grumbling about "these terrible times"—their favorite shady promenade at the river's side. The whole place looked so temptingly odd, so refreshingly unique, that we declined the services of the neat little round omnibus which stood ready to accommodate passengers, and made up our minds to walk to the hotel. My companion fortunately knew the "ins and outs" of the town, having been there before, and promised to lead me through its most interesting parts.

It was Saturday; and, for one reason, we could not have hit upon a better day and hour to reach Nantes. It was the great weekly market-day, when the peasants and *bonnes* from all the surrounding neighborhood came in with their various stock, and the fishermen reaped the reward of their last few days' patient, monotonous toil. It was just the time, my friend said, to see them coming in, and to visit the central "halle." We passed down the hill from the station, took our course along the street which passed just below the high castle walls, and which bordered the river, where the small tradesmen had already begun to let the light of morning in upon their wares, and to prepare for the bartering of the day. Finally we came to a large, open, paved square, one side of which was open toward the quays and the river, and the other three inclosed by tall, ancient buildings, so fantastically decorated with façades and window-carvings that they must once have been the homes of the great, but which were now occupied, in *étages*, by merchants in the lower, and tradespeople and working-people in the upper stories. The square, called the "Place du Marché," presented a most animated, and even to the traveler wearied with sight-seeing, a most interesting scene; for the market was already open, and the farmers—of whom there were far more women and stout, hearty girls than of the sterner sex—were arriving, with their odd-looking wagons of every shape, size, and beast of burden, filled to the top with fruits and vegetables. There were booths made of wood, some with canvas, others with wooden roofs, open on every side, and supplied with stalls fitted to receive the various produce; while the

poorer market-people—those who could not afford the tax for the luxury of a booth—were fain to content themselves with a rude table surmounted by a huge cotton umbrella, or even to spread a cloth upon the pavement, deposit their wares thereon, and deliberately squat down on the ground beside it. It may not be known to all of my readers that in Brittany each village or commune has its peculiar costume—no two having the same; and it is also a matter of pride with the rustic folk that their distinctive dress shall be as unique and showy as possible. The effect of this lively market scene, therefore, was vastly enhanced by the great variety of color and form in the *coifs* and shawls, the shoes and skirts of the women—these having come from some dozen or twenty villages within a range of fifteen miles around Nantes. There was, indeed, little difference in the dress of the men—the empire of dress being conceded, in that primitive district, as all the world over, to woman; it was upon the persons of the *bonnes* that you observed more especially the peculiarities of the costumes. The *coifs*, or head-caps, were the most noticeable feature of the women's attire; and, although neatness is by no means a Breton trait, the Breton women are not only very proud of the starch cleanliness and fineness of their *coifs*, but will often purchase one—so as to outdo their neighbors—with the earnings of a month's hard drudgery. And here, on the market square, was a perfect sea of these dazzling white *coifs*; some flat and broad at the back, some long and tunnel-like, extending parallel behind the head, some perpendicular and rising high above the forehead, some resembling the familiar cap of the Venetian doges, some more simple, fitting close to the skull and adorned by long, fanciful strings reaching to the waist. Their dresses had the peculiarity of extending from the arms, without tapering in the least, to the middle, being as large below as above; and they all wore little shawls fastened in front, and as various in shape, color, and decoration as were the localities from which they came. The men were mostly habited in short jackets, with high, close vests, broad-brimmed hats, leggings, and huge wooden shoes called *sabots*, turning up at the end, and held to the foot by a single strap. But these people themselves, their physiognomies and manners, were quite as curious as their costumes. Mostly rather under medium height, they were solidly and compactly built, their features were hard, sunburnt, and positive, and their whole appearance that of a stolid, sturdy, hard-plodding, obstinate, persevering peasantry. Energy was written upon every face, but energy of an ignorant and dogged sort. Their movements were deliberate, and, except that all over the square an incessant chattering was kept up, there seemed to be little in common between these rude Celts of the west and what are generally regarded as traits of the French character. Brittany was the last of those provinces,

which now compose the French empire, to submit to Roman domination; the last to give up that Druidical government and worship which, even to our modern eyes, had something about it imposing and grand in its simplicity; and the last to receive that mixed civilization which began to fructify in France under the Merovingian kings. It will, probably, be the last to break away from its superstitious allegiance to papal Rome. It is here, therefore, of all France, that you find the purest remains of the Celtic race; and that the hardy and stubborn traits of the Celt, discoverable also in Wales and the Scottish highlands, are still to be found in the ideas and manners of the people. These market-people exhibited a very marked contrast to the peasantry in other parts of France. Sharp at a bargain, shrewd in judging physiognomy and character, quick to seize an advantage, wonderfully clever in the art of bartering, their movements were yet heavy, their faces dull, and their sense harder and more positive than sparkling or versatile. When the buying and selling began it was amusing to witness the haggling and beating down, the fist-shaking and screaming, the rivalry between neighboring vendors, the blunt humor and quaint retorts, the general hubbub and clamor which ensued. Although a primitive people, as far as their backwardness in civilization and their seclusion from the line of travel and the centres of enterprise are concerned, they are, as I had good reason to know during my visit, by no means primitively honest. To that obscure corner of the continent has penetrated the familiar legend that the pockets of Englishmen and Americans are exhaustless, and their "gullibility" boundless; and a single glance of their sharp Breton eye is enough to convince them whether he who stands before them be or not an Anglo-Saxon victim, ready for the sacrifice. In the market-place it was easy to see that the buying and selling were every where a contest, in which the buyer's part was to beat down as much as he could, and the seller's to maintain as high a price as he could; and the whole art of "sharp trading" seemed, among this quaint folk, to have reached perfection. Many were the shouts raised as we passed among the stalls—for they recognized our nationality at once—calling on us to look at the wares, and begging us to buy a "*petit sou*" worth of this or that. Some followed us, holding in somewhat disagreeable proximity to our faces every species of fruit and vegetable, from carrots and cabbages to melons and pears, and, in tones that were meant to be seducing, pretended to offer them to us at a sacrifice. Others, who had—it is impossible to conjecture how—picked up a few English words and phrases, thought to win our patronage by regaling us with a mangled Breton version of our mother-tongue. "Goot day-ee, Sirr;" "Vill yoo a-erve zoom—zoomzing—zis mornnang?" "I go vur to show you zoomzing farry goot!"—these are but feeble specimens of some of the

sentences which assailed our ears, and afforded us amusement. We left the market, after thoroughly enjoying the scene, and passed up the hilly Rue Crebillon—the principal thoroughfare of Nantes, but as narrow and gloomy-looking as the Roman Corso—and, reaching the top, found ourselves in the principal square of the city. It was an oldish, stately, musty-looking square, on the very crest of the hill. On one side stood the theatre, built in the Pantheon style, with a row of high columns supporting an ornate façade, and surmounted by statues of nine very lugubrious Muses, each one of whom having paid the penalty for being patiently graceful for centuries by having lost some limb or other part equally necessary to the symmetry of the human figure. Two sides of the square were composed of high, ancient buildings, uniform in construction and ornament, the upper stories occupied by families and the lower by *cafés*, restaurants, and billiard halls. On the fourth side stood the grim and gloomy-looking Hôtel de France—where we were to tarry—which has been for centuries now the best hotel of Nantes, and has the same staid, stand-still look which both the general appearance of the old town and the people themselves present.

Entering the hotel court, we were almost awe-struck by the sphere of stately tranquillity, of venerable dullness, in which we found ourselves. It was monastery-like in its stillness. We were ushered to a grand and gloomy apartment, which we might almost have imagined to be the well-preserved sleeping-chamber of some merchant of the seventeenth or eighteenth century. The furniture was ponderous and old-fashioned; there were antique clocks and vases and mirrors and curtains and *fauteuils*; the bed was very low, but supplied with a lofty canopy and obstinately immovable drapery; there was the oaken floor of the olden time, with its neatly disposed pieces and its dangerously slippery gloss; gas was wholly wanting—indeed, it is vulgar at Nantes to use gas in the chambers and saloons, it being considered as only fit to light the kitchens and back entries; there were no water conveniences, such as one expects nowadays in first-class hotels, but only the old-fashioned bowl, basin, and ewer; and every thing, indeed, seemed to have remained just as we found it, from a time beyond the memory of living men.

Not caring to await the traditional Breton hour for breakfasting, we called the *garçon* to order something to assuage our hunger; but the *garçon* looked horrified when we gave the direction, seemed never to have heard so audacious a proposal before, and with great dignity assured us that the hour of breakfast was half past eleven, and that no breakfast could be forthcoming before. So we were fain to sit on the pretty balcony before the window, and watch what little life there was astir in the square until the not-to-be-anticipated hour should arrive. A few jauntily dressed gentle-

men were promenading to and fro on the square, which is the favorite resort of the business men, out of their counting-house hours; even so early in the morning there were groups sitting under the awnings in front of the *cafés*, sipping *café au cognac*, and that most baleful but apparently fascinating beverage, *absinthe*; while every now and then street hawkers would go by, screeching their wares at the top of their lungs, and making the whole square ring with their various and discordant cries. The traveler who awakes on his first morning in Paris—especially if he be of an economical habit, and lodges in the Latin quarter—is almost inclined to imagine himself in a vast lunatic asylum. He is appalled by a chorus of weird shrieks and cries, many-keyed and discordant, loud and feeble, far and near; when, looking out the window, he is surprised to find these startling sounds issuing from hard-featured coster-mongers or dapper little peasant women, who are busily engaged in selling their pears and artichokes, cherries and potatoes. But, in this respect, Nantes quite outdoes the great metropolis; and I observed that, at Nantes, nearly all the hawkers were women, and that each had chosen a sort of strange tune or strain, peculiar to herself, which she sung without change day after day. It would puzzle the most accomplished of French linguists, if he did not have a peep into their baskets, to find out from their cries what they were attempting to sell. These women, who, like the market-people, were mostly from the neighboring rural districts, were usually dressed with scrupulous neatness, their long *coifs* white and shining with starch, and their aprons, fresh from the iron, carefully tied with long, wide strings which fell behind; they had cheerful, hardy, sun-burnt, but rather keen and shrewish countenances, which seemed to say, "Here's for a bargain, and if you don't buy, I'll bite ye!" Peculiarly strange were the cries of the shrimp and sardine women, for the reader need hardly be told that Nantes is the great sardine emporium of the world, that delicious fish being caught in the Bay of Biscay near by, and preserved by the large establishments of the Breton capital. The sardine women sell them fresh, or as nearly fresh as possible—for so very delicate is the fish that it is necessary to salt it as soon as it is caught; and their cry is a wild, high-keyed shriek, and fairly startles you, it is so seemingly painful. Probably there are no harder-working people in the world than these Breton peasant women, whose cries distract one in the early morning. Usually the wives and daughters of suburban farmers, they aid in the tilling and planting of the ground; tend the crops during their growth; gather the fruit and vegetables when they are ripe; load their little carts or heavy baskets, bring them into town, and go hour after hour over the stony streets until they have completed their extensive round, screaming at the top of their lungs, and gathering a few *sous* with difficulty here and there; then, their hard day's

work completed, trudging back with their carts and baskets to their distant country home. There are such workers in that frivolous and unthinking France, which we are apt, from a superficial view only, to believe wholly given over to indolence and dissipation. When you learn with what patient labor these creatures earn their daily bread, you are no longer inclined to lie, mentally denouncing them for disturbing your morning nap; you will, now and then, spend spare pennies upon their wares, and not regret it; for sympathy with the trials of the lowly ennobles, as well as gratifies, the right-feeling man.

Exactly at the hour announced we sat down to a thoroughly French provincial breakfast, in a long *salle à manger*, quite as dark and heavy and old-fashioned as our chamber had been. There was no coffee or tea, and no getting either; every one had wine, and excellent Bordeaux it was. We were served with soup, sardines, sole, chops, *filet de bœuf*, vegetables, cheese, and fruit. The people at table were silent, and devoted themselves assiduously to the occupation immediately pertinent; it was in striking contrast with the Parisian table, where there is an incessant talking, and an easy making of acquaintances. On leaving the table we adjourned, with the rest, to the neighboring *café*, which was, at noon, full to overflowing, it being the custom to drink and play dominoes, cards, and billiards for a while after the morning meal. Here were the officers of the regiment which was posted at Nantes, in full military costume, lazily pompous and idly vain, discussing, with their after-breakfast potations, the last review, or the probability of a war with Prussia; merchants making contracts, and inquiring the last news of the Paris markets, over their *hock* and *absinthe*; dandies of the provincial sort—gaudy and boisterous—talking over the gossip of the prefect's ball, or the latest *mariage de convenance*; clerks and tradesmen, idlers and foreigners, each indulging in whatever game or potable best suited his taste. A most dreary life, we thought, this provincial *café* existence. In Paris the *café* frequenter has some distraction in the brilliant surroundings—in the gay crowd collected about the tables, the continuous tide of men and women which passes unceasingly along the boulevard, the incidents constantly occurring, the sparkling outer life of the splendid city; but here, at Nantes, the *café* life is but a dull and empty iteration, without a spark of the excitement which alone would seem to make such a resort tolerable. Yet in the early morning, at high noon, and from before sundown till midnight, the *cafés* are full; you see the same faces there day after day, the same games, the same occupations and choice of beverages; husbands deserting their homes, and bachelors avoiding the marriage tie, in order to enjoy the monotonous pleasures, the attractions of which no stranger, at least, can discover. The Nantes merchant, although shrewd and active when he

is at his warehouse, leads a very easy, indolent existence. He rises at nine, takes a cup of coffee, and goes to his counting-room. He stays there some two hours, reading his letters, arranging his business, and giving his directions for the day. Between eleven and twelve he returns home to breakfast; he leaves the breakfast-table for the *café*, or his club. It is two o'clock before he returns to the counting-room; and at three you will find him on the bourse. Having finished the financial gossip of the bourse, he does not return to his counting-room; but either takes a walk or a drive, promenades with a friend on the square, drops in at the *café* to read the Paris papers, or hastens to his club to meet his cronies at the whist or picquet table. His favorite aim is to amass enough upon which to retire from business, and to be able to do nothing during the latter half of his life; to have his meals at a restaurant, his spare money for cigars and the *café*, for the theatre and concerts; to have it in his power to run up to Paris now and then, and to have his small country seat on the sea-shore, or *à la campagne*, seems to be the limit of his ambition.

We had gone to Nantes to see and study society far from the much-traveled routes; and our week there was not wanting in many interesting experiences. We wandered with delight about the old Breton town, unharassed by *commissionnaires*, able to dispense with guides both human and red-bound, and without meeting at every turn a group of sight-seers "doing" the town according to Murray. We sauntered along the quays of the Loire, where the sun, even in October, beat remorselessly down upon us; and observed the curious river life—the sailors in their broad hats, the coast-wise vessels with their freights, the ugly little steamers plying up and down the river. We took the huge flat ferry-boat, and for a *sou* crossed the rapid river, and betook ourselves into the neighboring country, where we found the oddest little broken-down villages, with their long roofs almost touching the ground, their one-sided, ancient churches, and their straggling, rickety, single street; found, here and there, Druidical stones and Roman remains; rambled along the rustic roads for many miles, having on either side of us a vast expanse of vineyards, their fruit just now yielded up, extending as far as eye could reach; and observed that every where the women were the hardest workers, and had the brawniest arms, and seemed far more patient and enduring than their lords. We went back to the city over the many bridges which span the islands of the Loire, joining together the distant banks; and on these islands saw many sorrowful sights of want and filth, and the savageness of an unlettered people which only earns its bread, and scantily that; for these islands, once beautiful in verdure and fertility, as are those further up the river, are now thickly populated, and with the poorest and worst classes of the city. The cathedral, with its huge square towers, not unlike those

of Notre Dame, its great portals crowded with Scriptural *bass-reliefs*, and its broken stones and pillars—the lasting mementoes of the ferocious, desperate men of '93; the curious old castle, a mosaic of the Middle and the Modern Ages, where we saw the room—now used as an armory, and filled to the roof with Chassepots—in which Henry the Fourth signed the Edict of Nantes; the gloomy old building where the victims of the Revolution were confined, and awaited in the dark and damp dungeons their inevitable doom—among them the ninety priests who were drowned in the river opposite; the quaint little house honored by royalists as the hiding-place of the Duchess De Berri—these afforded us many an hour of interest and pleasure. But, as men and women in this world are far more curious respecting men and women than the places they inhabit, our chief pleasure consisted in observing the manners and customs, the traditions, superstitions, and opinions of this population, far away from the centres of civilization, and cleaving to those ideas which to us seem, in this age, amusingly ill placed. At the east end of the city, just beyond the cathedral, is a long and pleasant avenue, shaded by umbrageous trees, and reached by a broad flight of steps at either end. The houses which face it are old, lofty, and substantially built. Here live the descendants of the proud old Breton aristocracy—perhaps the haughtiest and most exclusive in the world. Here they live on, year after year, associating only with each other, seldom appearing in the outer world, leading an almost hermit-like existence, devoted children of the Romish Church, looking with ineffable contempt on the Emperor and all his adherents, observing with pious veneration the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI., awaiting the return of the Bourbons to the throne, and condoling with each other, gloomily longing for the days that are gone. There—if you can but get a glimpse of this fossil society—you will find, faithfully preserved, that grand politeness and chivalrous courtesy which were so famous in the court life of the last century; a ceremonious demeanor which contrasts oddly with the society of the age in which we live. This Bourbon aristocracy takes no part in the affairs of the world around it; eschews politics and official balls; makes no new acquaintance; and passes, year after year, a monotonous, useless, and wholly vain existence. In one respect alone do they appear to have departed from the precepts of their fathers. Many of them are far from wealthy—for there have been, *malheureusement*, revolutions—and the inheritors of the past have been plundered and driven from ancient patrimonies by the claimants of the future; yet wealth is necessary to support their position in their own circle of society. These haughty Bourbon Catholics, therefore, are fain to marry their sons and daughters to the sons and daughters of the coarse-blooded but well-to-do merchants of the western quarter. Marriages of this sort are frequently concluded, oft-

en with a sad result. The young aristocrat of the Cour St. Pierre marries the merchant's daughter from the Cour Cambronne, and henceforth she is a stranger to her father's house. The parents—having granted their child an enormous *dot*—are doomed to neglect, to the contempt of the son-in-law and his family, and even to the slights of their own aristocratic daughter. As soon as she arrives in her new home she is urged to avoid all her old friends and acquaintances, and even to forget her parents and brothers and sisters; and too often the advice is effective, accompanied as it is by menaces and perpetual persecution.

The mercantile community, which resides for the most part at the western end of the city, is hardly more social and hospitable than the proud old aristocracy which contemns it. To strangers they are uncommunicative and slow to make social advances. They are purse-proud, as the others are family-proud. They move in their own circles, have their peculiar habits and pleasures, and pass their lives in a certain groove, with little variety or excitement. They leave town with the first signs of approaching spring, their houses are closed, and they return only when the frosts and bleak storms of November warn them that the country will soon be insupportable. Unlike the mercantile class of England, and, indeed, of most civilized countries, they show little public spirit; invention, the triumphs of science, educational improvement, politics, the sanitary, moral, and material condition of their city, seem to have but little interest for them. The different members of the family have each their daily amusements and duties, and these seem seldom to unite the family together. The father's daily life has already been described; that of the son differs little from it; but he has his own boon companions, his own club and *café*, his own separate amusements, which, of course, take him in a different direction from that pursued by the elder. The mother and daughter devote themselves but little to household cares, which are undertaken by the *bonnes*—who, if there are young children, have nearly or quite all the care of them. The ladies, meanwhile, are devoting themselves to dress and society; managing how to save enough here and there to enable them to meet the demands of the *tailleur* and the milliner; living closely at home, so as to shine abroad; and having their round of duties and pleasures quite distinct from those of the male members of the family. Among other resorts we visited one of the clubs frequented by the wealthier class, called the "Société des Beaux Arts." Instead of the plain and substantial elegance of the English clubs, the building of the "Beaux Arts" was most gaudily and luxuriously decorated. You entered a spacious hall, brilliantly lighted, and decorated with pillars, statues, and flowers; the panelings gilded, and a richly carpeted oaken staircase leading to the rooms above. The apartments used for club purposes were provided with every ap-

pliance of luxury and comfort; the whole invited to indolence and dozy idleness. In one room were to be found newspapers and light reading matter, in another billiard-tables, in a third a spacious restaurant or a *café*, in nearly every one card-tables and facilities for gaming. Attached to the club was a finely frescoed, cozy little concert hall, with a covered gallery running round three sides, supported by graceful pillars; the fourth side was taken up by a tasteful stage, upon which stood a grand piano. Here, twice a month, classical concerts were given by notable artists, to which the members were admitted free, and for which each member was supplied with two cards for his lady friends. We could not help observing, however, that the great attraction of the club was the gambling; that vice, with other ancient customs, continuing to be the fashion in that community. The larger part of the frequenters of the club were at the tables; young men, with an ambition to be considered "sports," deep in the cards, and old white-headed men looking on approvingly, and often participating in the game. The club, in the Breton towns, is merely the trysting place for gossip and gambling; and so rooted is the custom of playing for money that one not only hears, in the best society, no condemnation of it, but it is rare that a ball or party is given in which a room is not set apart and supplied with cards, dominoes, and tables, for this special purpose. A ball at the palace of the prefect is one of the few events which break the monotony of drowsy provincial life; and there, perhaps, you may best observe this provincial society, which has so obstinately preserved the customs of times gone by. The invitations are freely given, and the company, wanting only in the old Bourbon *noblesse*, presents a mosaic of various classes, and a fair illustration of the community. Being offered a card for one of these occasions, we seized the opportunity to go. The spacious *salons* of the prefecture were dazlingly lighted by thousands of candles, and the company had mostly assembled when we arrived. After saluting the prefect and his lady we passed on and observed the throng of provincial fashionables. Around the long *salon* were two ranges of seats, one above and behind the other. Along the upper seats sat, in a long row, the *mères de famille*, pompous and stately old ladies with white curls, and dressed with profuse elegance. In the seats below them sat their daughters, over whom they were keeping a strict and vigilant watch. A gentleman who wished to dance with a young lady had no need of an introduction; it was his duty to approach, salute the mother, and request her permission to dance with the daughter. This obtained, and the young lady also assenting, they would go upon the floor; while, all through the dance, the dowager would sit with her eyes riveted upon the couple, and sharply scan their every look and movement. This gave us a hint of the predominating rule in French provincial society, the strict separation of the sexes in youth.

Paris is fast outgrowing that strange custom, the relic of less civilized times, which has produced so much connubial misery, which makes each sex suspicious of the other, teaches the young men to live dissolute and shameful lives, and the young women to look upon their future lords as conspirators against their honor; but in Brittany the custom still flourishes, and the rule of separation is still inexorable. No young lady, or even, for that matter, no lady of doubtful age, unmarried, goes from home alone. Either her mamma, some elderly relative, or a *bonne* accompanies her to the shops, or to take her music and drawing lessons. Never, by any chance, is she left alone for a moment with a gentleman. Even when betrothed—even when another week will find her wedded—her lover's visits are paid, his soft speeches uttered, in presence of the father or mother, or both. The *mariage de convenance*, which at Paris seems in a decline, still prevails every where in the provinces. All things are arranged through that universal diplomat of domestic life, the notary, excepting that in rural Brittany the village tailor, according to a very ancient usage, is intrusted with the marriage negotiations.

The lower classes at Nantes are as easy going, as fond of their few amusements, as unimpressible—more so, if possible—by modern ideas, as their social superiors. Their day's work done, their steps tend toward the *cabarets*, where they spend their earnings on the hot white wines of the district; then, in parties of a dozen, they will interlock arms and go bawling through the streets till far into the night. On Sundays they attire themselves in their best suits, and ramble into the country, or sail or row on the river, or repair to some rustic inn, where they dance, drink, and gamble the livelong day. Very few can read or write, none seem to be ambitious to better their condition. If they earn enough to satisfy their pleasures, *pour passer le temps*, after work is over, they are quite content. Drunkenness is more frequently met with than in Paris; there are certain streets in Nantes where, go when you may, you are certain of seeing miserable people reeling about, or lying stupefied at the doors and on the sidewalks. Beggary is common, and the beggars importunate. The ragged little urchins of the street will follow you square after square, running after you, and with piteous accents implore you for one *petit sou*; yet, if you give them none, will go skipping off singing some rude song, or cutting such capers as only a French *gamin* can. The Breton peasant, while naturally fierce and passionate, has a great capacity for keeping his temper, and brawls are happily few and far between.

There is no more striking proof of the stagnant condition of Brittany than the fact that the population of Nantes has decreased within three years from 113,000 to 111,000 inhabitants. Thirty miles below, where the Loire empties its broad stream into the stormy Bay of Biscay, a town is growing up, draining the life out of

the old capital, and multiplying with a rapidity which reminds one of our own far Western settlements. The tide of civilization seems to have swept by Nantes, and to have left there but few vestiges of its passage. Ignorance and superstition still cling to it, and dominate it. Even Protestantism, which has timidly penetrated into this strong-hold of the old Church, has caught the drowsy influence of the place, and makes no progress. A week was long enough to stay, and we were glad to get back to Paris, and find ourselves once more in a wide-awake city, frivolously brilliant though it was.

CHOOSE.

My tender thoughts go forth, beloved,
Upon the pleasant morning hours,
With songs of mated birds and sighs
From virgin hearts of opening flowers.

Full laden with love's daintiest store,
Each smallest thought should come to thee,
As from the jasmine's hidden cell
Flies home the richly burdened bee.

My joyous thoughts go forth, beloved,
Upon the golden airs of noon,
With languid sweets from roses rare
That flush and faint through ardent June,

With all the swiftness of the streams
That fling out laughter as they run,
With all the brightness of the day,
With all the passion of the sun.

But when along the cloud-hung west
The purple lights grow pale and die—
When waves of sunshine roll no more,
And all one shade the corn-fields lie—

When twilight veils the hills, and gives
A deeper mystery to the sea—
Then, O beloved! my saddened heart
Yearns through the distance unto thee.

And when the winds come o'er the sands
To sweep my lonely garden through,
To bow the saintly lily's head,
And spill the violet's cup of dew—

And when they higher mount, and beat
The elm's long arms against the eaves,
Troubling the robin in its nest,
And making tumult in the leaves—

Then in the dusk I seem to hear
Strange sounds and whisperings of dread,
And every murmur in the grass
Seems some unfriendly spirit's tread.

I shrink within the shadowed porch,
A nameless fear oppresseth me—
Oh, then my heart, like some lost child,
Calls through the darkness unto thee!

So, dear, of all my life of love,
Choose thou the best and sweetest part:
The glow of day, or gloom of night;
The pride or terror of my heart;

The glad, exultant hope that fills
The morning with its joyous strain,
Or twilight's haunted loneliness,
That stretches out its arms in vain.

Would sigh or carol move thee most?
And were thy tenderest kiss bestowed
On eyes that droop with tears, or lips
With careless laughter overflowed?

So questions, love, the foolish heart
That would thy secret choice divine;
Yet idly questions, knowing well
Thou canst not choose, since all is thine.

A PILOT'S WIFE.



OF course I knew Bert was a pilot when we were married, and knew also what the duties of a pilot were; for many a time had I been down the bay in his boat, ripping up the sheet of harbor water, with its enamel of blue and silver, the sun striking out ahead of us, and the wind just swelling the sails, as if we were drawn by a pair of swift white swans. Bert would be over the side fishing when we had anchored, and presently there would be the nicest chowder that ever contented hunger, the table spread in the neatest cabin afloat as handsomely as in some great gentleman's dining-hall—for all that I know about great gentlemen's dining-halls—with every delicacy of the season on it, and duff stuffed full of plums. When we girls came on deck again, after some of us had taken our naps as comfortably as in Sleepy Hollow, and some of us had peered and pried into the tiny kitchen, and learned how the boys got along in rough weather by examining every thing we could come across, and some of us had prinked in the looking-glass till we were quite satisfied with ourselves, and ready to afford somebody else satisfaction, then we would find one of the boat-keepers tuning his violin, and another wetting up his piccolo, and we would dance till sunset, just as merry and careless as the flies dance in the air; and so at last out swelled the sails again, and up we floated homeward, all of us laughing and chaffing, and ching with insatiable sea-appetites, till the onlight softened the sport and made us sen-

timental; and the songs began stealing out over the water so sweetly that all the little boats would turn about and stay to listen; and when we were at home it seemed to us to have been such a day that we could not believe in it any more than if we had stepped upon another star; and we fancied, to be sure, that a pilot's life was, after all the talk—cruising about summer waters, with spacious decks and a flute and violin—as pleasant as one perpetual picnic; or else why were gentlemen who were able to buy every delight that the land affords spending half their fortunes in yachting round the coast from June until November?

I hardly ever gave the thing a thought, though, whether it was pleasant or not, all the time—whether it was safe as a rocking-chair or otherwise—I believed so thoroughly in Bert's skill. But I should have been a greater fool than I was if I had not known that it was really dangerous; for once I was out with Bert and his mates, and it came on to blow in the wildest manner. He brought the boat to anchor under lee of an island, took in every stitch of sail, and was for keeping me below; but I wouldn't be kept, because if I was going to be drowned at all I wanted to be drowned in the open sea, and not in the cabin; so he made me secure and comfortable, and we rode it out, the sun shining just as clear as ever an October sun shone in the bluest of blue skies—skies like burnished steel; but the screaming and roaring wind raging over us in mighty gasps, the boat plunging bowsprit under with every shudder, and throwing the water up around us in great and real rainbows. It was frightful, but the sunshine made it splendid. That was a storm, I thought. Well, Bert knew what to do, it was evident—just down with his sails and out with his anchors, and wait till it blew over. And Bert let me think I had actually been in the worst kind of danger, which it might have been, indeed, if he had been heedless or unskillful—let me think so because he knew, by that time, that I cared for him a good deal, and he didn't want me to be quivering at home with fright whenever the wind blew. But if I had seen some great ship in the distance, union down, and signaling for a pilot, and had seen Bert, in his stout boat-rig, jump with the keeper into the canoe, and fly after her like a petrel, half in, half under, the water powdering over them, uncertain should they reach the ship, unable to return, drawn up at last with bowlines tossed out to them—lines into whose noose they thrust their legs while holding on with their hands above—the canoe sinking under them, as it thumped against the ship's side, while they swung over those black gulfs of death, and were dragged up out of a watery grave into perhaps a worse one—the ship just back from a three-years' voyage, and her best bow anchor gone, so that she would drag ashore in spite of the

others, and must be taken up to still water through all the boiling channel-ways between ledges and rocks and shallows, come what might; or had it been a month later, and in the wintry weather, high seas, and every bucketful of water freezing as it fell on deck, till anchors and chains and ropes and canvas were bedded in ice, and the ship was settling two feet by the head with the weight of the frozen spray about her, so that the first thing for the pilot to do was to put her about as best he could, and run for the Gulf Stream, and melt her out, and wait for a south wind, and come up a week after, if, indeed, he ever came up at all—why, then, if I had seen such sights as these, and lived through the seeing, I might have said that I had known what danger was. Yet they were in reality the scenes of Bert's everyday life, in our climate, where half the year it is foul weather, and where, storm or shine, Bert's boat must be upon the spot. But as I never had seen any thing of the kind, the upshot of it was that I didn't take heed to myself that there was any thing of the kind, and thought Bert, upon the whole, had a much easier time of it than I was like to have; and if he was exposed to storm, why, I should be caught out in the rain sometimes; and I took up my life as happy as any chirruping cricket, and certainly as selfishly disposed as any body that has been petted and cosseted all the early days is like to be.

We went to housekeeping immediately upon our marriage, for mother said she despised these boarding people; she went to housekeeping when she was married, and she meant all her children should do the same; and if their husbands weren't able to go to housekeeping, then they weren't able to be husbands, and there was an end of it; and no two people, she said, brought up in different fashions could unite their lives into one without some jarring, and a third party was sure to turn that jar into an earthquake; and if there were fewer third parties, half the trouble would be done away with; for she believed half the divorces and separations and quarrels in the State were brought about by boarding-house intimacies with third parties. So to housekeeping, as I said, we went—though I knew that by-and-by I should just perish with loneliness—and in the very pleasantest house I am sure that the whole city had to offer, if it was the smallest—the bay-window of the sunny little parlor looking out upon the water, so that we could see every thing that came up the harbor, and, from my bird's-nest of a room above, with the glass that Bert mounted there, I could sweep the bay, and see Bert's boat when it was miles away.

Bert staid up with great contentment for a week or ten days, pottering and tinkering about the house, and finding little odd jobs to attend to where he had thought every thing perfect till experience proved the contrary, planting morning-glories and scarlet beans round the basement to run up over the bay-window, and

a prairie-rose and a basalt for the lattice of the door, setting out a cherry-tree and a dwarf pear, and trimming up a grape-vine in the little yard, and arranging all manner of convenient contrivances in all manner of corners. Then when dark came we would light the drop-lamp, and have a little wood-fire on the hearth; for we were just beginning the cool May nights, and then we would draw round it—I with my worsteds and he with the evening paper; and he would look at me over the paper, and lay it down, and draw a long breath of pleasure, and say that if we had been married nearly a year we could not be more comfortable. When we had been married nearly a year we were not half so comfortable.

But before a fortnight of our new life I could see that Bert began to be restless. He had been on the water ever since he was a child, and a long spell of shore always seemed to dry and warp him a little, he said. He began to grumble about being ashamed to be seen lubbering round so, and to declare that now he had a family to provide for he must be up and doing. And so I had no business to be surprised when one day, long before the end of the regulation honey-moon, a steamer having been telegraphed from Halifax, Bert kissed me, and swung his cloak over his arm, and was off down the bay to find his boat, and be running a bee-line to meet the steamer east of the Cape, and ahead of all the other boats.

Now you may be very sure this was not particularly pleasing. Married a fortnight and tired of me already, I said to myself. I ate no dinner that day, and long before dark I shut the shutters, and locked up the house, and went to bed; and after lying awake, thinking I heard thieves, and smelled fire, and saw ghosts, and was totally deserted and dreadfully abused, at last I was crying myself to sleep, when click went a latch-key, and in stalked Bert, blazing up the gas, and tossing down his cloak in a heap, and crying out that it served him right for leaving the dearest little wife in the world. And I can't say that I was sorry one bit to hear that, coming across a miserable little dirty collier, he had been obliged to take her in, and Tom Holliday's boat got the big steamer after all.

But Bert's penitence was brief—for, you see, he wasn't the fool that I was, and knew business must be attended to—and presently he was off again. A thousand a year, you see, was far too little for people to live on and lay by any thing; for, with the running expenses taken from the earnings, that was about all there was left to the men. And I ought to have had the sense to understand matters; yet when did a girl of seventeen ever have any sense? But Bert had enough for both of us; and so he kept the boat snapping, and never lost a fee for want of being on the ground—if that is what you can call it when there isn't a bit of ground to be found for fathoms.

Of course, then, I was left very much to my-

self. It was unavoidable. And the worst of it was that I wouldn't see that it was unavoidable. And, of course, I was miserably lonely; and, by-and-by, when I was really feeling wretchedly, my once-cheerful little home, still as death now from morning to night, seemed to me to be an actual grave. Mother couldn't come and visit me, for she had married again herself, a few years since, and had a young brood to attend to; and she couldn't spare me any of the children, for she wanted Netty to see after Nanny, and Neddy wouldn't go to school unless Natty went to keep off the big boys; and I didn't like to leave home and visit her, and Bert didn't like to have me, lest I should be away when he chanced to come unannounced, as he always did come—she living four miles off now, in one of the suburbs, for the sake of a garden—and so I was left to weather it out; and when Bert came up I used to cry every time, I was so glad to see him.

Bert couldn't understand that, of course—he so strong and bluff and hearty, and I so sick and childish and weak. All my nerves seemed to be on the string too. I was as petulant as a porcupine, and so fractious that I wonder the very bird and cat didn't reproach me—for Bert had brought me a mocking-bird to conquer the stillness; and a wandering cat, seeing that we were two poor young people sadly in need of a guardian, had adopted us. And when I looked over at Bert, at some time when he happened to be at home, and thought that he would be off again directly, then the tears and sobs used to burst right out, and astound him and perplex him, so that I can see his great, good, wondering eyes now, and he would be alarmed and vexed enough to make him wish he hadn't come home at all.

I hadn't any appetite when he was away, and wanted nothing to eat myself; and sometimes, if you'll believe it, I would lie in bed all day, and there wouldn't be a morsel of any thing cooked in the house at all when Bert ran in, and if he hadn't been the best tempered fellow on the bay or off of it, he certainly would have staid away altogether. I used to cry half my time; I was afraid Bert was sick of me, and I was certainly sick of myself; I couldn't see to read, for I was so nervous that the letters danced before my eyes, and I couldn't sew, for there were always two needles and two threads; and I don't know but I really might have gone out of my mind, or have driven Bert out of his, if it hadn't occurred to him to close the house, and take me down the bay with him, as he used to do; and it was really wonderful how a fortnight's enjoyment of the cool salt summer air there braced all my nerves taut again; so that I was quite well when he brought me back, and tolerably sensible, and sat down cheerfully to the sewing I had neglected so long, and which must be done so nicely, because, I said, that if a little girl came, and her mother were to die, this sewing would be kept for her to see, and I wanted every stitch to be a moral lesson to her.

So the mocking-bird used to pour out a flood

of music through the little rooms, into which there always poured a flood of sunshine, only half barred out by the pink and purple morning-glories; and the Skye, that Bert brought home from an English schooner one day, with his yellow eyes looking out like coals of fire from his tawny shag, used to bark at the bird; and my great St. Bernard, sent over from home, used to silence him with his big paw; and the little cat used to put up her back at the three; and I sat there with my sewing and my singing and my neighbors and my dumb family—no, they weren't dumb, by any means—all at once metamorphosed into the happiest little house-keeper this side the meridian. Bert came and went, too, a good deal oftener than before—for, perhaps, he had come to question whether he did not owe other duties to his family than the mere providing of the means to live, and whether it was just the square thing to take a young girl out from the bustle and cheer of a great family and shut her up all by herself in a cage; and he was good and kind beyond comparison, so that I learned by heart the meaning of the promise "to cherish" in the marriage ceremony.

But, of course, this couldn't last long. It would have been Eden out of date, and was heaping up the happiness of a long life into these few months. I was aware of that; I knew that either I was going to die or a change must come, since so much bliss was never meant for mortals, who must content themselves with snatches, and judge from a little what a great deal means; and I had been on the watch for the change some days before the horrid windy morning when Bert went to take the British steamer *Assyria* down the bay on her way to Liverpool.

That was a good job, as jobs go, in itself; and he said, in bidding me good-by, that he should try and be up the next day, unless business was so brisk that it seemed throwing money away to leave, and it was not to be done inside the law, moreover. The wind blew a tornado that night, and the water dashed over the sea-wall in scuds; but it had blown a great many tornadoes, and nothing had happened to Bert, and I never dreamed of regarding it. And I heard from one of the men next day that there was hardly a vessel telegraphed; so I knew he would be along presently, and I had made up my mind to have him carve me out a bracket from an old cigar-box to hang at the head of my bed, and I was looking forward to a real happy evening, with him at work opposite me, and the snapping wood-fire again between us, for we were now in the cool October nights; so I set myself at work, and made the nicest little supper ready—scrod, as brown outside and as white inside as a cocoa-nut is, and cold turkey deviled with the East Indian sauce that the captain of the *Bengal* sent me, and a charlotte russe that I had learned how to make myself, with our own little Muscat grapes whipped into it, and a cup of chocolate that was as rich as nectar. And the scrod grew

brown and grew black and turned to a clip, and the deviled turkey sizzled and sizzled away to saw-dust, and the chocolate skimmed all over with a coat of cold oil at last, and the very dog grew tired of watching, and no Bert came; and I ate the charlotte russe myself, and went to bed.

And the next day no Bert, and the next day, and a week passed without him, and then all at once I remembered the tornado and the water whipping the sea-wall, and I began to be seriously uneasy. Began to be!—I was, I had been! I swept the bay, with that glass in my room, day and night, I might say, but no sign of Bert or Bert's boat could I see.

At length, one day, I thought I did make out the boat; but the little signal which it was arranged between him and me should always be visible when he was on board I could nowhere discover, and, of course, I was wild with my fancies: Bert was lost, he had been drowned in returning from the *Assyria*, he had been knocked overboard, his canoe had filled, and he had gone down like lead with all his heavy gear on; and I was working myself into agonies, and was almost down sick, when who should appear but Will Davenant, swinging his surtout over his shoulders by the sleeves, and coming in as though he were sent. As I looked up in his face I noticed that he was pale and grave, and felt he had bad news for me beforehand.

"Well, Bert's gone this time," said he.

It gave me such a turn! If I ever have a stroke I shall feel no worse. I only wonder I didn't drop on the spot. But my will is stout, and that held out to bear the worst.

"Gone?" I gasped. "Lost? My Bert?"

"Ob, pooh! nonsense!" he returned. "Nothing of the kind. I'm a stupid. Gone to Liverpool!"

To Liverpool! Well, you may suppose what a difference that was! All the blood in my body had been gathering round my heart till I was as white as a sheet, and now it was all plunging up my face, that I was hiding with both hands, as red as any rose. Bert gone to Liverpool, and without ever telling me! He had run away and left me! You see I had read so many novels. The whole world was reeling round me in a great noisy whirl, and it was all of a sudden that I grew conscious of Will Davenant's putting me into a chair and sprinkling water on me, and heard him saying to himself: "Dear me! This is rough on her, and no mistake. Look here now, Sady. Listen a moment," I could hear him exclaiming. "It's only for three weeks. He'll be back in a jiffy. Can't you hear? Don't you understand? The *Assyria* couldn't set him down in that hurricane blowing great guns; and so she had to take him on, and send him over next steamer. It's been done before, don't you see? At least that's what our reckoning is—"

"Oh, Will, then you're not certain, after all!" I cried.

"Certain as any thing can be on such slip-

pery stuff as water. Why, it's nothing out of the common course. Old Captain Johnson once was carried round Cape Horn in that way, and his family had worn out their mourning for him before the news reached them. We'd have had letters from Bert, only, as luck would have it, the *Assyria's* on the line that doesn't touch at Halifax. One week's gone," said Will, beginning to stride about the floor. "Come now, you lock up, and run over to your mother's; and in a fortnight you'll see somebody heave in sight, and put out one of his great paws to sweep you back again."

"Oh no, no!" I sobbed. "I'll stay here and wait for him—here, where I saw him last. Perhaps he'll never come! oh, perhaps he'll never come!"

"Come! I don't know what's to hinder his coming," said Will, "unless they kill him with kindness. The captain'll have him at his table; there won't be any thing in the ship too good for him; best of every thing at his command; Champagne just running down his throat; all the pretty women asking him about the weather—"

"Oh, Will!"

"Fact! You see now! And when he gets to Liverpool those British pilots will take him in hand, and they'll treat him so well that, I'll dare swear, he'll never be able to tell you what the house he stops at looks like. Perhaps, then, he won't come home next steamer, the very next," said that cunning fellow, trying to stave off my anxiety, if, indeed, things should prove to be worse than he fancied they were, and Bert didn't come home next steamer, nor ever afterward. "A man isn't treated like a prince more than once in his life, and he couldn't be blamed much if he made the most of that once; now could he?"

"I don't know any thing about that!" I cried. "I know Bert will be back in the next steamer if he's alive."

"Of course he will! of course he will! Keep your craft sharp by the wind, Sady, and he'll hail you before you know it," said Will.

And so he did. Exactly a fortnight from that day. I had been rambling round the house like an uneasy spirit, never still in one place five minutes at a time, neither sleeping nor eating, and finding no peace except when Will Davenant, or some other of Bert's friends, came in and talked the matter over, nor then, either; and mother, who had left every thing to come and stay with me, declared I would lose my wits unless I practiced some sort of self-control; when, one day, after I had seen the great steamer come plowing up the bay, and had vowed that Bert must be in her, as I had concerning every steamer arriving since Will Davenant's first call, and then had given him up at last because he hadn't the wings of the dove, and was plunged in unmitigated despair, all of a sudden in he walks, as large as life, and takes me in his arms and kisses me, while I faint dead away.

Well, that was very delightful—I was such a selfish little wretch, and I don't say that I'm any better now—to think that Bert cared so much to be home, to relieve my anxiety, and, maybe, his own, that he didn't even wait for another steamer on that same line, but caught one that was leaving the very day they made port, and was back again on American shores without having stepped on British soil. Not that Bert wouldn't have cared for it, you know; wouldn't have made the European tour, as they call it, with as good a relish as the best; wouldn't have liked to stand inside the old cathedrals, and see the sunbeams swimming up aloft in the roof, and the doves flying in and out and building their little indifferent nests in the carvings made by fingers dust a thousand years ago; wouldn't have liked to look at the great paintings, as if he were in a vision; to have walked through the old halls where history happened—for you musn't take it for granted that my Bert is an ignoramus because he earns his livelihood in hard work and exposure. I don't know the more finished gentleman than he, if you want the truth. There is an education better than books, and you can't learn at colleges all my Bert knows. Latin and Greek I grant you, and you're welcome—for the use of dead men's tongues, who did no good with them while they had them, and heathen barbarians at that, I've never been able to see; but whatever can be gained by the knowledge of men and of the round earth and sea and sky, the best learning that the world affords, my Bert has at his fingers' tips. A man can't bring into port a great French or British steamer, commanded by some captain next to a nobleman; or a man-of-war, commanded, may be, by a nobleman himself, with all his courtly breeding, and a mind rich with the advantages of generations; or one of our own line-of-battle ships, with an old hero on the quarter-deck; or a merchantman from the East Indies, a fruiter from the Levant, with Portuguese and Greeks before the mast; a South American, with hides and horns; a whaler from the pole; a little schooner, creeping up the coast with lime—can't meet familiarly, as pilots do; welcomed with open arms, and told by many a captain that they would rather see him than their wives—all these different sorts, without getting at the core of countries and races in a way that is like a liberal education. And Bert had always said that, if ever he was rich, we'd take passage for the other side, and for Vesuvius, and the Midnight Sun, and the Catacombs, and the Inquisition, and the Pyramids, and I don't know what all. But there! there's no hope of a pilot's being rich. I tell Bert that if ever they get rid of the laws that restrain them now, so that each pilot can ask his own price, and a ship in a gale refusing it, he can tell her to get in the best way she can, till she calls him back at any price, why, then he won't expose himself to being drowned and his children to being orphaned for a beggarly twenty or fifty dollars; but the

great merchant princes, that own the ships and cargoes, will have to open their purses, and a pilot may be as well off as his neighbors. But Bert says that, once change those laws, decent men would leave the calling, pilotage would be piracy, the bay would be swarming with sharks and wreckers, and he would sooner turn long-shoreman and sweep a crossing.

But all this has nothing to do with Bert's return; and, as I was saying, there was nobody inside of that horizon happier than I that day.

But it was that day. Two or three days afterward, when the bright edge of relief and gratitude and pleasure had worn down the least in the world, I began, of course—or else it wouldn't have been I—to question a little, to worry, and wonder why it happened that Bert couldn't leave the steamer just that time when he'd weathered so many worse gales; and all at once it leaked out, I don't know how or where, that Will Davenant's cousin Kate was aboard that steamer, just married to a rich old fellow who was doing the fashionable thing and taking her abroad. She was a bold and handsome hussy, always making eyes at Bert. And Bert hadn't mentioned her; and Will hadn't mentioned her—it never occurred to me that Will hadn't known of it, or that Bert hadn't seen her once all the way across—and so I put two and two together, and wrought myself up to a frenzy, and there was an end of happiness. For from conjecture I crept to suspicion, and from suspicion I flew to certainty, and from certainty to desperation. I went about my work slipshod, and glowering like a wild woman, and the dishes were half cooked, and the floors half swept, and every thing was rough with dust; the tins and the silver were tarnished and unscored, the little wood-fire was never lit in welcome at night, and the whole house was just as gloomy and cheerless as I felt myself; so that it must have made Bert groan to set his foot inside the door, and he would hardly have been to blame if he had slipped back to Liverpool, and had his merry-making with the warm-hearted men over there, after all.

But Bert had married me for better or worse, and, though it was pretty much all worse, he was determined to make the best of it; and so he believed that this was all due to my weak nerves and ill health—which it wasn't, but only to a life of indulgence and selfishness and waywardness bearing fruit—and he humored me, and waited on me, and was gentler with me than ever mother was in all her life. For mother came in one day, and found the plates not washed, and the fire gone out, and me sitting down at heel, sulking and wretched, with my hair uncombed, and no collar on; and she declared on the spot that patience had had its perfect work with me, that all I needed was a good sound shaking, and if I wasn't too old to behave in that way, I wasn't too old to have it, and she had half the mind to give it to me; and such conduct, she said, had driven better



"SAY THAT AGAIN, SADY," SAID HE.

men than Bert to drink. She was ashamed to own me for a child of hers, and I'd only have myself to thank if he went to the bad altogether. And up I flared, and said, if it wasn't gone to the bad already to have been chasing across the Atlantic after Kate Davenant, I should like to know what it was. I suppose the fact is that I must have been a little crazy. And just as mother turned round, with the dish-cloth suspended, and her mouth wide open, Bert, who had come in unnoticed in the high words, and had heard those high words, pushed open the door and stood before me.

I shall never forget how Bert looked that

moment. His face was as white and set as a dead man's. It would have looked like a dead man's if the awful living eyes hadn't been blazing out of it like two fires—so dark and terrible that I cowered.

"Say that again, Sady," said he.

And my heart bubbling up with anger at the tone, I said it again, and more of it too.

"I swear to you that this is the first I ever knew of her being on the steamer," said Bert then, in a great, grand voice that of itself seemed to wake me from my evil mood as if it had been a nightmare, though doubtless it was fear, calling the blood away from my brain, that

waked me. He turned to my mother. "Take care of her," he said; "take good care of her. I must get down the harbor before the weather thickens. Maybe I shall never come up again. I hope I never shall!"

With that he paused and hesitated, and took a step forward and toward me; but Heaven only knows what imp of perversity caught my shoulder and twisted me round and away, and in a moment the door was closed gently, as Bert did every thing in the house, and he was gone. And then you may imagine that chaos reigned in that room for an hour, with penitence and self-reproach and fear, and cries and sobs and hysterics, and a sal volatile and hot shrub; and mother left off scolding, and hushed me, and bathed my face, and combed my hair, afraid lest I'd do myself a mischief; and finally, as she couldn't stay, Nanny being threatened with the croup, and Neddy being just vaccinated and taking tremendously, she tied on my cloak and furs, and took a basket of things out of the bureau drawer, and locked up the doors, and slipped the key under the stone, and hailed a car at the head of the street, and shoved me in and carried me off to her own house—all in a vague, wild, clondy state of mind, where nothing seemed to be real but a dull and universal ache, which, whether it belonged to my body or my soul, I had not wit enough to know. "I'm going to die," I said, looking out at the purple, leaden afternoon, and the dreary branches bending in the damp and bitter wind that souged up the street openings like the cry of lost souls. "I'm going to die," I said. "I've begun already. My mind's all dim and dying first." So at last we reached the place, just as the first snow-flakes began falling out of that cold and desolate sky, and mother got me into the house. What a busy, bustling little body she was then! I can hardly realize it when I see her sitting there now, so gray-haired and white and silent, and watching Netty's twins as they tumble together on the floor, just like the cool of the day. And presently I was tucked up warm in bed, and falling off into strange, wild dreams, and waking out of them in terror every now and then.

And that night my baby was born. It was a furious storm outside as midnight drew on; hardly less furious within, as, in pauses of pain, I thought of Bert—his boat lying to far out in the bay, with the gale and the sleet fierce enough to cut the eyes out of his head if he looked to windward, or maybe run down, without the hearing of a cry, by some great steamer in that weather, too thick with the driving snow to see a light or your own length ahead; or else dragging her anchor somewhere, parting cable and drifting on the rocks; and I remembered the wreck on Norman's Woe, where the spouting water leaped round the sailor lashed in the shrouds till he was encased and sealed in a mass of frozen ice, and a spar swinging round with a lurch of the wreck snapped him in two like a dead branch; and I thought, in swift

succession, of all the horrid chances of those dark winter seas, till my brain was raging with heat, and all my words were delirious.

It was of no use their putting the little flannel bundle up on the pillow beside me and bidding me look at it; it was of no use the four pattering night-gowned imps, all waked and peeping in, at the risk of squills and opodeldoc, whispering and on tip-toe, wondering how it came there through all that storm, chuckling over a queer little sneeze that plainly told that it took cold in coming, and which the ridiculous morsel gave with as much self-possession as if the whole atmosphere belonged to it, and scampering off to bed again with their happy tongues subdued only till they were half out of hearing, and already quarreling as to whether Neddy and Nanny were as much aunts and uncles as Natty and Netty; it was of no use their telling me here was the nicest baby ever born into this breathing world, and just to look at these tiny perfect fingers and that atom of an ear. What could I care for that and such as that? There were millions of babies in the world, but there was only one Bert, and I had driven him out into the whirling white tempest of that pitiless night; and every screaming blast, every push of the great shoulder of the gale against the house, made me start up and cry out.

But all at once I heard mother saying in an under-tone, as if she had not said it half a dozen times before, that here was Bert's chin with all the pluck of it, if ever any thing was, and she shouldn't wonder if the eyes—and, without waiting to hear her finish, it came over me, like a fresh tide of feeling and thought, that this was Bert's child, after all; and if I never saw Bert again, yet, perhaps, the boy might grow up to be like his father; and I don't know what there was comforting in the idea, but I turned and laid my cheek down against his, and began to sink away quietly to sleep. And they darkened the room, and set the lamp outside in the next one, where mother went to busy herself about something or other; and presently the nurse was nodding, as I found when suddenly starting wide awake, not having really lost myself at all. What made me start wide awake then, with all my senses about me, as alert as ever I was in my life? I will tell you.

The landing of the front stairs opened directly into the room where I lay; and, as if he had just come in the door, from off the sea, there, in his great storm-clothes, stood Bert.

What a white, fixed face it was he wore! Not the face which I had seen in the afternoon, but a deathly, ghastly face, that it chilled one's marrow to look at; and the hair was hanging wet about it, and around the eyes, that had an appalling, absent, vacant gaze, such as I had never seen in Bert's shining, splendid ones. "Oh, what is it, Bert?" I cried. "Don't be frightened, dear! It's all over, and I'm very well, and it's—it's a boy." Then I remembered how we had parted, and I whispered, half choked, imploring him to forgive me.

"I went home to find you, Sady," murmured he, in as hollow a tone as the whistle of the wind, "and I've been looking for you since, my darling. And so it's a boy, is it?" And he came and laid his cold, wet, rough face down on mine, and on that little velvet cheek beside mine, and stood erect, and shuddered, and was gone—gone like the breaking of a bubble.

And with the outcry that I made the nurse sprang to her feet, and mother came running in; and they both declared what a pity I had waked, and what a sweet sleep I must have been having; and, of course, I had been dreaming; what preposterous nonsense to say I hadn't, for nobody else had seen Bert, as, indeed, where could he have come from in such a storm? And I just as stoutly maintained that they needn't try and deceive me, and Bert was in the house, for I had seen him, and they were doing me a great deal more harm by keeping him away than if they let him come in again. And then, as I detected them looking strangely at each other, I exclaimed again that I had not been asleep at all, and it was not his ghost that I had seen, for all their looks, but Bert himself; and, as they tried to soothe me, and laugh me out of the notion, and I saw they were in earnest, cold shivers began to rush over me, till they shook me as I lay. "He is drowned! he is drowned!" I sung out between my chattering teeth. "And I have done it. I have destroyed my husband!" And I raised such a ululu that presently mother took me in hand again severely, and told me that, whether I had destroyed my husband or not, I should certainly destroy my child by allowing myself to get into this condition; and, if I didn't hush up at once, she would go out in the snow herself and fetch the doctor again, and give me a Dover's powder. And then, as the baby began to cry, she and the nurse made such a racket between them, with their shshshing and trotting and patting and stirring and sipping, that there was nothing for it but that I should be quiet. And, directly, their voices sounded miles away; and, thoroughly worn out, I went to sleep, and never waked till morning, when the storm had all blown up the coast, and the sun was shining brightly, and the sky was bluer than the sapphire in the high-priest's breast-plate.

But I did not wake to suit the day. I opened my eyes with such wonder to see it so bright and careless, with such a load of heaviness, such vague regret that I had waked at all; and, of course, my first thought was Bert.

The storm had been a brief one, it seemed, sweeping swift and furious; possibly Bert's boat might have been beyond its belt, and have known but little of it. Yet that was hardly likely, and I tried to brace myself for the worst, and prayed—I don't know how long it was since I had said my prayers—for strength to receive the blow I feared, and which would be a blow, come how it might, as only fit punishment for my wickedness, or, if not as punishment, at least as only the taking from me that

of which I had proved unworthy. I to have thought any evil of my Bert, with his soul as white and clear as that window-pane that let my glance through into the heavens!

And so all that morning I lay there, not saying a word, never dropping into a doze, but listening, listening at every pore for a step that did not come; and, though I lay like a log in my listening, inwardly I fretted and fumed and fidgeted, and my head burned and my heart beat like a leaf in the wind. And when the doctor ran up stairs he said it would never do in the world, I was getting into a high fever; I must take a draught he mixed, and go to sleep; and so I did, with my baby in my arms. And when I woke up, there sat Bert beside me, with one cool hand grasping both my hot ones.

"Oh, Bert," I said, feebly, closing my eyes again, "is it really you this time? If you are going to go—again—go before I open my eyes, and it won't be so hard."

"Ay, my darling!" he cried, with his great, hearty voice. "Who else should it be? But it came precious near never being—"

"Oh, Bert, weren't you really here last night, then?"

"Here last night? Sady, that's just what I've been asking myself. But no—neither here nor any where else."

"Dear Bert, you must have had such a dreadful night!"

He didn't speak then, but he lifted my hands and kissed them—my little hard hands. It meant that I had had a dreadful night too.

Just then mother came in with some decoction; she had seen Bert before. "Now you mustn't get her all excited again with your talk, Bert, my dear," said she. "Here, you can give her this gruel, while I take up my grandson. Bless his little heart—nobody taking a bit of notice of him! I suppose you've been home and found all safe, Bert?" she added.

"No, I haven't," replied he. "I knew Sady was over here—I don't know how I knew it, but I did—and I just made sail in this direction."

"Weren't you surprised when you saw that little head on the pillow?"

"Not at all," said Bert, crossing over to inspect, for the hundredth time or so, the rosy collection of fists and feet on her lap. "I knew it was there, and I knew it was a boy. I was saying it was a boy when I came to."

"Came to?" repeated mother and I together.

"Oh yes. You haven't heard, of course. Why, I came as near laying my bones where the old anchors lie last night—"

"Bert!"

"Yes, really. Now I'm safe," said he, "and, if you won't flush up and worry, I'll tell you about it."

"I'll worry a great deal more if you don't tell me," murmured I.

"Yes, Bert," said mother.

"Well, this is all, and it isn't much. There was a schooner wabbling round out there in the bay, as clearly as we could make out in the scud and snow, as if every soul on board had lost their heads; and we came to the conclusion that, whether she wanted a pilot or not, she needed one, or she'd be splinters and sawdust on the channel islands before morning. And after a little, feeling desperate and wicked, and hardly caring what happened, I set out for her. And I think I'd have made her, for I've ridden rougher water than that in my canoe, only just at the last minute I remembered a paper in the cabin with the list of the *Assyria's* passengers in it, and my heart melted, and I thought I'd be in town in a couple of hours, and I thought if I showed that to you, Sady, and showed you that there was no such name as Kate Davenant's—"

"Why, of course there wasn't, Bert!" I interrupted. "It would have been her husband's."

"Her husband's?" asked Bert, turning on me his great brown eyes in a wondering way. "Kate married, Sady, and yet you could—"

"Oh don't, dear Bert! Don't say any thing more about it!" I exclaimed, in a tremor. "I was out of my head—I must have been! And you forgave me for it all last night—"

"That is it, exactly," said Bert, solemnly, while mother's eyes grew round and rounder; "I did. And you, Sady, did you forgive me, then, for having flashed off yesterday afternoon in that rage?"

"Yesterday? It seems a year ago. Oh, I never can forgive myself, Bert!"

"There, there, children," said mother.

"Well, as I was saying," continued Bert, in a moment, "I made for the paper, and found it, and sprang along up with it, and jumped into the canoe. And just then there came one of those seas that run every eighth or tenth wave in a gale, and before we could lift an oar it had roared and raced after us, and had reared and fallen, and the boat had swamped under us, crushing up like paper, and I had gone down in the icy water with it, the whole tempest booming in my ears, and the weight of the whole ocean on my head; and when I came to the top again I could see the row of wild faces just above the lights which the men were swinging over the side, and I shouted for a line and a lantern on it, and out it flew, and I caught it just as I was washing by, and contrived to get it fast under my arms, and give the word to haul me in. And then, as they were pulling hand over hand, there came a hitch, a grasp slipped in the confusion—for every body had a different order to give—the boat pitched, and Morris lost his footing on the wet planks; and I felt myself going, and called to them again, and then I was sucked under and under; and when they laid me on the deck at last there was no more life in me than in a log."

"Oh, Bert!" I cried, starting up, and quite

forgetting for the instant that it was all over now, at any rate.

"There! lie right down again and keep still, or I'll let you guess the rest. Don't you see I'm alive?" said he, laughing. "For they lugged me down below, and worked away on me with hot blankets and rum and hartshorn and the like, and still I lay as dead as a pelt, to all appearance, and they were just giving me up, when one of them dropped the hartshorn and spilled it up my nostrils; and suddenly, with a start and a shudder, and saying over and over, 'It's a boy, it's a boy,' I opened my eyes, and presently was all right, and brought that schooner up to town after all, though I can't rightly say that I've got over the tingle of that hartshorn yet. And I was just as well aware, Sady, of having been in your mother's house—that time while they were working over my body—of having hunted for you at home, of having found you here, of having seen my child, as I am of the same at this moment. And I swear I don't understand it!" said Bert, getting up and setting down the gruel I hadn't touched, and coming back again. "It's been buzzing about my brain, the puzzle of it, all the morning. What is a drop of brandy, a sniff of vinegar, a touch of hot flannel, that they should breathe the breath of life into my nostrils? When my soul had left my body, how did hartshorn, even that whole battery of it that Ben opened at once, call it back again? Suppose I hadn't smelled it—then dead as a pelt I should have remained; and what difference does a little camphor and vinegar make to my immortal spirit, I should like to know? And I'd ask, if they can make souls out of salts, why they don't sell them over the druggists' counters—by George, I would!—if it wasn't that mine crossed the water and came out here and up into this very room, and saw you, and heard you, and kissed you, Sady!"

"Bert," said mother, with great dignity, having a feeling that this was talk Deacon Kemp would have pronounced unsafe, "you are enough to drive Sady into a delirium, if you're not in one yourself—"

"Oh, Bert, I'm so glad," I said, without waiting for the rest, "to think that when your soul was free it traveled straight to me! And I'll promise, oh, I'll promise to try and be a good wife after this—"

"You are now," said he, "the best of wives."

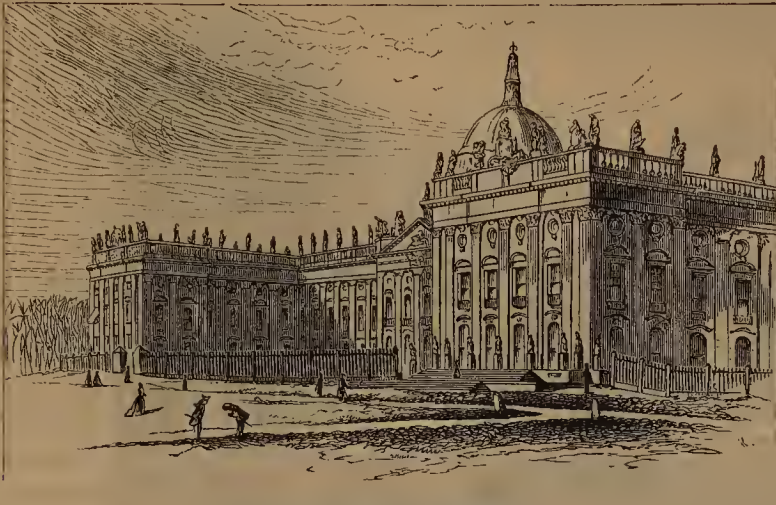
"Oh, I will be, Bert, as long as I live!"

"And afterward," whispered Bert, over my head, "when we're ghosts together?"

"Always, Bert. For ever and ever. How can I help it, and you coming home to me when you might have gone up—"

"Hush, now, dear. We won't talk any more about it. Go to sleep, little mother, beside your baby. I don't know where I might have gone," said Bert. "But I know that when I came into this room last night I came into heaven!"

FREDERICK THE GREAT.



THE NEW PALACE AT POTSDAM.

XII.—FREDERICK AT SANS SOUCI.

HAPPY the people," says Montesquieu, "whose annals are blank in history books." The annals of the nations are mainly composed of wars, tumult, and woe. For ten years Prussia enjoyed peace. During this happy period, when the days and the years glided by in tranquillity, there is little left for the historian to record. Frederick engaged vigorously in repairing the ruins left by the war. The burned Silesian villages were rebuilt; debts were paid; agriculture and commerce encouraged; the laws revised and reformed. A decree was issued, that all lawsuits should be brought to a decision within a year after their beginning.

The king, weary of the life of turmoil, constructed for himself a beautiful villa, which he named *Sans Souci* ("Free from Care"), which Carlyle characteristically translates, "No bother." It was situated on a pleasant hill-top near Potsdam, in great retirement, yet commanding an enchanting view of land and water.

On the first of May, 1747, Frederick took formal possession of this beautiful château. The occasion was celebrated by quite a magnificent dinner of two hundred covers. Here, for the next forty years, he spent most of his leisure time. He had three other palaces, far surpassing Sans Souci in splendor, which he occasionally visited on days of royal festivities. Berlin and Charlottenburg were about twenty miles distant. The New Castle, so called, at Potsdam, was but about a mile from Sans Souci. He had also his palace at Rheinsberg, some thirty miles north of Berlin, where he had spent many of his early days.

It is said that, one day, as Frederick was contemplating the royal burying-ground, not far from the spot which he had selected for his rural villa, he said to a companion by his side,

in reference to his own burial, "*Oui, alors je serais sans souci.*" *Yes, then I shall be free from care.* From that remark the villa took its name. Frederick adopted it, and inscribed it in golden letters on the lintel. He appropriated to his private use three apartments—an audience-room, a library, and a small alcove for a bedroom. In this alcove, scarcely larger than a closet, he slept in soldier style, upon an iron bed, without curtains. An old slouched hat, softened by wear, served him for a night-cap. His library was a beautiful room, very richly furnished. There were terrible war clouds still sweeping over various parts of Europe. But their lightning flashes and their thunder roar disturbed not the repose of Frederick in his elevated retreat.

In the month of October, 1747, field-marshal Keith visited his Prussian majesty at Sans Souci. In a letter to his brother he thus describes the results of his observations:

"I have now the honor and, what is still more, the pleasure of being with the king at Potsdam. I have the honor to dine and sup with him almost every day. He has more wit than I have wit to tell you; speaks solidly and knowingly on all kinds of subjects; and I am much mistaken if, with the experience of four campaigns, he is not the best officer of his army. He has several persons with whom he lives with almost the familiarity of a friend, but he has no favorite. He shows a natural politeness for every body who is about him. For one who has been four days about his person, you will say, I pretend to know a great deal about his character. But what I tell you you may depend upon. With more time I shall know as much of him as he will let me know, and no one of his ministry knows any more."

The king was a very busy man. In addition to carrying on quite an extensive literary



SANS SOUCI.

correspondence, he was vigorously engaged in writing his memoirs. He was also with great energy developing the wealth of his realms. In the exercise of absolute power, his government was entirely personal. He had no constitution to restrain him. Under his single control were concentrated all legislative, judicial, and executive powers. There was no senate or legislative corps to co-operate in framing laws. His ministers were merely servants to do his bidding. The courts had no powers whatever but such as he intrusted to them. He could at any time reverse their decrees, and flog the judges with his cane, or hang them. This is personal government.

Frederick was a great snuff-taker. He always carried two large snuff-boxes in his pocket. Several others stood upon tables around in his rooms, always ready for use. The cheapest of these boxes cost fifteen hundred dollars. He had some richly studded with gems, which cost seven thousand five hundred dollars. At his death one hundred and thirty snuff-boxes appeared in the inventory of his jewels.

Many anecdotes are related illustrative of the kind feelings of the king toward the peasants. He was much interested in ameliorating their condition, and said to the bishop of Varmia, "Believe me, if I knew every thing—if I could read every thing myself—all my subjects should be happy. But alas! I am but a man."

In the ranks all of the army were equally entitled to distinction. Promotion was conferred upon merit, not upon the accident of birth. This principle, which was entirely ignored in the other European despotisms, prob-

ably contributed to the success of Frederick's armies. A Hanoverian count wrote to him, soliciting a high position in the army for his son, in favor of his exalted birth. Frederick dictated the following reply:

"I am obliged to tell you that I have long forbid counts to be received, as such, into my army; for when they have served one or two years they retire, and merely make their short military career a subject of vain boasting. If your son wishes to serve, the title of count can be of no use to him. But he will be promoted if he learn his profession well."

The king then took the pen himself, and added with his own hand:

"Young counts who have learned nothing are the most ignorant people in all countries. In England the king's son begins by being a sailor on board a ship, in order to learn the manœuvres belonging to that service. If it should miraculously happen that a count could be good for any thing, it must be by banishing all thoughts about his titles and his birth, for these are only follies. Every thing depends upon personal merit.
FREDERICK."

The severity of discipline in the Prussian army was dreadful. The slightest misdemeanor was punished mercilessly. The drill, exposure, and hardships in the camp made life to the soldier a scene of constant martyrdom. Desertion was almost impossible. The only avenue of escape was suicide. In the little garrison at Potsdam, in ten years, over three hundred, by self-inflicted death, escaped their miseries. Dr. Zimmerman states that it not unfrequently happened that a soldier murdered a child, and then came and gave himself up to justice. They thought that if they committed suicide they would be subject to eternal punishment. But the murdered infant was sure to go to heaven, and the murderer would have time to repent and make his peace with God.

Baron Trenck, in his memoir, gives an appalling account of these hardships in the bodyguards to which he belonged. In time of peace there was scarcely an hour which he could command. The morning drill com-

menced at four o'clock. The most complicated and perilous manœuvres were performed. Frederick considered this the best school for cavalry in the world. They were compelled to leap trenches, which were continually widened till many fell in and broke their legs or arms. They were also compelled to leap hedges, and continue to charge at the highest possible speed for miles together. Almost daily some were either killed or wounded. At mid-day they took fresh horses and repeated these toilsome and dangerous labors. Frequently they would be called from their beds two or three times in one night, to keep them on the alert. But eight minutes were allowed the guardsman to present himself on horseback, in his place, fully equipped. "In one year of peace," he says, "the body-guards lost more men and horses than they had in two battles during the war."

In 1747 marshal Saxe visited Potsdam. He witnessed a review of the guards. In the account of this review given by Algarotti, he says, "The squadron of guards, which at one time, drawn up close, exhibited the appearance of a rock, at another resembled a cloud scattered along the plain. In the charge on full gallop one horse's head was not a foot beyond another. The line was so exactly straight that Euclid himself could not have found fault with it."

In September, 1749, Madame Du Chatelet, the "divine Emilie" of Voltaire, suddenly died. The infidel philosopher seemed much grieved for a time. Frederick, who never fancied Madame Du Chatelet, was the more eager, now that she was out of the way, that Voltaire should come to Sans Souci, and aid him in his literary labors. A trivial incident occurred at this time worthy of record, as illustrative of the character of the king. At the close of the year 1749 there had been a review of Austrian troops at Mähren. It was not a very important affair, neither the empress queen nor her husband being present. Three Prussian officers made their appearance. It was said that they had come to inveigle soldiers to desert, and enlist under the banners of Prussia. They were peremptorily ordered by the Austrian authorities to leave the ground. Frederick, when he heard of it, said nothing, but treasured it up.

A few months after, in May, 1750, there was a grand review at Berlin. An Austrian officer who chanced to be there was invited by his friend, a Prussian officer, lieutenant-colonel Chasot, to attend. The Austrian was not willing to ride upon the parade-ground without the permission of the king. Colonel Chasot called upon Frederick and informed him that an Austrian officer would be happy, with his majesty's permission, to be present at the review.

"Certainly, certainly," exclaimed the king.

This was on the evening before the review. On the morrow the Austrian accordingly rode upon the field. He had hardly arrived there when, just as the manœuvres were commencing, one of the aids-de-camp of Frederick galloped up to him and said, "By the king's command,

Sir, you are ordered instantly to retire from this field."

Colonel Chasot, exceedingly chagrined, rode directly to the king, and inquired, "Did not your majesty grant me permission to invite my friend to the review?"

"Certainly," replied the king, in his most courteous tones; "and if he had not come, how could I have paid back the Mähren business of last year?"

It is pleasant to record another incident more creditable to Frederick. In the year 1750 there was a poor and aged schoolmaster, by the name of Linsenbarth, a very worthy man, a veritable Dominie Sampson, residing in the obscure village of Hemleben. He had been educated as a clergyman, had considerable book learning, was then out of employment, and was in extreme destitution. The pastor of the village church died, leaving a vacant pulpit, and a salary amounting to about one hundred dollars a year. The great man of the place, a feudal lord named Von Werthern, offered the situation to Linsenbarth, upon condition that he would marry his lady's termagant waiting-maid. Linsenbarth, who had no fancy for the haughty shrew, declined the offer. The lord and lady were much offended, and in various ways rendered the situation of the poor schoolmaster so uncomfortable that he gathered up his slender means, amounting to about three hundred dollars, all in the deteriorated coin of the province, and went to Berlin. His money was in a bag containing nearly nine thousand very small pieces of coin, called *batzen*.

At the custom-house the poor man's coin was seized as contraband. He was informed that the king had forbidden the circulation of that kind of money in Berlin. The heartless officials laughed at the poor man's distress, paid no regard to his remonstrances and pleadings, and locked up his confiscated coin.

Poor Linsenbarth had a feather bed, a small chest of clothes, and a bag of books. He went to a humble inn, called the "White Swan," utterly penniless. The landlord, seeing that he could levy upon his luggage in case of need, gave him food and a small room in the garret to sleep in. Here he remained in a state verging upon despair for eight weeks. Some of the simple neighbors advised him to go directly to the king, as every poor man could do at certain hours in the day. He wrote a brief statement of the facts, and started on foot for Potsdam. We give the result in the words of Linsenbarth:

"At Potsdam I was lucky enough to see the king. He was on the esplanade drilling his troops. When the drill was over he went into the garden, and the soldiers dispersed. Four officers remained lounging on the esplanade. For fright I knew not what to do; I drew the papers from my pocket. These were my memorial, two certificates of character, and a Thuringian pass. The officers noticing this came directly to me and said, 'What letters have you there?' I thankfully imparted the



FREDERICK AND LINSENBARTH.

whole. When the officers had read them they said, 'We will give you good advice. The king is extra gracious to-day, and is gone alone into the garden. Follow him straight. You will have luck.'

"This I would not do; my awe was too great. They thereupon laid hands upon me. One took me by the right arm, another by the left, and led me to the garden. Having got me there they looked out for the king. He was among the gardeners examining some rare plant, and had his back to us. Here I had to halt. The officers began in an under-tone to put me through my drill. 'Take your hat under your left arm; put your right foot foremost; breast well forward; hold your head up; hold your papers aloft in your right hand; there, so—steady—steady!'

"They then went away, often looking around to see if I kept my posture. I perceived well enough that they were making game of me; but I stood all the same like a wall, being full of fear. When the king turned round he gave a look at me like a flash of sunbeams glancing through you. He sent one of the gardeners

to bring my papers. Taking them he disappeared in one of the garden walks. In a few minutes he came back with my papers open in his hand, and waved with them for me to come nearer. I plucked up heart and went directly to him. Oh, how graciously this great monarch deigned to speak to me!

"'My good Thuringian,' said the king, 'you came to Berlin seeking to earn your bread by the industrious teaching of children, and here at the custom-house they have taken your money from you. True, the *batzen* are not legal here. They should have said to you, "You are a stranger and did not know of the prohibition. We will seal up the bag of *batzen*. You can send it back to Thuringia and get it changed for other coin." Be of good heart, however. You shall have

your money again, and interest too. But, my poor man, in Berlin they do not give any thing gratis. You are a stranger. Before you are known and get to teaching, your bit of money will be all gone. What then?'

"I understood the speech perfectly well, but my awe was too great to allow me to say, 'Your majesty will have the grace to allow me something.' But as I was so simple, and asked for nothing, he did not offer any thing. And so he turned away. But he had gone scarcely six or eight steps when he looked around and gave me a sign to walk by his side."

The king then questioned him very closely, respecting the place where he had studied, during what years, under what teachers, and to what branches he had devoted special attention. While thus conversing the clock struck twelve. This was the dinner-hour of his majesty. "Now I must go," said the king. "They wait for their soup."

Linsensbarth, thus left alone, sauntered from the garden back to the esplanade. There he stood quite bewildered. He had walked that day twenty miles beneath a July sun and over

the burning sands. He had eaten nothing. He had not a farthing in his pocket.

"In this tremor of my heart," writes Linsenbarth, "there came a valet out of the palace and asked, 'Where is the man that was with my king in the garden?' I answered, 'Here.' He led me into the palace to a large room, where pages, lackeys, and soldier valets were about. My valet took me to a little table excellently furnished with soup, beef; likewise carp, dressed with garden salad; likewise game, with cucumber salad; bread, knife, fork, plate, spoon were all there. My valet set me a chair, and said,

" 'This that is on the table the king has ordered to be served for you. You are to eat your fill and mind nobody. I am to serve.'

"I was greatly astonished, and knew not what to do; least of all could it come into my head that the king's valet who waited on his majesty should wait on me. I pressed him to sit by me. But as he refused, I did as bidden.

"The valet took the beef from the table and set it on the charcoal dish until wanted. He did the like with the fish and roast game, and poured me out wine and beer. I ate and drank till I had abundantly enough. Dessert, confectionery, what I could. A plate of big black cherries and a plateful of pears my waiting-man wrapped in paper, and stuffed them into my pockets to be a refreshment on the way home. And so I rose from the royal table, and thanked God and the king in my heart that I had so gloriously dined. At that moment a secretary came, brought me a sealed order for the custom-house at Berlin, with my certificates and the pass; told down on the table five tail-ducats and a gold Friedrich under them, saying, 'The king sent me this to take me home to Berlin.'

"And if the hussar took me into the palace, it was now the secretary took me out again. And there, yoked with six horses, stood a royal wagon, which, having led me to, the secretary said, 'You people, the king has given order that you are to take this stranger to Berlin, and you are to accept no drink-money from him.' I again testified my thankfulness for the royal kindness, took my place, and rolled away.

"On reaching Berlin I went at once to the custom-house, and handed them my royal order. The head man opened the seal. In reading he changed color—went from pale to red; said nothing, and gave it to the second man to read. The second put on his spectacles, read, and gave it to the third. However, the head man rallied himself at last. I was to come forward and be so good as to write a receipt that I had received for my four hundred thalers, all in *batzen*, the same sum in Brandenburg coin, ready down, without

the least deduction. My cash was at once accurately paid, and thereupon the steward was ordered to go with me to the 'White Swan,' and pay what I owed there, whatever my score was. That was what the king had meant when he said, 'You shall have your money back, and interest too.'

This good old man died in Berlin, on the 24th of August, 1777, eighty-eight years of age.

In the autumn of 1750 Frederick held a famous Berlin carousal, the celebrity of which filled all Europe. Distinguished guests flocked to the city from all the adjoining realms. Wilhelmina came to share in the festivities. Voltaire was also present, "the observed of all observers." An English gentleman, sir Jonas Hanway, in the following terms, describes the appearance of Frederick at this time:

"His Prussian majesty rides much about, often at a rapid rate, with a pleasant business aspect—humane, though imperative; handsome to look upon, though with a face perceptibly reddish. His age, now thirty-eight gone; a set appearance, as if already got into his forties; complexion florid; figure muscular, almost tending to be plump."

The carousal presented a very splendid spectacle. It took place by night, and the spacious arena was lighted by thirty thousand torches. The esplanade of the palace, which presented an ample parallelogram, was surrounded by an amphitheatre of rising seats, crowded with the beauties and dignitaries of Europe. At one end of the parallelogram was a royal box, tapestried with the richest hangings. The king sat there; his sister, the princess Amelia, was by his side, as queen of the festival. Where the neglected wife of Frederick was is not recorded. The entrance for the cavaliers was opposite the throne. The jousting parties consisted of four bands, representing Romans, Persians, Carthaginians, and Greeks. They were decorated with splendid equipments of jewelry, silver helmets, sashes, and housings, and were mounted on the most spirited battle-steeds which Europe could furnish. The scene was enlivened by exhilarating music, and by the most gorgeous decorations and picturesque costumes which the taste and art of the times could create. The festivities were closed by a ball in the vast saloons of the palace, and by a supper, where the tables were loaded with every delicacy.

Voltaire was received on this occasion with very distinguished honor. The king, in inviting him to the court, had sent him a sum amounting to three thousand dollars to pay the expenses of his journey. He had also conferred upon him the cross of the order of Merit, and a pension of about four thousand dollars a year.

For a time Frederick and Voltaire seem to have lived very pleasantly together. Voltaire writes: "I was lodged under the king's apartment, and never left my room except for supper. The king composed, above stairs, works

¹ "About three pounds ten shillings, I think—better than ten pounds in our day to a common man, and better than one hundred pounds to a Linsenbarth."—CARLYLE.



TOURNAMENT AT BERLIN IN HONOR OF FREDERICK.

of philosophy, history, poetry; and his favorite, below stairs, cultivated the same arts and the same talents. They communicated to one another their respective works. The Prussian monarch composed, at this time, his 'History of Brandenburg;' and the French author wrote his 'Age of Louis XIV.,' having brought with him all his materials.¹ His days thus passed happily in a repose which was only animated by agreeable occupations. Nothing, indeed,

could be more delightful than this way of life, or more honorable to philosophy and literature."

But soon the philosopher became involved in very serious difficulties. He employed a Jew, by the name of Hirsch, to engage fraudulently in speculating in the funds. The transaction was so complicated that few of our readers would have the patience to follow an attempt at its disentanglement. Voltaire and his agent quarreled. The contention rang through all the court circles, as other conspicuous names were involved in the meshes of the intrigue. A lawsuit

¹ *Commentaire Historique sur les Œuvres de l'Auteur de la Henriade.*

ensued, which created excitement almost inconceivable. The recent law reform caused the process to be pushed very rapidly to its conclusion. Voltaire emerged from the suit with his character sadly maimed. He was clearly convicted of both falsehood and forgery. The king, annoyed by the clamor, retired from Berlin to Sans Souci. Voltaire was not invited to accompany him, but was left in the Berlin palace. In a letter which Frederick wrote to D'Arget, dated April, 1752, he says:

"Voltaire has conducted himself like a black-guard and a consummate rascal. I have talked to him as he deserved. He is a sad fellow. I am quite ashamed for human abilities that a man who has so much of them should be so full of wickedness. I am not surprised that people talk at Paris of the quarrel of our *beaux esprits*. Voltaire is the most mischievous madman I ever knew. He is only good to read. It is impossible for you to imagine the duplicities, the impositions, the infamies he practiced here. I am quite indignant that so much talent and acquirement do not make men better. I took the part of Maupertuis, because he is a good sort of man, and the other had determined upon ruining him. A little too much vanity had rendered him too sensitive to the manœuvres of this monkey, whom he ought to have despised after having castigated him."¹

Frederick wrote to Wilhelmina: "Voltaire picks Jews' pockets, but he will get out of it by some somersault."

Voltaire fell sick. He had already quarreled with many persons, and had constrained the king in many cases, very reluctantly, to take his part. He now wrote to Frederick, begging permission to join him in the quietude of Sans Souci. The following extracts from the reply of his majesty will be read with interest:

"POTSDAM, February 24, 1751.

"I was glad to receive you in my house. I esteemed your genius, your talents, and your acquirements. I had reason to think that a man of your age, weary of fencing against authors, and exposing himself to the storm, came hither to take refuge, as in a safe harbor."

After briefly alluding to the many quarrels in which Voltaire had been involved, the king adds:

"You have had the most villainous affair with a Jew. It has made a frightful scandal all over town. For my own part, I have preserved peace in my house until your arrival; and I warn you that, if you have the passion of intriguing and caballing, you have applied to the wrong person. I like peaceable, quiet people, who do not put into their conduct the violent passions of tragedy. In case you can resolve to live like a philosopher, I shall be glad to see you. But if you abandon yourself to all the violence of your passions, and get into quarrels with all the world, you will do me no good by

coming hither, and you may as well stay in Berlin."

Four days after this Frederick wrote again, in answer to additional applications from Voltaire.

"If you wish to come hither you can. I hear nothing of lawsuits, not even of yours. Since you have gained it I congratulate you, and I am glad that this scurvy affair is done.¹ I hope you will have no more quarrels, either with the Old or the New Testament. Such contentions leave their mark upon a man. Even with the talents of the finest genius in France, you will not cover the stains which this conduct will fasten on your reputation in the long run. I write this letter with the rough common-sense of a German, without employing equivocal terms which disfigure the truth. It is for you to profit by it."

Voltaire's visit lasted about thirty-two months. He was, however, during all this time, fast losing favor with the king. Instead of being received as an inmate at Sans Souci, he was assigned to a small country house in the vicinity, called the Marquisat. His wants were, however, all abundantly provided for at the expense of the king. It is evident from his letters that he was a very unhappy man. He was infirm in health, irascible, discontented, crabbed; suspecting every one of being his enemy, jealous of his companions, and with a diseased mind, crowded with superstitious fears.

On one occasion, when the king had sent him a manuscript to revise, he sarcastically exclaimed to the royal messenger, "When will his majesty be done with sending me his dirty linen to wash?" This speech was repeated to the king. He did not lose his revenge.

Frederick was endowed with brilliant powers of conversation. He was fond of society, where he could exercise and display these gifts and accomplishments. Frequent suppers were given at Sans Souci, which lasted from half past eight till midnight. Gentlemen only—learned men—were invited to these entertainments. Frederick was not an amiable man. He took pleasure in inflicting the keenest pain possible with his satirical tongue. No friend was spared. The more deeply he could strike the lash into the quivering nerves of sensibility, the better he seemed pleased with himself.

He could not but respect his wife. Her character was beyond all possible reproach. She never uttered a complaint, was cheerful and faithful in every duty. She had rooms assigned her on the second floor of the Berlin palace, where she was comfortably lodged and fed, and had modest receptions every Thursday, which were always closed at nine o'clock. A gentleman writes from Berlin at this time:

"The king esteems his wife, and can not endure her. It was but a few days ago she hand-

¹ Voltaire boasted that he had gained the cause, because the Jew was fined thirty shillings. But he knew full well, as did every one else, that the result of the suit covered him with dishonor.

¹ *Supplément aux Œuvres Posthumes de Frédéric*, ii.

ed him a letter petitioning for some things of which she had the most pressing want. Frederick took the letter with that most smiling, gracious air, which he assumes at pleasure, and, without breaking the seal, tore it up before her face, made her a profound bow, and turned his back on her."

"The king respects his mother," the same writer adds. "She is the only female to whom he pays any sort of attention. She is a good, fat woman, who moves about in her own way."

It was a peculiarity quite inexplicable which led Frederick to exclude females from his court. His favorites were all men—men of some peculiar intellectual ability. He sought their society only. With the exception of his sister, and occasionally some foreign princess, ladies were seldom admitted to companionship with him. He was a cold, solitary man, so self-reliant that he seldom asked or took advice.

Voltaire hated M. Maupertuis. He was the president of the Berlin Academy, and was regarded by Voltaire as a formidable rival. This hatred gave rise to a quarrel between Frederick and Voltaire, which was so virulent that Europe was filled with the noise of their bickerings. M. Maupertuis had published a pamphlet, in which he assumed to have made some important discovery upon the law of action. M. König, a member of the Academy, reviewed the pamphlet, asserting not only that the proclaimed law was false, but that it had been promulgated half a century before. In support of his position he quoted from a letter of Leibnitz. The original of the letter could not be produced. M. König was accused of having forged the extract. M. Maupertuis, a very jealous, irritable man, by his powerful influence as president, caused M. König to be expelled from the Academy.

Frederick regarded the Academy as his pet institution, and was very jealous of the illustrious philosopher, whom he had invited to Berlin to preside over its deliberations. Voltaire, knowing this very well, and fully aware that to strike the Academy in the person of its president was to strike Frederick, wrote an anonymous communication to a review published in Paris, in which he accused M. Maupertuis—first, of plagiarism, in appropriating to himself a discovery made by another; secondly, of a ridiculous blunder in assuming that said discovery was a philosophical principle, and not an absurdity; and thirdly, that he had abused his position as president of the Academy in suppressing free discussion, by expelling from the institution a member merely for not agreeing with him in opinion. These statements were probably true, and on that account the more damaging.

The authorship of the article could not be concealed. Frederick was indignant. He angrily seized his pen, and wrote a reply, which, though anonymous, was known by all to have been written by the king. In this reply he accused the writer of the article, whom he well

knew to be Voltaire, of being a "manifest retailer of lies," "a concocter of stupid libels," and as "guilty of conduct more malicious, more dastardly, more infamous" than he had ever known before.

This roused Voltaire. He did not venture to attack the king, but he assailed M. Maupertuis again, anonymously, but with greatly increased venom. A brief pamphlet appeared, entitled, "The Diatribe of Doctor Akakia, Physician to the Pope." It was a merciless satire against M. Maupertuis. Voltaire was entirely unscrupulous, and was perfect master of the language of sarcasm. No moral principle restrained him from exaggerating, misrepresenting, or fabricating any falsehoods which would subserve his purpose. M. Maupertuis was utterly overwhelmed with ridicule. The satire was so keen that few could read it without roars of laughter. Voltaire, the king's guest, was thus exposing to the contempt of all Europe the president of the Berlin Academy, the reputation of which Academy was dear to the king above almost every thing else. An edition of the pamphlet was printed in Holland, and copies were scattered all over Berlin. Another edition was published in Paris, where thirty thousand copies were eagerly purchased.

Frederick was in a towering passion. Voltaire was alarmed at the commotion he had created. He wrote a letter to the king, in which he declared most solemnly that he had not intended to have the pamphlet published; that a copy had been obtained by treachery, and had been printed without his consent or knowledge. But the king wrote back:

"Your effrontery astonishes me. What you have done is clear as the day; and yet, instead of confessing your culpability, you persist in denying it. Do you think you can make people believe that black is white? All shall be made public. Then it will be seen whether, if your words deserve statues, your conduct does not deserve chains."

The king, in his anger, ordered all the pamphlets in Berlin to be collected and burned by the common hangman, in front of Voltaire's windows. Three months passed away, during which the parties remained in this deplorable state of antagonism. Voltaire was wretched, often confined to his bed, and looked like a skeleton. He was anxious to leave Berlin, but feared that the king would not grant him leave. He wrote to Frederick, stating that he was very sick, and wished to retire to the springs of Plombières for his health. The king curtly replied:

"There was no need of that pretext about the waters of Plombières, in demanding your leave. You can quit my service when you like. But, before going, be so good as to return me the key, the cross, and the volume of verses which I confided to you."

"I wish that my works, and only they, had been what König attacked. I could sacrifice them with a great deal of willingness to per-

sons who think of increasing their own reputation by lessening that of others. I have not the folly nor vanity of certain authors. The cabals of literary people seem to me the disgrace of literature. I do not the less esteem the honorable cultivators of literature. It is the caballers and their leaders that are degraded in my eyes."

For some unexplained reason, soon after this, the king partially relented, and invited Voltaire to Potsdam. He allowed him to retain his cross and key, and said nothing about the return of the volume of poetry. This was a volume of which twelve copies only had been printed. On the 25th of March, 1753, Voltaire left Potsdam for Dresden.

In the following terms Thiebault describes their parting: The final interview between Frederick and Voltaire took place on the parade at Potsdam, where the king was then occupied with his soldiers. One of the attendants announced Voltaire to his majesty with these words:

"Sire, here is Monsieur De Voltaire, who is come to receive the orders of your majesty."

Frederick turned to Voltaire, and said: "Monsieur De Voltaire, are you still determined upon going?"

"Sire, affairs which I can not neglect, and, above all, the state of my health, oblige me to it."

"In that case, Sir," replied the king, "I wish you a good journey."

Thus parted these remarkable men, who were never destined to meet again.

Voltaire, being safe out of Prussia, in the territory of the king of Poland, instead of hastening to Plombières, tarried in Dresden, and then in Leipsic. From those places he began shooting, through magazines, newspapers, and various other instrumentalities, his poisoned darts at M. Maupertuis. Though these malignant assaults, rapidly following each other, were anonymous, no one could doubt their authorship. M. Maupertuis, exasperated, wrote to him from Berlin, on the 7th of April:

"If it be true that you design to attack me again, I declare to you that I have still health enough to find you, wherever you are, and to take the most signal vengeance upon you. Thank the respect and obedience which have hitherto restrained my arm, and saved you from the worst adventure you have ever had.

"MAUPERTUIS."

Voltaire replied from Leipsic:

"M. LE PRESIDENT,—I have had the honor to receive your letter. You inform me that you are well, and that if I publish La Beaumelle's letter¹ you will come and assassinate me. What ingratitude to your poor doctor Akakia! If you

exalt your soul, so as to discern futurity, you will see that, if you come on that errand to Leipsic, where you are no better liked than in other places, you will run some risk of being hanged. Poor me, indeed, you will find in bed. But as soon as I have gained a little strength I will have my pistols charged, and, multiplying the mass by the square of velocity, so as to reduce the action and you to zero, I will put some lead into your head. It appears that you have need of it. Adieu, my president.

"AKAKIA."

There were some gross vulgarities in Voltaire's letter which we refrain from quoting. Both of these communications were printed and widely circulated, exciting throughout Europe contempt and derision. Voltaire had still the copy of the king's private poems. Frederick, quite irritated, and not knowing what infamous use Voltaire might make of the volume, which contained some very severe satires against prominent persons, and particularly against his uncle, the king of England, determined, at all hazards, to recover the book. He knew it would be of no avail to write to Voltaire to return it.

Voltaire, on his journey to Paris, would pass through Frankfort. Frederick secretly employed a Prussian officer to obtain from the authorities there the necessary powers and to arrest him, and take from him the cross of Merit, the gold key of the chamberlain, and, especially, the volume of poems. The officer, M. Freytag, kept himself minutely informed of Voltaire's movements. At eight o'clock in the evening of the 31st of May, the illustrious philosopher arrived, with a small suit, traveling in considerable state, and stopped at the "Golden Lion." M. Freytag was on the spot. He was a man of distinction. He called upon Voltaire, and, after the interchange of the customary civilities, informed the poet that he was under the necessity of arresting him in the name of the king of Prussia, and detaining him until he should surrender the cross, the key, and the volume of poems. Voltaire was greatly annoyed. He professed warm friendship for the king of Prussia. Very reluctantly, and not until after several hours of altercation, he surrendered the key and the cross. The volume of poems he was very anxious indeed to retain, and affirmed that they were, he knew not where, with luggage he had left behind him in Leipsic or Dresden. He was informed that he would be detained as a prisoner until the volume was produced.

In a state of great exasperation, Voltaire wrote for a large trunk to be sent to him which contained the book. To save himself from the humiliation of being guarded as a prisoner, he gave his *parole d'honneur* that he would not go beyond the garden of the inn. After a delay of three weeks, Voltaire decided, notwithstanding his parole, to attempt his escape. His reputation was such that M. Freytag had no con-

¹ This was a private letter which reflected severely upon the character of Maupertuis.

fidence in his word, and employed spies to watch his every movement.

On the 20th of June, Voltaire dressed himself in disguise, and, with a companion, M. Coligny, entered a hackney-coach, and ordered the driver to leave the city by the main gate. M. Freytag was immediately informed of this by his spies. With mounted men he commenced the pursuit, overtook the carriage as it was delayed a moment at the gate, and arrested the fugitive in the king's name. Voltaire's eyes sparkled with fury, and he raved insanely. The scene gathered a crowd, and Voltaire was taken by a guard of soldiers to another inn, "The Billy-Goat," as the landlord of the "Golden Lion" refused any longer to entertain so troublesome a guest.

All Frankfort was excited by these events. The renown of Voltaire, as a philosopher, a poet, and as the friend of Frederick, filled Europe. His eccentricities were the subject of general remark. The most distinguished men, by birth and culture, had paid him marked attention during his brief compulsory sojourn in Frankfort. Having arrived at "The Billy-Goat," his conduct, according to the report of M. Freytag, was that of a madman, in which attempted flight, feigned vomitings, and a cocked pistol took part. The account which Voltaire gave of these events is now universally pronounced to be grossly inaccurate.

On the 6th of July, the trunk having arrived, the volume of poems was recovered, and Voltaire was allowed to go on his way. His pen, dipped in gall, was an instrument which even a monarch might fear. It inflicted wounds upon the reputation of Frederick which will probably never be healed. Four years passed away, during which Voltaire and Frederick were almost entirely strangers to each other.

The merciless satires of Voltaire, exposing Maupertuis to the ridicule of all Europe, proved death-blows to the sensitive philosopher. He was thrown into a state of great dejection, which induced disease, of which he died in 1759. Maupertuis needed this discipline. In the proud days of prosperity he had rejected Christianity. In these hours of adversity, oppressed by humiliation and pain, and with the grave opening before him, he felt the need of the consolations of religion. Christian faith cheered the sadness of his dying hours.¹

The marquis D'Argens, another of Frederick's infidel companions, one whom Voltaire described as "the most frank atheist in Europe," after a very ignoble life of sin and shame, having quarreled with the king, found himself aged, poor, friendless, and infirm. He then, experiencing need of different support from any which infidelity could give, became penitent and prayerful. Renouncing his unbelief, he became an openly avowed disciple of Jesus.²

What effect was produced upon the mind of

Frederick as he saw one after another of his boon companions in infidelity, in their hours of sickness and approaching death, seeking the consolations of religion, we do not know. The proud king kept his lips hermetically sealed upon that subject. Voltaire, describing the suppers of the gay revelers at Sans Souci, writes:

"Never was there a place in the world where liberty of speech was so fully indulged, or where the various superstitions of men were treated with so much ridicule and contempt. God was respected. But those who, in His name, had imposed on mankind, were not spared. Neither women nor priests ever entered the palace. In a word, Frederick lived without a court, without a council, and without a religion."

Prussia had enjoyed eight years of peace. But Frederick was not a popular man excepting with his own subjects. They idolized him. Innumerable are the anecdotes related illustrative of his kindness to them. He seemed to be earnestly seeking their welfare. But foreign courts feared him. Many hated him. He was unscrupulous and grasping, and had but very little sense of moral integrity. He was ambitious of literary renown; of reputation as a keen satirist. With both pen and tongue he was prone to lash without mercy his brother sovereigns, and even the courtiers who surrounded him. There were no ties of friendship which could exempt any one from his sarcasm. Other sovereigns felt that he was continually on the watch to enlarge his realms by invading their territories, as he had robbed Maria Theresa of the province of Silesia.

Some years before this time Frederick had taken possession of East Friesland, and had made Emden a port of entry. It was a very important acquisition, as it opened to Prussia a convenient avenue for maritime commerce. With great vigor and sagacity Frederick was encouraging this commerce, thus strengthening his kingdom and enriching his subjects. England, mistress of the seas, and then, as usual, at war with France, was covering all the adjacent waters with her war ships and privateers. Frederick had inquired of the English court, through his ambassador at London, whether hemp, flax, or timber were deemed contraband. "No," was the official response. Freight with such merchandise, the Prussian ships freely sailed in all directions. But soon an English privateer seized several of them, upon the assumption that the *planks* with which they were loaded were contraband.

It was an outrage to which Frederick was not disposed to submit. He entered his remonstrances. The question was referred to the British Court of Admiralty. Month after month the decision was delayed. Frederick lost all patience. English capitalists held Silesian bonds to the amount of about one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

"I must have my ships back again," said Frederick to the British court. "The law's delay in England is, I perceive, very consider-

¹ THIEBAULT, *Souvenirs de Vingt Ans de Séjour à Berlin*.

² *Biographie Universelle*.

able. My people who have had their property thus wrested from them can not conveniently wait. I shall indemnify them from the money due on the Silesian bonds, and shall give England credit for the same. Until restitution is made I shall not pay either principal or interest on those bonds."

The British court was frantic with rage. Frederick had a strong army on the frontiers of Hanover. The first hostile gun fired would be the signal for the invasion of that province, and it would inevitably be wrested from the British crown. The lion roared, but did not venture to use either teeth or claws. England was promptly brought to terms. It was grandly done of Frederick. There was something truly sublime in the quiet, noiseless, apparently almost indifferent air, with which Frederick accomplished his purpose.

Maria Theresa was more and more unreconciled to the loss of Silesia. Never for an hour did she relinquish the idea of eventually regaining the province. The various treaties into which she had been compelled to enter she regarded as merely temporary arrangements. Between the years 1752 and 1755 the energetic and persistent queen was making secret arrangements for the renewal of the Silesian war.

The king of Poland, who was also elector of Saxony, had strong feelings of personal hostility to Frederick. His prime minister, count Von Brühl, even surpassed his royal master in the bitter antagonism with which he regarded the Prussian monarch. Frederick, whose eagle eye was ever open, and whose restless mind was always on the alert, suspected that a coalition was about to be formed against him. He had false keys made to the royal archives at Dresden; bribed one of the officials there, M. Menzel, stealthily to enter the chamber of the archives, and copy for him such extracts as would throw any light upon the designs of the court. Among other items of intelligence he found that Austria, Russia, and Poland were deliberating upon the terms of a coalition against him.

On the 15th of May, 1753, the Russian Senate had passed the resolution that it should henceforth be the policy of Russia not only to resist all further encroachments on the part of Prussia, but to seize the first opportunity to force the Prussian monarch back to the possession of simply his original boundary of Brandenburg. It was also agreed that, should Prussia attack any of the allies of Russia, or be attacked by any of them, the armies of the czar should immediately array themselves against the armies of Frederick. There were many other papers, more or less obscure, which rendered it very certain that Maria Theresa would ere long make a new attempt to regain Silesia, and that in that attempt she would be aided both by Russia and Poland. Frederick also knew full well that nothing would better please his uncle George II. of England than to see Prussia crowded back to her smallest limits.

To add to Frederick's embarrassment, France was hopelessly alienated from him.

Many bitter words had already passed between Louis XV. and Frederick. But recently a new element of discord had appeared. The duchess of Pompadour, the guilty favorite of Louis XV., beautiful, fascinating, and wicked, had become a power in Europe, notwithstanding the ignoble position she occupied. This artful and enchanting woman, having the weak king completely under her control, was in reality the ruler of France. The proudest nobles and the highest ecclesiastics bowed submissively at her shrine. Even the immaculate Maria Theresa, constrained by state policy, wrote flattering notes to her, addressing her as, "my cousin," "princess and cousin," "madame, my dearest sister."

The pampered duchess sent by the French minister to Berlin a complimentary message to Frederick. He disdainfully replied: "The duchess of Pompadour! who is she? I do not know her." This was an offense never to be forgiven.

Frederick was now in imminent danger of being assailed by a coalition of Austria, Russia, Poland, and England. Indeed, it was by no means certain that France might not also join the alliance. All this was the result of Frederick's great crime in wresting Silesia from Austria. Such was the posture of affairs when, in the summer of 1755, Frederick decided to take a trip into Holland incognito. He disguised himself with a black wig, and assumed the character of a musician of the king of Poland. At Amsterdam he embarked for Utrecht in the common passage boat. The king mingled with the other passengers without any one suspecting his rank. There chanced to be in the boat a young Swiss gentleman, Henry de Catt, twenty-seven years of age. He was a teacher, taking a short tour for recreation. He gives the following account of his interview with the king, whom, at the time, he had no reason to suppose was other than an ordinary passenger. We give the narrative in his own words:

"As I could not get into the cabin, because it was all engaged, I staid with the other passengers in the steerage, and the weather being fine, came upon deck. After some time there stepped out of the cabin a man in cinnamon-colored coat with gold buttons; in black wig; face and coat considerably dusted with Spanish snuff. He looked at me fixedly for a while; and then said, without farther preface, 'Who are you, Sir?' This cavalier tone from an unknown person, whose exterior indicated nothing very important, did not please me, and I declined satisfying his curiosity. He was silent. But some time after he assumed a more courteous tone, and said, 'Come in here to me, Sir. You will be better here than in the steerage amidst the tobacco smoke.'

"This polite address put an end to all anger; and, as the singular manner of the man excited

my curiosity, I took advantage of the invitation. We sat down and began to speak confidentially with one another.

"Do you see the man in the garden yonder, sitting, smoking his pipe?" said he to me. "That man, you may depend upon it, is not happy."

"I know not," I answered; "but it seems to me, until one knows a man, and is completely acquainted with his situation and his way of thought, one can not possibly determine whether he is happy or unhappy."

"My gentleman admitted this, and led the conversation on to the Dutch government. He criticised it—probably to bring me to speak. I did speak, and gave him frankly to know that he was not perfectly instructed in the thing he was criticising."

"You are right," answered he; "one can only criticise what one is thoroughly acquainted with."

"He now began to speak of religion; and, with eloquent tongue, to recount what mischiefs scholastic philosophy had brought upon the world; then tried to prove that creation was impossible."

"At this last point I stood out in opposition. 'But how can one create something out of nothing?' said he."

"That is not the question," I answered. "The question is, whether such a being as God can, or can not, give existence to what, as yet, has none."

"He seemed embarrassed, and added, 'But the universe is eternal.'"

"You are in a circle," said I. "How will you get out of it?"

"I skip over it," he replied, laughing; and then began to talk of other things."

"What form of government do you reckon the best?" inquired he."

"The monarchic, if the king is just and enlightened."

"Very well," said he; "but where will you find kings of that sort?" And thereupon went into such a sally as could not in the least lead me to suppose that he was one. In the end he expressed pity for them, that they could not know the sweets of friendship, and cited on the occasion these verses—his own, I suppose:

"Amitié, plaisir des grandes âmes;
Amitié, que les rois, ces illustres ingrats
Sont assez malheureux de ne connaître pas!"

"I have not the honor to be acquainted with kings," said I. "But to judge from what one has read in history of several of them, I should believe, Sir, on the whole, that you are right."

"Ah, yes, yes," he added, "I'm right. I know the gentlemen."

"A droll incident happened during our dialogue. My gentleman wanted to let down a little sash window, and could not manage it."

"You do not understand that," said I; "let me do it." I tried to get it down, but succeeded no better than he."

"Sir," said he, "allow me to remark, on my side, that you understand as little of it as I."

"That is true," I replied, "and I beg your pardon. I was too rash in accusing you of a want of expertness."

"Were you ever in Germany?" he now asked me."

"No," I answered; "but I should like to make that journey. I am very curious to see the Prussian states and their king, of whom one hears so much." And now I began to launch out on Frederick's actions."

"But he interrupted me hastily with the word, 'Nothing more of kings, Sir—nothing more. What have we to do with them? We will spend the rest of our voyage on more agreeable and cheering objects.' And now he spoke of the best of all possible worlds, and maintained that in our planet, earth, there was more evil than good. I maintained to the contrary, and this discussion brought us to the end of the voyage."

"On quitting me he said, 'I hope, Sir, you will leave me your name. I am very glad to have made your acquaintance. Perhaps we shall see one another again.'"

"I replied as was fitting to the compliment; and begged him to excuse me for having contradicted him a little. I then told him my name, and we parted."

How soon Henry learned that he had been conversing with the king of Prussia, we do not know. It is evident that Frederick was pleased with the interview. He soon after invited Henry de Catt to his court, and appointed him reader to the king. In this capacity he served his Prussian majesty for about twenty years. He left a note-book in the royal archives of Berlin, from which the above extracts are taken.

DAWN ON THE HEIGHTS.

Come, leave below the shrub-dark vales,
The harvest fields and pastures wide,
And climb, ere yet the day-star pales,
The lofty mountain's lonely side.

See, far around, majestic, grand,
They rise, height towering over height;
Like silent torches ranged they stand,
To wait the kindling of the light.

Against their forest-girdled hearts
The soft cloud rests its flushing cheek;
A first faint glimmer dawns, and darts
From cliff to cliff, from peak to peak.

The light creeps downward to the lakes,
White mists are through the valley curled,
Till one full tide of glory breaks
Upon the reawakening world.

What raptures through the bosom swell!
What silence all the spirit fills—
Touched by the Presence that doth dwell
Upon the everlasting hills!

Oh! blessed are they who love to climb
To solitudes remote, untrod—
To worship there with thoughts sublime,
And feel themselves alone with God.

ANNE FURNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MABEL'S PROGRESS," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE,"
"VERONICA," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

"I AM afraid that perhaps I disturb you, Miss Furness," said Mr. Lacer, coming into the room.

"Oh no. I was doing nothing. At least, I was—only thinking."

I was vexed with myself, as I stammered out the words, for my shy awkwardness. I had been startled, and taken by surprise. Although really, after a second's reflection, I could discern no reason why Mr. Lacer's call should be particularly surprising to me. He, at all events, was quite at his ease, and sat down, and began to chat with me in a pleasant, off-hand manner, that soon put me at my ease also. He had met father riding out at the gate, he said, as he was about to enter. Mr. Furness had been kind enough to ask him to go into the house, although he himself was unable to turn back with him, having an appointment on business with a farmer some miles in the country. He was very sorry indeed to learn that Mrs. Furness was unwell. Nervous headache! That must be a dreadfully trying disorder. He could not say that he had ever suffered from it himself; being, indeed, generally quite unconscious of his nerves! But Mrs. Furness's organization was evidently very sensitive and delicate. What a charming face she had! He begged pardon for taking the liberty of saying so, but the words were sincere. He had never seen any one who had inspired him with such admiration and respect at first sight. There was an atmosphere of grandeur about Mrs. Furness, just as there was an atmosphere of sweetness about a bed of violets.

Mother's praises—and they really seemed to be sincerely uttered—were very delightful in my ears. I told Mr. Lacer, laughingly, that he would be sooner tired of speaking flatteries on that score than I should be of hearing them. "They are not flatteries, Miss Furness," he protested, earnestly. "They are the sober truth. Or rather, they are part of the truth. I must not say all I feel, it seems, for fear of acquiring the character of a flatterer in your opinion. It is not one I am ambitious of."

Then he spoke of my father, and said he had seen him the day after the races at Horsingham.

"Where did you see him?" said I, impulsively. My reason for asking was, that the great betting-rooms in the High Street were usually the goal of father's pilgrimages to Horsingham during the race-week, and wondered whether Mr. Lacer had frequented them also.

"At my own rooms," he answered, quietly. "At a little lodging I had for the week in an obscure street, called Burton's Gardens. One might have had apartments in Piccadilly for very little more than I paid for two cupboards in a cottage there. But you heard, Miss Furness—or, perhaps, happily for you, you don't know—how insatiably rapacious a creature your thorough-bred Horsingham householder becomes at race-time. He's like some horrible animal that gorges itself to repletion at one meal, and then goes to sleep until it is hungry again. However," he added, laughing, "since the Horsingham householder only eats—in that sense—twice a year, I suppose we must pardon his greediness!"

"What is the name of the people with whom you lodged in Burton's Gardens?" I asked, struck with a sudden idea.

"Really I can't tell you! I know the number of the house: it is eighteen."

"And the name of the people is Kitchen?"

"I think— Yes; upon my word, I believe you are right!"

"Oh yes, I know those people. The daughter is called Alice, and is a fair, handsome young woman."

"Y—yes. A large, healthy, blue-eyed girl. Not precisely what I should call handsome. To me there is no beauty in woman that can compensate for the absence of refinement. But, fortunately, tastes differ."

I felt slightly confused under the gaze Mr. Lacer bent upon me as he said the words. Vanity and pride were having a conflict within me that made my cheeks glow. Vanity pronounced that a compliment to my good looks was intended. Pride shyly declared that it would run no risk of unduly appropriating admiration; and that, moreover, the admiration which preferred me to Alice Kitchen was of no overwhelmingly high kind.

"Alice is a very good girl," I said, hurriedly.

Mr. Lacer did not doubt that. He thought, if he might venture to say so, that she was inclined to be a little trenchant in her manner, and a little long-winded in her conversation. But those were not characteristics peculiar to Alice; they were very general among Horsingham people of her class. Did I not think so? Not rare, indeed, among Horsingham people of any class. He knew that Dr. Hewson was not a native of the town, or he would not have made the remark. But, upon his word, he had observed so striking a difference between my mother's manner—(he added, and between my manner too)—and the manner of the majority of the company at Sir Peter Bunny's house, that he had made up his mind at once

that we were not of their town. And this impression had been confirmed by an inquiry or two he had made. He hoped I was not offended?

"Not at all offended," I answered. "Why should I be offended? Most people in Horsingham knew that my grandfather settled here rather late in life. It is no secret."

"Mr. Furness, your father, don't count among the Horsingham folks. He is country bred. That's different," said Mr. Lacer, carelessly.

"Did you—have you known father long?" I asked. "I don't remember—I mean I never heard—"

"You never heard him mention my name?" he answered readily, finishing my broken sentence for me. "Well, that is not very surprising. I can easily conceive that Mr. Furness has more interesting topics to discuss in the bosom of his family than a chance acquaintance made on a race-course." He laughed as he said this. He laughed rather often. He had fine white teeth, and his laugh was very frank and pleasant.

"Oh," said I, musingly, "it was on a race-course that you first met father?"

"Yes, at W——. I thought I mentioned it to you. I don't habitually frequent all the race-courses in England, Miss Furness, I beg you to believe, although I fear that you will begin to think so!"

I said, impulsively, that I was glad to hear it.

"Are you? Are you really glad? I'm afraid I can't flatter myself that you quite mean what you say." He was not laughing now, but looked very earnest, almost sad. "Do you know, Miss Furness," he went on, after a few minutes' silence, "there is scarcely a human being left in the world who could be made glad or sorry by any thing I do or leave undone!"

As he seemed to wait for me to speak, I murmured (struggling hard with a rapidly increasing fit of shyness), "Is there not?"

"No. It makes a fellow very forlorn, or very reckless, or both together, to feel that whether he goes full-tilt to the deuce or not matters to nobody."

"It matters to himself, does it not?" I stammered.

"Oh, to himself! Well—to himself. A fellow can't live for himself alone. At least, I can't. I lost my mother years ago, when I was a little chap; so little, that they lifted me up to kiss her in her coffin. I have neither brother, nor sister, nor uncle, nor aunt, nor cousin. My father is living; but he married again, a few years ago, a grasping, hard woman who— But I beg you a thousand pardons, Miss Furness! I am prosing on about myself in the most unwarrantable manner. You listen so kindly and gently that I was led on to say what I had not the least right in the world to trouble you with. And I, who have been accusing the good people of Horsingham

of being long-winded and tedious! I hope you will forgive me, I do indeed."

I told him there was no need of forgiveness, and shook hands with him as he rose to go away.

"I forgot to mention that I saw your cousins the other day, Miss Furness," said he. The same amused and half-repressed smile stole over his face that I remembered to have seen there when he had been honored by Miss Tilly's playful reproaches on the race-course.

"Oh!" said I.

"Yes; I went to their house to luncheon on Wednesday last. Mr. Sam Cudberry came to fetch me, and I couldn't get out of it; I—I mean he was so very cordial and pressing, that it was impossible to refuse."

"Oh!" said I again.

"I suppose I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at Wooling before long?"

"Seeing me there? I can not tell. We don't go there very often. It is rather a long drive for mother, now the weather is getting chilly and the days short."

"Oh! but you'll be at the ball, won't you?"

"Eh?"

"The ball. Miss Cudberry told me they were going to give a ball. I thought you must have known of it."

"I suppose we shall be told in due time. I had heard nothing of it."

"May I ask you to express to Mrs. Furness how sorry I am to hear of her indisposition? If you will allow me, I will pass out by the garden—that way, is it not?—for I left my horse in charge of a servant, and—"

"You are riding, then? Mr. Lacer, I am afraid it is possible that Flower, our groom, was impertinently familiar in his manner to you the other day. I hope you will check him severely if he should repeat the offense. He is apt to be forward. I believe—my father says, that he is an efficient servant, and understands his duties. But I know father would be very angry if he thought the man failed in respect to any of our guests."

"Oh, don't think any more about it, Miss Furness. I remember he was rather free-and-easy the other day, but I suppose he had been a little too convivial. The fact is, I have no doubt the man recognized me as an old acquaintance. I knew—that is, I was slightly acquainted with a person in whose service he was. I have a good memory for faces, and his was familiar to me directly I saw it. I assure you he was perfectly well-behaved when he took my horse just now."

Mr. Lacer made his adieu, and went his way. When he was gone I was less able to fix my mind on my hooks than ever. "Oh dear, oh dear!" I said to myself, pushing a volume away from me impatiently, "what has come to me? The words might be Egyptian hieroglyphics for all the meaning they convey to my mind!"

I gave up trying to study, and abandoned myself to a reverie. The day seemed to have

been crowded with incidents. The visit of Matthew and Selina Kitchen, grandfather's news about Donald, Mr. Lacer's call, and all that he had said, furnished abundant subjects to think upon. The relative importance of the day's occurrences could not be doubtful; yet my girlish brain by no means busied itself chiefly with the chief of them. What does the reader think was the most tangible subject of my musings? (for there was an airy crowd of fancies fluttering hither and thither in my mind, melting and changing like April clouds, and to which I did not consciously give a local habitation or a name). It was the forthcoming ball at Woolling! A ball at Uncle Cudberry's! The thing was marvelous—unprecedented! Tilly, Henny, and Clemmy must intend to “move with the times,” and inflict themselves on society in fell earnest. How they had induced their father to consent to the necessary expenditure was a matter for wondering speculation.

And what does the reader guess was the next topic on which my thoughts were intent? I am minded to be quite candid, and to that end I must confess that it was an entirely selfish one. Amidst all the hopes and fears, the dimly presaged troubles, and the present anxieties that pressed around myself and those whom I loved, my fancy lightly turned to picturing what dress I should, could, or might wear if I went to the aforesaid ball at Woolling. Debating if it were more advisable to beg for pale rose-color, or pure white, and wondering whether mother would let me wear a flower in my hair.

Suddenly, as I pushed a lock of hair off my forehead, in the full glow of imagining how I should look with a spray of scarlet geranium fixed above one ear, a subtle association of ideas which I can not follow out—nor could I then—brought vividly before my mind's eye the tiny figure of little Jane Arkwright in her chair, playing with the uncouth dice of rough firewood. And that tiny figure conjured up in an instant all the poverty and dreariness and toils and troubles of that struggling household. I had often asked myself in my impulsive sympathy, was there nothing I could do to lighten Mrs. Arkwright's load of care, or cheer her husband's anxious spirit? There was one way, and, as far as I knew, one only, in which I might show good-will, and make a portion of the good man's labors pleasant to him—I might do my tasks earnestly and zealously, and gratify him by my improvement. And this one simple thing I was neglecting, in order to dream of tricking myself out in finery, and enjoying myself in the company of hard, frivolous people, whom at bottom I neither loved nor respected. I hung my head as though I were abashed by some bodily presence in the room; and the tears welled up into my eyes as I thought of Mrs. Arkwright's toilsome life, and of Mrs. Arkwright's shabby little children, of whom the younger had neither petting nor playthings, and the elder were precociously thoughtful and

grave, and full of careful responsibilities about the preservation of their worn little frocks and their patched little shoes.

I opened my books again, and sat down to work resolutely. At first it was difficult to attend to what I was doing. But by degrees I compelled my wandering attention; and after an hour or so I had completed an exercise and a page or two of translation, into which neither white frock nor adornment of scarlet blossoms had intruded; and if any thing else—any one else, I mean—did flit across the page, it was not—or I honestly persuaded myself that it was not—in connection with my exclusively selfish fancies.

CHAPTER XIII.

“AND so,” said my grandfather, finishing a recital brief indeed, but longer than he was in the habit of making his speeches, “Donald rejects the army as a profession altogether. He says 'tis a bad trade when business is brisk in it, and a worse to be idle in.”

“Yet his father is a soldier,” said I.

“A good one: that I must take on trust. I know him to be a good man; but he would be neither if he followed his calling with an inward conviction of its worthlessness. That is a canker that rots every thing, beginning at the very core. Donald being left entirely free to choose his profession, chooses medicine.”

“And come to you to learn it? He could not do better, grandfather.”

“He might do worse, perhaps. But we shall see, little Nancy, we shall see.”

Grandfather had never relinquished my old pet name of “little Nancy,” though I had long outgrown it in a literal sense. He told me further, that Donald Ayrle would one day be the master of a sufficient fortune to be idle on if he so pleased; his father being a careful, steady, hard-working officer, whose long career in India had enabled him to amass an independence, which there was only Donald to inherit. But Donald, naturally and properly, said grandfather, desired to qualify himself to do some work in the world. The prospect of lounging through life on the strength of his expectations was not an alluring prospect to him. His father might live thirty years (and if the lad's wishes could keep him alive, he would never die); or he might chuck his money into the maelstrom of speculation, though that was not likely; or he might take it into his head to marry again. In short, there was no fortune so desirable for a young man as the knowledge of something serviceable to his fellow-creatures, and the industry and good-will to apply it.

Thus my grandfather. He was in a glow of pleased expectation about Donald's coming; I had not seen him so bright and cheerful for a long time, not that he was gloomy or ill-humored ever. But latterly there had been a set stern thoughtfulness on his brow, and he

was very silent. I could not help connecting these symptoms with the anxious care that might be read on mother's face whenever she was neither speaking nor smiling. It had come to pass gradually; and yet, when I thought of the change in mother, it sometimes appeared to me to have been startlingly sudden. I was tempted more than once to tell grandfather of what I had heard pass between my father and Mat Kitchen. It had made me uneasy whenever I had thought of it since. But I reflected that I had no right to reveal to any one that which I had accidentally overheard; and that, moreover, father had seemed to demand that I should be discreet and silent on the subject by the words he had said, "I tell you this in confidence, Anne"—so I held my tongue.

I was staying at Mortlands for the day and the night. I had been to Mr. Arkwright's, and had got through my lessons with credit. And I had conceived and executed a great project, having first obtained my grandfather's permission: this was neither more nor less than inviting all Mrs. Arkwright's children to tea and a game of play that afternoon at Mortlands. It seems a simple matter enough to tell of, but it was hedged with thorny difficulties. First, there was Mrs. Arkwright's constitutional objection to, and fear of, her children "taking to" strangers too much; then there was the obstacle of their clothes being "too shabby for a company;" then there was the apprehension that cakes and sweets, and so on, would have the effect of spoiling them for their home fare. And, lastly, there was the difficulty of inducing Mrs. Arkwright to believe my solemn assurances that the little ones should be sent home by nine o'clock, in order that they might be up in time for school the next morning. But Mr. Arkwright and I together, aided by a powerful though unacknowledged ally—the strong desire in Mrs. Arkwright's maternal breast to give her children what gratification she could in their somewhat hard young lives—fought and conquered. They should all come, Lizzie and Martha and Mary and Teddy, and my particular friend Jane. Eliza was to be sent for them at three o'clock in a fly, and they were to return in the same conveyance, and under the same escort, in the evening. Grandfather made only one condition on the occasion: "When you give an entertainment of this nature, Miss Furness," said he, gravely, "I think, perhaps, to call it a rout would more properly characterize it than any other title; all I ask is, that you don't expect me to be present. There is the garden; there is the big dining-room; there is Keturah with unlimited flour and butter and jam; and, in brief, every material for billiousness that the most tender lover of childhood could desire to bestow on it, and orders to deal them out royally. You won't grudge me a little peace in the retirement of my study after dinner; and you won't feel hurt if I ask for my tea there also, instead of joining the festive throng in the dining-room."

I laughed, and kissed him, and said, I was so grateful to him for letting the children come, that I would not tease him. But I added that I thought they would like to see him, if only for five minutes.

"Pooh! stuff and nonsense, little Nancy. I should bother them. Their only association with me is an empty spoon holding their poor little jaws open; and a full spoon containing 'nasty physic' to follow!"

He had in fact attended the curate's children for a throat disorder that had broken out among them; and had, I need scarcely add, steadily refused to accept any payment for so doing.

Mrs. Abram was, I was sorry to find, somewhat flustered by the prospect of the threatened inroad on the peace and privacy of Mortlands. She had become rather redder in the face, rather huskier in the voice, rather more despondent in the temper, rather more vague and wandering in the mind, rather "odder" altogether, of late years. But she was tearfully anxious to do her best for the entertainment of the small visitors. I assured her that they were the best and quietest children I knew; that they were grave and steady beyond their years; and that, so far from being riotous or overflowing with good spirits, I expected our difficulty would be to screw them up to the point of thoroughly enjoying themselves for once in a way.

"Ah!" murmured Mrs. Abram, "and then you see their father's a clergyman. That is a satisfaction; but otherwise it is dreadful when you see a lot of little innocents like them to remember that *he* is lying in wait for 'em!"

She uttered the last words in a mysterious and awe-stricken whisper, and glanced round over her shoulder in a way that was calculated to make any one who happened to be nervous or fanciful decidedly uncomfortable. However, Keturah and I between us managed to get her into a little less lugubrious frame of mind before the little ones' arrival. I confided to Keturah that Mrs. Abram was "a little low this afternoon," and Keturah immediately set about the process which she characterized as "routing her up a bit." Keturah, in right of her long and faithful service, was a privileged person at Mortlands. And she had—I think insensibly—copied many of her master's ways and sayings. Her method of treating Mrs. Abram was in fact founded on my grandfather's.

"Come, now, Mrs. Abram," said Keturah, bustling into the dining-room, "here's Eliza putting on her bonnet to go and fetch them bairns, and nobody but me in the kitchen to get things ready. I should be ever so obliged to you if you'd tie on a apron—here's a clean white one as I've fetched a purpose—and come and measure out some sugar for me."

Mrs. Abram rose meekly to comply, but she shook her head as though it were full of the direst presages.

"Ah, dear me, Keturah," she said, with her lower jaw dropped and her mouth curved down-

ward until it resembled that of a codfish, "I hope it mayn't be evil, all this feasting and junketing and pampering of our vile bodies!"

"Well, there's no need for you to pamper yours, you know," was Keturah's practical rejoinder. "If you think short-cake and jam puffs sinful, don't you eat none, that's all! But you know who it is as finds some mischief still for idle hands to do; and p'r'aps he finds mischief for idle heads into the bargain. My opinion is as you'll be comfortabler in your mind when you give your attention to the weighing out o' the sugar. And please be partic'lar to a pennyweight, Mrs. Abram, for in short-cake the quantities must be exact."

In due time arrived the fly full of the little Arkwrights. I could have cried to see the painful neatness of their poor attire; the speckless, threadbare, stuff frocks, the skillfully darned stockings, the little rusty boots that had been "toed," or "heeled," or "soled," as the case might be. The only means that had been unstintingly—nay, lavishly—employed for their embellishment was the application of soap and water, comb and brush. And I noticed round the fair little throat of my small friend Jane a solitary string of coral beads with a queer little gold clasp. The mother's heart could not resist decking her youngest darling with this ornament. Lizzie, the eldest child—a grave, dark-eyed little girl of ten—evidently looked on Jane's necklace as a priceless heir-loom. Her mamma had worn it when *she* was a small child, she informed me; and she kept it locked in a box. Lizzie knew there were some letters in the box. She thought they were letters written by her papa, because it was like his handwriting. She (Lizzie) hoped that Jane would be careful not to pull at the necklace, because the string might break and the beads would roll on the floor, and some of them might be lost, and *then* what should they do? But Jane was a very good child in general, and not rough or careless with her clothes.

Meanwhile this exemplary young person, aged three, was toddling along the garden path holding by the hand of Martha, the second child, and observing the flower-beds with solemn interest. It was, as I have said, late in the autumn, and there was not much color or perfume in the garden. But the little things enjoyed it, being new and fresh to them; and Master Teddy became quite excited when I showed him the place where Robinson Crusoe's cave had been. I could not find the North Pole, nor did Teddy care very much about that. He had never before heard of De Foe's immortal fiction, so I had enough to do in giving him a slight sketch of the story, while we all wandered about the garden, and I pointed out, as well as my memory served me, the various spots in which Donald and I had enacted it together. By the time I had finished it was growing dusk, and we all went into the dining-room, where a good bright fire looked cheerful and welcoming.

As one or two of the children complained of their feet and hands being cold, I proposed a game of puss-in-the-corner to warm them before tea. We pushed the table to one side, and I sent for Eliza to take care of little Jane, while I joined the other four children in a famous romp. Little Jane was not strong or active enough to take much part in our game; but she sat on a stool beside Eliza (she declined to be taken on to the servant's knee, in a certain independent, self-sustained little way that belonged to her), and looked on attentively; occasionally forming the words, "puss, puss, puss," with her lips, but uttering no sound.

Then came tea, over which Mrs. Abram presided with great kindness, but with an expression on her countenance, when she regarded the little Arkwrights, which seemed to say, in the words of Gray, "How all unconscious of their doom the little victims play!" However, the children, *being* unconscious not only of their doom, but of Mrs. Abram's apprehensions, devoted themselves with ardor to the jam puffs and short-cake, and enjoyed themselves immensely. The entertainment was most successful. There was only one interruption to its perfect harmony, and even this was but a passing cloud. It arose from Teddy's unexpected resistance to having his pinafore tied on just before we went to table. Five clean coarse pinafores had been intrusted to Eliza's charge by Mrs. Arkwright, with strict injunctions that they were to be worn during all the time of eating and drinking; but against this humiliating precaution Teddy's manly soul rebelled. In vain Eliza and I coaxed and argued with him. Pinafores were all very well for girls, he said; pinafores were all very well for babies; he was neither a girl nor a baby; and when he was invited out to tea he begged most positively to decline donning his pinafore. But Teddy was subdued by that which had vanquished masculine resolution before his day, namely, feminine tears. Poor Lizzie began to cry, and then Martha and Mary—for no better reason than that they saw her crying—began to cry too. Little Jane did not weep, but she went through the motion of slapping with her mite of a hand, and said, "Teddy naughty," with judicial severity. Upon this Teddy yielded, saying, grandly, that if they were such "cry-babbies" (for which Lizzie mildly rebuked him, and observed that it was a low expression he had picked up at school) as all that, why he supposed he must let them put on the stupid old jackass of a pinafore. *He* didn't mind, then. On with it! Teddy's ruffled feelings seemed to find relief in calling his pinafore a stupid old jackass, and he repeated the epithet more than once. I whispered to Lizzie to take no notice of this little ebullition, and she dried her tears, and kissed her brother; and then Martha and Mary dried their tears, and kissed him also; and little Jane, looking on with bright, attentive eyes, pronounced, as from the bench, "Teddy dood now." And we were

all very pleasant and cheerful again directly. Only Mrs. Abram murmured behind her hand to me, in a voice that fortunately was unintelligible to unaccustomed ears, "My dear Anne, did you notice? Poor little fellow! *he* had a try at him. *He* put that naughtiness into the child's mind. Of course he did. He can't bear to see 'em good and happy. I could fancy I saw him hovering around." And Mrs. Abram glanced over her shoulder again quite awfully.

After tea we made a wide semicircle round the fire, and I asked the children if they knew any games to play at. They were not much versed in games of play, poor little things, but they were very docile and willing to learn; and Lizzie informed me that Mary could "say poetry off by heart." So I begged for a specimen of Mary's accomplishments, which she accorded forthwith. Mary was the next in age to Jane, and was five years old. Next above her came Teddy, aged seven; and above him Martha, nine; and Lizzie, ten. Mary was a very fat child; different in this respect from the others, who were slight and spare. She had great black eyes, and curling dark hair, and mottled legs that overhung her little socks, and fat dimpled arms; and her very voice was fat and husky, with rich contralto tones in it; and in this voice she began with baby accents that were not yet perfectly articulate:

"Pity de so-yows of a poo-wold-man

Who témblin lins an' b'ought him to you door;"

repeating it all through without any stops, and taking breath in gasps whenever she happened to want it.

This performance was received with much applause. Then the children petitioned me to tell them a story. Lizzie was spokeswoman, and the others all joined in chorus. "Yes, please, *do*, Miss Furness! A story! a story!" Little Jane, who was seated on the low hassock at my feet, put up her hand to take mine; and leaning her soft little cheek against it, said, in a decisive and corroborative manner, as though to express her agreement with the public wish on this occasion, "Et—dat's yight. Oo *do*!"

So, after thinking for a minute or so, I told them I would give them a fairy story. A shout of acclamation greeted this announcement. Then I said that I thought stories sounded prettier by fire-light than by lamp-light. This being unanimously carried also, we had the lamp taken away, the fire mended, a log being added to the coals, and then, amidst a breathless hush on the part of my small audience, and a mingled sound of crackling and seething, that sounded like a subdued and ghostly whisper, from the fire, I began.

CHAPTER XIV.

"ONCE upon a time there were two children, twin brother and sister. The boy's name was Walter, and the girl's name was Lily. Walter was a dark child, with deep brown eyes and

raven hair; little Lily, on the contrary, was as fair as the flower she took her name from. Her eyes were blue, like the bits of clear sky that you see in April peeping between the clouds, and her soft hair was just the color of the down on the wing of a half-fledged chicken.

"These two children loved each other very dearly, and were always together. They lived in a village; and one of their great delights was to go down to the smith's forge at dusk, and watch the showers of sparks leap out of the blackness and melt into it again. They loved, too, to watch the dull deep glow of the red-hot iron and the intense heart of the furnace, that seemed more terrible in its quiet concentration of white implacable heat than when the roaring bellows moved it into flame; but that was beautiful though, to see the waving brightness shoot up and shake vividly upon the smoke-blackened roof and then fall again, while monstrous shadows bowed and beckoned mysteriously, to be in their turn chased away by the clear victorious flame. It was all living in their childish fancy. The sparks had life, and danced and flew enjoyingly. The great bellows labored like a chained monster. The light and shadow chased each other like elf and goblin, fairy and witch, spiritual creatures whose aims were good or evil, kind or cruel."

Here I was recalled to myself by a curious sound from Mrs. Abram. It was something like an incipient whooping-cough followed by a husky long-drawn "Ah-h-h!" and was intended—as I knew by former experience—to express a mournful and warning allusion to the direful subject on which she so much lamented my grandfather's indifference. Oddly as Mrs. Abram's inarticulate interjection sounded, I was sensible of some obligations to it in recalling me to a sense of what I was doing and for whom. For I had been giving my imagination the rein, and it had carried me somewhat beyond the children's comprehension.

"In short," said I, resuming my story, "Walter and Lily went so often to the blacksmith's forge, and watched the furnace so attentively, that they grew quite familiar with the fire, and knew almost every look of it, whether it were dull or bright or quiet or fierce—glowing crimson like the setting sun, or flaming yellow like the great round harvest-moon; and they got to know all the different aspects of the forge. Well, now Walter liked it best when it was bright and all ablaze with light, so that you could see every nook and cranny quite plainly. Lily loved the times when the forge was dimmer, and when there were corners and hiding-places that you could fancy any thing you liked about, because the shadows lurked there and made them very mysterious. By degrees these two children, who had always been so gentle and loving to each other, began to grow quite cross and unkind. They disputed which was the best, the broad glare or the twi-

light glow. Walter said Lily was a little baby who loved the darkness. Lily said that Walter was very stupid to prefer being scorched by a fierce glare, instead of liking the soft shelter of the shadow when the furnace fire was low. So they disputed and argued until they both said a great deal more than they meant, each wishing to get the better of the other, rather than caring to say the exact truth, which is a sad thing to do; but then Walter and Lily were only ignorant little children. Of course, if they had been grown-up, learned men, they would not have done so."

"Wouldn't they?" said Teddy, doubtfully.

"I—I hope not. I suppose not, Teddy."

"Ah! but perhaps they might though!" rejoined that young scholar, "because I was reading in my 'Useful Knowledge' the other day that a man found out about the earth going round the sun; I forget his name. He wasn't an Englishman; and, instead of listening to what he had to tell them, they were ever so angry, because it was different to what they had believed before, and they put him in prison, and went on to him—oh, ever so cruel!"

"Naughty mans!" said Jane, who had only comprehended that some persons unknown were cruel, and that Teddy was indignant. It was quaint enough to see the contrast between Jane's Rhadamanthine sternness of condemnation and the soft helplessness of her baby body as she sat with her little tender cheek leaning against my hand.

"Well, never mind now, Teddy," exclaimed Lizzie. "*Please go on, Miss Furness.*" Lizzie was drinking in the story greedily, quite untroubled by any critical objections.

"Well, and so at last the brother and sister came to quarreling outright. Instead of enjoying themselves in the fields and gardens, and delighting in the sweet smell of the flowers, and the beautiful leafy trees, and the clear river, and the soft grass, they were always wrangling and carrying their dispute about with them. If the sun shone brightly, Lily said it dazzled her, and she could not bear it. If there was a cool, shady spot under a broad, green tree, Walter pretended to shiver and shudder, and would not stay to enjoy it. In a word, at length their quarrel grew to such a height that Lily declared she detested the day, and Walter, that he hated the night; each meaning to vex and jeer at the other. And their little hearts were full of anger and pain."

"Ah, to be sure!" murmured Mrs. Abram. "That was just the thing for him. *He* wasn't going to lose such a chance as that, you know! Not likely."

"Still Walter and Lily went nearly every evening to the forge and watched the fire, and watched the gloom, and sat on a little bench which the blacksmith had had made on purpose for them. He was a very good-natured, honest blacksmith, and very kind and gentle to dumb animals, and little children, and all weak creatures, though he was so terribly strong and

tall, and though he looked very swarthy and fierce when his eyes shone in the fire-light. They sat there side by side, this little brother and sister, and spoke never a word to each other. Or, if they did say a word, it was sure to be a bitter and unkind one. But they mostly sat sulky and silent: Lily slinking back on her corner of the bench into the shadow, and Walter straining forward on *his* corner of the bench until his cheeks were scorched with the glare.

"This went on for a long time; but at length the autumn came and the days grew short, and the nights were chilly, and the children were forbidden to go to the forge any more until the spring should come again. But they begged to go once more, just for the last time, on Hallowe'en, and this was granted to them. Now you must know that Hallowe'en is a night when all sorts of sprites and fairies are very busy, and when they visit mortals a great deal, and join unseen in their sports and merry-makings. At least they used to do so in the old days, when there *were* sprites, and fairies, and goblins. They are never seen now. But the time when Walter and Lily lived was an old time, and in their days the fairies were still busy on Hallowe'en."

"How long ago was it?" asked Martha, a pale, contemplative child, who had been very quiet and attentive.

"It was in quite another age of the world, Martha; when the world was in its childhood."

"Is that why children love fairy stories now more than grown-up people?"

"Perhaps. Very likely, Martha. Well, accordingly Walter and Lily went to the blacksmith's forge on Hallowe'en, and sat themselves down on the bench, and stared—Walter at the red fire and Lily at the black forge, and they said never a word. Hallowe'en was a holiday for the blacksmith. He went home and washed the blackness from his face and hands, and played and made merry with his children. And his chief workmen went away too; and there was no one left but a lame apprentice, who was told to keep the furnace fire alight, for later in the evening the blacksmith and his men were coming back to finish a job they had in hand. But Walter and Lily sat there side by side, and stared—Walter at the red fire, and Lily at the black forge—and they said never a word. It was all very still and quiet. The lame apprentice had curled himself up in a warm corner, with his pipe in his mouth, and seemed to be going to sleep. The fire that he ought to have replenished sank lower and lower, and it grew very cold and almost dark. But still, there sat Walter and Lily staring—he at the red dying embers and she at the black forge—and they said never a word.

"All at once they became aware of the faintest sweet sound, the tiniest clear music you can imagine. It grew, scarcely louder, but clearer and clearer, plainer and plainer, and at last it ceased with one long-drawn sound,

which was sweeter and richer than all the others, and which—strange to say!—seemed to come out of the throat of the great bellows; and suddenly there stood before the children two wonderful little figures not more than a span high."

"How jolly!" exclaimed Teddy, in irrepressible delight. Little Jane cried "Dolly!" in an attempt to imitate her brother; but then, hearing Lizzie whisper "Hush-sh-sh, Teddy!" she too pouted her lips, and said, "Hus-s-s-s!" and held up an absurd morsel of a warning finger with infinite solemnity.

"The two figures," I went on, "were the figures of two beautiful tiny women. It was impossible to tell whether they rose out of the embers or hovered over them, or whether they stood firmly or floated self-supported in the air. But they seemed in some mysterious way to belong to the fire, and to partake of its nature. They were very different from each other though, except in size. One of the beautiful little women was so bright and brilliant that it almost dazzled you to look at her. Her hair was like burnished gold, and her eyes like diamonds; and she wore a floating robe of the most brilliant hues, that seemed to change through all gradations of color, from the golden-purple of a pigeon's breast up to pure dazzling white. The other tiny figure was all dark. Her hair was like the deepest shades in a woodland thicket. Her eyes were of the color of a violet-hued cloud that lingers in the sky when the sun has set. Her garment, loose and flowing, like that of her companion, varied, as she moved or breathed, from sombre shades, like those upon the sea at twilight, or the dark green of a leafy forest, to midnight blackness. And yet, as the two stood close together, side by side, it seemed that each influenced the other. Sometimes the robe of the dark figure would cast a soft veil of shade over the brightness of the other. And sometimes the golden-haired figure would, as her bright draperies moved and fluttered, send little sparkles and streaks of dazzling light upon her companion. And there was a likeness in their faces, too, such as you often see between two sisters.

"Walter and Lily gazed at them in silence. The children were afraid even to breathe, lest the beautiful tiny women should vanish. At length the bright figure spoke. Her voice was like the sound of a clear golden clarion, only very, very small. And this is what she said:

"Do you know our names, Walter and Lily?"

"The children did not utter a sound; but they said 'No,' in their thoughts, and the figure seemed to understand them, for she immediately answered:

"And yet you know *us*, and have seen us often, often; and under various shapes. We are fairies."

Here there was a movement of satisfaction among my young auditors, and Mary even kicked her fat little legs about in ecstasy.

"We are fairies who haunt this forge. And on this night, of all nights in the year, we are allowed to reveal ourselves to mortal eyes in our true shape. But we are only members of a vast family, some of whom are to be found scattered all over the world. My name is the Fairy Shine."

"And mine, the Fairy Shadow.' It was the dark fairy who said this, and the tone of her voice was rich and soft, as though it were breathed through a silver organ-pipe. Only it, like her sister's, was very, very small."

"We," proceeded the Fairy Shine, "are very different, but we love each other dearly. We are never far apart. One of us could not exist for long without the other. We try to make our different qualities help and serve, instead of opposing and hurting, each other."

"Walter and Lily hung down their heads, and their hearts beat very quickly; for the fairy looked piercingly at them with her diamond eyes as she spoke, and their consciences accused them of having behaved to each other in a spirit quite different from that of the good fairies. And they moved just a little tiny bit nearer together, Lily from her end of the bench, and Walter from his.

"Who," said the Fairy Shadow, "is so ungrateful as to speak evil of the blessed brightness of sunbeam or fire-flame? Who forgets all the cheering warmth they shed, and all the beauty that they paint the earth with?"

"And who is it," said the Fairy Shine, "who rails against the soft refreshment of the shade? The kind, gentle shade, that protects the young lambs at noonday from the strong sun, and keeps the tender plants from withering, and fills the stream with pleasant showers from its dark gray clouds, and brings rest and sleep to the earth with the coming of the eventide; to men tired with labor, and to children tired with play?"

"Walter and Lily hung their heads still lower, and drew yet a little nearer together; and the two fairies went on speaking, each in her melodious voice—that of the Fairy Shine like a tiny golden clarion, and that of the Fairy Shadow like a tiny silver organ-pipe; and each praised the good qualities of the other; and as they spoke, the two children crept closer and closer together on their little bench. 'And know, ye vain and ignorant mortals,' said the Fairy Shine, raising her clear voice until it seemed to pierce and vibrate into the very hearts of the trembling children, 'know that it is thus with all my elfin brothers and sisters who haunt this earth. They bear all sorts of various names among men, and do all sorts of various offices; but they always are set to their tasks in couples, different, like this sister and myself, but able, for that very reason, to minister the better to the different moods and needs of mortals. Some dwell around the hearth and in the chimney-corner; some tend the flower-beds, and some the unfledged birdlings; some whisper in the ears of little children, and make

them laugh in merriment, or shed tears of gentleness and pity; but they all work together for good—those who bring tears quite as much as those who bring smiles; the sprite that hushes the flowers to sleep under the purple twilight, quite as much as his brother sprite who shakes the bright dew from their leaves to wake them in the rosy dawn; and the All-wise, the All-good' (at these words both the little figures bowed themselves reverently, and over the bright form there stole a soft shadow, like a dusky mantle, and over the dark form a quivering glory, like a moted sunbeam)—'He sends these various influences to help each other and to help the world, and there breathes through all a spirit of love—through mirth and sorrow, smiles and tears, light and darkness!'

"At these last words the faint, clear music sounded sweetly again in long-drawn chords, and the fairies vanished, the light fairy seeming to fade and be absorbed into the shadow, and the dark fairy seeming to brighten and melt into the ruby glow of the fire; and the brother and sister, who had all this time been creeping nearer, nearer, nearer, held out their arms and fell, crying and sobbing, on each other's breasts."

"And the good lesson was not lost on them, for they 'lived bappy ever after,'" said a deep, low voice.

"And they learned to know that Shadow has its beauty and its use as well as Shine," added another voice, in a strong, clear, *chest-tenor* tone. And I turned round, startled from the sort of reverie into which I had allowed myself to become absorbed in the telling of my story, to see two figures, that might have been the Ecalistic nineteenth-century version of my fantastic fairy tale, standing close behind me, just outside the circle of children—grandfather, who had spoken first, with a flickering shade upon his head and face, and sober, neutral-tinted garb; and, smiling frankly, with bright, earnest blue eyes, and yellow hair, gilt by the leaping flame—Donald Ayrlic.

CHAPTER XV.

I SPRANG to my feet; and all the children rose also, and faced round and stared at the new-comers.

"Why, we have 'fluttered the Volscians' with a vengeance! A couple of hawks in a dove-cot would cause nothing like the consternation we seem to have brought here!" said my grandfather. "Little Nancy, do you know who this is?"

"Mr. Ayrlic," said I, somewhat stiffly. I felt shy and put out at the idea of my fantastic story having been overheard by ears it was not intended for.

"Donald," said grandfather, quickly. "Yes; you are right. It is Donald Ayrlic."

We shook hands, and said "How do you do"

in a meaningless kind of way. Altogether, the meeting with my old play-fellow was different from what I had thought it would be—when I had thought about it at all. Grandfather looked a little vexed and disappointed. Whether my shyness had infected Donald, or whether he had brought a store of shyness with him to be added to mine, I could not quite tell. But it is certain that we were, both of us, frigid and silent.

Grandfather seated himself, and made Donald draw a chair up in the circle; and then Mrs. Abram had to offer her greetings and bid him welcome, which she did in a dazed manner. I think that Mrs. Abram had not made allowance in her own mind for the changes which the lapse of time since she had seen Donald would be likely to make in him. His height seemed to puzzle her. Donald was not tall—being of a broad, sturdy figure that gave one an impression of combined strength and activity—but of course he was taller than he had been at eleven years old. And Mrs. Abram's eyes, when she addressed him, were invariably directed first to about the middle button of his waistcoat, as though she expected to find his head there, and then raised slowly, with a surprised expression, until they reached his face. His voice, too, appeared to startle her by its full, manly tone. I, who from long experience understood poor Mrs. Abram's manner pretty well, was led to believe that she had a confused notion that Donald's strong voice hurt him; for whenever he spoke she put her hand to her throat, and raised her eyes to the ceiling compassionately. However, I of course kept this discovery—if discovery it were—of Mrs. Abram's state of mind on the subject of Donald, to myself. And no one else appeared to observe it.

Grandfather explained to us that Donald had arrived somewhat sooner than he had expected to do, in consequence of finding himself able to come straight on to Horsingham without breaking his journey at our county town, as he had at first intended. He had traveled all the previous night, he said; but was not tired. He had been hungry, he confessed, when he arrived; but his old friend, Keturah, had got ready some food for him without delay, and he had been making a good meal in the doctor's study.

"Yes," put in grandfather, "Keturah is a first-rate woman—always kind, always alert, always with her wits at hand, bright and ready for use. And she knows how to welcome an old acquaintance heartily. I believe she gave you a kiss, didn't she, Donald?"

Donald blushed like a young lady, and laughed like a school-boy, and said, "Yes, Sir."

"It wasn't a Judas kiss, at all events," said grandfather. "That you may depend on. She's as honest as the sun, is Keturah; and if she hadn't been glad to see you, she wouldn't have kissed you. But she is a good soul—a

good woman. Yes; Keturah knows how to give a hearty welcome, as if she meant it."

I understood very well that grandfather was hurt at the coldness of my manner, and intended to reprove me for it. But I could not help it. I should have been more cordial had I not been taken by surprise. But now no efforts I could make availed to remove constraint from my manner. Nay, my efforts had a contrary effect; so I was fain to sit still and silent, unless I were spoken to, and pass for a stupid, stiff, *missish* young person.

Grandfather passed his hand once or twice through his "mane," and looked round upon the children, who had remained as quiet as mice since his entrance. His face grew brighter as he looked, and he smiled kindly on them, and patted Teddy on the head. "That's a man!" said grandfather. "You're not afraid of me, are you?"

"No!" said Teddy, stoutly, looking up into his interlocutor's face.

Grandfather patted the child's head again and smiled. He had a great horror of inspiring fear or awe. I believe he had hesitated to come among the little Arkwrights, partly because he fancied they might show some dread of him as "the Doctor." With the gentlest heart in the world, his manner was stern at times; but of this he was quite unconscious, and was grieved and surprised if he perceived any traces of timidity or subjection in the behavior of young people toward himself. The little Arkwrights, however, were too mere children to show either. They read his face aright at once; and the slight cloud there had been on it—brought there, I was sorry to know, by my unsatisfactory reception of Donald—cleared off very quickly.

"Have you had any cakes?" said he, addressing the children.

"Oh yes, ever such a lot! *had* jam puffs!" answered several young voices in chorus. Grandfather's eye lighted on little Jane, who had resumed her place on the hassock, and was again holding my hand, and leaning her cheek against it, as she looked thoughtfully at the fire.

"And, let me see, what's *your* name, you Leprechaun?" said grandfather.

Jane did not move, but she withdrew her gaze from the fire, and fixed it on his face, as she answered, with her usual composure and deliberation, "Dane Aweesle Arkyight."

"Jane *what*? What does she say her name is?"

"Jane Louisa Arkwright," explained Lizzie.

Jane nodded her head with grave dignity, as of an Eastern potentate who should sanction the translation of his words by an interpreter into some "barbarian" speech.

"What's a Lepre—that thing that you called Jane?" asked Martha. Martha was of an inquiring turn of mind. Grandfather explained that Leprechaun was an Irish word for an odd old-fashioned kind of sprite; and that led to a general dissertation on fairies: and

that led to a delicately hinted request that grandfather would oblige the company with "a story;" and he gave them "Jack the Giant-Killer" in fine style. Teddy confessed frankly that he thought grandfather's story far superior to mine; and, indeed, all the children enjoyed it far more than mine, naturally. Donald, when I remarked this, laughingly said, "Yes; and I think that the reason is that your story took hold of you, instead of your taking hold of it; and, consequently, it carried you a little out of the reach of your small audience."

I mustered courage to ask him what I had been longing to know, namely, how much of my nonsense he had been a listener to?

"I arrived about the time of the appearance of Mesdames Shine and Shadow," said he, in the same sort of shy, low tone I had spoken in, and without turning his eyes toward me. "But I don't think your story was nonsense."

The little Arkwrights were regaled before their departure in the fly with elder-wine, which had a great deal of sugar and spice in it, and was much relished. By the time it was served—it being then the rakishly late hour of half past eight—poor Mary was very drowsy, and even Martha and Teddy showed symptoms of sleepiness, which, it is needless to say, they denied and struggled against with a heroism worthy of a better cause. But little Jane's bright gray eyes were as wide open as ever when she was wrapped up and carried down the garden path to the fly. It was a moonlight night, and as I stood at the glass door of the dining-room, watching the children depart, I saw little Jane's fair face above grandfather's shoulder; he carried her to the coach himself, the bright eyes turned unwinkingly toward the sky, and the clear moonbeams shining in them with solemn serenity.

Soon afterward Mrs. Abram withdrew, being tired, she said. I never shall forget the hopeless perplexity on her countenance when she shook hands with Donald and bade him good-night. She was so undecided what to call him, and hesitated so vaguely up to the very instant of opening her mouth, between "love" (her favorite word), and "Donald," and "Mr. Ayrle," that she finally conferred on him, as he rose to open the door for her exit, a compound appellation, which sounded, I thought, quite grand and Andalusian—namely, "Don Loveairy."

I slipped away not very long after Mrs. Abram, and left grandfather and Donald chatting by the fire. As I was going up stairs to my room I was waylaid by Keturah. She was full of delight at Donald's arrival. And wasn't he a fine lad? she said. And wouldn't it be a fine thing for the master to have a bright young fellow like that about him? And wouldn't all the house be pleasanter and more cheerful than it had been for many a day? I said I hoped so—and I dared to say so—and that it was very likely. But I suppose my response was not quite cordial enough to be in tune with Keturah's mood, for she looked piercingly at me from

under her overhanging black brows, and said, more sharply, "And you know, Miss Anne, it's like to be a comfort to your grandfather to have a young creature about him, and a sort of a bit of sunshine to all on us as we grow older."

"Why, Keturah," said I, smiling, and laying my hand on her shoulder—for, though I was a little vexed, I did not intend to let her either snub me into silence or sting me into anger—"am *I* never to come to Mortlands any more? or am I not to be reckoned among 'young creatures?'"

"Oh, you, Miss Anne!" said the old servant, slowly. "Why, you will be making new friends or new ties, and forgetting all about us, some day, I reckon. It's nat'ral, I suppose. But you know you *haven't* been to Mortlands so often lately but what we have had time to miss you; and we hear of visitors at Water-Eardley—smart gentlemen, with smart uniforms; and what should smart gentlemen go there for but pretty young ladies?"

"You reckon that I shall be forgetting all about you? Keturah, I reckon that you're a goose!"

"Aha, child, mebbe you're out in your reckoning then!" returned Keturah, grimly enough. But the next instant that smile, of which I have spoken as being so singularly sweet and attractive, stole over her face, and she kissed me, and bade me "good-night" in her usual manner.

I thought, as I sat brushing my hair that night, that if I had been disposed to be jealous of my place in grandfather's regard, I might have had some excuse for the feeling, in the fact they all seemed determined to make about Donald. But I was not disposed to be jealous. I said to myself that, after all, Keturah was right in deeming it a good thing for my grandfather to have the new occupation and interest

in life which the young man's presence would afford. Donald Ayrle was a link between the past and the present. His name was connected in grandfather's mind with all sorts of youthful reminiscences; and I was very glad to think of his remaining many years at Mortlands. It would be comforting to those who loved my grandfather to know that he would have such a staff and companion at hand when he should grow very old. And—though Keturah was crabbed, and talked nonsense sometimes when she was cross—still it *might* be that I should not be able to be always within call of Mortlands; so many changes happened in life. There was an elder daughter of Sir Peter Bunny, whom I had never seen, only heard of; she had gone to India, and would probably not revisit her old home for years and years. Her husband was an officer in the army, like—Donald's father.

Almost as plainly as though the words had been uttered from without instead of within, I seemed to hear a voice saying, "Anne, Anne, you are not in earnest! You are trifling and playing at *some feeling* that has no living root in your heart!"

I did not question this importunate voice for an explanation of its sibylline utterance; but I did question myself as to whether I were in earnest or not, and as to whether it were true that I was "playing at a feeling" which had no living root in my heart. Was I drifting idly along under the guidance of a mere fancy? enjoying a make-believe sentiment, just as I had enjoyed enacting make-believe fairies and princesses and Arctic voyagers and Man Friday, when I was a child?

I fell fast asleep in the little bed that had held me so many a night in peace and safety, before having arrived at a final answer to any one question of my self-imposed catechism.

THE SACRED FLORA.

[Part XX.]

WHEN Shakspeare made Falstaff compare the naked Shallow to "a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife," he either had in his mind the little MANDRAKE figures which were sold in his time—and in French ports within this century—or he followed a suggestion which has been so universal that it has given rise to an entire mythology. There can be little doubt that the forked flesh-colored roots of the mandrake originated those superstitions concerning it, which have attained such importance as to require no fewer than twenty-two learned treatises—stretching between the years 1510 and 1850—to deal with this one insignificant plant!

The mention of mandrakes in Genesis, xxx., and Canticles, vii., shows that the belief in its power to produce love and fruitfulness was current among the ancient Hebrews. Indeed, the

word used in the passages referred to, dudâim, is manifestly from the root דוד, *love*. The Arabs call the mandrake *tuphac el sheitan*—that is, "devil's apple"—from its supposed power to excite voluptuous feeling. Venus was sometimes called, among the Greeks, Mandragoritis (Hesych.), and the fruit of the plant was popularly termed "apples of love." Pythagoras calls the mandrake *anthropomorphum*, and Columella calls it *semihomo*. In the MS. of the charming old writer on healing plants, Dioscorides (A.D. 1), preserved at Vienna, there is a picture of Euresis, goddess of discovery, presenting the author with a mandrake root. The root is in human shape, with five leaves growing out of its head; near by is a dog in the agonies of death. I suspect it was from this Greek source that Josephus received the account he gives (B. J., vii, 6, § 3) of the custom in a Jewish vil-

lage of pulling up the root by means of a dog, which is killed by the shriek uttered by the root in being torn up. This feature of the superstition has followed the mandrake stories every where. To procure it one must cut away all rootlets to the main root; to pull up that is death to any creature that hears it. So one must stop his ears carefully, and having tied a dog to the root, run away. The dog is then called, and, pulling the root up, is instantly killed.

The origin of the German name for mandrake, *Alraun*, has been variously explained. Tacitus speaks of a formidable people among the Germans called "Aurinia," believed to be endowed with magical powers, and some have traced *Alraun* to their name, on account of their use of the plant in sorcery. Jornandes (de Reb. Getic., c. 24) says that King Filimur found among his people a tribe of magicians called Alyrumnæ, whom he hunted into the woods, where they mingled with the wood-devils (Fauni Sicarii), and from this mixture sprang the Huns. They are the same of whom Aventinus speaks as loose-haired, barelegged witches, who would slay a man, drink his blood from his skull, and divine the future from his mangled remains. There is, undoubtedly, a so-called witch's name under Alrune (Grimm, *Deutsche Myth.*, 376 *et seq.*), and Hans Sachs says Alraun was a cross-road goddess. Nevertheless, there is reason to believe that Alraun is simply a late form of the Gothic Alrune, and that the word is related to *rune*, of which mention has been already made. The French word *Mandragloire* is simply a part of the Greek word *Mandragora* blended with the name of the old French fairy Magloire.

In Germany and France the superstition took the following form: The mandrake sprang up from the excrement of a thief or a criminal. It was sure to be found near a gallows, and so was popularly called in Germany Galgemannlein. It was to be obtained generally in the way described by Josephus, though it was added that one must sign the cross three times over the plant before pulling it up. Having got the root up, it must be bathed every Friday, kept in a white cloth in a box, and then it would procure manifold benefits. There is preserved a letter from a burgess of Leipsic to his brother at Riga, written in 1675, which shows exactly the popular notion of the mandrake at that time. It runs thus:

"LEIPSIC, Sunday before Fast-night, '75.

"Brotherly love and truth and all good to thee, dear brother! I have thy letter, and have made out from it enough to understand that thou, dear brother, in thy home and affairs hast suffered great sorrow; that thy children, cows, swine, sheep, and horses have all died; thy wine and beer soured in the cellar, and thy provender destroyed; and that thou dwellest with thy wife in great contention—which is all grievous to hear. I have, therefore, gone to those who understand such things to find what is needed, and have asked them why thou art so unlucky. They have told me that these evils proceed not from God, but from wicked people; and they know what will help thee. If thou hast a mandrake (Allruniken oder Erdmanniken), and bring it into thy house, thou shalt have good fortune. So I have

taken the pains, for thy sake, to go to those who have such things, and to our executioner have paid sixty-four thalers and a piece of gold drinkgelt to his servant, and this (mandrake), dear brother, I send thee, and thou must keep it as I shall tell in this letter. When thou hast the Erdmann in thy house, let it rest three days without approaching it, then place it in warm water. With the water afterward sprinkle the animals and sills of the house, going over all, and soon it shall go better with thee, and thou shalt come to thy own, if thou serve the Erdmanniken right. Bathe it four times every year, and as often wrap it in silk cloths, and lay it among thy best things, and thou need do no more. The bath in which it has been bathed is especially good. If a woman is in child-pain and can not bear, if she drink a spoonful she will be delivered with joy and thankfulness. And when thou goest to law put Erdmann under thy right arm, and thou shalt succeed, whether right or wrong. Now, dear brother, this Erdmanniken I send with all love and faith to thee for a happy New Year. Let it be kept, and it may do the same for thy children's children. God keep thee!

"HANS N."

It is certainly remarkable that in 1675 so much as sixty-four thalers could be obtained for one of these little figures; but it is probable that the dealing in them had become very secret on account of the danger one incurred of being suspected as a witch if the root was found upon him or her. In 1630 three women were executed in Hamburgh on this account.

Matthiolus, in his commentary on Dioscorides, describes the great ingenuity which had been reached in the carving of the root into the human semblance, and the training of little shoots from seeds planted in it, which were manipulated so as to look like hair. The same ingenuity was employed to invest each figure with a marvelous legend of its origin or potency. Naturally it was connected with the devil. The Erdmann put into a glass bottle became a spider, then a scorpion, but was never for an instant still. In the cloister of the Capuchins, at Vienna, there was shown, in the last century, a little apparently living, or ever-moving, devil, an inch and a half long, black, with human face and long tail. It was kept in a little bottle which had no opening. By this and similar contrivances throughout Europe the puzzle called "Cartesian Devils" was suggested. Those who had these bottled devils were subject to dangerous liabilities; for, though the demon would perform many services, he who should die with one in his possession would become the devil's victim. Nor was it very easy to get rid of; for unless one could sell it for a little less than he paid for it, it would remain on his hands. There are legends of how they were thrown into fires, into rivers, but were always found in their rooms when those who so threw them returned home. A haunted spot is shown in Lower Württemberg, where a merchant of Ulm tried vainly to get rid of his Galgemannlein; and for a long time a house stood in Frankfort which was avoided because it was related that there a baker woman had perished miserably with a mandrake in her possession, which she had tried hard to be rid of. This diabolical phase of the superstition was especially strong in France and England. It was believed by

many that Joan of Arc had one of these imps in her possession, and she was even asked by the judge at her trial whether such was not the case; but she replied that she did not know what mandrake was. At Romorantin, Margaret Ragum Bouchey, the wife of a Moor, was hung as a witch in 1603, the charge against her being that she kept and fed daily a living mandrake fiend, which was stated to be in the form of a female ape. In France the mandrake superstition seems occasionally to invest some other root. Thus the author of "*Secrets du Petit Albert*" (Lyons, 1718) says that a peasant had a bryonia root of human shape, which he received from a gipsy. He buried it "at a lucky conjunction of the moon with Venus," buried it in spring, on a Monday, in a grave, and sprinkled it with milk in which three field-mice had been drowned. In a month it became more human-like than ever. Then he placed it in an oven with vervain, wrapped it afterward in a dead man's shroud, and so long as he kept it he never failed in luck at games or work. The same author says that he saw a figure owned by a rich Jew which had a human face on a hen's body, which had been produced out of an egg by a process quite indescribable here, save that the "right conjunction of the moon and Jupiter" was regarded in the procedure. The monster lived for a time on worms, and after death its potency continued.

The German stories are very curious. One of them relates that a horse-dealer of Augsburg once lost a horse, and, being poor, wandered in despair to an inn. There some men gave him an Alraun, and on his return home he found a bag of ducats on his table. His wife becoming suspicious, extorted from him the confession that he had some potent charm, and she induced him to return and take it to the men; but they could not be found. In the night the wife opened her husband's box, and finding there a purse, opened that, whereupon a black fly buzzed out. Soon after the house took fire and was burned, the horse-dealer killed his wife, and then shot himself. The German poet Rist relates that he saw an Erdmann made with great pains, and more than a century old, which was kept in a coffin. On the coffin was a cloth on which was a picture of a thief on the gallows and a mandrake growing beneath it. Most careful and peculiar provisions were made in Northern Germany for the inheritance of the Erdmann. When the possessor dies his youngest son becomes the owner, but he must lay a piece of bread and a piece of gold in his father's coffin, and they must be buried with him; but if the youngest son has died before his father, the eldest inherits, after making the same offerings. (Grimm, *Deutsche Sagen*.)

If any one will examine the specimen of mandrake preserved in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, he will hardly wonder that it should have aroused superstitious feelings. It is a British specimen—the gift of Charles Hatchett, F.R.S.—and we

must suppose has not been tampered with, though this is difficult to believe; for nothing could bear a more quaint resemblance to two heavily bearded human faces—the eyes, noses, foreheads being traced upon the heads of the joined bulbs with a distinctness that requires no aid from the imagination. The roots in this specimen are short, and hidden by the long reddish-brown beard; but if, as would seem to be the case in other specimens, such faces should have human-like limbs projecting beneath them, the effect would be startling enough. We can not wonder that Franciscus Imperatus and Fabius Columna should have both described the mandrake they saw as "a man in blossom."

The superstition concerning the mandrake is very strong throughout the south of England, the belief being that it is human, and will shriek when torn up. Shakspeare speaks of its power as an opiate, and the belief that its shriek would kill or madden those who heard it. It is said to be perpetually watched over by Satan; and if it be pulled up at certain holy times, and with certain invocations, the evil spirit will appear to do the bidding of the practitioner. In the mining regions of Germany the mandrake was supposed to reach down to the cobolds beneath the earth, who shrieked when it was torn up. It was held in some places that if a black dog were tied to it, and made to pull it up, the treasures at its root would be drawn from the hole. In Silesia, Thuringia, Tyrol, Bohemia, we still find it connected with the idea of subterranean treasures. It is also, in the same countries, supposed by some to produce fruitfulness in women—a notion not improbably connected with the story told concerning it in Genesis, xxx., where it seems to have been held in a similar association. Compare also the allusion to the plant in Canticles, vii. 13. Machiavel's comedy, "*La Madragola*," turns upon the vulgar superstition of its power to bring children. Petrus de Crescentiis attributes this power to it also. In some remote districts of Bohemia the roots are gathered before sunset on Good-Friday, dried, pulverized, and given to cows. The cow that eats it will draw the milk of all other cows that come to the place where it has stood, and be able to furnish milk for nine houses. Its milk gathers to butter without churning; but such butter, if melted, gives only froth. In Westphalia and the vicinity of the Hartz mandrake is soaked in water, and the water poured on domestic animals to prevent swellings; but it is deemed essential that the plant should first be taken out of the water and buried. The Tyrolese superstitions are that it reveals treasures, prevents wicked possessions, and, if taken in a decoction, renders the blood proof against blows. In various Alpine regions it is found occasionally laid on the bed to prevent nightmare, borne about to prevent cramp and toothache, and particularly to secure the mountaineer against robbers and bad weather.

The connection of the mandrake with the idea of some buried human being seems to

me traceable to the story of the snake-headed Medusa. The legend of her head being buried in a mound under the Agora at Athens may possibly be preserved in the Greek name *Μανδράγορας*. The power of Medusa's head to turn all to stone may have seemed represented in the powerful narcotic influence of this plant, of which Plato speaks—*μανδράγορα ἢ μέθη ξυμποδίσαι*—and reappears in the common superstition that he who hears its shriek when it is torn from the ground will fall dead. Pliny speaks of the potency of the mandrake as an opiate, and says that he who would draw it up must be careful to shield himself from its breath, and must draw three circles around it with a sword, while he looks toward the west, provisions which surely suggest the exploit of Perseus. The prize that Perseus won by decapitating Medusa—whether it be considered Andromeda or a kingdom—is reflected in the superstition (mentioned by Hippocrates and Theophrastus) that the mandrake is amatory, and that it draws treasures from the earth; while, more plainly, his indirect method of securing Medusa's head, by seeing it in a mirror, is suggested in the Teutonic superstition that the mandrake must not be touched with the hand, but drawn out by a dog; also by the frequency with which the legends speak of the Erdmann as too horrible to be looked upon. Even the legend that, to obtain the Gorgon's head, Perseus stole from her sisters, the Graæ, the one eye and one tooth they had in common, seems faintly traceable in the Icelandic form of the superstition, in which it is said that mandrake will draw money even from human beings, if the following humiliating conditions be observed: The experimenter must steal a coin from a poor widow between the chanting of the Epistle and the Gospel at one of the three festivals, Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide; this coin must be placed under the herb, which will then draw to itself from pockets near by coins of the same denomination. The mandrake is called in Iceland *thjofarót* (thieves' root), and is believed to spring from the froth of the mouth of one who has been hung, or the cairn where he has been buried. The mandrake superstition is still known in Kent, England, where it may be occasionally found, kept to cure barrenness; but its greatest vigor is in Greece, where bits of it are still carried about by young people as love-charms. Among the intelligent this once potent Erdmann survives now only as an infinitesimal pellet of homeopathy to charm away rheumatism.

No plant equally humble has ever had so universal a sanctity ascribed to it as the common HYPERICUM, or St. John's-wort. There is hardly any country where one may not still hear of its seed or leaves gleaming like gold on St. John's Eve, and of its extraordinary medicinal virtues. The summer solstice, which had its representation in the Northern mythology as the death of Baldur (the sun), was identified by the Christian missionaries with the nativity

of John the Baptist. The period had in pre-Christian times been regarded as that in which witches—the powers unfriendly to Baldur—held their festivities; and for some reason or other the hypericum was their symbolical plant. The missionaries consecrated the plant along with the day. The reddish sap of the *Hypericum androsaemum* (*ἀνδρός αἶμα*), once called elf-blood, now suggested the blood of the Baptist. The day has evidently retained its old pagan characteristics wherever it is still regarded with superstitious awe. It is a night when witches are abroad; a night for second-sight, ghost-seeing, fortune-telling; they who climb on rooftops will see marvels. In every German country it is thought by the ignorant to divine the future. It is stuck on walls, in rafters, and as it grows up or down, as it withers more or less quickly, presages life or death, marriage or disappointment. In Sweden and Norway it is the central plant of the Midsommars-gvastar, or bouquets gathered on St. John's Eve, and hung up as an antidote to witches in house and stable. For on that night the orgies of the Walpurgis witches demanded that every precaution should be taken. The bonfires or bel-fires, kindled in their honor when they were deities, were now kindled to scare them when they had been transformed by Christianity into devils. The plant which was put over every door formerly as their badge, was now, along with the cross, set to bar their entrance. Still, such are the anomalies of mongrel religions, and so much easier is it to change dogmas than symbols, the plant was held to bring chiefly blessings. It was called *devilfuge*. In Tyrol it was, and is by some still, thought that if a traveler has it in his shoes he will never get weary, however long his journey. On the Lower Rhine it is placed in wreaths on the roofs as a general protection. Its sap is esteemed of special potency—it being the elf's or the Baptist's blood—and is sometimes mixed with beer, etc. In Wales St. John's-wort is sometimes made into a tea which produces a certain exhilaration. In France one may see harvesters having their hats decorated with it. It is held sacred by many in the Levant, where it is a current superstition that the plague leaves a city on St. John's Day. In Scandinavia witchcraft is averted by nine plants bound together, of which St. John's-wort is the chief.

It is not a little remarkable that we find the number mystically associated with plants to be generally nine. In most parts of India the number of sacred trees will generally be stated as nine: soma, pipal (*Ficus religiosa*), banyan (*Ficus indica*), boql (*Mimusops elengi*), huritukee (*Terminalia citrona*), amalakee (*Phyllanthus emblica*), nimbu (*Melia azadiracta*), tulasî plant, and the palâsa (*Butea frondosa*).* In nearly every part of Germany it is said there must be nine herbs, or nine flowers, or nine

* The pipal is looked on with dread as the home of demons, and the sweet boql as the home of the kindly fairies.

kinds of wood (generally of fruit trees whose fruits have no stones in them), used on various magical occasions. Thus it is said in East Prussia the alarum-fire must be made with nine kinds of wood; and in certain districts of South Germany the priests sprinkle holy-water from an aspersory made of nine kinds of branches. The Fates who went before Odin as he passed through the air with spear and shield to take part in human battles, and named those appointed to be slain, were nine in number. Dr. Wuttke, of whose researches into the superstitions of Germany I have freely availed myself in this paper, states that *Dreimal* has, as a word of magical potency, taken the place of the ancient *Neunmal*. This is probably the result of Trinitarian teaching. Still, as he says, "Neunerlei Holz, neunerlei Kräuter, Speisen, u. s. w., haben hohe Kraft." There is a belief in Bohemia that when a black cat is nine years of age it betakes itself to the service of witches, and is received with honors at the annual Walpurgis gathering as the sacred animal of Huldah. Our saying that a cat has nine lives comes, probably, from this superstition.

Any tree might become sacred by being struck by lightning. The Thunder-god had visibly signified his relation to it. The wood of such a tree would reveal witches. It must never be used for common fires; the fire will all fall out on the floor, and only holy-water can put it back again, or put out the fire (Bohemia). In Voigtland wood-cutters value highly the wood of a tree that has been struck by lightning, for wedges and mallets. An old Hindoo myth meets us in the Westphalian belief that a tooth-pick made of the splinters of such a tree will cure toothache. In Indian and German mythology the teeth and lightning are mentioned repeatedly as related. The tooth of the wild-boar and that of the mouse are said to produce on the body effects similar to those of lightning. Charcoals of a lightning-burned tree are deemed powerful against poisons in many places. The essence of superstition being mystery, it is natural that the stroke of the lightning should call it forth in a pre-scientific age. But still more was the feeling of wonder awakened by the quiet descent on a tree, as it seemed from the upper air, of the MISTLETOE. Mysterious in its origin, choosing generally the most sacred trees—the oak and the apple—upon which to alight, this parasite became, in the North, almost as powerful a symbol as the cross which superseded it. The word mistletoe is usually derived from the Celtic word *Mwsogl*, a moss; but it has a curious resemblance to the Semitic word *Mistar*, a secret place. The meaning of the O. N. *mistil* is not clear; the last part of the word seems to be from *teinn*, a staff. Prior says *mistl* means different, and *tan*, twig—mistletoe being a twig different from the tree it grows on.

We find in India remnants of a superstition concerning mistletoe, especially when it is found on the ill-omened pipal-tree. In the Northern mythology it is associated with the god of sun-

shine, Baldur, who, as the Eastern Baal or Bel, the Russian Byelbog, etc., has appeared in many mythologies, and some have thought gave its name to the Baltic, and perhaps the prefix *Bally* to various Irish localities. Frigg, the mother of Baldur, exacted an oath from all things, except the mistletoe, that they would never harm her beautiful son. Lōki, hearing this, took a mistletoe and went to the place where all were engaged in sports with Baldur. Seeing one—Höd—standing apart, Lōki asked him why he did not shoot arrows like the rest. Höd replied that he was blind and unarmed. Lōki told him he should nevertheless do honor to Baldur, and, giving him an arrow made of the mistletoe, directed him where to cast it. It pierced Baldur, and he fell dead. The identity of this fable with the myths of Eastern countries has been ingeniously traced by Grimm and Mannhardt. The mistletoe was held in high esteem with Faust and other pretenders to the black art. In the Tyrol it is believed to be guarded by the serpent there called hazelworm (our blind-worm, or viper), and that if one can catch that serpent on his watch he will gain great treasure, besides having the power to render himself invisible. In some districts of Bavaria there is hung up in every room in the house a combination of plants—a bunch of palm with mistletoe and savin, all bound to a hazel stick or handle; and it is considered impossible that any witch can approach so powerful a fortress of magical influences as this. In Austria mistletoe is held by the superstitious a safe preventive against nightmare if laid on the bedroom door-sill.

Baldur has left his name in various flowers and plants in the Northern countries. In Denmark, Sweden, and Iceland there are flowers (each different) popularly called "Baldur's-brow." The balsenbro of Skania is the same as the Baldur's-brow (*Anthemis cotula*) of Sweden, and suggests some common origin with the Greek *Βαλσαμιν*, balsam-plant. "The fires," says Sir Walter Scott, "lighted by the (Scottish) Highlanders on the first of May, in compliance with a custom derived from the pagan times, are termed the *Bealtane-tree*." It may be observed also, as showing that there may be some connection between this *Bealtane* and *Ballaw*, ball, ballet, that Grimm has called attention to the custom connected with the bel-fires of Germany, to set a cart-wheel on fire and dance around it. The burning wheel is then rolled down a hill, this representing the declining sun. There is also a German proverb that "he who has a wheel over his doorway has luck in his house."

There are many plants in Scandinavian countries which bear in their names traces of their association with the Northern deities. Tyr, the god of war, whence *tir* (honor), a shooting-match, and *Tiwaesdæg*, Tuesday, *Dies Martis*, Mardi, survives in the Norwegian *tysfiola* (*Viola martis*) and Danish *tyved*, the spurge-laurel. Aconite is called in Norway, after the

god Thor, thorjalm and thorhat, in Denmark and Sweden stormhat, of which our name monk's-hood is partially a translation. Mr. Thorpe has suggested that the common name for it, wolf's-bane, bears an allusion to Thor's combat with the wolf. The aquatic plant *Spongia marina* bears the name of Niörd's-glove—Niörd being the god who could still the ocean. Forniot's-hand (called by the Anglo-Saxons *Forneotesfolme*) related to a deity regarded with more reverence by the Finns. The beautiful Freyja, who has given to German women the appellation *frau*, has left her name with the freyjuhâr (*Supercilium veneris*); and the elf-made hair of Sif, Thor's wife, is celebrated in the sijar-haddr (*Sife peplum*; *Polytrichum aureum*). Odin's wife Frigg (the earth) has not only named a constellation in Sweden, where in some regions Orion is called Frigg's Rok, *i. e.*, distaff, but also the *Orchis odoratissima*, which is called frigghar-gras or hjona-grass (marriage-grass). Very many plants which were held sacred to Norse goddesses had their names changed by the early Christians to honor the Virgin Mary. Thus Niörd's-glove, and various other species of orchids which have hand-shaped roots, are called also Our Lady's hand, Mary-hand, etc. It will be remembered that all the plants which have "lady" in their names—lady's-smock, lady's-slipper, and the like—were consecrated to the Virgin Mary, or "Our Lady," and that many of the flowers so named had a pre-Christian sanctity is known. The black species of *Mary's-hand* is called *Satan's-hand*. The dew-flower called *Lady's-mantle* seems to bear in its botanical name (*Alchemilla*) some record of its connection with alchemy.

The name *Our Lady's flax* reminds us of the goddess Bertha, who was represented by our ancestors as watching over the fields of flax, and as spinning the same on her distaff. The connection of the distaff and the spinning of flax with the Fates is found in the Southern, Eastern, and Northern mythologies. In many parts of Germany it is held that all the flax must be spun before Twelfth-night,* as one who spins thereafter is liable to be bewitched. In Westphalia it is said the dwarfs will come and destroy what is spun on Twelfth-night. On Shrove-Tuesday the housewife will especially look after her flax. If the sun shines out on New-Year's Day the flax will be straight. In Bohemia it is said if seven-year-old children dance in the flax they will be beautiful. If one has dizziness, let him or her run, after sunset, three times through a flax-field naked, and, the Brandenburg saying is, the flax takes the dizziness to itself. The Bohemians try to cure fevers by running into a pond and dropping therein a spindle, a piece of flax, and a piece

of bread. In Thuringia the bride will place flax in her shoe, that she may never come to want; in Lauenburg she will tie a string of flax around her left leg, believing that it will be endowed for her benefit with the marriage blessing. In Greece a sanctity attached to spinning, and the spindle-tree was called *Εὐνομον*, of good omen (Theoph.). In Germany Bertha was the kindly mother of spinners, and sometimes poor girls who made a precarious livelihood by spinning, or who by cruel mothers-in-law were set to difficult tasks, found knots in their threads, which, when they tried to untie them, proved to be of pure gold. She is the original of all the good fairies in our story books, and there are few nurseries without evidence that her reign is still very potent. The early Christians tried hard to supersede her with the Madonna, but never quite succeeded.

The young science of Comparative Mythology has shown us that the great religions of ancient races converge in the early conception of a divinely endowed tree guarded by a serpent. The medieval legend that from a seed of the Tree of Life in Eden grew the tree which afterward furnished the wood of "the true cross" may not be altogether a fable, though the Tree of Life has been confused with that of the forbidden fruit. The sect of Ophites worshiped the serpent "lifted up" as an emblem of Christ raised on the cross (see John, iii. 14). And, as the legend says three seeds of the Tree of Life were preserved, we can plainly see that one of them flowered into the soma of Persia and India and its many Oriental modifications, and into the Ygdrasill of Scandinavia, which has been reproduced throughout Germany. In considering the analogies referred to, it is important to remember that the particularization of the apple as the fruit by which Eve was tempted is not Scriptural, but traditional. In several countries the notion has prevailed that the forbidden fruit was a kind of grape. In some old Italian pictures the serpent is represented holding out to Eve a cluster of grapes; and in an ancient church fresco which I have seen in Russia the Tree is a vine with fruits which it is difficult to identify. In this form the story approaches more nearly the traditions relating to the Hindoo soma (*Asclepias acida*), which is identical with the Persian homa, though Parsees deny that their holy plant is found in India. It is a climbing plant with a milky juice, which is used only after fermentation. "Homa," says Windischmann, "is the first of the trees planted by Ahura-Mazda in the fountain of life. He who drinks of its juice never dies. According to the Bundeshesh, the gogard or gaokerena tree bears the homa, which gives health and generative power, and imparts life at the resurrection. The homa plant does not decay, bears no fruit, resembles the vine, is knotty, and bears leaves like jasmine, yellow and white." The same author unhesitatingly identifies it with "the Tree of Life which grew in Paradise."

* It was considered by our Saxon ancestors of evil omen to spin on festival days, afterward on saints' days; but the spinner might, at least in always skeptical Prussia, avoid evil results by holding a crust of bread in her mouth, that being possibly an evidence that it was a "work of necessity."

Mrs. Manning, in her very valuable work on "Ancient and Medieval India," has cited several very interesting hymns and legends relating to the soma, an allusion to which opens nearly every invocation in the Rig-Veda. One of the Brahmin hymns says, "Soma, like the sea, has poured forth songs and hymns and thoughts." Mr. Muir has also translated some of the hymns relating to the soma sacrifice. One is rendered thus:

"We've quaffed the soma bright,
And are immortal grown;
We've entered into light,
And all the gods have known;"

which almost literally repeats what the serpent said of the forbidden fruit in Eden. But the legends which have gathered around the soma equally recall the serpent; for it is related that a dragon once seized the soma plant, which was taken from him by a hawk. In the Scandinavian legends the serpent and the hawk both reappear, Odin having found the sacred mead amidst rocks (where also Indra found the soma) and carried it off in the form of an eagle. The eagle perches in the top of Ygdrasill, the serpent gnaws its root. This eagle has between its eyes a hawk. In the Grimnismal it is written:

"Under Ygdrasill lie
Unnumbered snakes,
More than mindless
Men can conceive."

In the Voluspá it is said:

"An ash I know,
Ygdrasill named,
A branchy tree, bedewed
With brightest water.
Thence come the dews
Into the dales that fall:
Ever stands it flourishing
O'er Urda's fountain."

This dew poured by the Nönnir, or Fates, over Ygdrasill to preserve it from decay, drops down as honey-dew, and there are some things in the Eddas which would seem to show that it was of this that the drink of the gods, mead, was brewed. Coleridge's lines,

"For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drank the milk of Paradise,"

refer felicitously to both that and the more definite legend concerning the mead, namely, that it flows from the udder of the goat Heidrun, which feeds on the leaves of the tree Lærad, growing over Valhalla. This *milky* character of mead allies it with the soma juice. There is some complication in the Northern myth here. Was the Lærad at some period identical with Ygdrasill? "The branches of the tree Lærad," says Thorpe, "are eaten also by the hart Eikthyrner, from whose horns drops fall into Hvergelmir." Now this Hvergelmir is the place beneath Ygdrasill where the serpent is. The name of the goat Heidrun (heidr, *serene*, and *renna*, to flow) signifies the heavenly air, and probably indicates the clear atmosphere from which the honey-dew is distilled upon Ygdrasill. Lærad is from *læ*, calm. The name of the hart

which feeds on the leaves, and from whose horns drop rivers, is Eikthyrner, *i. e.*, oak-thorned. It is not impossible that Lærad may have been a sacred vine from some older mythology, which was adopted and represented as twining about the great ash, though it seems impossible at present to come to a more definite conclusion on the subject than that the Scandinavian has an unquestionable affinity with the Indian myth. The mingling of Lærad and Ygdrasill corresponds to that of the two Trees of Eden.

The biblical account of the garden, the Tree of Life, and the serpent, as well as the parallel legends of the Eddas, may also be instructively compared with the following from the Hindoo Mahabharat: "There is a fair and stately mountain, and its name is Meroo, a most exalted mass of glory, reflecting the sunny rays from the splendid surface of its gilded horns. It is clothed in gold, and is the venerated haunt of Deos and Gandaros. Incomprehensible, not to be encompassed by sinful man, it is guarded by dreadful serpents. Many celestial plants of virtue adorn its sides, and it stands piercing the heavens with its aspiring summit, inaccessible even by thought. It is adorned with trees and pleasant streams, and resounds with the delightful songs of variegated birds." A yet vaster mountain (Mandar) is spoken of in the same book as the haunt of deities, concerning which it is significantly related that it is entirely enveloped in the net of a "twining creeper," defended by savage beasts, whose king—the serpent Ananta—was alone able to remove it, and did so by command of lotus-eyed Vishnu. The ocean was then churned with this mountain to discover its treasures, and particularly *ambrosia*, the immortalizer of the gods. The Elysium of the old Britons was situated on a beautiful island covered with marvelous trees and flowers. It was called Avallach, *i. e.*, Apple Island; but it was also described as a glass mountain, another name of it being Ynisvitrin, that is, Glassmountain. This, as Mannhardt shows, was translated into English Glastonbury (Ang.-Sax. Glæsenburh), where, as we have seen, was the famous thorn which flowered at Christmas. The author of the "Vita Merlini" gives the following description of it:

"Insula pomorum, quæ Fortunata vocatur
Ex re nomen habet, quia per se singula profert;
Non opus est illic sulcantibus arva colonis;
Omnis abest cultus, nisi quem natura ministrat.
Ultro fecundos segetes producit et uvas
Nataque poma suis pratorum germine Silvis;
Omnia gignit humus vice graminis ultro
Armis centenis aut ultra vivitur illic redundans."

The Tree of Life reappears in the vine of Bacchus, the fig with which Isaiah cured Hezekiah, the Bodhidruma of Buddha, the Talok-tree of Cambodia, with the grotto at its foot and the dragon whose daughter the banished prince Pra Thong marries, the mercury (abbreviated from *muliercurialis*) which Mercury discovered, and which survives in his caduceus with the serpents around it, and the

tree of *Æsculapius* with the serpent around it, which the leeches formerly took for their sign, and which still survives in the pole with the twining red line around it of our barbers' shops! Mr. William Craft, a very intelligent American negro, who passed some time in the kingdom of Dahomey, related to me the following singular story. On one occasion while he was there a man came from some other part of Africa, and seeing a large snake, killed it. It proved to be one of the sacred snakes, and the man who slew it was at once seized; he was put in the centre of a circle made of dry fodder; the fodder was lighted all around, and the man told to run for his life. Meanwhile the people had all provided themselves with sticks from a tree—what tree Mr. Craft did not mention, but possibly their sacred cotton-tree—and when the man broke through the burning circle they all struck him with the sticks. They pursued him for some distance, until the man came to a pond, into which he ran to quench the fire which was burning his clothing. At that moment the people left him to go free, saying the serpent was satisfied, as the man had passed the "ordeal of fire and water."

Some of the trees that have acquired sanctity are so entirely without mysterious or unusually useful characteristics that it is probable that their sacredness originated in some fact of local importance. The Liberty-tree on Boston Common, associated with American Independence, so long held together by iron bands, would in an earlier age have been worshiped. Herne's Oak—more richly adorned by the genius of Shakespeare than was the plane-tree in Lydia with the gifts of Xerxes—and many other historical trees, may show how, in pre-historic ages, trees planted possibly to commemorate certain events, or favored by some prophet, might have gained an importance which has followed them by tradition. However this may be, it is certain that some, perhaps many, of our trees and plants have reached us chiefly through the religious care with which they have been fostered. It is said that in some regions to which Irishmen have emigrated it is considered worth while to cultivate shamrock to supply them for their patriotic festivals. The Puritans who settled New England found at Plymouth the little *Epigea repens*, raising its fragrant pink-white cup above the latter snow, and it seemed to them such a symbol of their own triumph over their wintry difficulties that it is said they named it after their ship, the *Mayflower*. The care with which that flower is now gathered and admired has given to many of its sisters in the past the sacredness which has secured them an earthly immortality. In Greece particularly, made up as it was by immigrants from the East, the sacred plants were collected, and in their rich gardens they were cultivated. For in Greece there reigned the religion of Beauty, which could include all the floral symbols and add to them a fresh sacredness on account of their beauty. There are few indeed of our trees and flowers which

were not cultivated in the gorgeous gardens of Epicurus, Cimon, Pericles, and Pisistratus; and it is even doubtful whether we have now their arts of culture, unless indeed we are to regard the accounts given of their ability to diversify the shapes and colors of fruits and to render them stoneless as mythical. That many of their garlands and crowns were made of flowers and leaves whose sanctity was from farther East we know. Even in Rome such wreaths were termed "Egyptian." Among the flowers chiefly used for these purposes in Greece we find the rose, violet, anemone, thyme, melilot (a kind of clover), crocus, yellow-lily, and yellow flowers generally, chamomile, smilax, cosmosandalon (Doric for hyacinth), and the chrysanthemum. Rustics used much the agnus castus, with which Prometheus was represented as crowned. (The Spartans crowned themselves with rushes in the Promethean festivals.) The priests of Hera at Samos crowned themselves with laurel, and those of Aphrodite with myrtle. In the festival of Europa at Corinth a crown of myrtle thirty feet in circumference was borne in a procession. There was a poetic or religious tradition surrounding nearly every favorite tree or flower. The young Greeks were convinced that they could read Apollo's exclamations of woe, *AI, AI*, on the leaves of the hyacinth, which sprang from the blood of the friend he had accidentally slain; though some said these were indications that the flower sprang from the blood of Ajax. The laurel, narcissus, myrtle, cypress, and pine were transformed nymphs or beautiful youths; the rose sprang from the bath of Aphrodite; the mulberry was red with the blood of loving hearts; even the humble mint had once, in a divine form, been beloved by Pluto; and the cabbage was said to have sprung from the tears of Lycurgus. The platane (the tree which Xerxes loaded with ornaments in Lydia, and intrusted to one of the "immortal ten thousand") was said to have sprung up on the spot where Zeus had reclined on landing with Europa from the sea, in the Gortynian territory. Pliny says the plane-tree was planted at the tomb of Diomedes, when his companions were turned into sea-fowl. The long life and grandeur of this tree would naturally call superstitious about it. In Lycia there was one, the cavity in which formed a room 81 feet wide, in which Licinius Mucinus, proconsul, entertained eighteen persons of his retinue at a banquet. While in Italy the plane-trees were often dwarfed, on the Bosphorus they are giants—the largest being one 90 feet in height and 150 feet in circumference, its age being estimated at 1500 years. The rose-colored lotus (melilotos) was said by Pancrates to have sprung from the blood of the lion slain by the Emperor Adrian, and it is probable that the story was the modification of an earlier myth.

The vine was especially sacred. Sprung, as the Locrians said, from a bit of wood magically produced by a wolf—produced miraculously, according to others, near Olympia, where the inhab-

itants claimed the annual miracle of the filling of three sealed vessels with wine at the Dyonisian festival—brought by Bacchus to mortals, according to the more common fable, and trodden into wine amidst hymns and sports in his honor, the vine had a history which led by necessary steps to its symbolical presence in the cup of the Eucharist. When the English cabman pours a little of his draught of beer on the ground before or after drinking, when the Lord Mayor and his friends take the “loving cup,” they are unconsciously practicing rites that once were libations on earth and divine enjoyments of mead in Valhalla; while in partaking the communion cup Christians are verging upon the ancient wine-festivals which once represented the ecstasies of inspiration. And this not in Greece alone. No ritualist ever held the wine in his chalice to be more mystical than Hafiz, as he quaffs that of his own cup. Von Hammer need hardly remind us that it is only in appearance that such lines as these are Anacreontic:

“Butler, fetch me ruby wine,
Which with sudden greatness fills us;
Pour for me, who in my spirit
Fail in courage and performance....
Bring to me the liquid fire
Zoroaster sought in dust.
Bring the wine of Jamschid’s glass,
Which glowed ere time was in the Néant;
Bring it me that through its force
I, as Jamschid, see through worlds.”

Again:

“O, just fakir, with brow anstere,
Forbid me not the vine;
On the first day poor Hafiz’ clay
Was kneaded up with wine.”*

And although some of the glowing quatrains of Omar Khayyám are more epicurean, in the ordinary sense, than the verses which gained for Hafiz the title of “The Tongue of the Secret,” it would seem that his wine-cup is also a chalice:

“And lately by the Tavern door agape
Came shining through the dusk an angel shape,
Bearing a vessel on his shoulder; and
He bade me taste of it; and ’twas—the Grape!

“The Grape that can with logic absolute
The two-and-seventy jarring sects confute;
The Sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life’s leaden metal can to gold transmute.”

* * * * *

“Ah, with the Grape my fading life provide,
And wash my body whence the life has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living leaf,
By some not unfrequented garden-side....

“Then even my buried ashes such a snare
Of vintage shall fling up into the air
As not a True-believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.”

The rebuke of the drunkenness with which the Lord’s Supper was attended, in 1 Corinthians, ch. ii., shows that the early church had imitated the bacchanalian festivals quite closely. Yet the ascetic tendency had as much as it could do to bring about a reaction, while even in the canonical books such sentences could be

found as this, in Solomon’s Song: “I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse; I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honey-comb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.”

There is a story concerning a golden communion cup at Viöl, that it was presented by a man in fulfillment of a vow made on his escape from some monsters. Riding by night from Flensburg he passed by a barrow where the underground folk were holding a festival. He asked to be permitted a draught from a large golden beaker they handed around, which contained something resembling milk. They freely offered the beaker, with which he made way, having poured its contents on the ground. He escaped their pursuit only by reason of his house-door being open, but his horse’s tail was half singed off by the liquid which he had dashed behind him; though the story reads much as if this Norse Christian had not thrown all of it away. His dedication of the cup to the communion-table was regarded, no doubt, as securing him from all future trouble from the indignant dwarfs; and throughout the rural districts of Germany, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, no superstition is more commonly met than that which regards the chalice, or the cloth covering it, or a flask of the wine that has been used in the communion, as a charm against evil spirits. The superstitions concerning wine in Germany are very curious. Thus it is said that the wine of a flask that has been buried in an ant-hill from one spring to another will give a man the strength of a giant. In Austria it is said, one who puts a flask of wine in the cellar or in one’s room on St. Thomas’s night will see his or her future husband or wife. The blessing of the vineyards by the priests was once a familiar ceremony in Germany; and in some regions it is even now the custom to give a private eucharistic service to a household with wine made by it, a drop of the wine so used being afterward placed in all the casks. This wine is supposed to bring fruitfulness and strength, and is not to be bewitched.

A SIGH.

It was nothing but a rose I gave her,
Nothing but a rose
Any wind might rob of half its savor,
Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers
With a hand as chill—
Ah, the flying touch upon them lingers,
Stays, and thrills them still!

Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,
Crumpled fold on fold—
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
Can not make it old!

* Emerson’s Translations.

ANTEROS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE," "SWORD AND GOWN," "SANS MERCI,"
"BREAKING A BUTTERFLY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

"SO you have condescended to come back at last. It's a pleasant surprise, my dear. You said nothing about it in your last letter; and I began to think that you meant to shut up Templestowe, and cut Loamshire for this winter, at all events. Yes, you're improved—decidedly improved; though I almost forget how you looked when we parted. The glimpse I got of you in town don't count, you know; you were quite uncomeatable there."

Thus Mrs. Devereux—*inter oscula*—on the day following the Atherstones' return. The style of this impetuous young person, even in writing, was scarcely Johnsonian; and some of her composite words would have made the most liberal lexicographer shudder.

"You put it in that way?" Lena answered. "Now, it's very odd, but I fancied myself neglected about that time, and forgave it, because I credited you with so many engagements."

"Engagements!" the other pouted; "as if provincials, in London for a fortnight, ever had any that mattered. Never mind, I don't want you to apologize; you can't always help being a great lady; but at that Devorgoil ball, for instance—a hateful crush it was, too; I spoiled the loveliest dress, and hadn't a waltz worth remembering—you were always surrounded by mightinesses. Now I don't like mightinesses, and perhaps they don't like me. Didn't you see Lady Montfort's look of horrified curiosity when I ventured to speak to you? I might have been Pocahontas, in native costume. It was something like this."

The stony set of the pretty mobile face was irresistible, and Lena laughed outright.

"No, it escaped me; but I've good reason to recognize it. I was not always in Lady Montfort's good graces, and she remembered our cousinship rather late in the day. After all, the season tired me very much; and, if I look better, it's all owing to the northern air. Now we'll stop recrimination, if you please, and you shall open your budget of Loamshire news."

"It's a very little one," Mrs. Devereux answered, meekly. "There never was such a steady humdrum old county as this. I believe every body and every thing is much the same as when you left. Dick's nearly a stone heavier, I'm afraid—as if a poor man, riding as he does, had any right to get stout. You needn't laugh; it's no joke to us, I assure you. He half ruins himself in horse-flesh as it is. Some new people, a Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm, have taken Erriswell; they will be rather an acquisition, I've heard; but only the servants are there as yet. Malise Walwyn went to Rome at Easter, you know, and there's a rumor that he will come

back all shaven and shorn; and they say that Sir Manners Mannering has taken to bullying his wife instead of neglecting her, and that she likes the change. Major Colville says that if these strikes go on in the north, his detachment is certain to be moved. Perhaps it's only *pour se faire valoir*—that's so like a man—but I shall be too sorry if it's true; he leads me perfectly, and is so nice in every way; and Dick simply worships him. Poor Godfrey!"

There was much meaning in the penitent little sigh, and not a little in Lady Atherstone's smile.

"Don't be despondent," she said; "the trades unions have quite enough to answer for without breaking up your family circle; and you needn't put on mourning yet for the Lost Leader. So that's all you have to tell?"

"I think so. Stop a minute, though; how stupid I am! Somebody is very much altered, somebody in whom you ought to be rather interested, too. Can't you, or won't you guess? It's Arthur Corbett."

Cissy's eyes were not her strong point—"good, useful ones," she herself called them—but they were expressive enough just now, as they rested on her friend's face; however, beyond a faint curiosity, they read nothing there.

"How altered?" Lena asked, after a second's pause. "I hope nothing has gone wrong in Heslingford."

"Nothing in his bank or in his house, that I'm aware of," Mrs. Devereux answered. "Still he's decidedly changed. You remember what oppressively good spirits he was always in, and how incessantly his tongue rattled? Well, he's fallen into such an odd absent way, and hardly does his share of conversation; and, to my certain knowledge, he has declined at least a dozen invitations in the last four months. He was never a favorite of mine. I've a vague recollection of his once having tried to establish a flirtation; but he was altogether too 'sweet,' and my tastes don't lie in that line. So I haven't troubled myself much about his secret sorrow. But he's a favorite of yours, and perhaps you'll be able to explain the puzzle."

Lena's brow slightly contracted. "I particularly dislike puzzles," she said, "I suppose because I never guessed one; and I haven't the smallest intention of seeking Mr. Corbett's confidences. It will be a great pity, though, if he grows silent and unsociable; for the conversational capabilities of Loamshire, so far as I can judge, are rather limited, and any one who can make talk deserves to be encouraged. It's only a passing cloud, I dare say, at the worst; and we shall soon see Mr. Corbett as sweet and sunny as ever."

Mrs. Devereux pursed her lips demurely.

"We shall see," she retorted; and so changed the subject.

About this same time Lord Atherstone sat in his library, giving audience to divers dependents, and among those who brought in their report was the head keeper.

You may remember, in the early part of this tale, that allusion was made to a certain Mary Gilbert, who died within the year of Ralph Ashleigh's departure for India. John Gilbert was her brother, and the only one of the family left surviving. Born on the estate, he had always followed the same occupation, and had filled his present post nearly a quarter of a century.

A hard-featured, beetle-browed man, rather downcast of look, as a rule, but whose bold, clear eyes, nevertheless, could on occasion meet any creature's gaze unflinchingly; almost morose in his great reserve, but never insolent toward his superiors, or tyrannical toward his subordinates, though he was unforgiving to a fault. People at the time said he took his sister's death greatly to heart; and, if he ruled his children strictly, none doubted that he loved them well. About his religion, too—he was a rigid Methodist—there was a gloomy tinge; and his creed evidently did not forbid a pitiless using of the arm of flesh, as the Heslingford poachers could witness; altogether, he reminded one of the old Ironsides, who, after reading out unctiously a blessing on the merciful, would go forth to smite the malignants hip and thigh. As might naturally be supposed, he was a favorite with none, unless it was with his master; and, even here, the word scarcely expresses their relation. Lord Atherstone assuredly treated the head keeper with a consideration that he showed to no other retainer; for he not only allowed him to hold an opinion differing from his own, but occasionally gave up the point in dispute; yet he did so with a certain constraint, as if the concession did not entirely spring from a regard for the other's experience and professional skill; and, though John Gilbert's manner was always perfectly respectful, if you had watched him narrowly, you would perhaps have divined that a sense of duty, rather than personal attachment, was at the bottom of John Gilbert's proved fidelity.

His report of the game was very satisfactory, and his accounts were passed without a word of comment; but the keeper's countenance was more overcast than usual this morning, and when all was done he lingered, as if he had not quite said his say. This did not escape Lord Atherstone.

"You've something to tell me," he said. "You'd better make a clean breast of it."

The other hesitated, shifting from foot to foot uneasily, and crushing his felt hat between his horny hands.

"That's what I mean to do, my lord," he said at last. "Only, as it's altogether a matter of my own, I was loth to trouble you with it on such a busy day; but I daren't hold my peace. I'm sore troubled in my mind about Phœbe."

A touch of the Loamshire bur hung about his tongue; but the man's language was strangely good for his station, and he spoke in a firm, slow way, not slurring his words according to the fashion of the county.

"Phœbe?" the Baron answered, after a moment's reflection; "that is your second daughter, isn't it? The one that went last year to her aunt, in Heslingford, to learn dress-making? You ought to have her home, if she's ailing; perhaps the town air don't suit her. I remember she looked delicate."

The keeper's face grew harder and his eyes were still downcast.

"The air don't suit her, for certain," he said, "and she's at home this month past; but there's naught wrong with the lassie's health, beyond that she's a bit drooping like. We did it for the best, and what is ordained is ordained; but I've wished of late that she had been felled with a sore sickness—ay! if it had gone nigh to death—the day she went down yonder, so happy and hopeful."

The Baron knit his brows.

"Speak out, Gilbert; I can't construe parabes. You don't mean"—then he checked himself.

As Mrs. Shafton remarked, Ralph had more delicacy on some points than the world gave him credit for.

The keeper drew his breath hard, and his brown cheek flushed dusky red.

"It's a short story, my lord, and not a new one either. It's only that a—gentleman, I reckon he calls himself—has been knave enough to speak lying words to Phœbe, and that she has been fool enough to listen, and that, if God had not watched over the child, there might have happened shame as well as sorrow; with all her meek looks, she has a wicked, willful spirit of her own that will be broken, mayhap, before it is tamed. How do I know they were lying words? Because, for as simple as I am, I can guess whether Mr. Corbett's favorite clerk is like to mean fairly by John Gilbert's daughter."

His voice was somewhat hoarser, but it was neither raised nor quickened; and he stood now as still as a statue; and yet the spirit working within the man was as evident as if it had rent him like one possessed.

"I remember," Ralph said, contemptuously, "a good-looking, curled coxcomb, aping his master's dress and manner. I shouldn't have thought there was an ounce of harm in him. You wish me to interfere, of course; but how?"

"He wouldn't call it harm, I dare say," the other retorted. "Heslingford's a bit dull in the summer, and the evenings are long, and a gentleman must have his amusements; and, if he isn't strong enough for cricket, playing at shuttle-cock with an honest girl's heart—he found it honest, I'll swear—is pretty pastime. Yes, I do want your help, my lord. I want Mr. Corbett told—he'll listen to *you*—that he'd better work his clerks harder than give them holidays to be spent as Mr. Herbert Farland spent

his but yesterday; and I want yon gay kestrel warned that if he comes hanging about my place, and watching me off on my rounds, I'll trap him, as I do other vermin, and deal with him pretty much the same. I will—by—"

The oath did not sound like a blasphemy; it was clear that, even in his strong passion, the speaker had no thought of taking the holy name in vain.

The Baron pulled his huge trailing mustache, as was his wont when perplexed or annoyed.

"It must be stopped somehow, of course," he said; "but scarcely in that way. I don't approve of threats, nor would I carry such a message."

John Gilbert's downcast eyes were lifted now, and met his master's fairly.

"It's no threat," he said, with a quiet sternness. "I have sought in much prayer for light to guide me in this trouble; and I think that the light has come at last. If I have God's warranty, man's judgment is but a light thing. Mine's a rough message, my lord, all the same; and I'd never have asked you to carry it if I hadn't a good right so to do. You won't disallow it either, I'll be bound; though my poor sister has been buried over thirty year. Stop, my lord—" The other had risen to his feet with a great darkness on his face. "Don't think I'm casting this up in anger. If I'd ever thought you'd meant foul play, it ain't likely I'd have taken your wages. The little she did say was said to me; and she cleared you that far; but it was not the fever that killed her. Phœbe shan't go the same road, if I can stop it—stop it—*any how*. I promised Mary the very day she died that I'd serve you faithful during your pleasure; and that I'd never let you guess how much I knew, unless I was drove to it. I think I've kept that promise true. I want no thanks; I only want you to help me here, in my own way."

"No, I never meant harm," Ralph said, gloomily, "and I never guessed till now—how should I?—that I started in life with a death lying at my door. After that, I couldn't expect to thrive. But your poor sister only did me justice, or I couldn't look you in the face now, John Gilbert. Nevertheless, our reckoning won't be settled while we live; it's none the lighter for having run on all these years; I'll pay what I can though. Your message shall be delivered, word for word, before I sleep; and you shall have the answer by this time to-morrow."

The keeper bent his head rather assentingly than gratefully, it seemed; and so the interview ended.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"WHAT'S good for you to know you'll be told."

With this formula, rather terse than polite, a certain sage of my acquaintance is wont to quench feminine curiosity, issuing from what-

soever quarter. Lady Atherstone had never met with such rebuff; but she always acted on this principle notwithstanding; and, though she guessed from her husband's face, that neither pleasure nor ordinary business called him into Heslingford, she let him depart without asking him a single question, nor did she mention her suspicions to Mrs. Devereux.

Ralph so rarely loitered when he was riding alone, that even the groom, who was used to the pacc, grumbled and wondered, as he led the steaming cattle to and fro before the bank-door.

"It can't be a money mess," he ruminated; "he's as steady as old Time about sich matters, I'll pound it; though he ain't such a screw as that there blessed son of his. Somethin' wrong about the home-farm, like enough. The last oats as come in was a proper bad sample—light as fluff, wouldn't put flesh on to a pig, let alone 'art into an 'oss. P'raps the steward 'll get the sack; not a bad job neither; I never could abear them Scotchmen."

While the retainer vented his discontent Lord Atherstone had walked straight through the counting-house into the sanctum beyond, only pausing to ascertain that the junior partner was alone.

The greeting that passed was cordial enough; but Ralph, as was his wont, came straight to the point, and, before touching on any other subject, explained the object of his visit. Mr. Corbett seemed much shocked and surprised—more so, perhaps, than could have been expected, considering his somewhat frivolous character, and that no harm had actually happened.

"Would you—would you like to speak to Farland yourself?" he stammered.

The other nodded his head, and a few seconds later the culprit was paraded.

Herbert Farland possessed the convenient kind of conscience which, however torpid in presence of crime, always pricks at scent of danger. He well remembered where and how his last free afternoon was spent, and probably guessed that the Baron's visit might bear some relation thereto, for, as he entered, there was a decided abatement in the jauntiness of his gait—his very curls seemed suddenly to have lost their crispness, and his ruddy countenance was almost wan; neither were his tremors assuaged by the brief glance he ventured to steal at Lord Atherstone's face; as for Mr. Corbett's—being a strict man of business, possibly some unlucky debtor, craving for indulgence, may have seen such an expression there, but to his favorite clerk it was surely strange.

"You will listen to what his lordship has to say," Arthur began. "And, before he speaks, you will understand that I indorse every word."

His voice was harsh and cold, yet the words seemed framed with a certain effort, and he sat evidently ill at ease.

Ralph's discourse need not be recorded, for you have heard the substance of it already; but, if brief, it was very much to the purpose,

and John Gilbert's message was delivered faithfully.

"It's a threat, of course," he concluded, "and an illegal one; but I don't think the law will help you much when you're in John Gilbert's hands, nor cure you when you come out of them. He'll keep his word, I know. And, mark me, whatever happens, I'll bear him harmless, if it can be done by interest or money. You can set us both at naught, if you please; but—I don't think you will," and the Baron smiled grimly.

Of a truth, the demeanor of no creature standing upright upon its feet could be much less defiant than was Herbert Farland's. Being neither devout nor deeply read in Scripture, he would have subscribed just then to every one of the preacher's warnings against the snares of woman's beauty, and vowed that, if he ever escaped out of this net, it would be long before he strayed again nigh the toils.

The revulsion of feeling was very natural: besides being a man of peace by temper and profession, he was essentially a man of the time.

It is no wonder, if there be a certain calculation in our courtships, and if a certain prudence moderates our passions, when—on this side of the Channel, at least—no keener blade than the golden sword of justice overhangs the offender; and, howsoever his purse may suffer, his person is sure to 'scape scot-free. And even our loyal devotion must be expressed by bloodless sacrifices; modern knights are not less chivalrous at heart than

"Les noirs chevaucheurs, les marcheurs dans l'ombre;"

but they seldom, very seldom, are enabled to honor their lady at peril of life or limb; such chances only befall the rude fisher-carl, who hopes to build a cottage for his Janet with the silver wrung from the wild North Sea.

The tune of Seven Towers is far out of date; if fair Yoland were to whisper:

"By my love go there now,
To fetch me my coif away,
My coif and my kirtle, with pearls arow,
Oliver, go to-day!"

the gallant knight would, in all likelihood, turn away to seek a less exacting mistress before the lady had time to relent, and her bravery might lie till it rotted within the haunted moat.

But, if Herbert Farland had lived in those days, it would have needed no goblin or giant or enchanter to turn him back—a misshapen dwarf, truculent in aspect, would have served the turn. So, on the present occasion, he poured forth a string of excuses and promises of amendment. The former Lord Atherstone utterly disregarded, but the latter he was inclined to believe.

"I think we may trust him," he said, glancing over at Corbett.

"I think so, too," the other answered, viciously. "If he would risk his bones, he'll scarcely risk his prospects, or, rather, his daily bread. I only look over his misconduct be-

cause his father died in our service; and I doubt if mine would be so lenient. But he leaves at an hour's notice if any thing of the sort happens again. You hear, Sir"—this to Farland—"you can go back to your work now. If you get into mischief for the next year to come, I'll take care it's not from having too much spare time on your hands."

The bitterness was almost beyond that of righteous anger, and it struck even Lord Atherstone—himself in no indulgent mood—as hardly proportionate to the occasion.

"Don't worry yourself about all this," he said, good-naturedly, as the door closed behind the crest-fallen criminal. "I am certain this is all well ended; and no fault could possibly be charged on you. You've acted just as I expected. Don't that satisfy you? We had better change the subject. I've a good deal to talk to you about, and very little time this afternoon. Will you ride over to Templestowe to-morrow? We might do some business after lunch."

"You—you are too kind," Arthur answered, still with the same strange nervousness. "This has upset me a good deal, and I fear it would upset my father still more. I think, with your permission, in his present state of health, it had better be kept from his knowledge; we both trusted Farland so implicitly. I'll take care for the future he's more sharply looked after. To-morrow? I'm very, very busy just now; if the matters are not pressing, perhaps you would excuse me till the next day, or—the day after. I—I hope Lady Atherstone is quite well?"

"Nothing presses. Come whenever it suits you best. I shall be shooting near home all the week, and shall be easily found. Lady Atherstone? Thanks—she's looking brilliantly after her autumn tour; but you had better judge of that for yourself. Mind, we're always glad to see you or Mrs. Corbett, or both, without any business excuse. She and the children are flourishing, I trust? That's well. Now I'll leave you to finish your letters; I've taken up too much of your time already."

The ill plant that was beginning to grow up in the shadow of John Gilbert's roof-tree was cut down, root and branch, that autumn afternoon; and his biggest trap was never sprung.

It was some time before the pretty Phoebe thoroughly shook off the love fever; but she managed to outgrow both her romance and her delicacy, and is now as comely and comfortable a yeowoman as you would wish to see. As for Herbert Farland—married and settled long ago—Heslingford holds no soberer burgess. The junior clerks, who tremble at his frown, never dream that unruly passions could once have swelled under that stiff spotless shirt-front; the wife of his bosom boasts of his virtues to her less fortunate fellows; and if in his walks abroad his eyes linger for an instant on a fairer face or trimmer shape than common, it is only such a demure side-glance as may not misbeseem an embryo church-warden.

Indeed, the episode would not have been worth mentioning if it had not been for the effect it produced on one of the main characters in this story—Arthur Corbett.

Whatever caused his disquietude, it did not cease with Lord Atherstone's departure. For many minutes after he was left alone he sat gnawing his lips and drawing shapeless figures on the letter-paper before him. Watching him then, you would have agreed with Mrs. Devereux that the banker was decidedly changed. Last year it would have been hard to fancy the smooth white forehead furrowed, or the gay blue eyes clouded; yet such signs of unrest were there unmistakably now, and not for the first time.

Arthur Corbett's trouble was no worse than has befallen tens of thousands, better and stronger and wiser than he, causing them to shrink back as if they had come unawares on a ravening beast couched by their pathway—the consciousness of a guilty passion growing up within them, and waxing day by day more masterful—the opening of a book that, howsoever alluring may be its first pages, must needs end with lamentations and mourning and woe.

The man's character was full of frailties and failings; but he had never thus far knowingly harmed or meant harm to any fellow-creature. He had been careless and remiss, perhaps, in his family duties; but, till within the last few months, there had not been a thought in his heart at which his own true wife might not have smiled indulgently; and, if in his frivolous philanderings there was much to despise, there was nothing gravely to arraign. It was otherwise with him now. He felt that he was pursuing, in thought, at least, not a delicate stingless May-fly, but a strange lovely creature, in whose lightest touch, for ought he knew, there might be poison. As he looked within there came upon him a great fear, as well as great shame.

He had not been very strictly brought up; but from youth upward he had been taught that respect was due to human opinion as well as to divine law; and the idea of scandal had been almost as contrary to his creed as that of crime; besides, he was neither morally nor physically brave; and out of the back-ground of the perilously beautiful picture on which he had allowed his mind's eyes to feast for months past there looked out a stern face and menacing eyes, warning him to come no nigher; moreover, the sense of honor and equity still abiding within him made him loathe his late hypocrisy. What right had he to judge his unlucky dependent so harshly, when, if the thoughts of both had been laid bare, he ought to have stood side by side with the criminal?

Do you understand now why Arthur Corbett was so changed? And do you need to be told that the cause was Lena Atherstone?

At length the banker broke from his reverie, and flung away the pen with which he had been toying, muttering a few words half aloud.

"Looking brilliantly! I don't doubt it;

but I won't go over to-morrow, nor the next day. I won't, by—"

Then he betook himself to work again, with a great effort, yet somewhat fortified by the cordial of this virtuous resolve.

Indeed, the morrow was a busy day in Heseltingford; yet surely it was either an idle or irresolute man that, a little after noon, rode slowly through the shadows of the huge elms lining the avenue of Templestowe.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN all counties there are certain houses that seem fated to shelter strangers rather than their owners. Erriswell was one of these. Extravagance and unlucky speculations had made the late squire an exile while yet in his prime; and during his twenty years of wandering through cheap Continental watering-places, though he was apt enough to boast or maunder—for his tone varied according to his company or the state of his spirits—about his ancestral acres, he had not visited them thrice. The sickly youth, sole representative now of the Hornes of Erriswell, whose health required almost as much nursing as his property, had never yet set eyes upon his home; nor was it likely, even when his minority should have expired, that he would be overeager to establish himself there. There was no difficulty in letting the Hall; the advertisements described it correctly enough, as a comfortable residence, suited in all respects to the requirements of a moderate family. And changes of occupancy had not divested it of a certain old-fashioned air of dignity. It was just the place to tempt a bureaucrat, desirous of making experiment of country life before investing permanently in land. Of this class, indeed, had been, almost invariably, the tenants of Erriswell; and, at first sight, it seemed strange that none should have chosen to abide there beyond the three or five years for which their lease was signed; but, in reality, this was easily accounted for. No stranger properly introduced had cause to complain of Loamshire hospitality; but the county folk, as a rule, were full against the "squatters," and declined to accept mere length of purse as qualification for residence in the midst of them; so the merchant, manufacturer, or contractor, after a few futile attempts to be sociable, naturally waxed sullen; and when his term had expired, if not sooner, departed grumbling, to make for himself a home among a less stiff-necked and gain-saying people.

However, with these Malcolms, of whom mention was lately made, the case was widely different. There was no mystery about the husband's antecedents; like many other cadets of old Scots families, he had received his modest portion early in life, and had sought fortune beyond the seas, with a dogged resolution as to the end, and an utter indifference as to ways and means, provided only they were honest;

like his forebears, who sold their swords to the highest bidder, provided only he worshiped not Mahound. He started as a sheep-farmer; but by flocks and herds alone Robert Malcolm would never have waxed wealthy so fast. He had a shrewd wit, backed by iron nerve, in business matters, and was one of those "who," according to his country's proverb, "are bound either to make a spoon or spoil the horn." The future of the great colony, with which he had cast in his lot, was scarcely then developed. The air was alive, no doubt, with promises of wealth; but to some, if not most of these, it was ruin to give ear; and though in the very dust of the streets there was sparkle of gold, or what looked like gold, it needed a practiced assayer to discern between the false metal and the true. Malcolm was equal—more than equal—to the occasion. When he first spoke of investing all the savings of four lucky years in the purchase of some building-lots near a town then in its infancy, there was a stormy scene between himself and his partner—also a Scotchman, by-the-by—and the latter preferred buying his mate out to tempting Providence further in such rash company; but dounce David Anderson did not plume himself quite so much on his prudence a twelvemonth later, when he heard that the said lots had been resold at a profit almost fabulous in those days; and though his own sheep-shearing turned out well, he looked at the piles of fleeces with rather a jaundiced eye. This was the foundation-stone of Robert Malcolm's fortune; and though the edifice built thereon did not spring up like a magician's palace, not many years passed before it was deep, high, and broad enough to shelter any man, not overweening in his desires, luxuriously for the remainder of his days. When Malcolm thoroughly realized this he acted, as was his wont, decisively, yet deliberately withal; he did not attempt to cut the ties binding him there at one sweep; but severed them carefully, stram by stram, gaining rather than losing in each transfer of securities; yet the business was done so effectually that he sailed for England without an interest in the colony beyond grateful memories.

So much for the husband. Of the wife little or nothing was known, except that her maiden name was Forrester, and that Malcolm had married her, after a month's courtship, at Florence, where her mother, a widow, had for some time resided.

Such as they were, Loamshire was prepared to receive the new-comers with no small kindness.

In those days many people's ideas of Australia were connected chiefly with vast sheep-farms and virgin forests, and there was a fine, healthy, patriarchal smack about money earned by the axe, the crook, or the plow, very different from the taint of devil's dust, or the grime of the coal-pit; moreover, Mr. Malcolm had left a favorable impression on those who had met him in Heslingford, coming to and from Erriswell.

"A real good sort," said Swinton Swarbrick, "with no d—d nonsense about him. We shall

find no more three-legged ones in those coverts."

And this was only the *vox populi* rather forcibly expressed.

On a warm October afternoon Lady Atherstone and Mrs. Devereux paid their first visit to the Malcolms. The place was looking its best just then, for the glory of autumn was on the fine timber still standing in the park, and evidently not only the house, but all its belongings, had been recently set in order, though the sound of hammer and trowel, and workmen clustered here and there, showed that the stable improvements, at least, were not complete.

Mrs. Malcolm was alone in her morning-room when the visitors were announced.

A small, slight woman, with no pretensions to beauty, yet with a certain attraction in her delicate face, gentle manner, and pleasant voice.

They were perfect strangers; nevertheless, it seemed to Lena as if she had seen that face before in a dream, and some of the cadences of the voice seemed familiar to her ears; just so a few chords in a melody, otherwise fresh and original, remind us of a long-forgotten tune.

There was little fear of converse languishing with Cissy Devereux to the fore; and for half an hour or so the cross-fire of conventional question and reply went on apace, though it was not without a little bitterness that Lena listened to Mrs. Malcolm's grateful acknowledgments of the welcome she had met in Loamshire. The road to Erriswell, it seemed, was much easier to find and smoother to travel than that which led to Templestowe.

"I can't imagine where my husband is," the hostess said, at last. "I'm sure he can not be very far off, for he was to drive me out later in the afternoon. He would be so very sorry to miss you, for he has already had the pleasure of making Lord Atherstone's and Captain Devereux's acquaintance."

While the words were on her lips the door opened, and Robert Malcolm came in.

There was nothing colonial, or even provincial, in his exterior; his crisp, light beard was carefully trimmed, and his hale cheeks were not so deeply bronzed as are many that have endured no fiercer sun than that which strikes on Highland corrie or Norwegian feld. Only after looking attentively at his broad, massive forehead, square jaw, and keen, powerful eyes, would you divine that this man

"Was not born for luxury,
For pleasure, nor for rest;"

and that he must needs have worked hard with hand or brain, or both, in his time. Neither in his manner was there a tinge of the shyness or *brusquerie* that speak of long sojourn on the outer verge of civilization; his demeanor was perfectly unaffected, but perhaps rather more polished than that of the average of country squires; and there was something very winning in his frank, cheery way of putting aside Lena's apology for her husband's absence.

"It's entirely my own fault, if there is any

fault," he said. "Lord Atherstone spoke very kindly about it when I met him in Heslingford; but I beg to be allowed to take the will for the deed. Ceremonies are capital things in their place, but few men could afford to waste a whole October day, with blue skies overhead and thick turnips underfoot. We settled it quite amicably, I assure you; and I hope to improve our acquaintance next week, shooting at Templestowe."

"I'm afraid my husband hadn't the grace to excuse himself," Mrs. Devereux struck in. "His is the most hopeless case. I used to worry him into making a round of calls with me twice a year; but I've given that up long ago. He used to fidget and look at the clock till he made me feel guilty, too; and his scruples about 'keeping the horses in the cold' couldn't have deceived a child. But he's quite enthusiastic about you since he heard that you meant to preserve foxes. I hope that rumor is true."

"Quite true," Mr. Malcolm returned. "I want to improve the shooting here; but hunting is first in my affections; indeed, I've had much more practice in saddle than with gun. The only alterations I've made are in the stables; otherwise I found this place nearly perfect. I only hope it will not prove too cold for my wife; she's far from strong."

Mrs. Malcolm laughed musically. "He would make a tropical plant of me, if I would let him," she said; "but I'm really much stronger than I look, and not in the least an invalid. Besides, I'm certain Erriswell must be healthy. Isn't that its character, Lady Atherstone?"

"I believe so," Lena answered; "but I'm almost a stranger in Loamshire myself, you know. How thoroughly comfortable you have made the house look already! You must have quite a talent for arrangement."

"Robin has, I believe," Mrs. Malcolm returned; "but I'm not often consulted, and have only to approve of what is done. The pictures are a great trouble to us both. We've only ventured to hang just a few of our own, you see; the walls were so very bare; and probably these will all have to be altered. That's the worst of connoisseurs; if their opinion is worth having, they're so terribly tyrannical; and my cousin is no exception to the rule. Have you ever met Caryl Glynne?"

Perhaps those vague memories, awaked within the last hour, may have unconsciously prepared Lena for the home-thrust; and that there was no malice in the dealing of it was plain; nevertheless, even to such as hold with me, that on this earth of ours there breathes no creature so brave as a thorough-bred woman, her composure might have seemed marvelous.

Mrs. Devereux had accompanied her host to the window just then, to give her opinion on some improvements in the flower-garden; but those "useful eyes" of hers would have detected no change in Lady Atherstone's face, unless it were the slightest possible hardening.

"I used to meet Mr. Glynne very often at one time," she said, slowly; "but very seldom of late years. Do you expect him here? I fancied he was still traveling."

"He's on his way home," the other answered, "and I hope his first visit in England will be here; he would be such a help to us just now, for his taste is simply perfect; he chose all the pictures that we bought in Italy. Yes, we miss Caryl dreadfully; don't we Robin?"

Of what was said and done during the next few minutes Lady Atherstone retained no distinct idea. She knew that Mr. Malcolm had turned from the window, answering something with a laugh, and that Cissy Devereux had taken up the thread of conversation again; but she could remember the words of neither. When her senses, so to speak, returned, she caught herself perusing the pale delicate face before her with an earnestness of which she was ashamed, and tracing a resemblance there, line by line. To any other eyes, perhaps, only the faintest family likeness would have been apparent; but to Lena's, the curvature of the brows, and the shape of the mouth, to say nothing of other features, seemed almost identical; and she wondered how this could have escaped her for an instant. With the dawn of recognition came a deepening shadow of danger, till she could have cried out in her heart, like the doomed king of Israel, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" Could friendship, pure and simple, ever subsist between herself and Caryl Glynne? When they parted she had believed it possible; and to this belief, whenever her thoughts wandered that way, she had striven hard ever since to cling; and now the conviction broke upon her that all those fair promises were a delusion, if not a snare, and that she had more cause than ever to wish him far away. To a proud woman like Lena the bitterness of self-contempt was sufficient torture, and, for a brief space, a faintness overcame her, like that of sharp physical pain; this lasted a few seconds only. However she had miscalculated her strength, she was not weak enough to dream of submitting tamely; and the struggle was yet distant, if struggle there must be. But one thing she could not do—that was to sit there bandying conventionalities with the innocent cause of her trouble; besides, the very atmosphere of the room seemed suddenly to have grown hot and heavy, and she felt a nervous craving for fresh air. In truth, they had already exceeded the usual limits of a first call; and Mrs. Devereux, who would willingly have tarried somewhat longer—she had imagined a tour of the stables and gardens under escort of her host—could not demur when Lady Atherstone rose to depart. Still mechanically, but without making one mistake, Lena got through the needful kind and courteous speeches; but when she was fairly in her carriage the inevitable reaction possessed her, and she leaned back, with eyes half closed, scarcely hearing—certainly not understanding—her companions chatter, who was

voluble beyond her wont, in praise of their new acquaintance.

Suddenly Mrs. Devereux checked herself.

"My dear, what is the matter with you? I don't believe you've heard one word of what I've been saying; and I never saw you look so white."

Lady Atherstone half raised her heavy eyelids, and dropped them again as if the light pained her.

"There's not much the matter," she said, wearily; "only talking always tires me to death, with such a headache as has been coming on for the last half hour. Otherwise I would have staid longer, for I saw you were amused; and I quite agree with you about these Malcolms. I shall soon be better, if I keep quite, quite quiet."

Were headaches known in the Age of Gold; or, when the millennium shall prevail, will they cease to be? Certain it is, that in any state where there are secrets to conceal or pangs to dissemble, this convenient malady could no more be dispensed with than the most necessary article of attire. How could society possibly go on without the trite but inexhaustible excuse that—better than any soft answer—turns away wrath, and, for a while, at least, closes the mouth of the accuser, so that the accused, whether innocent or guilty, have time to breathe and brace themselves for the question, if it must needs ensue? There are people, I believe, who discourse quite eloquently on the advantages of gout; surely as many could be found ready to cry *Vive la migraine!*

Lady Atherstone was outwardly almost herself again before she reached home; but her "headache" did not pass away so quickly: indeed it kept her rather silent throughout the evening, and wakeful through most of the watches of the night; and when she slept at last she woke with a start, fancying that some one had whispered close in her ear, "We miss him dreadfully."

"We miss him—" Well, blood is thicker than water, and, with all his faults, there was no reason why his own kindred should not regret the absence, or wish for the presence of Caryl Glynne; but was it fitting that such words should find an echo in the heart—ay! and once almost issue from the lips—of the woman who, not a year ago, had promised loyalty at least, when Ralph Atherstone rendered to her keeping his happiness and honor?

AN OCTOBER IDYL.

THE red maples glowed on the hill-side, the golden and russet oaks waved their glistening leaves in the valley, and the light breeze from the northward came over the purple hills and stirred the hazy atmosphere of the Indian summer. The houses of the little hamlet were clustered together near the river, and away on every side stretched the broad fields, resting from their labors after the abundant harvest, each clod of earth basking in the red sunshine,

and warm to the touch with heat and life. In the woods the squirrels ran gayly from tree to tree, and the leaves dropped silently all day long, until the ground was tinted gorgeously, and the air filled with the expiring fragrance of summer's last breath. The purple grapes glowed in the vineyards, and their massive bunches full of merry juices were carefully gathered by old olive-skinned Frenchmen who had passed their youth on the banks of the Garonne, while the orchards also were gay with life, and the old red cider-mill poured forth its foaming nectar, and groups of little boys sought each his straw wherewith to taste and enter Paradise.

Katherine Van Schoonoven sat on the river bank idly weaving an autumn wreath, while her friend, Laura Parker, read aloud from a volume of Wordsworth. Dear little Laura was a good girl, and loved Wordsworth with an affection inherited from a fair faded aunt of the past generation; but Katherine Van Schoonoven, a woman of the world, with sharp experiences of the intense reality of life, scorned the shadowy lake poet, and, suddenly taking the volume from the placid reader, she threw it into the glittering river, and crowned the astonished head before her with the maple wreath as she said, "Let the damp, unfeeling old curmudgeon go, Laura—water is his native element, for he is as cold-blooded as a fish. Idle dreamers were the lake poets all, reclining on the hill-sides half asleep through the lost days, and meeting, half awake, to discuss infinitesimal shades of word-meaning in clouds of smoke through the wasted nights. Lotus-eaters, from whose tender mercies may we both be delivered!"

"But, Katherine, that was my aunt Wini-fred's beautiful edition."

"I will replace it with a Robert Browning full of strong wood-cuts, liebchen, and you will forget those prim steel engravings of non-descript scenery. But come, father will be waiting for us, and it is quite time for you to start; remember not to betray to any one the place of my retreat."

"I am afraid you will be lonely, Katherine."

"Oh no, for I am going to make the acquaintance of myself, a personage very little known to me. There are the horses drawn up at the door, and father beckoning to us. Good-by; I shall come home just a week from today."

The light carriage soon disappeared down the curving road, and Katherine stood alone on the piazza, gazing over the glowing valley. The little French community that owned the broad fields and surrounding hill-sides was indebted to Judge Van Schoonoven for valuable legal aid in some early lawsuit, and therefore himself and family were always welcome guests at the quaint little hotel, "L'Oiseau Bleu," where a brilliant blue-bird was swinging on the sign, and embroidered in bold relief on the snowy linen. Far from the noisy railroads,

and lying isolated in the centre of its own broad acres, La Beolle was seldom visited by strangers from the outside world at any time, and at that late season, so beautiful but so generally neglected by travelers, Katherine Van Schoonoven looked forward to six idle days in the undisturbed company of her own thoughts. As twilight came on she sought the slow moving river, where, seated on the moss-grown dyke, she watched the rich colors fade slowly over the hill-tops, and the white mist rise silently from the valley like the wraith of Kühleborn. She thought of her past life, so full of painful memories—of the years wasted in frivolous gayety—the unfailling round of summer indolence and winter dissipation, without a useful deed to break the idle monotony of her actions, or a solitary earnest impulse to gild the chaos of her thoughts. The ten long years since her school-days had brought only disappointment and bitterness, while the pure white record of eighteen summers was shaded by the worldliness, the heartlessness, and the skepticism of twenty-eight. But it was too late for change then—the iron weight of habit could not be broken, and, after a few breaths of country air, she must return to her voluntary bondage in the great city.

As she mused thus over the visions of the past the distant song of the grape-gatherers returning from the vineyards came faintly to her ears, and reminded her that night was approaching, and that L'Oiseau Bleu would soon betake itself to rest; as she entered the vine-covered porch she observed a crowd of villagers gathered in the hall around two strangers, one of whom was addressing them in French, with a clear tone and cultivated accent which charmed his foreign audience; and at the little supper-table, later in the evening, much to her surprise and annoyance, she found the two gentlemen composedly enjoying the rolls, cream, and *café noir*, and glancing at her with evident curiosity as she entered the room. Never before had Miss Van Schoonoven encountered intruders in her favorite valley at this late season, and with haughty dignity she maintained a profound silence, while the new-comers conversed freely together concerning La Beolle and its peculiarities, unrestrained by the presence of black-eyed Thérèzon, who, ignorant of a word of English, waited smilingly upon her infrequent guests. Katherine soon discovered that the mission of the strangers was political, and that the elder gentleman was the member of Congress for the district, now for the first time visiting his French constituents, while the younger person accompanied him as interpreter.

Toward the close of the meal the white-haired Congressman addressed a direct question to Miss Van Schoonoven concerning the distance to the next village, and as she, for the first time, raised her eyes, even her fastidious taste could not deny that they met the gaze of two as perfect gentlemen as the country con-

tained. Mr. B—— betrayed in his countenance the keen reasoning ability and acute perceptive power which rendered him so famous in the debates of Congress; his clear cut profile and dark eye seemed as strangely youthful under his silver hair as his slender figure and active movements when contrasted with his calm distinct sentences, uttered with the careful deliberation of ripened age. In spite of herself Katherine felt the charm of his courtly manner, and listened with increasing interest to his words, until, as they rose from the table, it was with decided pleasure that she accepted a seat on the piazza where the moon was shining, and took her share in the graceful, desultory conversation that followed. Late in the evening they said good-night, and the white-haired gentleman added, "And good-by also, young lady; we shall not see you again, as we leave at dawn."

Katherine sought her turret chamber, and before sleep came she found herself regretting the departure of the two agreeable strangers, and wondering who the younger might be; he was a tall, broad-shouldered man of, perhaps, thirty-five years, with the dark auburn hair and beard which sometimes accompany those peculiar hazel eyes with a red flame in their depths, which no artist has ever yet successfully painted. He said little, and seemed principally occupied in keeping the red spark slowly glowing in his cigar, and occasionally throwing back his head to watch the white rings of smoke, as though he saw in them visions of wondrous beauty.

The younger man had called his companion by name, thus giving Katherine the clew to the identity of the celebrated lawyer; but Mr. B—— gave to the hazel-eyed stranger no title but "my friend," and Katherine smiled as she remembered that she also had remained incognita, and that the farmer-landlord had long since abridged her Dutch patronymie into "Mademoiselle Vans."

The following day passed slowly; Katherine wandered through the forests, and sat musing by the river, without exchanging a word with a human being, except to answer the polite "good-night" of honest Pierre as she took her candle and ascended the uncarpeted stairs to her eyrie in the turret. The next morning she awoke with a dull headache, and decided that "herself" was not an agreeable companion, and that she must return to her accustomed amusements and artificial excitements, or suffer the malignant attacks of imps of the most cerulean order. "Myself" does not show well under these bright skies," she thought; "the wan ghost needs the gas-light and decorations of the city to conceal its deficiencies; my past life does not stand inspection bravely, and as for the future, I dare not think of it. I must go back to the world."

At the breakfast-table Miss Van Schoonoven was surprised to find another plate beside her own, and was about to ask Thérèzon who

the intruder might be, when the door opened, and the hazel-eyed stranger appeared and seated himself opposite, with a warm flush glowing in his face as he met her astonished glance. "Pardon my intrusion into your little private Arcadia, Mademoiselle, but, having some idle days, I was tempted to return and taste the simplicity of this primeval village before going back to my busy life in Washington. Mr. B—— has gone on to the northern part of the State, but I, not being the fortunate owner of a Congressional seat, felt myself privileged to ask for another cup of the delicious *café au lait* which this little maiden served to us yesterday at dawn." Rosy Thérèzon smiled and blushed as the stranger addressed her fluently in her provincial patois; while Katherine, half indignant, half pleased, glanced up occasionally at those hazel eyes with the red flame within, and briefly answered the numerous remarks which came forth from under the auburn mustache of her unknown companion. Lightly and easily the stranger's words flowed on; now an amusing description of some recent mass-meeting, and then a trenchant criticism on the latest English poem; gradually Miss Van Schoonoven relaxed her stateliness, and even condescended to listen to the criticisms and laugh at the stories, until, as they left the table, she found herself accepting an invitation to walk in the forests with the persistent intruder, and, escaping to her room, sat down to wonder at herself. But her latent admiration for audacity impelled her to keep her unguarded promise, and so they went wandering off into the painted woods, with thousands of red and golden banners waving over them, soft red and golden tapestries under their feet, and all around the misty red-golden atmosphere of the Indian summer. Through the long sunny hours they loitered under the trees, wrapped in the glowing beauty around them, and only interrupting the delicious silence to regret that the American poets have given so few and so inadequate descriptions of this millennium of the year, for, with the single exception of the venerable Bryant's autumn word-painting, the Muse is dumb. The maples flamed in scarlet, the beech-trees shone in pale yellow, and the varnished russet leaves of the giant oaks glowed against the everlasting green of the pines; over the fences ran wreaths of crimson vines, and now and then a huge orange-colored leaf floated silently down to the ground from the ancient sycamore that raised its hoary head and outstretched arms far above them; the thousand voices of the forest were stilled, and the air seemed full of longing for the unknown, the *Sehnsucht* of Nature for eternity.

After the simple dinner Katherine retreated to her turret, loaded with treasures of scarlet vines and brilliant maple leaves, with which she decked the white walls and wreathed the pictures until the little room glowed with rich coloring; as she twined the gay creeper around

the mirror she caught the reflection of her own dark face aglow with unwonted rosy tints, and smiled upon the reflection of her lost youth peeping from the crowned mirror in the leafy bower. A tap at the door, and Thérèzon appeared, carrying a shining golden apple with a slip of paper attached: "Will you come to the orchard and gather more?"

Involuntarily Katherine seized her straw hat, and ran down the winding stairs; Hazel-eyes was waiting in the hall, and together they climbed the hill, where, hidden away on the breezy summit, guarded around by the thick forest, stood the ranks of richly laden trees rejoicing in the sunshine, and every now and then gayly dropping a ripe apple on the soft grass beneath them. Round, ruddy apples, great golden apples, sturdy russets, plain, honest greenings, and the delicious pear-shaped apples, whose delicate white is just tinged with ruby dye.

Katherine ran from tree to tree, and piled up the fruit in heaps, while her companion shook the props and brought the rosy hailstones rolling around her in wild profusion; soon they heard the voices of the gatherers as they came up the hill, and seating themselves on the grass, they watched the four-horse teams driven into the orchard, and saw the merry boys and girls begin to strip the trees with song and laughter, now doing prodigies of work in loading the antiquated old-world wains, and now pelting each other with the fruit all around the field. In the centre of the orchard upon a little mound stood pitchers of new cider and heaps of sugared biscuit; Hazel-eyes brought Katherine a supply of these sylvan dainties, together with one perfect apple, the Queen of October, and, sitting in the mellow sunshine, they gazed on the autumn scene, and with tacit consent their words rippled along over simple rural subjects, until the sinking sun reminded both idlers and workers that the day was done. When darkness closed over the valley Katherine sought her chamber with slow and dreamy steps; as the candle-light shone on the white walls, the red leaves with which she had decked them glowed brightly, and the sweet odor of the forest filled the air; a little shelf was fastened to the wall on one side of the room, and upon this she grouped the perfect apples she had collected, with the Queen of October in the centre, and then, without one thought of the past or one aspiration toward the future, wearied with the long hours of sunshine, she sank into a dreamless sleep.

Down in the South Meadow stretched the great vineyard away to the river on one side and up to the hill-tops on the other; baskets of plaited rushes stood between the vine-covered trellises, and the ripe grapes, carefully selected, were laid within on layers of green leaves, one above the other, until the purple richness fairly overflowed; the hands of the gatherers were stained with the juice, and the olive-skinned girls wore little bunches of grapes

and curling tendrils in their dark hair, entering into the spirit of the scene with a natural abandon quite foreign to the wise practical maidens who are born under the sober American eagle. At one side of the vineyard a little log temple held the old god, Bacchus, in the person of Père Housard, a jolly, red-faced patriarch, wise with half a century of wine-making, who inspected and classified the vintage, giving to the Isabellas, Delawares, and Catawbas musical names brought from Southern France, and prone to fire his merry jests at the youths and maidens as they appeared before him, carrying the heavy baskets suspended on a pole from shoulder to shoulder.

Under the solitary tree of the vineyard flags of new wine and baskets of crisp cakes were offered freely to all; and what if the inspiring juice began to dance in the veins before the sun went down? Tradition decreed that the gatherers worked all the better for the stimulus, and that as long as the hands were busy with the grapes the juice was powerless to harm the brain, but showed itself only in renewed vigor and gay songs which the vines loved to hear. "The boys and girls sing and laugh," explained Père Housard to Katherine and Hazel-eyes as they visited his treasure-house, "and the vines like it, for it is an undoubted truth that they refuse to yield plentifully under the hands of cold, silent Americans; they know we love them, and they enjoy the vintage as much as we do, taking in a full supply of sunshine and song to last them through the bleak winter. See, Mademoiselle, here is the finest bunch of the vineyard; accept it, for it is beautiful enough to grace the banks of la Garonne in la belle France."

Katherine and her companion spent the whole day in the merry vineyard; they joined the ranks of the gatherers and stained their white fingers with the purple fruit, while the laughing girls crowned the city maiden with a vine-wreath, and even decked the hazel-eyed stranger with a chain of giant bunches. Retreating, thus adorned, from the busy throng, they sought the central oak, and, reclining under its russet foliage, they tasted the new wine, and sang to each other songs culled from the Volkslieder of all nations, inspired by the gay genius of the vine, that every where maketh glad the heart of man.

Slowly going homeward as the twilight came on they listened to the rollicking song of the villagers in the distance, and lingered on the piazza until L'Oiseau Bleu fairly closed its eyes, overcome with the labor and merriment of the day. Katherine hung her bunch of grapes by a ribbon to the shelf; and then, as the church clock struck nine, the spoiled child of fashion was sleeping soundly, while her companions in the city were making themselves ready for conquest in the lighted ball-room.

Broad and tranquil the beautiful river flowed on toward the south, and, floating on its clear

bosom, Katherine reclined in the stern of the skiff, while Hazel-eyes, now and then lazily dipping the light oars in the water, gazed on the gorgeous ranks of the trees sweeping down the mountain-side clad in royal robes of sylvan splendor. A fickle breeze stirred the air, and into the water dropped myriads of red leaves; some fell into the boat and decked the silent mariners, while the rest went floating away like flame spots down the tide. Gray willows stretched long arms over them, and threw a shower of slender, silvery foliage down upon their heads; and alone by the water-side the last wild flower dropped its purple petals, one by one, upon the withering rushes. Out from the fading lily leaves a flock of wild-ducks rose slowly into the air as the boat came round the curve, and wheeling into martial order, turned their heads toward the south, following the course of the beautiful river shining beneath them. Now and then a farm-house came into view, the fields close cut, the last crop ingathered, while the men lounged lazily about their work, and the cattle basked in the sunshine. The windows of the houses stood wide open, with the sweet air blowing the white curtains; and often in the porch sat an aged grandmother enjoying her knitting, while a group of kittens frolicked at her foot-stool. Here and there on the hill-side meadows some round-topped maple stood naked and alone, with a circle of bright leaves on the ground beneath; but generally the forests were thickly clothed in gorgeous foliage, and perfect beauty reigned every where through the enchanted land.

At noon, under the shadow of an old bridge, they moored their boat, and building a fire, made coffee in the French fashion, and tasted the plump little quail reposing placidly on their backs, surrounded by crackers toasted brown, and fantastic green pickles.

Returning as the sun began to sink, they discovered an old chestnut standing on the shore, and stopped to gather the shining nuts scattered over the ground, their little velvety homes ruthlessly invaded by busy Jack Frost, and themselves turned adrift upon a cold world after a long summer of ease among the swinging branches. As the evening-star, fair and pale, rose slowly in the heavens they fastened the boat to the old willow, and strolled through the lane to the village.

"It is All-Hallowe'en," said Katherine. "Do you see any mermaidens under the water, or peris floating in the air?"

"I see what is better than either, Mademoiselle; I see my long-lost happiness coming toward me; I see Contentment giving me a shadowy benediction, and

"From belt to belt of crimson seas,
On leagues of odor streaming far,
Up there from yonder Orient star,
A hundred spirits whisper 'Peace.'"

The red full moon rose late in the evening, and brought the frosts in her train. A thick white mist ascended from the river, and a bright

fire of logs glowed on the hearth of L'Oiseau Bleu, around which the village boys and girls were gathered as Hazel-eyes explained to them the mysteries of the burning nuts, and told their fortunes with the long apple parings. Many a laugh arose as the hot chestnuts flew around the room, and not a few blushes dyed the olive cheeks as the magic parings betrayed the wished-for initial; but at midnight the gay group dispersed, and Katherine and her companion were left alone in the fire-lighted room. Hazel-eyes peeled a golden apple, and threw the paring over his left shoulder; then, stirring the dying embers, he called up Katherine to look. She stood by the door with her candle, but turned her head at his request. There on the carpet lay a great golden K.

"Good-night and hallowed dreams," she said, and left the room.

"All-Saints' Day! Glorious, golden All-Saints' Day! When I think of Jerusalem the Golden, her alabaster bulwarks always appear to me bathed in the purple atmosphere of Indian summer," said Katherine, as with her companion she sought the quaint old garden, surrounded by low stone walls, and dignified by a miniature tower, and draw-bridge over the rippling moat. The gardener's daughter opened the barred gate, and they entered the smooth paths bordered with prim box, and shaded by arbor vitæ clipped into the shapes of birds and lions; simple fountains played gently into broad stone basins, and plaster shepherdesses coquetted with companion shepherds in myrtle arbors; a few lingering martins haunted the dormer-windows of the tower; and through the open glasses of the green-house the transplanted flowers looked out upon the garden beds where so late they had flourished in company with their hardy mates. From the central mound Hazel-eyes plucked one perfect rose, the sole survivor of her race: "The last rose of summer, Mademoiselle, and now sing me the melody."

Katherine complied, and the sweet, pathetic verses seemed the very spirit of the garden singing his last farewell.

At noon pretty Marie brought them white bread and golden honey, with choice grapes from the vines; and then, sitting in an arbor, the sunshine flickering down upon them through the withered leaves, Hazel-eyes read aloud to Katherine, who sat dreamily gazing on the fair landscape, the meadows bathed in gold, the hills far distant in the hazy air, as she listened to the story of Evangeline, and fancied the lily maid of Astolat floating

"upward with the flood,
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down."

The voice ceased, and the vesper bell rang out in the still air, calling the villagers to honor the saints' day. As the priest gave his parting benediction two unaccustomed heads bent to receive it, and two low voices murmured Amen.

A bleak wind came down from the north at sunset, and with it the cold rolling clouds of November. Pierre piled the logs high on his hearth-stone, and in the blaze Katherine Van Schoonoven sat alone, thinking earnestly. Eight, nine, and ten sounded from the tall clock in the corner, and still she remained motionless; finally the door opened, and Hazel-eyes entered the room, and drawing a chair up by her side, stooped to replenish the failing fire. The wind had increased to a gale, and came whistling around the corner of the house, and beating at the windows with loud fury. "A wild night; the winds are let loose in the valley, and our golden leaves will all be gone before to-morrow; it is as well, for now I shall not feel so many regrets. Mademoiselle, my idle week is over, and I must go back to the world; may I hope that these hazy days will linger in your memory as well as mine? And as for the future—" He stopped, and gazing earnestly into Katherine's dark eyes, took her hand, and raised it gently to his lips. With a slight start Katherine drew her hand away, and, as the color deepened on her cheek, she said, in a low tone, "I have been foolish, and perhaps my folly may deserve a harsher name, because I have allowed myself to float with you through these golden days without a thought of the past or a fear for the future. I, too, must leave La Beolle to-morrow; forget me, and forget also my transgression of the rules of life in being so constantly with a stranger, far away from all my friends. My real name is Katherine Van Schoonoven. I stepped out of the world for a season of communion with myself, and I found—you! Blame me not for enjoying my last hours of liberty, and forgive me when I say our acquaintance must end here, for—I am to be married on the 15th of December to Judge Wallingford, of Boston, a grave man of sixty, who wishes a wife to preside in his elegant mansion. I have learned to like you well, and perhaps in some better world we shall meet again, but not here—here there is nothing left but to say farewell."

She ceased, and two tears rolled slowly down her glowing cheeks as she extended her hand to her silent companion; he pressed it closely in both of his, and then, dropping it suddenly, he rose to his feet and stood before her, with his eyes fixed on the burning logs. "Miss Van Schoonoven, you have never asked my name, and I have purposely abstained from asking yours, lest the charm of strange friendship should be broken; I saw you here alone, in this enchanted valley, and I owe to you the bliss of five days of boyhood's thoughtless happiness amidst the last glories of the departing year. The Indian summer is over; the storms of November have come; it is fit, then, that we should part, and, returning to our stations in the hard world, take up each one our load of sorrow, and bear it as bravely as we can. My name is James Tracy Chillingworth, of Washington, and I have the pleasure of your father's acquaintance

professionally. I have been married ten years, and my wife is awaiting me in Washington. Good-by."

Katherine rose in silence; her face was flushed, and she trembled violently; but, making a powerful effort, she raised her eyes bravely to his, and, with all the aroused pride of her nature, she, too, echoed the word "Good-by." But when she saw the hazel eyes swimming with tears, and felt the cold touch of those strong hands upon her own, her courage gave way, and, with an instinctive impulse of self-concealment, she rushed from the room, never pausing till she had reached the turret, where, throwing herself upon the bed, she wept out the bitterest tears of her life, as the storm howled over the roof, and the rain dashed against the narrow windows.

The morning broke dark and gloomy; the

bitter wind whistled through the bare forests, and the villagers, wrapped in winter clothing, went shivering about their daily work. As Katherine descended to the dining-room she saw, through the open door, that Mr. Chillingworth's room had not been occupied, and soon the voluble Thérèzon was relating how he had insisted on leaving for the next southern railroad station late last night, during all the fearful storm, and how Pierre had finally accepted double pay, and driven him to L—, fifteen miles away, in the pouring rain.

An hour later, and Katherine, wrapped in shawls, was riding northward through the sodden country, and Thérèzon, broom in hand, was clearing out from the turret chamber the fading leaves, the golden apples, the purple grapes, the brown nuts, and the drooping rose—deserted mementoes of the October Idyl.

THE ROCK OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

By BERTHOLD AUERBACH, AUTHOR OF "ON THE HEIGHTS," ETC.

In Two Parts.—Part I.

CHAPTER I.

A MASQUERADE ON THE RAILROAD.

AT the railway station, in a mountain district of Central Germany, in the shade of a spreading beech-tree covered with the fresh foliage of spring, stood a handsome open carriage drawn by two white horses. In the carriage, lined with damask, sat at her ease a young lady in a gray suit, with her arms crossed, and her large dark eyes fixed upon the range of hills, whose curving lines were represented in beautiful relief against the sky.

Now she threw back her head, on which was a sort of fashionable Tyrolese hat with green waving feathers, rose from the seat, took from a pocket of the carriage a large port-folio bound in gray linen, and began to draw, casting now a rapid glance upon the landscape, and now fastening her look upon the paper before her. The expression of her countenance became grave and earnest, and a slight flush spread over her face, which was somewhat long, and had lost the freshness of its youthful bloom. Her finely cut mouth, whose upper lip showed a slight down, was closed, as if in vexation; she did not seem satisfied with her work; she put it aside and resumed it more than once, shook her head, and at last shut up the sketch-book. Then nodding, as if encouraging herself, she opened it again, proceeded with her work, and her features gradually assumed a calm, almost a satisfied, expression.

The laying out of the railroad had given a view of the beautiful landscape which probably had never been observed before; for it is a marked characteristic of our time that every thing is presented under a new visual angle.

The lady became more and more engaged

in her drawing; and, notwithstanding it was only a moderately warm spring day, she seemed to be heated. She hastily took off her hat and laid it aside. Her dark hair, smoothed down in front, was put up in two thick braids behind; and in the middle of her forehead, not remarkable for height, deep lines were drawn whenever she was engaged in thought, whose trace did not wholly disappear in her ordinary mood. The whole countenance plainly showed that the seriousness of life had inscribed upon it a lasting memorial.

Mingling with the lark's song, high up in the air, and the finch's note in the tree, there was now heard the long, shrill whistle of a locomotive. The lady made, hastily, a few more strokes of the pencil, then shut the book, put it away in the carriage, and crossed her arms in an attitude of quiet, expectant waiting. A servant in brown livery stepped up to the coachman, who was holding the reins, and, lifting his hat, on which was a brown cockade, said to the lady, whom he addressed as *Fräulein*, that the train had been signaled. He opened the carriage door, and made a movement to help the lady out, but she said, as she looked into the air, without directing her glance toward the servant, "I shall not get out; you may bring *Fräulein Von Korneck* here." In her voice there was an authoritative tone, and possibly also a slight expression of vexation.

Louise Merz, for this is the lady's name, was expecting on old friend, with whom she had formed an intimacy at boarding-school, generally so short-lived, but in this instance well kept up. It would almost seem as if the expected friend occasioned the restlessness, which she never failed to bring with her; for Louise stood up and sat down, appearing to consider

whether she ought not to receive her as she alighted from the train; but as she now perceived that the railway employes on the platform at the station were looking toward her, and pointing her out to others, she remained quietly where she was. People should not see that she had a friend of such a lively temperament, who, no doubt, would be very much excited and make a sensation. The whole country round should understand that Louise Merz had settled down into a staid and matronly demeanor.

The horses had to be held by the head as the train rushed so near to them. A white handkerchief waved from a second-class car. Now the train stopped, and a lady carefully handed out and placed in the arms of the servant what seemed a child closely wrapped up, and then alighted from the car. She was of slender form and gayly dressed; she nodded once more back to the car, and also greeted her friend waiting under the tree. All her movements were quick and lively, and she looked about her, and looked into the faces of people, as if she were always wanting to ask whether there was nothing she could laugh at. Valises and hand-bags were speedily deposited on the ground. The newly arrived passenger took the swathed-up bundle, which seemed to be a child, from the servant, handled it tenderly, and hastened with it to her friend. The servants followed with the luggage, and even the dépôt-master carried one of the valises, for he knew the person who had just arrived, whose father had formerly been his captain.

When she reached the carriage in which her friend was sitting she cried, in an animated tone, "Louise, what do you say to my bringing with me a child?"

And before the amazed lady could give any reply, she opened the wrappings, and out jumped a brown spaniel spotted with white, which shook its long ears, as if it had just come out of the water, leaped this way and that, looked up into the face of its mistress, who did not vouchsafe a single glance, but who, amidst the laughter of the by-standers, was saying, as she turned now to the dépôt-master and now to Louise: "Isn't this a clever child, under ten years of age? The stiff official gentlemen of the railway wouldn't permit me to take my well-educated friend Scheck into the car. Well, tyranny makes people cunning. I disguised Scheck as a child, and I have had the merriest kind of adventures. The fashion of only having for tenants in houses persons without children extends also to railways. In several cars which I wanted to get into they cried out, in a very friendly and humane tone, 'The seats here are all taken,' and when I, pretty angry, at last succeeded in getting a seat, the ladies wished to get sight of the child, and a quite good-looking widower, to whom I was obliged to confess that I had no husband, almost offered himself to me. Herr Dépôt-master," said she, turning to that gentleman, "I hope you are no Philistine, to make me

pay a penalty." And as the dog, who seemed to know that he was the subject of conversation, sprang up to his mistress, she said to him, "Yes, you were very clever; you have human understanding."

The railway employes and all the passengers who had stopped at the station were standing near, and joined in the laugh; and even the waiters of the refreshment saloon came up, and the cook appeared at her door to look at the group, not being able to absent herself from her realm on account of her attire. The dog seemed to divine that yonder was a heart well disposed toward him, for he suddenly disappeared.

Louise looked on all this merriment with considerable vexation, and begged that they would make haste to drive away. This free and easy pleasantry of her friend was distasteful to her. Trunks, valises, and bags were stowed away, and, when they were all ready to drive off, Scheck was missing. After being repeatedly called, he came from the cook's dominions, still licking his chops; casting one look back upon his benefactor, he jumped into the carriage with his mistress. The servants found it very hard to stop laughing. The carriage rolled off on the highway, and the people at the station continued for a long time looking after it. The dépôt-master told those who were less acquainted with the neighborhood who the two ladies were. The keeper of the saloon and his wife gave supplementary information, but there were many things that they were ignorant of.

CHAPTER II.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE PARLIAMENT.

OPINIONS differ, some asserting that Louise was fifteen, and others that she was eighteen years of age when her father, the rich manufacturer Merz, was first chosen deputy ten years previously, and removed, with his only child, to the capital. As an independent, practical, and cultivated man, Herr Merz was a prominent member of the liberal majority, which had a ministry of its own character. This ministry did not proceed, indeed, from the majority by any special constitutional arrangement, but was rather the choice of the prince; and there prevailed a peculiarly elevated sentiment, as they were acting in harmony with the government, which was in essential harmony with the general tendency.

Herr Merz had encountered nothing worthy of being called an opposite party; and he accepted his authorized position so much the more readily, as he was not by nature fitted to be in continual opposition, but was glad that he could be faithful to his principles and loyal at the same time. It was no easy thing for him to leave his large manufacturing business in the charge of an agent, however trust-worthy he might be; but he hoped, by a change of scene

and new interests, to overcome and to forget for a season his deep affliction in the recent loss of a wife with whom he had been most happily united.

He hired a house in the capital, and his mother-in-law with his daughter constituted a pleasant household.

Herr Merz made no speeches in the Chamber of Deputies; but he was so much the more industrious in committees, and zealously executed those labors which, like the foundations of a building, make no show, but sustain the superstructure.

Louise and her grandmother frequently sat for half a day in the gallery appropriated to the friends of the deputies. The gentlemen in the hall below would often look up at the worthy matron and the beautiful girl by her side, who looked so interesting in her mourning dress. And frequently, in intervals of business and during some tedious details, one and another of their more intimate acquaintances among the deputies would join the ladies in the gallery and engage with them in conversation. Louise was generally silent; but what she heard constituted a peculiar element in the formation of her character.

Spring, when the session closed, was hailed as a deliverance; and when they returned to the manufactory it seemed to all as if they had just come into the free air out of the sultry atmosphere of the Chamber. Louise at once seemed to enjoy new life. And when she returned in the autumn with her father and grandmother to the capital, her mourning now laid aside, she was welcomed by a large circle as an old acquaintance. Some other deputies had brought with them their wives and daughters, and they formed a circle of their own, whose special charm consisted not only in the fact that choice spirits from all parts of the country came together, but that, while away from home for months at a time, they could have all the peculiar advantages of a home.

The third year there was an inspiring novelty. A boarding-school friend of Louise, Marie von Korneck, had come with her father to the capital. The two girls had been good friends at the school, but their friendship had not been of that kind to pledge them to its continuance after their separation. But it seemed now as if they had been on most intimate terms; there were the common youthful recollections; they had much to say about their schoolmates scattered in every part of the world, about the pedantry of their teachers, and also about that teacher of history with whom all the pupils were in love. And the very difference in the characteristic qualities of the two girls seemed to constitute a special attraction. Marie had a sort of soldier-like promptness of speech, was never at a loss what to say, and looked at life as a merry game; Louise, on the other hand, was rather of a reflective turn, was not quick at small-talk and repartee, listened quietly and with attention, and when she expressed herself

it was always in fitting and well-arranged words. Their fathers, too, formed a friendly intimacy; and, as a liberal ministry was uppermost, and the party of Herr Merz seemed to be its main stay, Major Korneck was not disinclined to be on terms of friendly intercourse with a politician of decidedly liberal tendencies. Marie von Korneck had very soon entered into the social pleasures of the capital, and became acquainted with the best dancers and the most amusing old gentlemen; while the young Ensign Von Birkenstock, who was a distant relation, and was permitted to call her cousin, was her obedient admirer, and also showed himself devoted to her friend.

Louise was soon drawn into the whirl of winter dissipations. The saloons of the minister and the best social circles were thrown open to the deputies and their families, and through many a dancing-hall Louise and Marie promenaded arm and arm, while many eyes, spectacled and unspectacled, were directed toward them.

There was also some talk of suitors of Louise, but she was uniformly friendly to every one, and showed no particular preference for any. She was an enlivening element in the society of men, combative and positive in her replies; and she had not been a listener to the debates for several sessions, sometimes siding with one speaker and sometimes with another, without perceiving that she lacked independence of judgment, and that it needed to be cultivated.

An entirely new life was opened to her when she and Marie entered the painting-school which a celebrated artist had opened for girls. Marie could draw human figures well, but she liked far better to make caricatures; Louise had a decided talent for landscape. In the studio Marie was the chief speaker, and knew every thing that was going on at the capital, especially in military circles. As was to be expected, Louise was regarded as possessing the soundest judgment; and when her opinion was asked she gave it with such reasons, and such a consideration of objections, that she received very naturally the title of Daughter of the Parliament.

Marie was extremely good-humored and cheerful, and particularly merry with the father of Louise. After his wife's death he had resolved to devote himself exclusively to his child and to the general good of his country; but before the close of the first winter he found himself so greatly cheered and enlivened by her daily intercourse in the family that his determination became somewhat shaken. Marie was not indisposed toward him—was, in fact, quite confidential; and her father, the major, bore himself toward Herr Merz in a manner that said: "Why are you so faint-hearted, old boy? The affair could be all settled with two words."

For weeks Herr Merz heard nothing of the debates going on in the House of Deputies—he was listening to the debates within himself,

and these were so stormy, and the parties contended in such an unparliamentary way, that the president, in the shape of calm reason, had frequently to call them to order.

Herr Merz closed up every avenue by which these commotions of his heart could be reported to the public, but they did not escape the notice of his mother-in-law. While every one else was in raptures with Marie's cheerful disposition, father and daughter vying with each other in her praise, and while her absence seemed to leave a void—the old lady would shake deprecatingly her gray head, as she dropped her knitting-work from her delicate hand, and say: "What a great pity! Fräulein Von Korneck would make a first-rate actress!"

Herr Merz put a restraint upon himself, and was careful to say before Marie, as well as in her father's presence, that he had unconditionally given up every thought of changing his own way of life, and placed all his dependence on Louise. He hoped that his child would soon find the man who would appreciate her rich heart and mind and her solid qualities. Louise, too, was ready enough to confess that she was not unwilling to be married; but year after year passed, Louise was in friendly relations with some of the best men, and said at first jokingly, and at length in deeper earnest, that it seemed as if married men were the only ones who conducted themselves toward her in a sensible and straightforward manner; she always found the bachelors either foppish or sentimental, and sometimes she was inclined to believe that one and another were attracted to her on account of her expected wealth.

During the summer a letter was received from Marie, in which she wrote that her father was dead, and that she was left alone and destitute. Louise wanted her father to receive her into the house, but he positively refused, although, in general, every wish of his child was to him a law. He maintained that Louise, by means of such an association with her friend, would fail to gain an individual reliance upon herself; she ought not to get rid entirely of the desire to have an independent household of her own; but secretly he had a dislike to Marie, which, strangely enough, proceeded from the compulsion he had put on his inclination. Marie wrote soon afterward that she had concluded to be the companion of an old lady on a journey.

Herr Merz, who desired to devote himself more and more to political life, and regarded it as a duty that men of independent position should give their whole attention to it, sold his manufactory. He wanted to live the whole year at the capital, but he yielded to Louise's urgent entreaty, and retired to an estate which he possessed in the mountains. But that very year in which he had become entirely at leisure to devote himself to public life he failed of an election. After the first pain of disappointment he consoled himself by saying—and with

him it was not a mere form of words—that there were a great many clever men who could represent the various interests of the country. He would often say: "One must obey her call, but one must also wait, if he is not called, until the right time comes."

At the same time there occurred a change in political matters, which made it desirable to a man of his temperament not to be obliged to belong to an opposition where party lines were strictly drawn. He was not one of those combative natures who enjoy a sharp antagonism; he loved comfortable quiet, so far, of course, as was consistent with the maintenance of his principles.

Now could he peacefully await in his ark the deluge which the chaos seemed about to usher in? The newspapers were the doves which brought to him news of the height to which the flood had risen in the world. He read very diligently the proceedings in the Chamber of Deputies; he had telling and well-arranged speeches in his head, which now, alas! there was no opportunity of delivering. He devoted himself energetically to the affairs of the community and the neighborhood, but he felt a continual void, and hoped for some new interest in life only through the marriage of Louise. But she was now more than twenty-five years old, and openly asserted that she had definitively closed up her account with life, and would devote herself exclusively to her little talent.

Marie had now returned from her journey, which had lasted several years, and was living with the old lady in the garrison city. On her first visit to the country house of Herr Merz, when she was alone with him, she at once perceived his embarrassment, and said, in the liveliest way: "Ah, Herr Merz, why did you not marry me years ago? It is too late now; I am engaged."

"May I ask to whom?" inquired Herr Merz.

"No; that is a secret."

Since that first visit they had not again seen each other. Now Marie had been invited to visit them, as they wanted to be together a few days before Herr Merz and his daughter set out on their journey to Italy.

CHAPTER III.

ON ONE'S OWN GROUND.

THE carriage containing the two young ladies drove at a quick trot along the highway.

"Ah, how happy you are to call such a carriage your own!" cried Marie. "No one would believe that a person who could ride in her own carriage would ever look so gloomy."

Louise knew the perpetual wrangling of her friend with her pecuniary situation, and she nodded at the remark, so that Marie, by jesting freely in regard to her peculiarly hard and dependent position, might be relieved and

cheered. Marie possibly perceived her friend's drift, for she declared that life was a mere farce, and the best way was to play it briskly. She told very humorously some of her traveling adventures.

Louise diverted her from these by asking how she got along with the lady with whom she was living as a companion.

"Ah!" cried Marie, "she is all the time complaining about her former companions, and will most assuredly complain about me to future ones. The noble lady is always wanting to be loved, and at the same time to be very little out of pocket! She ought to have a broom and duster crossed on her coat of arms, for sweeping and dusting are the objects of her existence. Every evening her servant-girl must tear an old newspaper into small bits, and then she scatters these into every nook and corner of the rooms, so as to make sure the next day that every place has been swept."

"But you must be glad that you have a calling," Louise said, attempting to turn the conversation.

"Calling? I say with Rückert—or is it some one else?—'If I had had a hundred thousand dollars income, I would never have dished myself up for you.' Calling? Never use that word again to me. If I were rich, I would marry a man who pleased me, and let others take the calling."

Marie now struck into a serious vein, and exhorted her friend not to continue playing the prude, and decline all suitors.

Louise replied that she had given up the world.

"Given up the world?" laughed Marie. "Why don't you say, too, 'I am dead and buried.' You are a year younger than I. Oh, if some one would only come and tame you for once!"

"Tame me? Am I wild?"

"No; don't misunderstand me, you are, on the contrary, too tame—I mean too cultivated."

"Too cultivated?"

"Yes, you have seen a great deal too much, thought a great deal too much. You perceive each one's deficiencies, and you think, besides, that he does not want me, he wants my money. You open a parliamentary debate when any one makes his appearance. You are the Daughter of the Parliament."

"Good! You have now said the whole, and now I beg that you will say nothing more on the subject."

Louise uttered this in a decided tone, and for a while they drove on in silence. They were approaching some of the outlying buildings which were a short distance from the manor-house. The farm-dogs barked, they took note of the new arrival, and Scheck was quick at reply, like his mistress. But Marie ordered him not to utter the least sound, and he silently obeyed.

The carriage stopped at the steps of the house, and Herr Merz bade Marie welcome.

There was a slight flush in the countenance of the elderly man, who, perhaps, had not wholly overcome the impression that he had once had a passing, repressed inclination toward his daughter's friend. Marie immediately addressed Herr Merz in a tone of raillery, and he replied in a friendly way.

Marie was conducted to her chamber, but she soon came down, and promenaded with Herr Merz up and down in front of the house. She asked what that unfinished addition was which had one large window with a single pane of glass. Herr Merz replied that he had built it for Louise's studio, and that it was to be completed during their proposed journey to Italy, as Louise wanted to devote herself wholly to her artistic talent.

"This is very wrong in you. You must not do this!" exclaimed Marie, defiantly.

In answer to his amazed inquiry, she declared that he ought not to encourage Louise in carrying out her proposal to give up the world. Now a suitor would have to encounter additional resistance.

"I stick to this," cried she, "that Louise must marry. And if I am obliged to conjure up here the swan-knight, she shall be married. Done with life! All done! Did any one ever hear of such a thing in a beautiful, rich girl, who is—well—is twenty-six years old! Do you give me full power to set in motion what I please?"

"And what if I should not?"

"To be sure; but I should do just the same without it. Yet it's better that I have said what I have. 'This respite is mine, and I will use it,' she recited in pathetic style.

Louise came down and her father went away in a short time. She and Marie strolled in the park arm in arm.

Suddenly Marie stopped and cried: "Ah, I should like to know how one walks when she treads on her own soil. This is the way!"

She raised her dress a little, disclosing a handsome foot in brown gaiter boots, and she set it firmly on the ground. Then she went on to depict in enthusiastic terms how happy that person must be who could call a piece of ground his own, and who had a settled home.

Louise made no contradiction, for she had a sincere compassion for a girl who, belonging to the higher class of society, was homeless in the world, and obliged to eat the bread of service—a service really, though seeming to be a voluntary work. She simply said, at last, that Marie was rich enough—she had such an inexhaustible fund of humor.

"Don't appeal to that!" cried Marie, with an expression of trouble. "When one appeals to that it is all over."

They had entered a copse where the birds were singing merrily. Louise stood still and asked her friend whether she did not wish to tell her something more about the heart-affair hinted at in her letters while abroad.

"Not just now," Marie hastily exclaimed;

"but hy-and-by I will tell you. Don't, I beg, ask me any further. When the right time comes I will let you know every thing, and you must help me."

They spoke now of the proposed journey to Italy, and Louise expressed her regret that Marie could not accompany her. She would have been a good guide, for she had already been over the ground.

Marie knew, and Louise guessed, why the father, usually so indulgent to every wish of his child, had positively refused to have Marie accompany them. Silently they went through garden and park, and then returned to the house. The grandmother of Louise, who had not been well during the day, had recovered by evening. They sat together in pleasant mood, and after tea Marie began a game of chess with Herr Merz. She was a very skillful player, and, as the game lasted a long time, Louise and her grandmother retired, and Marie and Herr Merz were left alone.

Hardly had they been left alone, however, than Marie broke up the game and said she must speak still further about Louise. Herr Merz was to name over the men in the neighborhood who were to be his guests the next day, who among them might be suitors of Louise, and which of them he himself would desire; for it was of great importance that a friend should express herself pleased with a wooer, and she hoped to bring Louise in this way to a definite point. He named over several, among them a proprietor and a young official from the county town not far off, between whom he had no choice, but who were equally indifferent to Louise.

Marie was very confident that she could bring her friend to the point.

CHAPTER IV.

A REVIEW.

THE next day, which was clear and cool, saw the arrival of guests of both sexes in carriages and on horseback. Marie had induced Louise to adopt a new style of wearing her hair, and to dress in bright colors, laying aside her favorite shade of sombre drab, as Marie called it. The neighbors gazed at her in surprise when she first met them, and Marie was pleased at this, for she knew that Louise was looking unusually young and animated.

When the neighboring landed proprietor and the young government official were introduced to Marie she made a courtesy, and, instead of casting down her eyes, looked steadily at them. She passed them both in review, and found that in respect to external appearance the choice was by no means difficult.

Fortunately for Marie, the man held in highest estimation in this circle of friends was an old comrade of her father. By this means she was at once accorded a high place of honor;

the whole circle gathered around her, and Louise did her best to make her the centre of attraction.

The young official saw at once that Marie's opinion had decided weight with Louise, and he therefore showed her a great deal of attention. He attended her when the company took a walk in the garden, and in the course of conversation incidentally mentioned that he was an officer in the militia. He could see that this made quite a favorable impression.

Marie thought well of his appearance and general bearing, but he either was, or pretended to be, rather bashful; he was not sufficiently confident and self-asserting. She came to the conclusion in her own mind that he would not do, for whoever would win Louise must excite in her a positive interest.

He appeared to be familiar with landscape-painting not only in reference to the character of the foliage and the fore-ground, but he was quite enthusiastic in speaking of the necessity of having an artistic eye, and of the prevailing taste for landscape-painting as in harmony with the tendencies of our age in its study of natural science. He pointed out a group of trees, and extolled to the skies the happiness of being able to revel in light and air. All this he reeled off to Marie like a book, as they say, with the idea that she would report it to her friend.

Marie smiled inwardly: "This swain is played out; let us see what sort of a child of humanity the landed proprietor is!"

The proprietor attached himself to father Merz. "Good manners, and not a bad move," thought Marie. "He really has a high respect for the old gentleman, or else he pretends to have. No matter which, it will have a good effect upon Louise, for she loves her father to distraction, and he who loves him too is in a fair way to gain her good graces."

The proprietor, on the other hand, took a different view from the official, and looked upon Marie as in the way. He was a seriously disposed man, and, next to his own life-calling, devoted to politics. He had soon seen through Marie, and thought that a friend of a character like hers would be apt to make Louise frivolous and fickle. He even imagined that there was a visible constraint in the bearing of the latter toward her friend, and therefore he did not wish to have much to do with her. And when Louise asked him how Marie pleased him, he replied, in a straightforward way, "She pleases me just as she does you. I think that you would not like to live all the time with such a sparkling, effervescing, fun-loving temperament."

Louise endeavored to modify his opinion, but she did it in such a way that he was convinced he was not wholly in the wrong, and for the first time he began to entertain some hope.

The dinner passed off cheerily; the old Herr Von Beuthen, who conducted Marie to the table, felt that he had the privilege of saying what he pleased.

The conversation turned on the intended journey to Italy, and the old Herr said: "You have begun in the wrong way. What makes you put up a studio for our dear Louise? A nursery-room would be more to the purpose."

There was a general laugh. Marie looked around the table with sparkling eyes. She saw that the young official blushed, while the proprietor joined in the laughter.

All glanced toward Louise, but she looked straight before her, as if the joke had no reference to her at all. Finally, feeling that she must say something, she observed, in a quiet and undisturbed tone, "I am very glad to have given the opportunity to Herr Von Beuthen to exercise his pleasantry." She occupied herself very zealously with a stately gentleman who sat next, so that his wife, whom the young official conducted to the table, became more and more flushed in the face; and this redness was not lessened by the several glasses of wine which she drank at the persuasion of the official.

At last they rose from table, and while the older gentlemen were sitting on the terrace, smoking their cigars, Herr Von Beuthen exclaimed, in a very loud voice, "It is a disgrace to all bachelordom that Louise is not yet married!"

The younger portion of the company enjoyed themselves in the garden. Louise remained for some time talking with the gentleman who had sat next her at table, but yielded finally to Marie's urgent entreaties and joined the younger part of the guests in the garden. Jest and merriment were the order of the day, and from a thicket came the sound of a lively Swiss jodel, such as the mountain-boys sing.

Marie had induced Louise, who could not sing especially well, but who excelled in this Swiss caroling, to give a specimen of her skill. She did not like to be seen when she did this, and so she went aside, placed her delicate left hand to her cheek, and *jodeled* so loud that it seemed as if the mountain-sides were echoing and re-echoing the notes.

Old and young now mingled together, and all were in good spirits until evening came and the guests went away.

When they were again alone Louise said to her friend, blushing deeply, "Ah! Marie, it is indeed horrible, and I can't understand it. I am so—"

"So what?"

"No; it is better not to say it."

"Not even to me? Speak out!"

"Well, there were here some cultivated and able men"—naming several—"but those who pleased, those whom I find clever and agreeable, are—"

"Married," interrupted Marie.

"Yes," assented Louise, covering her face with her hands. "Why is it that only such please me? Why, can I speak with freedom only to them?"

"Don't you know why?—you, the Daughter

of the Parliament? It's a very simple matter. You allow yourself to be free with them, and they can be unconstrained in their conversation with you. But when you are with an unmarried man you are thinking all the time that he has some designs on you, and, most probably, on your wealth, and so you are never natural—never free from constraint."

"Oh, how right you are—how much in the right!"

For a long time they were silent, and then Marie suddenly said, as an expression of roguish triumph overspread her countenance, "Come here and sit by me; I will tell you my secret."

She grasped the hand of Louise, and her voice was choked; Louise thought it was from deep emotion, but it was from a wholly different cause. Marie related, in a hesitating and broken way, in marked contrast with her usual off-hand fluency, that she was as good as engaged to Von Birkenstock, a cavalry officer in the neighboring garrison city, who was a distant relative of hers, but whom she had seen only at brief intervals. She had now the desire, as it was important that she should become more intimately acquainted with him, that Herr Merz should invite him to make a visit; he could lodge at the tenant's house. And, besides, it was his intention to resign and take up farming, as he was the son of an agriculturist.

Louise promised to bring it about. Marie went to her room, and not long afterward Louise brought her an unsealed letter of invitation, written by her father. Marie sat up late that night writing a letter, which a messenger carried to the railway station.

CHAPTER V.

A GAME OF CHESS.

LOUISE wanted to accompany her friend, who was to drive, two evenings after this, to the station to meet the cavalry officer. Louise spoke of him as Marie's betrothed, though the latter protested against it; but, as Louise persisted in calling him so, Marie let it pass.

Marie drove alone to the station, but she did not when there remain seated in the carriage, as did her friend a few days previously; she walked back and forth on the platform and in the garden, which had been freshly laid out, and as yet showed but a scanty growth, and looked frequently at the watch which she wore in her belt.

The train came in, and a young man, with a fresh, grave countenance, and very heavy and long mustache, beckoned from the cars. He alighted, and, although he wore a citizen's dress, it was evident at the first glance that he was a soldier.

In an easy, off-hand manner he said to Marie: "You have not invoked the spirit of the hussar in vain. Here am I! I obey your mysterious summons. I have an ample leave of absence.

Now unfold: where is the adventure? Where is the monster, the dragon?"

Marie begged him not to ask any questions now, and, above all, not to speak German. They seated themselves in the carriage, and he asked: "Are not my eyes to be bandaged?"

Marie smiled, and said no. He further asked if he might be permitted, as modern knights were, to smoke. Leave was given.

"What should you say," began Marie, at last, "if this carriage, these horses, and with them a fine manor-house and some hundreds of thousands in a fire-proof safe, were your own?"

"With, or without a wife?"

"With."

"With you?"

"Do not jest."

Drawing her breath quickly, Marie continued: "Ah, we are all nothing but Philistines, I as well as the rest. Why am I all at once so afraid?"

"You afraid? Is there such a word in your dictionary?"

"You are right! It is such a beautiful and advantageous—in fact, a moral intrigue which you are to engage in with me."

"You see me armed and equipped for every thing, like a hero in some fairy tale; and, more especially, I have the virtue of silent obedience. I listen to your oracle as patiently as Tamino in the 'Magie Flute.'"

"It will soon be all revealed to you. Do you remember Louise Merz?"

"Who could forget her! Am I to marry her?"

"Yes!"

"I am ready forthwith. Let the church bells be rung! I am of age; it is spring; and I have some new gloves with me."

"Cousin, I am in earnest."

"Dreams are the stuff that life is made of. Does she still remember me, how I danced with her at that time at the minister's? Does her father remember me? He has one good quality—he smokes capital cigars."

"Albrecht, don't make fun of the really worthy man. To win Louise you must respect him."

"I regard him now as most eminently respectable."

"Albrecht, tell me, in the first place, whether you would marry Louise if she had no property?"

"No."

"That is honest, at any rate."

"I pray you, dear cousin, let me finish what I was going to say. I could not marry her if she were poor; but if she were poor and I rich, then—"

"Then you would marry her?"

"No; then I would marry you."

Marie blushed, and forbade her cousin to joke any farther in that manner, or he would not answer for the business in hand; for he must for a while pass as her lover, even as her betrothed. Louise desired that it should be so.

"I don't understand," laughed the captain.

"The good knight must consent to have his eyes a little blindfolded," replied Marie.

She recovered her good spirits, and said that Louise was prejudiced against every man who was not already bound. With those who were married and betrothed she unfolded all the amiable qualities of her nature, and acknowledged also the fine traits in their character. And therefore her cousin was to pass for a while as her betrothed.

"But, Marie, what are you playing with? You know that you are to me—"

"I beg you to stop. You know—"

"Certainly, certainly," observed he, making a motion in the air with his hand as if he were using a paint-brush.

Marie shrank back in the carriage, but quickly recovering her position, said, in a lively tone: "But don't regard me as prudish. I permit all the attentions which your cousinly relation has allowed heretofore."

"Then, first of all, I beg for a kiss."

"For shame! And you are trifling with your good fortune. But if it must be, here, kiss my hand."

"Take off your glove, I beseech you!"

"No. And one thing more—be kind to Scheck. If you must show tenderness, practice it on Scheck. And, don't you play chess?"

"My fame is great! Who could stand the tortures of outpost duty without tobacco and chess?"

"And you can draw?"

"Don't slander the military school!"

"You understand, too, how to take landscapes, and to talk about trees in the foreground, and perspective?"

"My gracious Fräulein! Observe this tree with its melodious branches, this rhythm, this symphony—"

"Very well!"

"No, it won't do," said he, seriously. "We shall make ourselves contemptible, and your friend an enemy. Can the prim Louise ever forgive us for tricking her?"

"Indeed? Is this throwing cold water upon a fine adventure the hussar bravery you spoke of? Be easy. After a few days we will have a quarrel, and we must arrange that Louise shall be an involuntary listener. Then I will give you your dismissal, and you will thank me—I will allow you on your knees to thank me—you will express your high opinion of me, and honestly confess that you—what is the term they use?—madly, distractedly, infatigably love Louise. And trust me, you will not have to lie, it will be the actual truth."

For some time neither of them spoke. The captain seemed to be thinking of the part he was to play. Then he, aroused from his long reverie, stood upright and offered his cigar-case to the coachman and the footman, who accepted the cigars with thanks. They had both been soldiers, and knew how to appreciate this courteousness in an officer.

Marie nodded triumphantly. Herr Von Birk-

enstock had one good custom from early youth up to the present time; he kept regularly a brief diary, which luckily he now had with him. He found the date noted down at which he had met Louise, and some particulars which refreshed his recollections.

Marie was very well satisfied with the various points he introduced, and was able to supplement them from her own memory.

The campaign was well begun, and in high spirits they drove up to the manor-house.

CHAPTER VI.

A SKILLFUL MANCEUVRE.

LOUISE welcomed her friend's betrothed with hearty warmth, as if he were a member of her own family. She had carefully attended to the arrangement of a room for him in the neighboring farm-house, and when he thanked her there seemed a strange contradiction between his look of youthful strength and the emotion in his voice, and the shy, almost timid expression of his eyes, as he first looked full at her and then cast them down, while she begged him to look upon her as a friend.

He reminded Louise of their meeting at the capital, and she thought it very singular that he should still remember the dress and flowers which she then wore, and what they had said to each other.

"How do you like him?" asked Marie when she was alone with Louise.

"I don't see how you can ask how any one likes the man to whom you have given yourself for life!" answered Louise.

Marie seemed impressed by her earnestness, and her usually ready tongue hesitated and stammered a little as she excused herself, adding that her engagement to the captain was not yet so absolutely settled.

The captain was soon on good terms with the father of Louise, although he said directly that he had but little interest in the political questions of the day; his manner of looking at the estate, and his pertinent remarks expressed in few words, which he skillfully and modestly put in the form of questions, won for him immediately the favor of the master of the house, who expressed his liking for him to his daughter.

The captain told Marie that he felt less constrained with Louise than with her father, and wanted to know whether the latter understood the position of affairs; but Marie would not let him ask any thing further. She felt a pleasant excitement in her cousin's moving in the dark, as well as the rest. This gave his bearing a certain gentleness which she thought taking; and, moreover, she had not herself decided whether Herr Merz ought to share the secret. Meanwhile, she delayed the decision until a favorable moment.

The grandmother had known the captain's mother, and an unexpectedly pleasant relation

was established between them; the old lady, who, at other times, generally sat silent in her arm-chair by the window, often talked with the young man, in whose looks and whole bearing she saw a resemblance to his mother.

Thus the days passed pleasantly on the estate. They rode and drove in the country about them, or walked to fine points of view on the neighboring mountains, and Louise could not help frequently congratulating her friend on having found such a man for a husband. It seemed to her most suitable that the volatile, ever-jesting Marie should be united to a man who showed, considering his youth, a remarkably earnest character.

It often happened that Marie walked with Herr Merz and Louise with the captain; and a special sympathy was established between them from the fact that the captain had a talent for landscape-drawing. They worked together and compared their sketches, and Louise could give the young man many useful hints, as he had, he said, used his talent but little. The captain was very quick in learning, and often surprised her by the ease with which he knew how to apply her instructions.

Marie often withdrew, when Louise was with the captain. The father remarked to his daughter on the strange coldness that struck him in the demeanor of the pair; but Louise thought it just as it should be, and depicted the captain's character in a sympathizing and feeling manner.

When the father spoke of this to Marie, she begged him to go into the garden with her, and there explained to him the whole state of affairs. He was greatly astonished, and remembered how often his mother-in-law had said that Marie ought to have been an actress. How was it possible to carry out such a comedy in real life, which belonged to and might be allowed on the stage?

For a long time he could find no words, and declared at last that Marie's proceeding was, to say the least, a mistaken one, for she would not accomplish the object she aimed at. Hereafter he would have to make an effort to treat the captain in the way he had begun. What sort of a man was he to lend himself to such a plot?

Louise and the captain had one day begun to sketch the ruins of a castle in the neighborhood, which they wished afterward to paint—the captain, in water-colors, Louise, in oils. They worked busily all day. Marie and the father were to go for them toward evening. On the way Herr Merz expressed great uneasiness at a course which would lead to nothing, and leave a bitter feeling behind; but Marie, with her confident, overflowing good-humor, represented to him that this was making much too serious a matter of the little plot; Louise would be surprised, even angry at first, but would afterward rejoice that an opportunity had been given her to become acquainted with so intelligent a man in uncon-

strained intercourse. She repeated to him how often Louise had said to her that it was her misfortune to know well only married or engaged men. Now this misfortune should be turned to advantage. Marie spoke with such animation and cleverness that he could only shrug his shoulders. They arrived at the point from which the sketches were taken; a good lunch was brought from the carriage, and they sat comfortably together. Louise, however, was very grave, she often looked dreamily before her, and said she was much dissatisfied with her work. The captain confessed that he had expected something better of her; there was neat precision shown in her drawing, but it was worked up too carefully, with too minute a fidelity of detail, and wanted boldness. Marie looked at him in surprise as he expressed this opinion, but she soon smiled again: just this frankness, this honest fault-finding, would be the most likely to win Louise.

CHAPTER VII.

FLEEING FROM ONE'S SELF.

THE four wandered about the ruin, and did not enter the carriage to drive home till the moon had risen. Little was said as they drove on, the father slept, and Marie seemed asleep also; only the captain and Louise were awake. The stars shone in the sky, the nightingales sang in the bushes, and a spicy breath of spring filled the air.

The captain seized Louise's hand. He held it fast, and she could not withdraw it though she tried; she trembled. He pressed her hand, and she—did she return the pressure? She did not know. An icy chill ran over her. Is it indeed so? Do you love a man who belongs to another? "No, no!" she muttered to herself, as she clenched her fist, and involuntarily she suddenly exclaimed aloud: "Father!"

"What is it?" asked her father, awaking from his nap.

"Ah! did I call you?"

"Yes."

"I didn't know I did! Yes! I should like to get out."

She called to the coachman to stop, opened the carriage door, alighted, and begged her father to get out with her. She would not allow the others to come with them, but abruptly ordered the coachman to drive on; and as the carriage rolled away she fell on her father's neck, crying: "Alas, alas! I am wicked, very wicked, a miserable creature! Father, help me!"

Her father could hardly utter a word to calm her. Louise threw herself on his breast, and cried, in a heart-rending tone: "Oh, father, I'm afraid I may, I shall love Marie's betrothed, and he me."

"But what if he were free?"

"Oh, pray, father, do not speak so. Let us not speak a word, I beg you."

Her father did not know how to explain the strange position of affairs. He could not say that he knew of the plot, for he could not but acknowledge to himself that, in doing so, he should lose all influence over his child; and the longer he walked in silence by his daughter's side the better it seemed to him that she should exert self-control and stifle the first germ of love for a man who would lend himself to such a game.

They reached the house in silence. Louise hurried to her own room, and sent word that she wanted to see no one that night. She sat on her sofa in an agony of painful self-accusation. It was past midnight when she finally went to rest; but she could not sleep. She rose again, and sent to wake her father and beg him to come to her. He came, and she entreated him to set her free while there was yet time. There was only one way. Her father tried again to explain that perhaps the captain still— But Louise would not let him speak; she cried: "No, never! I should be dishonorable in my own eyes!" She begged her father that they might set out on their proposed journey directly—that very night; she could not see Marie or her betrothed again. Her father tried once more to soothe her; but Louise vowed that she would leave the house in the night, and wander out into the world, if her father would not comply with her wish. He had never seen his child so overmastered by excitement, so resolved and determined to break all bonds asunder. He agreed to her proposal. Louise wrote a letter telling her friend that for the next few months she would hear no news of her. She wrote also to her grandmother; and in the gray of the morning, while Marie was still asleep, the carriage rolled away in which Louise and her father sat.

The captain, who, in the farm-house, had found no sleep either, and was standing at his window at dawn, believed himself to be dreaming when he saw the carriage pass, heavily laden with trunks, and bearing away Louise and her father.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

FATHER and daughter were far away—Louise sleeping, or at least sitting motionless with closed eyes, in a corner of the carriage—when Marie came down to breakfast in the garden-parlor. She was surprised to find no one there, for Herr Merz was generally early. The house-keeper brought her two letters. One was from Paris; the other had no address. Marie reddened when she saw the first, but quickly opened the other. It contained the lines which Louise had left behind. Marie could not understand what had happened; she opened the second letter, but seemed unable to read it properly;

she put her hand to her head several times, then sat down, staring before her, and holding the letter in the hand which hung nerveless by her side.

The captain was announced; Marie quickly hid both letters. The captain looked as if he had been awake all night. He told Marie that he saw he was not yet fit for such adventurous enterprises; he spoke jestingly, but there was a seriousness in his tone as he spoke of the painful position in which he was placed. He stood between two girls, both worthy to be wooed; one must pass for his betrothed, the other become his wife; he was in a false relation toward both; this must not go on.

Marie listened patiently; she pressed her lips tightly together; and when the captain asked at last whether he had been dreaming, or had really seen Louise and her father drive away in the early morning, she handed him the letter left by her friend. She was not a little surprised when the captain exclaimed, joyfully: "I'm thoroughly glad of it! Now I'm rid of her and her money. I might have deluded myself into a sentimental mood. I was on the road to it, but we are not fit for each other, and I don't believe that a really lasting life-union can be founded on such an intercourse as ours here. It may do on the stage, where people don't ask: 'How does it fare now, after the curtain has fallen? What are the after-effects of her game of hide and seek?'"

He stopped suddenly, and Marie said: "They did not want to send us off, and so they have gone out of their own house."

The captain nodded, and Marie went on: "I ought not to have said any thing about it to Herr Merz."

"Did you do that?" cried the captain. The blood mounted to his brow, his eyes flashed as he continued: "Now all is well! I am free, and glad of it. I am rid of the gold-devil, and have the angel of sweetness instead. I'm glad the play is over. We will show the purse-proud people that we have fooled them. Are you agreed?"

"Agreed? I don't understand!"

"Marie, I've seen that you alone are fit for me. Now tell me frankly, don't you think, too, that I am the only right person for you? To be sure we have nothing, but if we have each other we are rich, and we are no Philistines to make many cares for ourselves. I am strong and courageous; I will make my way. Now only say one word. Have I not already made my way? Have I not won you? Say only one word!"

Marie put her hand in her pocket: she was on the point of taking out the other letter, which she had received from Paris, but she drew her hand out again empty, and held it out to her cousin: "Don't make me speak now. I did not know that I had something in me—they call it jealousy, but—pray, don't make me speak now. Trust me, I will consider it all. We are no longer children, you and I. No, we are no children—we have no one, either of us, to con-

sider for us. Pray go away now, but don't give yourself any hopes—remember, I have said nothing at all. Good-by! When the time comes you shall hear from me. But again—remember, I've promised you nothing."

"And I do not give you up," exclaimed the captain; "I put my seal on your mouth."

He embraced and kissed the trembling Marie, who resisted at first, then passionately returned the embrace. Suddenly she tore herself away, and left the room. The captain gazed after her; then he went to the farm-house, took off his citizen's dress, put on his uniform, and returned to his post.

Marie also went away in the evening. On her return-journey she did not conceal little Scheck, in saucy defiance of the rules, for the inspector allowed her to take him with her openly in the carriage. She sat still a long time, and Scheck watched her in wonder, for he had never seen his mistress in such a mood—not vouchsafing him a single word, or even a glance.

After some time she took Louise's letter from her pocket, read it through quickly, and tore it into little bits, which at intervals she allowed to flutter out of the window of the railway carriage. The pieces of paper were scattered at wide distances; no one could have collected them again.

She took out the other letter. Shaking her head she looked at the photograph inclosed in it, then read:

"Whose is this picture? No, that you will not ask when your eyes, beaming with warmth and light, rest on this photograph.

"I have certainly changed much in appearance, but if a photograph of my soul could be taken, you would not find a single strange feature in it.

"And now, where are you? How do you live? Have I still a right to speak to you thus? Are you still free? Are you still your own, to become mine?

"Oh, forgive the crooked question mark. I have something certain to tell you. What I vowed to you on the swiftly-moving vessel is now fulfilled. I have attained an honorable position, and am in a position to make for you—for us—a cheerful home, free from want and care.

"I come to you, wherever you summon me. Only one thing, in all sincerity and good faith. If I should not seem to you as I did, you are free. We will solemnly clasp hands and say, It must not be!

"I read this letter over. I have written confusedly, but my mind is clear, though I do not know how to express myself otherwise.

"My heart beats as it did when I saw you gliding down the Rhine. I am full of courage and confidence, and, so long as I live, would be your ———."

Marie made a rent through the name. She was about to tear this letter also, but she stopped, and said to herself, "He calls you free, in order to be free himself and to be able to make some new experiment. No, no! He is a true, frank soul, without deceit! Yes, that he was. Is he still?"

She gazed long at the photograph; then put letter and picture again into her pocket.

When she reached home she found the old lady busied with her accustomed occupation of strewing scraps of paper in all the corners of the room.

LITERARY FORGERIES.

II.

WHILE the trial of Vrain-Lucas acquaints us with the details of a fraud at once the most audacious and the most stupid ever committed, I proceed to add another chapter to this history of false autographs. It has been seen with how little material skill Chatterton and Ireland succeeded in deceiving their contemporaries. English literature furnishes a recent example of forgery in which poetic talent plays no part, but where the fabricator's art is carried to the very extreme.

In the beginning of 1852 appeared a little volume of letters by Shelley. Every one knows who Shelley was—the friend of Lord Byron, the poet-dreamer, powerful, mystic, one of the most marked of that line which descends, unbroken, to Tennyson and Browning. The volume contained twenty-five letters; it was prefaced with an introduction by Browning, and brought out by Moxon, the publisher of most of the poetical works of the day. It must be owned that the contents of the book were somewhat disappointing; nothing striking; some uninteresting details concerning the first marriage of Shelley, and the decision which took away his children; some descriptions of Italy; nothing more. Let us add, however, that this insignificance gave rise to no suspicion; the letters of a great writer might precisely resemble the letters of any other person. Nevertheless, it was but a few weeks after the appearance of the book that an incident revealed its true character.

Moxon, the publisher, had distributed among his illustrious clients copies of the new work. Tennyson, especially, had received one of these. Tennyson, just then, was receiving a visit in the country from one of his friends, Mr. Palgrave, son of the historian, and brother of the traveler who has told us of Nedjid. Mr. Palgrave found the letters of Shelley on the parlor table, opened them, ran them over; what was his astonishment upon recognizing, as he believed, an old acquaintance! Continuing, he could no longer doubt that a pretended letter from Shelley to Godwin was a forgery, together with an article on Florence, published in 1840, in the *Quarterly Review*. It is not surprising that Mr. Palgrave could so readily recall an article printed twelve years before, the article having been written by his father. As for this proceeding on the part of the forger, it is nothing extraordinary; the makers of autographs are all reduced to this, even as the author of the false letters of Marie Antoinette borrowed from the gazettes of the time, and finally, again, the author of M. Charles's manuscript treasures copied from ancient scientific memoirs. It can not be supposed an easy thing to draw from one's own imagination the materials and the style of a fictitious correspondence; one could scarcely get, in this way, that tone of the situation, that unstudied air of reality, which is found

in all the letters, even the most insignificant; hence the necessity for the forger to seek some assistance—a canvas, a text unknown or forgotten, which he may adapt more or less satisfactorily to his design.

But to return to the letters issued by Moxon. It is easy to imagine the publisher's surprise on learning the discovery just made. He had bought these papers at a public sale, and at once produced the originals; there were the letters attacked, with every mark of authenticity. The handwriting appeared to be that of the poet. The seal was his. The address bore the stamp of the Italian cities where he had lived. The pieces were shown to certain upper clerks of the post-office, who declared that they saw nothing suspicious. One means of proof remained. Murray possessed numerous letters of Byron, written in the same cities at the same time, and also directed to London; comparison was easy. This was fatal to the letters issued by Moxon; the stamps of Venice and Ravenna betrayed important differences. From this time the forgery was considered established, and the publisher hastened to withdraw the copies already offered for sale, and to condemn the entire edition to destruction. Suspicion once awakened, it was soon perceived, in addition, that these pretended letters of Shelley formed only a part of a vast enterprise of epistolary fraud. At the same sale where Moxon had bought the pieces which he published, the poet's son had purchased, as he believed himself in duty bound, other letters of Shelley, addressed to his wife, and filled with private affairs and family secrets. The forgers had likewise offered for sale letters of Keats and Byron, besides books bearing the name of the latter, with marginal notes apparently written by his hand. Murray, always on the watch for works by the author of "Childe Harold," had bought forty-seven letters for more than three thousand francs.

The fact of the fraud established, the only question now was to trace it to its source. Moxon had bought the letters at a public sale: from whom had the auctioneer received them? From a bookseller named White. And White himself? The latter, if his published account may be credited, had bought all these false documents of an unknown woman, who brought them successively, never dropping her *incognito*, speaking of a sister in need, of a dead father who had been a collector of autographs, taking care, at the same time, to insinuate that these literary treasures came to them through Fletcher, Byron's faithful servant. Seeking farther yet, there appeared behind the lady an adventurer, who was undoubtedly the real author of the fraud. This was an individual who, abusing a somewhat striking resemblance to Byron, had taken his name, and passed himself off for his natural son, although the poet's family had always repulsed his pretensions. The knave had gone so far as to announce the publication of inedited works of Lord Byron; the publisher,

warned, withdrew in time, and the book did not appear. It should be added that the bookseller, White, was not able to clear himself completely before the public; it was generally thought that, even if he did not actually know of the forgery, he must have suspected it; and, in any case, that he had gained too largely, getting out of the affair in time, and selling for three hundred guineas documents which had not cost him the third part of that sum.

I have already remarked that literary forgeries differ according to the market for which they are intended. Thus, while the English are contented with Shakspeare or Shelley, the Germans want something more solid: they are given the fathers of the Church; they are offered a Sanchoniathon. For the London market, it is sufficient to write more or less indifferently in old English and Gothic characters; for that of Leipsic or Berlin, it is necessary to know how to write in Greek, and, upon occasion, to fabricate palimpsests.

Do my readers know who Sanchoniathon was? The surest are probably not quite certain. Sanchoniathon was a Phœnician, who wrote, in his own language, a history of his country. When did he live? That is completely unknown, since some consider him as ancient as Moses, while others place him only one or two centuries before our era—a little difference of twelve or fifteen hundred years! Besides, the original work of Sanchoniathon is lost. It is true, an Egyptian Jew of the second century of our era translated the book, but this translation is also lost. There remain only a few fragments, amounting to about a dozen pages, which have been preserved to us by Eusebius, a father of the Church. It is easy to imagine the grief of the learned in every age in thinking of so great a loss. The Phœnicians, indeed, were one of the most considerable nations of antiquity—the inventors of writing, the founders of Tyre, of Sidon, and of Carthage; great navigators, who had even passed beyond the columns of Hercules; cousins-german of the Hebrews, with whom they were sometimes found in relation, but from whom they differed, as a commercial people must always differ from an agricultural people, and the worshipers of Moloch from the worshipers of Jehovah. Truly, how this Sanchoniathon was venerated by philologists and historians! How they found in the fragments of his translator the fascination of difficulty to surmount, of mystery to penetrate, of hypothesis to risk! And if ever the original should reappear! If only the version of that Philon of Byblos would rise out of the depths of some library! If, instead of some miserable morsels, treating only of cosmogony and mythology, there should be found, at last, the nine books of that history, what a flood of light might they not cast upon all Semitic antiquity!

One can judge, after this, of the emotion which took possession of the learned public of Germany, when it was reported, in 1836, that

the Greek translation of Sanchoniathon had, in fact, been discovered, and was to be published. A Portuguese officer, named Pereira, had accidentally found the manuscript in the convent of Santa Maria, at Merinhao, near Oporto, in Portugal, and had sent it to his friend, M. Frédéric Wagenfeld, at Bremen. The manuscript was written on parchment, and contained one hundred and twenty-seven pages of the large quarto size, and with from twenty-five to thirty-five lines per page. Impatient to let the whole world enjoy so precious a treasure-trove, M. Wagenfeld hastened to publish an extract, about one-half, with notes and a fac-simile of the manuscript. The volume, issued at Hanover, was preceded by an introduction by M. G. F. Grotefend, one of the principal German philologists. Here, then, was the recovered work of Philon, complete in nine volumes. It appeared that Sanchoniathon was the royal historiographer. One might read the account of the maritime discoveries and settlements of the Phœnicians, and learn that the Sidonians discovered the island of Ceylon. There were anecdotes, popular poems—the latter, by-the-way, with a counterfeit air of Ossian. “Amisus has driven me from the city; my slaves have mocked me. But I will chastise the slaves, I will slay Amisus. Once I reposed upon the purple of Tyre, and my pillow was the silk of Babylon. Now the erag is my dwelling-place, and the desert my pillow. But think ye that I tremble when the shadows fall on the wood, when the storm howls among the trees like a roaring beast of prey? or that I am affrighted by the glimmer of the rocks in the light of the moon, or by the pale faces that look at me from every clod of earth? Is the lion afraid in the darkness of his den, or have ye seen the wild-boar terrified? The savage wild-boar wanders unscared through the mountain passes, and the roar of the lion makes all his enemies quake.”

Sanchoniathon, were we to credit M. Grotefend, was a writer of Ezekiel's epoch. He had incorporated with his work various important documents, one of them a report on the power and commerce of Tyre under Hiram, contemporary with Solomon. The work terminated with the accession of Adonidlibnas to the throne of Byblos, about the tenth century before Jesus Christ, leaving the reader to regret that Sanchoniathon had not carried his recital yet farther. But Sanchoniathon excused himself—the modern history of Phœnicia had already been written by another than himself.

In this world there are always keen spirits ready to call every thing in question. It was not to be expected that M. Wagenfeld's discovery could escape criticism. Wilcken, author of the “History of the Crusades,” had the hardihood to pronounce against the authenticity of the manuscript. On the other hand, Gesenius, the great Hebraist, ranged himself among the partisans of Sanchoniathon. It is true that Gesenius was occupied with Phœni-

cian antiquities; that he had published dissertations on the subject; that he found the conclusions at which he had arrived confirmed by the new publication, and that this coincidence was well calculated to create in his mind prejudices favorable to the honesty of M. Wagenfeld.

But Gesenius was deceived. In vain did the Greek of the printed text appear specious and flowing; in vain did the historical contents of the book seem conformed to probability; there was no resisting the evidence of contrary proofs. The whole story of M. Wagenfeld concerning Colonel Pereira and the monastery of Santa Maria turned out to be false. Inquiries being made in Portugal, it was shown that no manuscript had been discovered. Finally, once fairly aroused, criticism found in the text itself more than one weak spot. There was no remedy, the fraud was exposed. Wagenfeld alone held fast, and the following year published the whole of his pretended manuscript, together with a Latin version of his own (1837). This, at the same time, furnished new arms against himself, and gave a memorable example of invention and erudition. He died ten years later, in 1846, leaving the remembrance of one of the most extraordinary frauds the world has ever witnessed, and bequeathing to other unscrupulous Hellenists a precedent not likely to be lost.

The mantle of Wagenfeld was taken up by Simonides. Simonides was the most learned, the most skillful, the most remarkable of all the fabricators of manuscripts. No one could crown more worthily than he a list of these ingenious and criminal falsifiers of history.

Constantine Simonides was born, if his own story can be trusted, in 1823, in the Greek isle of Hydra. It is probable that he has made himself younger by some years than his actual age. It is not clearly known where he received his education and passed his childhood. In 1837 we find him employed by a printer of Athens; then at Mount Athos, near an uncle of his, the Superior of a convent, and a great lover of Greek manuscripts. Two years after the uncle died, and the nephew betook himself to traveling over the world, pursuing his studies, connected, it is said, with secret societies, hence an equivocal and suspected person. In 1846 he returned to Athens, and began to fabricate manuscripts, which he pretended to have got through a legacy of his uncle. At the same time he showed great zeal for study, taking lessons in ancient Greek. He is described, at this period, of agreeable manners, endowed with a power of persuasion, imperfectly educated, but eager for knowledge, full of imagination and taste. He read the ancient authors with enthusiasm, gathering together all sorts of historical and archæological information, and essaying to write correctly in Greek. With all this he was vain, ambitious, and fickle. At the end of two months he left his teacher, and threw himself into adventures.

Simonides published an account of his wanderings, but this relation, intended to support

his speculations, had the effect simply of casting a deeper shadow upon this whole part of his life. It is certain, however, that, after having tried his fortune at Athens and Constantinople, he found it necessary to strengthen his base of operations by renewing his supply of documents and materials, and that he returned to Mount Athos. There he copied manuscripts, and even succeeded in procuring some quite valuable ones, which should serve to pass off those of his own manufacture. Hence, to quote his own story, he departed to visit the islands of the Archipelago, then traversed Egypt, penetrating as far as the Asian deserts. It should be added that every where he made the most precious and unlooked-for discoveries. For instance, falling into the hands of a noted brigand, he found this bandit himself a distinguished archæologist, who had preserved in a cavern choice antiquities, and who parted from our Constantine with tears of regret, presenting him with valuable vases as a farewell gift.

It must not, however, be supposed that Simonides imposed upon every one with his tales and his manuscripts. His forgeries, like all others of the kind, disclosed a singular mixture of astuteness and credulity, of subtilty in the means used to deceive the public, and temerity in his estimate of the folly of that public. Thus, very early, Simonides made up a history for a pretended academy of Symia, written by a monk of the thirteenth century, and did not hesitate to attribute to the doctors of this school the greater part of our modern inventions—paper, printing, the telescope, and even steamboats. At another time he interpolated a work of the fifteenth century, and introduced therein the discovery of the daguerreotype. At the same time he manufactured fragments of classic authors, manuscripts of Hesiod, Homer, and Anacreon. Things went so far that the Minister of Public Worship at Athens appointed a committee to examine these treasures. Fortunately, the resemblance between the manuscripts of Simonides and certain recent editions issued abroad was observed in time; our forger had procured and copied these comparatively unknown texts.

Athens becoming too hot for Simonides, he returned to Constantinople toward the end of 1850. There he found powerful patrons; in particular, Baron Tecco, minister from Sardinia, who lodged him with himself. It was at Constantinople that Simonides began to turn his studies toward the East, announcing, first, a Sanchoniathon; then an ancient Greek work on hieroglyphics; then a history of Armenia, which he endeavored to sell to the chief Armenian prelates, and for which he demanded the trifle of a million dollars. The rogue did not despise any means calculated to dispose of his wares. He pretended to possess a document according to which the Comneni had hidden precious manuscripts in the environs of Constantinople, in order to conceal them from the Latins; and he added that the hiding-places were designated

with sufficient exactness to render them easily recognized. His object is not difficult to divine. He announced one day that excavations must be made in the gardens of Ismael-Pacha, Minister of Public Works. The place indicated was searched, and, indeed, a manuscript on parchment was found inclosed in an old box. It is unnecessary to say that Simonides was familiar with the garden, and had already walked there. Another attempt of the same sort ended less favorably for Simonides. A certain Ibrahim was digging the foundation of a house, when some one took the opportunity to ask Simonides if the spot where they were working did not happen to be one of those containing manuscripts. Simonides examined, and declared that, in truth, there should be found, somewhere near, an Arabic work, written in Syrian characters. At once arose a curiosity easily understood; they dug and dug, but nothing came to light. Our savant was present; but he was forbidden to descend into the trench, which, to be sure, could have served him little, since he was under the eye of the assistants. After some hours of labor, every one went to breakfast. On their return the excavations recommenced. But the workmen had scarcely struck a few spade-blows when Simonides cried out: "There it is! there it is!" In fact, they had come upon a box. Ibrahim observed immediately that the earth clinging to it was of a different nature from that of the place where they were digging. But the workmen had laughed: why this merriment? On questioning them, it appeared that during breakfast Simonides had slipped away, had gone down into the trench and worked there. Whereupon Simonides thought proper to quit Constantinople.

Here should come in the pretended travels of Simonides in Asia, and probably the fabrication of the works which we shall one day see appear. In 1853 we find our savant in England, where his business transactions were tolerably successful. A celebrated amateur, Sir Thomas Phillips, gave him, for one manuscript, as much as £500 sterling, that is to say, 12,500 francs. The British Museum bought seven, but refused several others as spurious. From London Simonides came to Paris, where he passed four months, and where, likewise, he boasted of having made some advantageous sales. Finally, in July, 1855, he reached Leipsic, where his career of learned frauds and dishonest gains was to terminate.

Faithful to his system of screening his false manuscripts with pieces really ancient and valuable, Simonides commenced by exhibiting, at Leipsic, some leaves of the Greek text of Hermas, a Christian writer of the second century, whose works were known only through a Latin version. This was enough to surprise and delight the learned world. But Hermas was to serve only as introduction to an original work. Simonides had manufactured a history of the kings of Egypt, reaching back to most ancient

times, and said to have been written by an Alexandrian named Uranios. The manuscript, fabricated with much art, was designed to pass for a palimpsest—the name given to a parchment on which an old inscription has been erased to make room for another, the original text reappearing only by means of chemical reagents. This was Simonides's first essay in palimpsests, and there is no denying that it gave evidence of an extreme skill. Is this skill sufficient to explain the countenance at once afforded to our Greek by William Dindorf? May not other motives have served to blind the celebrated philologist? So much, at least, is certain, that Dindorf immediately declared himself convinced, that he rejected all representations, combated all objections, that he himself bought the manuscript for the sum of 2000 thalers, and that he sought directly to sell it again to the Prussian government for 5000 thalers, which would have insured him a pretty little profit. Before buying, however, the King of Prussia charged some Berlinesse savans, among them M. Lepsius, the first of modern Egyptologists, with the examination of the document. More than one warning had already been heard. M. Lycurgos, a Greek scholar, who had given lessons to our Simonides, conceived suspicions on finding, in Uranios, the solecisms that he had formerly corrected at Athens, in the themes of his pupil. Then there were strange idioms, modes of speech entirely modern. M. Tischendorf, a poor enough critic, but an experienced paleographer, declared, on his side, that the manuscript in question presented the writing of the eleventh century, but could not be a palimpsest of the fifth. M. Lepsius, who appears to have been deluded at first, had no sooner obtained permission to take away the manuscript, to study at leisure, than he found the contents completely at variance with the most recent and certain discoveries of science. The chemical and microscopic tests finished by demonstrating that the text of the pretended Uranios, instead of being more ancient than the effaced writing, was more modern—in other words, that it was a counterfeit, the work of a forger. Furnished with all these proofs, M. Lepsius went to Leipsic, in company with a police-agent, and on the first of February, 1856, Simonides was arrested, at the very moment when he was making his arrangements to go to London. At his dwelling was found the whole apparatus with which he had manufactured his Uranios: chemical inks, essays of old writing, manuscripts, some spurious, others authentic, works of Egyptologists such as Bunsen and Lepsius himself, and, to crown all, the text of Uranios. The money which Simonides had received from Dindorf was still in his possession.

The offense was evident, yet it remained unpunished. The Prussian tribunal set Simonides at liberty, and restored to him his effects and his money. The criminal, in fact, had not committed his fraud in Prussia, and M. Dindorf, who had been its only real victim, was not

a Prussian. As for the Saxon tribunals, they could interfere only on condition of making it a civil suit, which M. Dindorf, for some reason or other, did not care to do. The forger did not fail to cite his acquittal as a proof of his innocence, and betook himself to Vienna, where I know not what became of him. At thirty-five he had accomplished labors beside which the forgeries of which M. D'Hunolstein, Feuillet de Conches, and Chasles have been the dupes must always appear very tame and paltry.

In closing this account of the more noted literary forgeries, perhaps it may not be amiss to devote a few words to the cheat of which M. Chasles has been the victim; and this by reason of its being the latest piece of knavery, rather than from any claim it possesses to rank with those already described.

Some eight years since, a man named Vrain-Lucas presented himself before M. Chasles, a member of the Institute, and proposed to sell him a large number of autographs and curious pieces belonging to a M. De Bois-Jourdain, who was desirous of parting with them. On this basis Vrain-Lucas constructed the whole fable: The collection in question had been made in the last century by a rich personage, who was obliged to emigrate in 1791. He went to America, carrying with him his collection: on his return he was shipwrecked; all his autographs, letters, and books fell into the water, but were afterward recovered. This explained the condition of some of the pieces offered to M. Chasles.

M. Chasles believed the word of this man,

and made many purchases of him. Twenty-seven thousand forged pieces were sold for the sum of one hundred and forty thousand francs—at different times, of course.

Some of the pretended letters were as follows:

Letters and poems of Abelard, one of the latter entitled "The Unfortunate Lover;" letters from Alexander the Great to Aristotle, from Argesilaus to Euripides, from Cleopatra to Cæsar, from Æschylus to Euripides.

Letters of Attila; of Catherine Boren, Luther's widow; of Julius Cæsar, Cicero, Clovis, and Charlemagne.

Three songs of Blanche of Castile, and sixty letters of Joan of Arc.

A letter from Judas Iscariot to Mary Magdalen.

Two letters from Gremius Julius to Jesus Christ.

Twenty-five letters to St. Peter from that Lazarus who was raised from the dead.

Of course there were many others; these are but a few of the most striking ones.

The wonder is, how M. Chasles could credit the authenticity of these pieces.

Finally, the discovery of the truth was brought about by an experiment on some letters of Galileo. Vrain-Lucas was arrested on a charge of swindling, and, being convicted, was condemned to two months of imprisonment and a fine of five hundred francs. The examination, which lasted a long time, was only very recently concluded.

And, in future, M. Chasles would do well to renounce autographs!

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is difficult for an old traveler in Europe, of more than twenty years ago, to believe that the Prussian King William, who has become suddenly the hero of liberty and order, is the same prince who at that time stemmed the current of popular revolution in Prussia. The King, indeed, has probably not changed. He is, doubtless, the same tough old Tory, believing in his God-given crown, and despising a popular constitution as heartily as ever. But the ocean currents are stronger than the will of the sailor afloat upon them. In the inevitable battle between political progress and reaction, typified by Germany and by imperialized France, the old King has been lifted into a prominence which makes him more the hero of civilized order than ever Frederick the Great was of Protestantism. Few kings in history have had a deeper and nobler popular sentiment behind them than this grim old Prussian Tory; and his heart must be triply hard if it has not been touched both with admiration and awe by the spectacle of a great nation resistlessly united in an intelligent and lofty unity of purpose.

The political education of Germany proceeds steadily with its general development. Its movements are not hysterical, and the German does not run into the street to throw up a barricade

at every point of friction between opposing political tendencies. But while the political form remains absolute and despotic the substantial intelligence of the people gradually makes absolutism impossible. The condition of 1815 is like a legend of the dark ages. It is not William nor his dynasty, it is threatened Germany and civilization, it is the genius of political reaction letting loose Threos and Zouaves upon intelligent and liberal Europe, that summons the great steady German people into the field to fight the battle of modern liberty and order. And as the Easy Chairs upon this side of the sea contemplate the tremendous spectacle, and see the people waving hats and flags and handkerchiefs to the King and the princes, holding their stirrups and kissing their hands, one of the Easy Chairs, at least, reverts in memory to those other days of '48, when Europe was also shaken, and when William was not yet king, but was only Prince Royal of Prussia, the King's brother.

The King in those days was his poor Majesty Clicquot, as he was called; a man not without literary cultivation, of a great deal of maudlin sentimentality, and a prodigious capacity for drinking Champagne. He was sensible enough to make Humboldt his familiar friend, having him constantly with him at his country palace;

and his minister in England was Bunsen. But Champagne and political sentimentality were his bane and his ruin. It was a great pity both for him and for his country, but his Majesty was not respected. Even *Punch*, in London, made merciless fun of him. The poor King should have been kept from general view like a Grand Lama. If trouble were to come, his image in the national mind could not possibly prove to be a tonic, and trouble did come.

The Reform banquets were proposed in Paris. Louis Philippe was king and Guizot was his minister. The assembly was apparently devoted to the dynasty. But Odilon Barrot, then liberal and eloquent; De Tocqueville, constitutionalist and sagacious; and the late Montalembert, a legitimist *sans peur et sans reproche*, were all in opposition. Odilon Barrot was the popular tribune of the moment, and his speeches excited the people and harassed the government. De Tocqueville, in a remarkable discourse, full of practical wisdom and political sagacity, distinctly foretold the revolution. Montalembert, in a passionate and electrical appeal, so moved the Chamber that it voted to adjourn, distrusting its action under the influence of his spell. Then came the catastrophe; the flight of the King; the proposition of the regency of his daughter-in-law, the widow of the Duke of Orleans and mother of the Count De Paris; the significant cry of Lamartine, "Too late! too late!" and the proclamation of the republic with the provisional government.

What a wonderful spectacle it was! and at this moment let us remember how well the nation behaved, how orderly even the mob of Paris was—that mob which is so constantly and wrongly called "the people," by those who speak of French events—and how noble and memorable was the service of Lamartine, who, more than any other Frenchman, in that hour of incredible excitement and vague, terrible apprehension, kept the peace at home and abroad; and, by a stroke of rhetoric, which was also a sublime act of humanity and patriotism, made the flag of liberalism, and not that of terror, the accepted flag of France. Carlyle sneered at Lamartine as squirting rose-water upon the revolution. But no thoughtful Frenchman, and no man any where who reads or remembers that history faithfully, will deny to Lamartine the praise of the most sagacious inspirations and words. It is not clear that any other man in France could have tided the country over the perils of those early weeks of the revolution. Lamartine was not wholly a hero, indeed; but it is not the blind begging Belisarius of later days, it is the brave king of the occasion, whom grateful France and civilization will remember.

For many days in Berlin there had been thunder in the air. It was evident that something impended. The reading-rooms along the pleasant street Unter den Linden, and all the *bier lokals*, were full of attentive students of the papers, who discussed the chances of events. At length the final news came. The first thing that we heard in Berlin was that the government was ready and had plenty of soldiers. Probably it knew the necessity, for the city had an air of suppressed excitement, and the feeling was such that troops of the cavalry of the paternal government paraded the streets at night to help every

body keep quiet. But there were some irrepressible spirits who would not "move on" at the paternal request, and it became necessary to emphasize it with sabres. The cavalry charged upon groups of talkers that would not disperse; and, indeed, one evening the pleasant Unter den Linden was so full of people that the paternal cavalry made a clean sweep through it at a rapid trot with drawn swords, and one free-born son of Columbia pursuing the higher humanities at the university had his head laid open by the admonitions of the government.

But the amazing and sudden success of the revolution in France put all the crowned heads of Europe into a panic, and they began to make concessions to the people. It was pitiful to see, because it implied a kind of conscious robber-relation between the rulers and the nations. The kings seemed like pirates who had been overtaken, and in mortal terror at the probable consequences of their crimes, proposed to disgorge their plunder. They professed willingness to restore large shares of the treasures of liberty that they had stolen, and were evidently much more conscious at that moment of the power of the people than of their "God-given" authority. King Cluquot went with the rest, and promised well. There should be a constitution and all the modern improvements added to the political edifice of Prussia. There were optimists in those startling days, who thought that Europe was to be republicanized by the mere force of reason, and that kings were about gracefully to own themselves in the wrong and to retire.

But suddenly, one Saturday afternoon in Berlin, the mere force of reason gave way. The Easy Chair was dining with some student friends at the old Belvedere.—Is it standing still? Do the pudding and the soup still meet in the middle of the feast? Is the white beer of Bavaria still drunk there by the yard? Is the kind old man long since departed, who, overhearing the English tongue, and learning that the Easy Chair was American, exclaimed with satisfaction, "We love die Americans, and we know very much your General Washington Irving?" Is the palace of the Prince of Prussia still standing close at hand? But who sees Humboldt walking by? Who hurries across into dear old Ritter's lecture-room?—While we were yet dining anxious faces appeared, and we were told that trouble was brewing. A crowd of people had been to the royal palace to demand arms, and they had been refused. The revolution was coming! The tidal wave was even now lifting us! We all arose and went out. A huge concourse of men was swiftly swarming from the palace into the broad street. As it passed along, like a dark cloud, covering every thing with shadow, doors and windows were closed, and shop-keepers hurried to make all fast. Before the palace of the Prince of Prussia, his present Majesty King William, a carriage was standing, and the moment the crowd had passed the Princess of Prussia, the present Queen, and a beautiful woman, came out with children, and stepped quickly into the carriage, which drove off rapidly toward the King's palace. The crowd swept on, and the leaders of revolution knew that the hour had come.

As the Easy Chair strolled curiously along, it saw men with clubs and iron bars hurrying by evidently to a rendezvous, and officers on horse-

baek clattered through the streets, which all carriages had deserted. The leaders knew that no time could be safely lost, and by three o'clock barricades were rising in the chief streets that led into Unter den Linden. The Easy Chair turned into its room in the Friedrich Strasse, and at the same moment it saw from the window that a crowd had brought the materials to build a barricade just beneath it. Suddenly there was a low knock at its door, and opening it, the Easy Chair saw a young officer of the King's Guards. He was pale, and explained courteously that he had been making a visit at the rooms of the General upon the floor below—he was the General's daughter's lover—and that to attempt to pass the barricade in the uniform that he wore would be to invite destruction. Would the Easy Chair be so gracious as to lend a gentleman in that unhappy predicament a few garments of the civilian? While he spoke they could both hear the heavy rumble of artillery, and far away shots of musketry. The uniform was quickly concealed, and with the utmost courtesy the young officer thanked the Easy Chair, and hastened away, as he said, to reach his post.

The barricade beneath the window was soon built, and the sound of firing grew heavier and nearer. The Easy Chair heard the approach of soldiers advancing upon the barricade. At the same moment the sloping roof of the house opposite to its window began to heave, and was finally burst through by the iron bars of the insurgents, who, completely protected by the eaves from the fire of the soldiers in the street, could throw down upon them every kind of deadly missile. But the clear voice of the commanding officer ordered, loud enough for all on the neighboring houses to hear, that the troops should fire upon every person who appeared at a window, and he sent a detachment into the opposite house. The barricade was then assaulted and carried, and the Easy Chair was at once within the military lines that were pushed outward from Unter den Linden. But for hours the alarm-bells rang, and the sharp volleys of musketry rattled, and the dull heavy cannon thundered and shook the air. A great battle was going on in the city. The moon shone, the white clouds drifted through the sky, and there was no other sound than that of the bells, the muskets, and the cannon.

The next day the city was like a city that had been carried by assault. The soldiers had taken the barricades and held the streets. But there was a universal feeling that the people were strong enough to bring King Cliequot to terms, and there was bitter hatred of the Prince of Prussia, who had counseled and directed the operations of the night. The King issued a sentimental proclamation to his liebe Berliner, his dear Berlinese. But the dead were carried to the royal palace and brought into the court, and his poor Majesty was compelled to come to the window and to look upon his subjects, whom he was plainly told that he had murdered. He wept and promised; and it was understood that his brother sharply reproached him for not maintaining his prerogative by the grace of God. But there was a kind of national guard organized and armed. There was a solemn and triumphal funeral of the dead, and Humboldt walked in the procession among the national

mourners. There was a little feeble talk of Cliequot as Emperor of Germany. But after the ludicrous and brief empire of the Archduke John, the last of poor Cliequot's wits ebbed away; Robert Blum, the popular leader, had been shot, and the Prince of Prussia, becoming king, stoutly held that he owed his crown to God, and was responsible to Him, and not to the people.

But while his Majesty the King has held his views, their Majesties the People have held theirs. The political education of Germany has steadily proceeded, and the old doctrine of divine right has been surely undermined. The deepest political desire in Germany to-day is for a union of the German race. Germany heard with amazement, like the rest of the world, the declaration of Thiers three years ago, that the true policy of France was the continued dismemberment of Germany. It was the statesmanship of barbarism, and Germany does not forget it. When Louis Napoleon made his monstrous declaration of war, without even a pretense of just occasion, Germany rose with a single heart, not to protect a Prussian dynasty, but to defend its own integrity, and to assert the power of civilization against the incursions of anarchy. William became of necessity the head of the movement. But as the old man rode into the field, followed by the prayers and benedictions even of those who were his victims in '48, he was the representative not of a royal house, but of a royal people, whose triumph would be that of civilized order, intelligence, and progress. Yet still, as the sound of the German cannon echoes over the sea, the advancing guns of liberty, the Easy Chair must curiously remember those other guns long ago which the same King fired.

MANY of the American bishops of the Roman Church returned during the summer, and Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, one of its most conspicuous and beloved prelates, delivered a lecture upon the subject of the Council, which is of peculiar interest from the American point of view. The Archbishop described very simply and graphically the proceedings of the Council, and we have nowhere seen a more intelligible report. He mentioned the great inconvenience of the wing of the huge transept of St. Peter's, in which the Council assembled, and the clumsy canvas ceiling which was contrived to remedy the acoustic defects, and which did not remedy them. Then the atmosphere of St. Peter's made mischief. The great cathedral has a climate of its own. It is an air which the outer heat and cold does not affect, and which is odorous with the continual incense of centuries. In the burning summer you lift the huge leathern curtain that hangs over the door, and you are chilled by a wintry coolness. In winter you pass from the raw air of the great Place, or piazza before the church, into a mild, sweet temperature.

But this sudden check and change were fatal. Thirteen of the cardinals and bishops died within the first three months, and many more have since died. One day, the Archbishop says, they thought one of the brethren had died in the Council. "In the hall," he says, "there were three openings, and consequently many currents of air. So that many of the older bishops came in leaning on their staffs, tottering along to find their places, hardly knowing whether they would live or die.

.....These openings made it very unpleasant. And then the slamming of doors, the coughing and sneezing, made it extremely difficult to hear the orator. Nevertheless, under all these inconveniences, we did the best we could."

It was, according to the Archbishop, a perfectly free Council, which Father Hyacinthe denies. "The Pope was never present," says the Archbishop. "He sought no control over us, leaving us under the direction of five cardinals. There was entire liberty of speech," he adds, "provided we first obtained permission, which was never refused;" and then he describes a regulation which is worthy the most serious attention of all conventions, ecclesiastical and political, of all legislatures and public meetings of every kind. Going up into the ambon, or pulpit, where we addressed the brethren, "we spoke as long as we thought necessary; and it was only when we were, in the estimation of the audience, too tedious or lengthy, that a little bell was rung, and we were requested to descend from the stand." This does not seem to be precisely speaking as long as we thought necessary, but as long as was thought agreeable by the hearers. Moreover, who decided that the audience considered us tedious the Archbishop does not mention. But, as he speaks of one bell only, it was probably in the hand of one of the five cardinals under whose direction we were always perfectly free. And when that Eminence thought that our remarks—tending, possibly, toward some remote doubt of the wisdom of proclaiming infallibility—ought to be tedious to the audience, even if they were not, he tinkled the little bell, upon which we, whose minds and discourses were uncontrolled, and who spoke as long as we thought necessary, straightway descended from our ambon, or pulpit. The freedom of speech was apparently perfect. "The little joker is unquestionably under this thimble," quoth the positive gentleman at the fair.

The Archbishop tells us further that the rights of science were never more amply vindicated. The Bishop of St. Augustine was their champion. He took the cardinals to task for the old judgment against Galileo, which, however, he said that the Pope never signed. And the Bishop called Galileo "that great, good man." Surely this is significant, that the great modern Council of the Church should hear one of its members praise Galileo, and without rebuke! Science has its rights, said the Bishop. Scientific men should pursue their investigations with the largest liberty. The Bishop of St. Augustine proceeds to illustrate his conception of the largest liberty of science, as the good Archbishop has already given us his of the perfect freedom of speech. We must say to scientific men—who are wholly free—says the Bishop, that they must not pretend to find in science any thing antagonistic to the revelations of the Bible. When they think that they have done so it is their duty to submit it to learned men in the Church, and the Church will never find fault with them if they do so. Archbishop Purcell states that another American bishop wished science to have the same liberty—the liberty, that is to say, of submitting its conclusions to the revision and approval of the doctors of the Church.

But the modern St. Augustine deserts us at the very crucial point. When science, being perfectly free, submits to us the results of its investigation, and we of the ecclesiastical body do not

approve them, what is to be done? Are the conclusions of science to be rejected as false because they do not agree with our opinions, who are not versed in science? Or is the opinion of the ecclesiastical body to be considered science? Suppose, for instance, that science, in the person of Galileo, teaches the revolution of the earth, and that we, the Church, in the persons of the cardinals, declare that such a doctrine is contrary to Scripture, what is to be done? Shall we denounce Galileo, as we did before, or confess our own incompetence? Is the truth decided by science or by our opinion? If by our opinion, then the earth does not revolve around the sun. If by science, why should wise men submit the results of their investigation to us who are proved to be dunces, and who confess it?

There is something very artless in this conception of freedom. The liberty of science to submit the result of its investigations to the doctors of the Bishop's Church, and its equal liberty to have its conclusions approved or condemned by those doctors, is very much the kind of liberty that Galileo enjoyed. It is the liberty of doing and saying exactly what the ecclesiastical doctors choose. The excellent Bishop of St. Augustine must hold to one position or the other. If he said, as the report of Archbishop Purcell's address declares, "Science has its rights, which should never be interfered with; and scientific men should pursue their investigations with the largest liberty," why does he say, as also reported, that if they reach certain decisions, they must submit them to the decision of certain doctors of the Church? Does he not see that he also unavoidably suggests the remark of the gentleman at the fair, "The little joker is certainly under this thimble?"

Presently, in a frank and manly way, Archbishop Purcell describes his speech in the Council upon civil government; and this merits the most careful attention, as the view of one of the most justly eminent and distinguished dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church in America. He had obtained leave to speak—subject, of course, to the tinkling of the little bell—when the entire order of proceedings was changed, and "I was left out in the cold, as were other bishops." He therefore wrote out his speech, and sent it to the archives of the Council. But he must also have delivered it at last, because he says that when he came down from the ambon, or pulpit, the English Archbishop Manning, one of the most uncompromising advocates of the infallibility, rushed forward, took his hand, and said, "You are a true republican," which, however, was a very questionable compliment from Dr. Manning. But our American Bishop said plainly that it would have been better for the Church if kings had never assumed to protect her; that our American form of government is the best in the world, because it finds the rightful source of power where God placed it, in the people. He said that our civil constitution gives perfect liberty to every denomination of Christians, and looks with equal favor upon all. This, said the Archbishop, "I believe is better for the Catholic religion than if it were especially protected. All we want is a fair field and no favor. It is for the people to decide. If they approve our religion, they will embrace it; if they do not, they will reject it."

These were remarkable words to hear in a

Council summoned to decree the infallibility of the head of a Church, for there is not the least insinuation in them that if the people do not approve they will go to Hades. The American Bishop pushed his radicalism still further. He said that he wanted to know when to obey the pope as an infallible interpreter, and he cited two classes of historical illustrations. We are told, he said, that the popes were always infallible, although the dogma was never defined. Very well; when a certain pope taught that baptism in the name of the Son only is sufficient, was he infallible? Again, by what right does the pope assume to control temporal affairs? The power has been distinctly claimed by them; it has been exercised. The popes have deposed English kings and queens, and have declared their subjects relieved of their allegiance. "I find no text for it in the Bible," says the American prelate. And "the entire Council, with one voice, cried out, 'Those popes had no authority, no commission from God to pretend to any such power.'"

No wonder that the good Archbishop exclaimed that he thanked God he had spoken, and that the Council had decided that the day had gone by when such things were possible. It is unquestionably one of the most important decisions of the Council, or, more properly, one of the most significant expressions of the present sentiment of the Roman Church. This claim of universal and paramount political authority, which the popes exercised in the great days of their supremacy, was renounced by Pope Pius VI., and by the chief Continental Catholic universities, at the close of the last century; but the expression which Archbishop Purcell has drawn from the General Council is conclusive of the present attitude of his Church upon the subject.

He makes the best of the dogma, like all of his brethren who were opposed to it. Their arguments were evidently not answered, but they submitted to the decision of the Council. Yet it is curious how little knowledge or how little harmony of interpretation upon this subject there is among the doctors of the Church. Thus the Holy Patriarch of Jerusalem said that the question had long since been decided in a certain Council of Lyons and a Council of Florence. But Archbishop Purcell states that those Councils, unable to find authority in Scripture or tradition for the declaration of infallibility, "laid the question aside." Then comes Bishop Bailey, of New Jersey, telling us that "the Catholic Church has always believed in infallibility; that it is one of its accepted doctrines, and all that it ever needed was to be confirmed by council." That seems to settle the question, when Father Hyacinthe, in his ringing voice, declares that "it is a doctrine unknown to all ecclesiastical antiquity, which is disputed even now by numerous and eminent theologians, and which implies a radical change in the constitution of the Church." And the universities of which we were just speaking, the universities of Sorbonne, Louvain, Douay, Alcalá, and Salamanca, deliver their fire side by side with Father Hyacinthe, and directly into the face of Bishop Bailey. "It is no matter of faith to believe that the pope is in himself infallible, separated from the body of the Church, even in expounding the faith." And even Archbishop Purcell, who desired the reporters to announce

that there is no more devoted Churchman of his faith than he, says, with energy: "If he denies any dogma of the Church held by every true believer, he is no more pope than either you or I."

THE Easy Chair has received a letter which is undoubtedly genuine, but which, whether it be genuine or not, describes a very common situation, and asks advice which is often passionately sought and utterly disregarded. The letter is the revelation of a familiar tragedy. A young mechanic, refined, and, to a certain degree, cultivated, marries a woman five or six years older than himself, after a year's courtship. He made five hundred dollars in the first year of his marriage, and saved sixty. He did better the second year, and continued to prosper. But, after marriage, his wife confessed that she knew nothing of housekeeping, and could not cook, and it was soon evident that she had no talent for management, nor even personal neatness. For three years he did almost all the work in his house as well as out of it. Then, with greater prosperity, he "hired a girl," and every thing was a hundredfold worse.

During all this time he remonstrated gently and patiently, trusting to time, to affection, to the mother's love of her children, to pride, to—any thing. Ten years have passed, and the situation is only ten times more terrible and insupportable. Endless shiftlessness and waste and scolding and disorder make up the daily story, and over all hangs the undimmed ideal of a home to which he wooed and won his wife.

"I don't know what to do. If, after years of patient effort, things remain the same, what does the future promise? I am at home always, except when traveling upon my employer's business. All I want is a quiet, peaceful, ordinarily well-managed home. I can't get it, and God knows I am in deep trouble." He does not deny that he has become impatient, for he is utterly discouraged. "Is it morally right for two people to live together in such relations? Must a mistake in judgment cost me the happiness of a lifetime?" That final question is the key of the whole position. In all such cases the question is not individual or simple; if it were, it could be easily answered. The Easy Chair reminds his correspondent that there are four persons concerned—himself, his wife, and two children, and that the happiness of the last three is quite as precious, and as much to be considered, as his own. There can not be a question that, under the circumstances he describes, if there be any fault, it is his own original fault of judgment. But from that fault new relations have sprung, and from them new duties. His first duty is not to consult his own happiness, which, if lost, is lost by his own act, however innocent. His paramount duty is care for the welfare of his wife and children. He has deliberately assumed responsibilities; and, although rashly and unwisely, he can not evade them. There is no insupportable vice nor disease upon either side. His wife loves him, and would remain.

The law, as he truly says, gives him no relief. What relief could it, or ought it to give him? If there were a law that every body who found, or supposed that he found, or said that he found—for all those alternatives must be considered—that his marriage was a mistake could dis-

solve it by walking away from his wife, the consequences are easy to imagine. One of the great disciplines of marriage, according to all experience, and in the nature of things, is the necessity it imposes of self-sacrifice and infinite mutual forbearance. Its spiritual benefit is nobler character. Its end, indeed, is happiness, but happiness interpreted in the loftiest sense—happiness which may require incessant self-renunciation.

These are grave things for an Easy Chair to say; but they are things that should be deeply pondered by its correspondent. Can he honorably, even if he could legally, deprive his wife of her children? Can he honorably leave them to her unchecked influence by abandoning them all? and if not, is not his honorable, however painful and perplexing, duty clear?

WHEN Father Hyacinthe was the hero of the hour he wrote a letter saying that if the Great Council of his Church at Rome should not be truly free in its deliberations, he would not accept its declaration of papal infallibility, but would cry aloud and continually for a council which should really represent the Church, and whose voice should indeed be authoritative. Now that the dogma is declared, the father promptly repudiates it, because, as he says, he is a Catholic and a Christian. But his protest is leveled not only at the declaration, but at the dogma. Not only, in his judgment, was the Council not free, and its declaration, therefore, not to be considered binding, but the dogma is in itself monstrous, and therefore to be rejected.

The difficulty with Father Hyacinthe's position as a member of his Church is, that it puts him out of it. As we said, upon the publication of his first letter, his position is essentially Protestant. He asserted his own judgment against the decision of his Church. And it is not a valid plea to urge that it was not, in his opinion, a real decision of the Church. For if that liberty of judgment is to be reserved to every member, there is, obviously, an end of unity and harmony.

The doctrine of the Church must be authoritatively pronounced by some body or by some person, and in some way. If the pope and the cardinals and the bishops, in universal council, may not declare the faith, who may? May Father Hyacinthe? But if he renounces such a claim for himself, does he not immediately reassert it when he declares the conditions upon which alone he will receive the declaration from others? Is he to be the judge of the freedom of the Council? May he properly insist that the decree shall be made unanimously, and that the voice of less than the whole is not binding? Or, leaping over all forms and conditions, if the individual Father Hyacinthe may declare that the doctrine of papal infallibility is repugnant to the spirit of the Gospel and to human instinct, and yet remain a member of the Church, may not every other member do precisely the same thing? And what then becomes of the dogma? And what need then of any council for any purpose? If the individual member of the communion may decide for himself that the doctrine of infallibility is contrary to the Gospel, he may surely decide for himself upon every other declaration which his Church may make.

Father Hyacinthe will probably find that when he laid aside the robe of his order he laid aside

the authority of his Church. The prelates in the Council who opposed the dogma have either assented to it or will assent to it, or they will hold their positions, as it were, under false pretenses. If any bishop, for instance, should say to his people what Father Hyacinthe says in his letter, that the Council had overstepped its powers, that its declarations, consequently, were without authority, and that he repudiated the doctrine of papal infallibility, he would undoubtedly hear from his official superiors. But the good Father Hyacinthe no longer, as we understand, exercises ecclesiastical functions; and the Church leaves him severely alone. As we said last year, he had but three courses before him. He must either be reconciled to the Church, which would be the last we should ever hear of the former fervid orator of Notre Dame, or he must lead a schism in his Church, or he must leave the fold in which he was reared, and which he loves with the enthusiasm of a sentimental and passionate nature.

He has not chosen either, but the choice is made for him. If he remains nominally a member of his old Church, it is as a protestant against its most solemn and universal modern act, and a protestant upon principles which subject the whole authority of the Church to the inquisition of the individual judgment. "Man," he says, in speaking of the Council, "has been powerless to procure the triumph of truth and justice." And he appeals to God. But is not the Church of his affections divinely directed? If in so momentous an act as the declaration of the dogma, if in the Great Council which has brought the ecclesiastical ends of the earth together in the historic capital of his faith, God has not influenced the Church, where can he be expected to do so? And if the father's cry could be heard, if another council should assemble and undo the work of the present, and other fathers, with all the sincerity of Hyacinthe, should, in turn, repudiate its declarations, they must be justified by him as he demands justification, and thus, upon his own principles, the great assumption and authority of his Church would be overthrown.

The choice, we say, is made for him. Father Hyacinthe stands upon purely Protestant ground. If he were able to turn his pure and flaming zeal to the leadership of a schism, he would hardly fail to become, like Savonarola, an historic figure. But he is of too gentle and tender a nature. And as yet it is doubtful if he sees the scope of his own protest.

In the August Number of this Magazine a letter was published from Mr. Fitzhugh Ludlow to the Easy Chair, stating that a remedy had been discovered, which seemed to him almost infallible, for the relief of opium-eaters, a subject in which Mr. Ludlow has been, as is well known, long interested. Mr. Ludlow was just sailing for Europe, and referred inquirers to Mr. Henry Read, of Lowell, Massachusetts. Letters which the Easy Chair presently received, from persons evidently painfully anxious upon the subject, stated that a large sum was required to be paid in advance, and that the whole business had a mysterious and suspicious aspect. The Easy Chair, which had printed the letter of Mr. Ludlow as that of an old correspondent of the Magazine, and an authority upon the subject, wrote to

Mr. Read, and received from him a long and detailed account of the facts. Mr. Read confirms the statement of our correspondents, that an enormous price is demanded for the antidote; but he claims that he is not responsible, being an agent only, and that neither he nor Mr. Ludlow, who both attest the efficacy of the remedy, has any control of the price.

Editor's Literary Record.

WE have never read any novel, and rarely any history, with greater interest than that with which we have perused EUGÈNE TÉNOT'S *Paris in December, 1851, or the Coup d'Etat of Napoleon III.* (Hurd and Houghton). M. Ténot is an ardent republican. But he does not write as a partisan. His circumstances did not allow it. His book, published in France in 1868, could not be an indictment of the French Emperor. He has written with singular but necessary self-restraint. He has confined himself to recording the history, mainly compiled, too, from official documents, without note or comment. Whenever a quoted document itself contained any thing directly derogatory to the Emperor, the obnoxious matter has been expunged, and fragmentary extracts alone been given. The reproduction of Victor Hugo's pronouncement to the army, issued at the time, is a curious illustration of the author's reserve. Notwithstanding the fact that it is an historical document, the page which contains it is about equally divided between print and asterisks. But this very reserve makes the book more significant, more entertaining, let us add, more trust-worthy. No one will pretend that M. Ténot is an impartial historian. But he is compelled to be so fair and honest that not even Cæsarism could find in his book an excuse for its suppression. The attentive and unprejudiced reader of this book will reach a conclusion, we think, midway between that of those who have most violently denounced and those who have most energetically defended this crime. He will neither accept the conclusions of Mr. Kinglake nor those of Mr. John S. C. Abbott. The republic which existed in December, 1851, was without republicans. Neither of the three political parties into which France was divided was satisfied with the Constitution. The monarchists wished to overthrow it to restore the Bourbon or the Orleans dynasty. The then President was intriguing to supplant it with a Napoleonic empire. The republicans wished to guard against the double danger by taking from the President the control of the army. A law, taking from three millions of voters the right of suffrage—a high-handed outrage, of which the monarchial party were the authors—followed by an ineffectual attempt to place the military under the partial control of the President of the Assembly, was the pretext upon which Louis Napoleon justified his act. His blow was avowedly on behalf of universal suffrage. The working-men of Paris applauded the act which checkmated the Bourbons and Orleanists, or viewed it with supreme unconcern. M. Ténot's testimony on this point is clear and decisive. "Why should we fight?" responded one of the workmen to the appeals of their would-be leaders. "They give us universal suffrage." They had no faith in their own representatives. Just before Baudin's death one of

a group of working-men to whom he appealed replied, with cruel sarcasm, "Do you think we wish to be killed in helping you retain your twenty-five francs a day?" The most dangerous, though not the bitterest opposition to Napoleon was not from the working-men. The greatest slaughter was not among the blouses of the Faubourg St. Antoine, but among the "yellow gloves" of the boulevards. This is one significant fact, a key to the success of the *coup d'état*. The other is not less significant, nor less a key to what is otherwise an enigma in history, the wonderful success, and yet more wonderful and disastrous failure, of the empire. The *coup d'état* was the victory of the military civilization of the past over the peaceful civilization of the present. The empire was built upon it. "What makes the discipline of our army, and consequently its glory," writes an enthusiastic admirer of the *coup d'état*, "is, that *in spite of civilization, of newspapers and books*, it has never had ideas, but instincts." "You," said General Leflo, on perceiving an inferior officer participating in his arrest—"you, an old soldier—you consent to become an accomplice in treason, to lay your hands upon your chief?" "Go!" was the response; "we have had enough of lawyer-generals and general-lawyers." The Prussian campaign has proved the superior value of an army endowed with ideas to one that has only instincts, and the inauguration of the republic is a proclamation by France to the civilized world that she has had enough of generals that despise the laws. The monarchy may be restored; we will not even assert that the age of miracles is wholly past, and that the empire may not be raised again from the dead. But the military Dagon, before which for nineteen years the French people have bowed in superstitious reverence, has fallen from his pedestal, and is broken in pieces, and he can never be restored again.

THERE is no American author, we hardly know any English author, whom we would sooner select to write a biography of Charles Dickens than Dr. SHELTON MACKENZIE. For over half a century he has lived in familiar fellowship with the *literati* of his time. He has that peculiar cast of mind which seizes upon significant incidents, treasures them up, and, as needed, reproduces them. He is, too, a literary critic—professionally so—and although his criticisms are not and do not assume to be profound, they are pervaded by a personality, a sympathetic appreciation of the writer's aim and spirit, a knowledge, in short, of the man, which is, in some sense, the first condition of either accurate or interesting criticism. His critical writings, like his conversation, are always lively, entertaining, anecdotal. His *Life of Charles Dickens* (T. B. Peterson and Brothers) might almost be

termed reminiscences. It contains, of course, a great deal we all knew before. The birth, the parentage, the first captivation of the public by "Pickwick," the order in which the subsequent stories followed each other, their literary qualities and characteristics; in all this there is nothing with which the newspapers have not already familiarized us. Of the great novelist's interior life and character, of what he was in his family and with his children, what in society and in religious conviction and association, what not merely as an author, but as a man, it tells us but little. Of that unfortunate but still inexplicable separation between himself and his wife it gives us really no information, except the scanty and unsatisfying information afforded long since by Charles Dickens's public card. But of the novelist, as a novelist, of his habits of mind and methods of composition, of the current criticism of his day, of the praise and blame which his succeeding works provoked from the critics and the public, and especially of the sources from which Dickens obtained his power, Dr. Mackenzie tells us a good deal. One secret of Dickens's success lay, doubtless, in the fact that he made real characters sit for the portraits which he drew, albeit he idealized them in the drawing. This we knew before; but we did not know how to detect the originals beneath the disguise. This, in the most entertaining chapter of the book, Dr. Mackenzie explains to us. Tony Weller was a coachman who used to drive between London and Portsmouth. Tracy Tupman—a certain Mr. Winters—was a well-known *habitué* of Hyde Park. The "fat boy" existed in veritable flesh and blood, the servant of a gatekeeper in Essex, between London and Chelmsford. Mrs. Ann Ellis, who kept an eating-house in Doctors' Commons, sat for the portrait of Mrs. Bardell. Mr. Justice Stareleigh was hardly a caricature of Sir Stephen Gaselee. The publication of "Oliver Twist," with its sharply cut portraiture of Mr. Fang, police magistrate, resulted in the removal of A. S. Laing, Esq., from the office which, by his brutality, he disgraced, and from which no previous pressure had sufficed to eject him. All the world knew that the Cheeryble Brothers were the shadows of the brothers Grant, cotton spinners and calico printers near Manchester; but it is a new revelation that the characteristics of Mrs. John Dickens, Charles's mother, are unmistakable in good, poor, doting, foolish Mrs. Nickleby; while traits less amiable, yet that awaken a friendly feeling more akin to pity than contempt, in Micawber and in Turveydrop, were borrowed from his father, who struggled throughout life in perpetual financial difficulty like the one, but, like the other, never failed to maintain the dignity of his department. Mr. Bucket, the detective, passes for Inspector Field, under whose protecting escort the great author made more than one tour of the wretched regions he so graphically described. The rascally but accomplished Mr. Julius Slinkton, whose crimes in "Hunted Down" surpass belief, is the exact fac-simile of Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, the story of whose incredible crimes, penned by Mr. Dickens himself, forms one of the papers which help to swell Dr. Mackenzie's volume to its goodly size of four hundred and eighty-four pages. Dr. Mackenzie has not altogether done himself justice. The public demand

a good book *now*, rather than a better book by-and-by. And Dr. Mackenzie, writing to supply the demand, has not permitted himself the necessary time to collect his material or to arrange what he had collected. His whole book, begun, it is said, on the 14th of June, was finished on the 23d of July. But though it is probable that some more elaborate and thoroughly digested biography will supplant his work in the future, it is certain that for the present want there is no biography more entertaining, and probably none more accurate, than that which Dr. Shelton Mackenzie has given to the American public.

THE American system of government is an extensive and important subject. A good account of the organization and methods of administration of government employed in this country, written in a manner adapted to popular use, would be a valuable contribution to the literature of the day. The years that have elapsed since the close of the war have witnessed a marked advance in the ascendancy of the national government in the degree of popular confidence accorded to it, and in the magnitude and importance of its transactions, and have developed important changes in the administration of the States. The view of the workings of our governments given in books published twenty, or even ten years ago, is incomplete and inadequate for the wants of the present day. A fresh and correct display of the processes of their administration, as now carried on, would be of general interest and value. To give such a picture is the task indicated by the title of Mr. SEAMAN's treatise on *The American System of Government* (Charles Scribner and Co.), which promises us a discussion on "its character and workings, its defects, outside party machinery and influences, and the prosperity of the people under its protection." The work does not, however, fulfill the promise of the title-page. It is not so much an account of the management of the American government as an expression of the author's criticisms and objections to particular features of the system. He describes pretty fully and pretty fairly those departments and branches of administration in which he wishes to suggest improvements; he passes over in silence or with disproportioned brevity those which do not incite his criticism. Thus the volume abounds with suggestions of evils and remedies; and these give to the production its tone. It is not an account of the "American system of government," but of "Dr. Seaman's system of medical practice for the treatment of diseases, deformities, and general decline in the American government." Doubtless it has its good points, probably it may abound in valuable prescriptions, though we apprehend a government that could bear them all would need a naturally fine constitution of its own at the outset. We cordially invite those who think the American governments are in a sick and dying condition, who apprehend a congestion in the Treasury, or general inflammation under the income tax, or boils and tumors in the unreconstructed States, or marasmus among the office-seekers, or general prostration in the army and navy, to "read up" Dr. Seaman's remedies. But, for our own part, we think more favorably of the American government than our author does. We consider

the administration of government in the United States to be, at the present day, in pretty fair case. The patient has been through a severe illness, has had a rub for his life, but is now fully convalescent, and in a fair way to be discharged cured, without requiring new treatment. It may be necessary to keep the extremities in hot water a short time longer, and to maintain a judicious course of bleeding for a couple of years yet, and, possibly, though we doubt it, to sustain the constitution by a few fresh provisions. But, upon the whole, the American patient is doing well.

HAVING made personal trial of *Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East* (Harper and Brothers), we speak whereof we do know when we say that no man should essay the tour of Europe without it. Of course he will add, abroad, guide-books of special localities. But for a volume to give him the outline of the whole field there is nothing to equal it published either in this country or in England. Mr. FETRIDGE, the author, resides abroad, and makes it his business to keep himself acquainted with those constantly occurring changes which so greatly affect the traveler, and so speedily render the ordinary guide-book out of date. The present is the ninth annual edition of "*Harper's Hand-Book*," and is greatly improved, not only by material additions and corrections, but yet more by admirable maps of nearly all the principal European cities. In truth, one might take this volume, and, without going out of his house, acquire by its study during the long winter evenings a better knowledge of Europe than many tourists do in their three months' mad gallop over its chief lines of travel.

We have reserved our notice of Lippincott's series of *Ancient Classics for English Readers* until we should have more than one volume by which to judge of them. Four volumes are now before us—Herodotus, Cæsar, the Iliad, and the Odyssey. Of these the two latter are by the editor, Rev. W. LUCAS COLLINS; the two former are by GEORGE C. SWAYNE and ANTHONY TROLLOPE, respectively. The idea is an admirable one. It is to give to English readers, and in a small compass—the volumes are about 175 pages each—an adequate idea, for the purpose of general information, of the great writers of antiquity. The books are not criticisms; they are not translations; they are not abridgments; they are a curious combination of the three. Let us take the Odyssey for example. In successive chapters, answering to the successive books of the poet, the editor gives an account of the adventures of Ulysses. He intersperses translations, from various authors, of the more striking passages. He adds hints of criticism, and suggestions of the various schools of interpretation. One may read the book through, lazily, in an afternoon. To a large proportion of readers it will afford a better conception of the poet than they could get from any translation, or even from the exercises in grammar and scanning through which most college-students are put, under the shallow pretense that they are studying Homer. To any of our readers who want to know something about the classic authors of antiquity, but have not the time to master them in their original tongues, nor the inclination to read the translations, which are so often only travesties, we recommend Lip-

pincott's edition of the "*Ancient Classics for English Readers*."

DE PRESSENSÉ, following close upon the track of Renan, continues his history of Christianity by a volume on the *Apostolic Era* (C. Scribner and Co.). We have read it with some disappointment. Indeed, nearly all that Pressensé writes impresses the reader as being the work of a man who could produce something far better if he were to write with greater thought and more painstaking. This volume is less brilliant in description than Renan's kindred work on St. Paul, less rich in classic lore than the work of Conybeare and Howson, less transfused with poetic sentiment than the author's previous volume on "*The Life and Times of Jesus Christ*," and is not characterized by any original conception or novel presentation of the teachings of the great apostle. It is a useful without being a pre-eminent book.

What need we say of Mr. BEECHER's *Sermons* more than that J. B. Ford and Co. issue a third volume of them? These sermons are taken down just as they fall from his lips, and are published without revision and without selection. Greater care would give a volume less open to criticism, but this method does just what it purports to do—opens the doors of Plymouth Church to thousands who can never sit within the sound of the great preacher's voice. There are many sermons that are greater in particular qualities than Mr. Beecher's, but none that are more characteristically helpful to every kind of soul want.

The Three Brothers, by Mrs. OLIPHANT (D. Appleton and Co.), is a thoroughly original story in its construction, and very natural, though not strikingly powerful, in its characters and its incidents. It is composed of three stories, woven into one strand, of the brothers Renton, thrown upon their own resources by their father's singular will, and struggling up to manhood in different quarters of the globe and with diverse experiences, each with his own battle to fight and his own heart problem to work out in love's school. There is no intense villain, there are no hair-breadth escapes or thrilling adventures. It is the farthest possible remove from the sensational; a tale, it might be a true tale, of English life. We cordially commend it as a healthful and entertaining story.—Just the opposite kind of story, powerfully written in its way (which, however, we do not think is a very good way), is *Veronica*, by the author of "*Mabel's Progress*" (Harper and Brothers). Veronica is a proud, vain, and unwomanly girl, who has nothing but her beauty to render her attractive, except as her wretched life and miserable death awaken at last our sympathies for one whose life and character are a sore trial to our patience. The moral is very evident; but whether it is worth while to read the story of so much vice to get, at the end, so slight a lesson of virtue, is questionable.—There is no very ostensible moral to make or mar the interest of *A Dangerous Guest* (Harper and Brothers), which is the rather attractive title of a very entertaining novel, the "dangerous guest" being a charming young French girl, and the danger a wedding, which, despite the guardian care of some officious intermeddlers, is consummated at the end of the story. The experiences of the French family in England are

very happily sketched, and the character of Josephine is a very fascinating one.

Recollections of Eton, by an Etonian (Harper and Brothers) is written unmistakably by a follower of Mr. Hughes, but the book is no imitation. It is a simple story of school life at what is the most famous and characteristic of the English schools. It is very evidently a picture, or series of pictures, from the life; and its photographic accuracy is, moreover, vouched for by the English critics. It is of interest to all who like a book which introduces them into a new and otherwise inaccessible world. We have read it with unusual relish. The illustrations are very characteristic and very significant.—The same thing may be said of Harper's new edition of *Tom Brown at Oxford*, published in a cheap form, in paper covers. The book itself is almost a classic, the worthy companion of "Tom Brown's School Days," and is so well known as without a peer in the portraiture of English university life that it needs no commendation from us. Both books are capital ones to put in your boy's trunk when he starts for boarding-school, if you really want him to make a true man of himself, and are not afraid of the exuberance which always accompanies vigorous growth.

Charles Scribner and Co. add to their Library of Illustrated Wonders a volume on *Light-houses*

and *Light-ships*, by W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Most of the series are French; this is of English origin, though the author has drawn largely from the work of M. Renard. The book is profusely illustrated, and gives, in a concise and interesting form, a great deal of useful information; but it would be much more useful, as well as interesting, to the American reader if the publishers had secured the addition of some supplementary information concerning the American light-house system.

The *Princes of Art* (Lee and Shepard) is the title of a translation, by Mrs. S. R. URBINO, from the French, giving some account of the lives of celebrated painters, sculptors, and engravers. The biographies, if so they may be called, are written in a lively and entertaining manner, and are not so much interspersed with anecdotes as a collection of anecdotes respecting their various subjects. But though they are certainly entertaining, and avoid the common error of dry detail which usually characterizes biographies of such extreme brevity, they are neither solid nor full enough to be satisfactory. The book is rather entertaining than instructive. The biographies of thirty of the "old masters" in a compass of three hundred pages could hardly afford more than a morsel. But the morsel is appetizing.

Editor's Scientific Record.

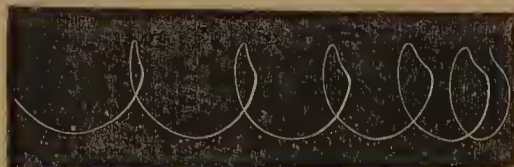
FLIGHT OF BIRDS AND INSECTS.

IN the Scientific Record for October we presented to our readers some considerations in regard to the flight of birds and of insects, as based upon the researches of Doctor Pettigrew and Professor Marey. Some additional experiments have recently been published by the last-mentioned gentleman, correcting and somewhat extending the ideas there presented. Our paragraph was illustrated by two diagrams, the references to which, in part of the edition, were transposed by a typographical error, the cut illustrating the flight of an insect being marked as that for the bird, and *vice versa*. We therefore reproduce them in the present article, for the purpose of correcting the mistake, the figures themselves illustrating the new views on the subject, rather than those first obtained by the authors. By an improved artificial apparatus, Professor Marey has succeeded in simulating with entire accuracy the movement of the membranous wings of insects in flight, to wit: the raising of the body above a given level, and its forward motion in space. The apparatus shows clearly that it is the resistance of the air which imparts to the wings the figure-of-eight motion referred to, as the same curve was described by the wing of the artificial insect, which, of course, only received as its motor rectilineal movements of elevation and depression in the wings. It is, therefore, erroneous to say that a movement of torsion is voluntary on the part of the insect, and assimilated to the effect of the action of a helix, in screwing its way through the air. The flight of the bird, as Professor Marey now finds, differs totally in its principles from that of the insect, and he promises, in a future communica-

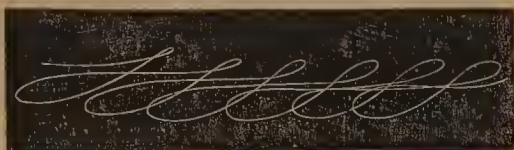
tion, a detailed statement in regard to it. For the present he remarks, that, while in the insect the upward and downward beat both take part in the act of flight, in the bird, in consequence of the peculiar imbrication of the feathers, it is the downward motion alone which comes into play, since, in the elevation of the wing, the air passes so freely through it as to supply no positive resistance. He states, in illustration of this difference, that an insect allowed to take flight after a string is tied to its leg can remain in the air without difficulty, while a bird similarly treated will fall to the ground as soon as the string is stretched. The apparatus of Professor Marey, as improved by him, is sufficient to determine, with the greatest precision, the number of beats of the wing per minute, as well as the particular curve of flight; and, among other observations, he informs us that, while the sparrow makes thirteen movements of the wing in a second, and the wild duck nine, the buzzard (*Buteo vulgaris*) beats its wings only three times in the same interval. As a general rule, he finds that the time occupied in depressing the wing is always decidedly longer than that of elevation, excepting in birds of a small wing area, in which case the two periods are almost equal. At starting the bird appears to make fewer strokes, but with a greater amplitude of stretch than subsequently. The rapidity of the stroke, on the other hand, appears to diminish anew when the bird has obtained a high degree of velocity.

The comparison of the two modes of flight may be summed up by saying, that in the bird the extremity of the wing describes a simple helix, while in the insect a series of lemniscates is traced. The difference in the two curves will

be appreciable by an examination of the diagrams.



FLIGHT OF A BIRD.



FLIGHT OF AN INSECT.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ACTION OF MEAT EXTRACTS.

Considerable misconception appears to exist in regard to the true function of the various extracts of meat, whether those prepared abroad by Liebig and others, or the extracts of Borden and Tourtelot in the United States. Many persons, on being assured that a given weight of these preparations contains the essence of a much larger percentage of lean beef, are apt to be quite incredulous, or unable to understand how this can be the case; and can not appreciate the assertions of manufacturers, that an ounce of the extract is equal to a pound of flesh as a stimulant. A recent article, however, by Dr. Lankester, of England, one of the highest authorities in regard to questions of food, explains the rationale of these preparations, and shows why they are really efficient as asserted. In comparing the composition of Liebig's extract with fresh beef, he states that the former contains the following ingredients:

	Parts.
Creatine, creatinine, inosic acid, osmazome, etc...	51
Gelatine	8
Albumen	3
Mineral matters	21
Water	17
	100

while one hundred parts of lean beef contain the following elements:

	Parts.
Fibrine	4
Albumen	4
Gelatine	7
Fat	30
Mineral matters	5
Water	50
	100

From this it will be seen that, while the water and the albumen are less in the extract, a new set of bodies is introduced, which occupy half the bulk of the compound, and that there are also four times the quantity of mineral matters. The difference, therefore, between the two is essentially in the substances mentioned first in the former of the preceding tables.

According to Dr. Lankester, creatine is a substance of alkaline reaction, resembling, in this respect, quinine, morphine, and other substances, and to a less degree theine, and, like this, possibly exercising a powerful influence upon the human system. Creatinine, again, when decomposed, forms sarkosine, a substance contained in the juice of flesh. The inosic acid is also an important substance; and the combination of all

these, together with the other ingredients mentioned, in the extract, can exercise an influence on the animal system which they will not exert when in the form of flesh meat. The true theory of the action of these extracts Dr. Lankester maintains to be that they exercise a stimulating influence upon the digestive organs, which enables them to digest and dispose of food which, without this stimulant, would be a simple burden to them. The action in this respect appears to be somewhat similar to that of other stimulants, but much more efficient.

AROMA OF COFFEE.

It is well known that in the process of roasting coffee many changes take place in the composition of the berry. The horny material becomes brittle, and the tannin, sugar, and fat are partly destroyed, and the oil of the coffee driven off by the heat. As it is to this latter ingredient that the pleasant aroma of coffee is due, it is important to retain this as much as possible, which may be done by introducing pieces of dry bread, together with the coffee, in the roaster, which will absorb the vapor of the oil like a sponge; and, as it becomes heated to a less degree than the coffee beans, serves to condense this vapor. When the coffee is ground the bread is to be ground up and prepared with it, increasing to a not inconsiderable degree the excellence of the coffee. The proportion of bread to be used is a quarter of a pound to three-fourths of a pound of coffee. The coffee, when roasted, must be kept in a closed vessel, as well filled as possible. To keep roasted coffee for a long time, and prevent the loss of its aroma, it is recommended to sprinkle over the bean, while still hot, white loaf-sugar, in the proportion of about three-quarters of a pound to twenty-five pounds of coffee. This completely envelops the bean with a layer of sugar and preserves its aroma.

LIVING ORGANISMS IN CHALK.

Mr. Béchamp continues to insist upon the existence in chalk of actually living forms, called by him microzymas, a statement which he endeavors to prove by the following reasoning: Pure carbonate of lime, according to his statement, exerts no action upon a solution of starch or sugar, even when in contact with the atmosphere, the experiment having been tried for over two years, with the vessel closed to prevent the access of organisms from the air. If, however, chalk taken very carefully from the very centre of the block be used, instead of the pure carbonate of lime, it acts immediately upon the starch, so as to render it fluid, and interverts the cane sugar, producing immediately, with both, alkali, acetic acid, lactic acid, and butyric acid. He therefore concludes that it is to the living organisms referred to, of a nature somewhat similar to bacterias, that the changes are due; and he finds a similar result—from experiment with various tertiary marls—with the lower cretaceous and with the oolitic limestones, all of which exert the same influence upon the solutions in question. The inference is drawn, therefore, that these microzymas are the organized and still living remains of forms of objects which were developed at the period corresponding to the formation of the rocks, and that they are morphologically identical with the microzymas of modern

times, their action as ferments being quite similar, even if a little more slow.

The influence of these organisms in producing chemical changes is well illustrated, according to the author, in the case of glue or gelatine, which can be kept, even in a state of solution, for an indefinite period of time, provided no organized matter is introduced. If, however, these microzymas are added, in however small quantity, as will happen when exposed to the air, the glue becomes liquefied and assumes a peculiar odor, and is incapable of further gelatinizing.

NATURAL GAS FOUNTAIN.

An interesting communication was recently made by Professor Henry Wurtz to the New York Lyceum of Natural History, in regard to a new and extraordinary gas well in Ontario County, about twenty miles south of Rochester. According to his statement, the reservoir was discovered about four years since, when boring for petroleum, and was entered at a depth of 500 feet. The hole was tubed into the solid rock, the tube, five inches in diameter, projecting about ten feet above the surface; the gas that issues, when burning, giving a flame some thirty feet in height. The estimated flow is at the rate of four to five feet per second, or equivalent to about 400,000 cubic feet per day, or an aggregate of some 600,000,000 annually, which is said to be about half the yearly manufacture of the Manhattan Gas Company of New York. The illuminating power is stated to be that of about six candles. The gas proved by analysis to be principally marsh gas, with, however, a large percentage of carbonic acid, a proportion of nitrogen, and a still smaller quantity of oxygen and of the illuminating hydro-carbons.

SECRETION OF SULPHURIC ACID BY MOLLUSKS.

The remarkable fact was announced some years ago that certain gasteropod mollusca secrete free sulphuric acid; and this has since then been not unfrequently observed in the case of the gigantic *Dolium galea*, which discharges from its proboscis a drop of liquid or saliva that produces a very sensible effervescence on chalk or marble. This secretion from different mollusca, carefully analyzed, showed a considerable percentage of free sulphuric acid, some of combined sulphuric acid, combined chlorohydric acid, with potassa, soda, magnesia, and other substances; the glands secreting the liquids constituting from 7 to 9 per cent. of the total weight of the animal. With this acid secretion there is, at least in some species, an evolution of pure carbonic gas, one gland, weighing approximately about 700 grains, yielding 206 cubic centimeters. The genera so far known to furnish this secretion are *Dolium*, *Cassis*, *Tritonium*, *Cassidaria*, *Pleurobranchidium*, *Pleurobranchus*, and *Doris*. The precise object of this secretion is not entirely understood, although it is suggested that it is used in perforating the bivalve shells or other mollusca which serve as articles of food.

PREPARATION OF HYDROGEN.

A new process for the preparation of hydrogen on a large scale consists in heating to redness a mixture of damp coals and alkaline hydrates.

By this means a mixture of hydrogen and carbonic acid is disengaged and conducted over certain carbonates, which retain the carbonic acid and become bicarbonates. The pure hydrogen is collected in a gasometer, to be used as required. The bicarbonates are employed as such, or as reservoirs of carbonic acid. The oxides produced in the carbonization of the alkaline coals may be utilized for purposes of agriculture, or else to form the hydrates for subsequent operations. Hydrogen may also, it is said, be obtained pure by passing common illuminating gas over lime, heated to cherry redness, the dry residue being carbonate of lime.

SINKING OF THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS.

It is announced that the Andaman Islands are gradually sinking, at the rate of about one foot in the century, the inference being derived from the fact that trunks of trees, still rooted in the ground, may be seen in the water of the straits which separate the islands, and belonging to species which never grew in mangrove swamps, and which are only found further inland. It is even possible to trace, in several places, the stumps of several trees in the sea, up to the state when the trees are just dying by the influence of the sea-water, and the subsequent change of the soil by the formation of the mangrove swamp.

PRIZES PAID FOR IMPROVEMENT IN PARAFFINE MANUFACTURE.

It may be interesting to some of our readers to learn that the Mineral Oil Association of Halle has offered two prizes of \$5000 each for the following purposes: First, for the discovery of some chemical method of purifying the cakes of crude paraffine with the least possible loss of the material; this not to exceed five per cent. Secondly, for the discovery of some apparatus for cooling down masses of paraffine to a temperature of at least twenty-three degrees at any season of the year. It is to be understood that the colorless tar oils, benzene especially, can not be used for purifying paraffine, since they act as a solvent upon it. The loss in purifying must not exceed five per cent., and the operation must be rapid, easily applicable, and inexpensive. The purified paraffine must have a bluish-white color, and be free from smell. The apparatus for cooling the paraffine must be so arranged that in one or more rooms masses of at least 500 hundred-weights can be brought to a temperature of twenty-three degrees in vessels holding 500 pounds each. It is suggested that this can be most advantageously done by cooling the apartments themselves in which the masses of paraffine are placed for crystallization. The cooling of the masses must be gradually accomplished, so that the formation of the crystals in them shall not be interfered with as to their peculiarities, size, etc. The prizes are open for competition until the 1st of January, 1871, to whoever will solve these problems to the satisfaction of the committee of the Mineral Oil Association at Halle.

RED COLOR FROM PICRIC ACID.

According to the *Chemical News*, picric acid may be employed for imparting a beautiful red color to ivory, bone, and horn, by means of the following method: Take 4 grammes of the picric acid (the gramme about equal to 15 grains),

and dissolve in 250 grammes of boiling water; and, after cooling, add 8 grammes of liquid ammonia. Dissolve also two grammes of crystallized fuchsine (magenta) in 45 grammes of alcohol, dilute with 375 grammes of hot water, and next add 50 grammes of ammonia. As soon as the red color of the magenta solution has disappeared the two solutions are mixed together, making a bulk of liquid amounting to about a pint, which is a sufficient quantity for dyeing from four to six sheep-skins. Ivory and bone should be placed in very weak nitric or hydrochloric acid first, before being immersed in the ammoniacal liquid; wood can not be dyed by this liquid unless it has been previously painted over with paste made from flour. When, to the ammoniacal liquid, some gelatine solution is added, it will serve as a red ink, which does not attack steel pens. By changing the proportions of the magenta and picric acid, the tints obtained may be varied from a bluish-red to a bright orange-red. The desired colors do not appear until the ammonia is evaporated.

CUTANEOUS ABSORPTION.

Dr. Scoutetten, of Metz, has, for some years, been carrying on a warfare with what he considers the old-fashioned physiologists, who believe in the doctrine of cutaneous absorption, he himself maintaining that such action, unless when the skin is mechanically abraded or otherwise exposed, is entirely impossible. He insists, in a recent essay, that when immersed in a solution, a healthy surface of skin can not be reached by the liquid, in consequence of the sebaceous secretion, which itself prevents any absorption; and that every substance to be absorbed by the skin must be soluble by, or mixed with, this sebaceous material; and that the application of any finely pulverized substance whatever to the skin, unless chemically corrosive, is not accompanied by absorption. Experiments were made by a commission upon such substances as iodide of potassium, yellow cyanuret of potassium, bichloride of mercury, digitalis, belladonna, etc.; and the immersion of a portion of the body was maintained in solutions of one or the other of these substances for from thirty minutes to two hours. The urine and the saliva were carefully collected at a suitable time after the immersion, and it is said that in no case was there the slightest trace of iodine, of corrosive sublimate, or of the cyanuret in the urine; and that the vegetable substances exhibited no action upon the urine, upon the heart, the circulation, or the innervation.

SOCIETY FOR ASSISTING DESTITUTE MEN OF SCIENCE.

Among other excellent institutions of France is an association intended to furnish aid to destitute men of science during their lives, or to their families after their death. This was founded in 1857 by Thénard, a well-known savant, and the report for 1869, just published, shows that it has accumulated since then a principal fund of over \$150,000, besides the expenditure of nearly \$60,000 for the purposes mentioned in furnishing assistance to forty-one families. Among the beneficiaries of the past year were Madame Petit, of Toulouse, and the family of Mr. Nicklès, the well-known Paris scientific correspondent of the *American Journal of Science*. An allow-

ance was also made to Mademoiselle Silbermann, the daughter of the eminent mechanician of Paris. A similar society, we believe, exists in London, though nothing of the kind, as far as we are aware, has ever been attempted in the United States. How far it would be practicable or desirable to initiate an enterprise of a similar character in this country is well worthy of consideration.

COMPOSITION OF THE SKIN OF ANIMALS.

In a recent article on the composition of the skin of animals, and the changes which it undergoes in tanning, it is stated that, when fresh, from two-thirds to three-fourths of the weight of the skin consists of water; and if dried at 220°, it gradually absorbs water; but dried at the ordinary temperature, the moisture in it varies with the amount in the atmosphere. An analysis of a perfectly dried skin gave about 95 per cent. of gelatine tissue; 3 per cent. of cellular tissue not soluble in water; 1 per cent. of fat; and half of 1 per cent. of mineral material.

AMELIORATION OF THE CLIMATE OF SAVOY.

The abbé Vaullet, Director of the Hospital at Annecy, is satisfied that the temperature of that part of Savoy has become sensibly elevated within the past forty years. The mean temperature, formerly fifty or fifty-two degrees, at the present time exceeds fifty-five degrees. Positive proofs of this change are shown by facts connected with the culture of the vine and wheat, and by the recession of the glaciers. The causes suggested for this amelioration of the climate are, the removal of the forests, the extirpation of hedges, the cultivation of new land, the multiplication of roads, the drying up of the marshes, the growth of the population, the increase in the number of the domestic animals, etc.

FRICTION OF IRON ON ICE.

The determination of the coefficient of friction between iron and ice was ascertained during the past winter by Professor Müller, of Freiburg, in the following manner: A young man on skates with smooth runners was stationed on the ice with a spring balance in his hands, to which a strong string was fastened, and by means of which a second skater drew him upon the ice. At the beginning of the motion the spring balance showed a tractive force of ten or twelve pounds; and during the motion it varied between two and four pounds. As the young man in question weighed 125 pounds the coefficient of friction at the beginning of the motion amounted to 9 per cent. of the weight, while during the motion it amounted to from 1.2 per cent. to 2.6.

PURIFICATION OF WATER BY FREEZING.

Careful experiments have recently been made in regard to the solid constituents of the ice of certain lakes compared with those of the unfrozen water beneath it; and a very decided difference was found to exist, the residuum from the evaporation of the melted ice being much less than that from the same weight of the water in question. In one experiment in the Lake of Zurich, while the water furnished .128 of a gramme of solid matter to the quart, the melted ice yielded only .026 of a gramme. It, therefore, would seem that

freezing tends to reduce the hardness of water, and possibly by successive repetitions of this action water might be brought to a state of very decided purity.

INCREASED HEAT OF THE SUN'S RAYS IN PASSING THROUGH CLOUDS.

Forbes, in his travels through the Alps of Savoy, made the observation that when the sun was slightly obscured by thin clouds the temperature of his rays was higher than after the cloud had passed—an announcement which has recently been verified by careful experiment. Thus, in one instance, on the 12th of May, 1868, at about ten o'clock in the morning, the sun being unobscured by any cloud, the approach of a light cirrus caused the thermometer to rise about four degrees; and when completely covered by thin clouds an additional increase of three degrees was observed. At eleven o'clock, the sun being still behind the cirrus clouds, the thermometer indicated a temperature of 101 degrees Fahrenheit; but it fell nine degrees in three minutes after the cloud passed away, rising again six degrees more as a small cloud passed over the sun. The air during these experiments was perfectly still.

CANNIBALISM IN ANCIENT EUROPE.

However strongly combated by naturalists and theologians, it has come to be almost an established fact that cannibalism was not merely an incident of European pre-historic customs, but an almost universal rule; fresh discoveries coming to light in caverns and other primitive habitations, where, in the food-refuse, the bones of man are found mingled with those of animals generally, and all subjected to a similar treatment by fire and by being split, to obtain the marrow from the long bones.

In certain caverns of Mount Chauvaux, in the province of Namur, Belgium, it has been found that the largest proportion of bones consists of those of mankind, the rest being those of the deer, ox, sheep, fallow-deer, wild-boar, dog, fox, marten, and hare. A single fragment of breccia, about as large as an ordinary paving stone, contained not less than five human jaws, one of them of a child of seven or eight years, while all the other bones of the skeleton were represented in one form or another. All of these were burned by fire and broken up, the long bones being split, as already mentioned, while the flat bones, containing no marrow, were undisturbed. Among these bones was a human parietal that had been split by a flint hatchet, which still remained embedded in it.

Another remarkable fact connected with these remains is, that among the entire number there was not a single one of an adult man or of an old woman, all the remains belonging to children, youths, and young women, showing conclusively that a selection was made of the tenderer members of the human race, and that this habit was not the result of any necessity, but one of choice; and that it is quite probable that the victims were fattened expressly for the occasion, precisely as is the case among the Battas of Sumatra and other Eastern cannibals. Indeed, this peculiar taste appears to have existed in Europe a long time after the epoch of the bone caves, since St. Jerome is said to have met among the Gauls a

race possessing large herds of cattle, who yet made an habitual use of human flesh as food.

The remains from this cavern in Mount Chauvaux belong to a very small race, as far as can be judged, five feet being the supposed average, and of small cranial capacity, with a brachycephalic retreating forehead, temples flattened, jaws prominent, and the teeth oblique. These constitute the distinguishing features of a race existing in Europe at the time of the immigration of the Aryans, whom (being armed with bronze and iron weapons) this people were but little able to resist. It is quite probable that long after this new people overspread the land the ancient race maintained a precarious existence in the remoter forests and inaccessible valleys of ancient Gaul.

So far no evidence has been presented of a similar habit of cannibalism among the pre-historic people of North America, the only hint toward any thing of the kind being the discovery of a human jaw in an ancient shell heap near Ipswich, Massachusetts.

INHABITANTS OF MADAGASCAR.

A recent author, in discussing the character of the inhabitants of Madagascar, refers to their division into Madacasses and Hovas, or light and dark races, and considers them both to have been of the same ancestry, since their language and customs are the same. He suggests that Madagascar must have been formerly connected with both the African continent and the Malay Archipelago, and that it was possibly the seat of the earliest civilization.

VARIATION IN PLANTS WITH SOIL, ETC.

Mr. Kerner, a German author, in an article upon the influence of climate and soil upon plants, remarks that in the centre of distribution of a species, where it reaches its maximum of abundance, it is very unusual for varieties to become established, since, even if deviating forms were to appear, they would not be perpetuated, in consequence of a law of nature that cross fertilization with other individuals, rather than self-fertilization, is the rule. On the outskirts of the region of distribution, however, where the individuals are much scattered, variations once developed are likely to become established, because the chances of self-fertilization being much greater, the peculiarities are likely to be perpetuated by inheritance. Here, therefore, we must look for those aberrant forms which become the ancestors of new species. The author thinks that the direct influence of climate and soil in originating changes of structure is extremely slight, these changes being due, in the course of many generations, to the process of natural selection; those individuals which exhibit slight divergencies, suitable to the circumstances in which the plant is placed, being most likely to survive, and to produce large numbers of seeds. Changed conditions of life can kill the plant or destroy its health, but can have no direct influence in changing it into a form more suitable for those conditions.

AGENCY OF HUMMING-BIRDS IN FERTILIZING PLANTS.

It is well known that the fertilization of many flowers, so as to cause them to produce fruit, is dependent entirely upon the agency of insects;

and the barrenness of some plants, when transported to regions remote from their native home, may be accounted for by the absence of the associated insects. It has been suggested lately that the humming-birds of America perform a part almost as important in this respect as insects, since in their passage from one flower to another they necessarily carry with them the pollen dust, and distribute it again, or by stirring up the entire flower in their rapid motion they produce the desired effect. This agency may, perhaps, explain the object of the enormous number and variety of humming-birds, and their universal distribution throughout America.

FLORA OF ICELAND.

According to Professor Babington, Iceland contains about 450 flowering plants, native to the island, all of which, excepting about 60, occur also in Great Britain. The remainder, with three exceptions, are natives of the European continent, chiefly Scandinavia. No species of flowering plant is peculiar to the island. No forests occur in the country, although some have existed not long ago. The trees are all of birch; nor is there any trace of the former existence of pine, nor even of any other kind of forest tree. At the present time extensive woods of dwarf birch are found in several places, and some shrubby willows. No grain of any sort is grown on the island.

KEEPING ROSE-BUDS FRESH IN WINTER.

A method employed in Germany to keep rose-buds fresh into the winter consists in first covering the end of the recently cut stem with wax, and then placing each one in a closed paper cap, or cone, so that the leaves do not touch the paper. The cap is then coated with glue, to exclude air, dust, and moisture, and when dry is stood up in a drawer in a cool place. When wanted for use the rose-bud is taken out of the cap and placed in water, after cutting off the end, when it is said the rose will bloom in a few hours.

RELATION OF BARBERRY PLANT TO RUST IN GRAIN.

Considerable interest has been excited lately in the announcement that a time-honored belief in regard to the barberry shrub was strictly founded in fact, namely: that the proximity of this plant to growing grain caused a development in the latter of the disease known as the rust. It has lately been established that this rust of grain is, though a different form, of precisely the same species as the fungus producing the well-known orange spots on the leaves of the barberry, and that the spores of each form will not reproduce itself, but the other form; and consequently the floating seeds or spores proceeding from the barberry shrub rust, and fastening upon the grain, develop into the apparently very different grain rust. So true is this said to be, that the planting of a single bush of the barberry will produce the disease in a region where it had never appeared before.

As long ago as 1796, and possibly even at an earlier period, an enactment prevailed in Connecticut authorizing persons, with the consent of the civil authorities of the town, to go upon any land whatever and cut down or uproot any barberry bushes that might be growing there,

without being liable to any action or suit for damages. This legislation was continued as late as 1839, and repeated in an enactment by which the liberty was extended to any one feeling himself aggrieved by the proximity of barberry bushes to his own fields to enter upon the land where they were growing, at any season of the year, and to destroy them; and the selectmen were empowered to authorize any suitable persons to do the same thing, and to pay them from the treasury of the town.

TREATMENT OF BRITTLE BONES BY SOLUBLE GLASS.

A hint which may be of service to our comparative anatomists is supplied in a recent communication of Mr. Forez to the Academy of Sciences in Paris. The fragile condition in which fossil and other bones frequently reach public museums, and the consequent difficulty of handling them, or of making plaster casts from them, is well known to persons interested. Various substances have been used to remedy this inconvenience, all of which are liable to various objections, among others, that of leaving a lustre or varnish on the surface. The author recommends, instead of these substances, a silicate of potash or other soluble glass, the amount of concentration varying from a solution of thirty degrees Baumé to the sirupy form in which it is usually sold. In the latter state it can be made use of to very good advantage for cementing broken fragments together, since all that is necessary is to bring them in position and then pass a brush dipped in the solution over them, holding them a short time, or tying them, until sufficiently adherent.

Very porous bones are best treated by successive immersion in a more dilute solution, and should be wiped dry after each application. Specimens thus prepared resist all atmospheric influences, and can be handled with as much freedom as entirely fresh bones. One advantage in the use of this substance is, that it can be applied cold, the solution soaking up readily, and in a short time becoming perfectly firm and hard. As already stated, it is very important to wipe the outer surfaces dry, in order to prevent a shining appearance.

The same substance may be used to advantage in joining the fragments of broken flint or stone antiquities and implements.

RELATION OF HOME GOVERNMENT TO SCIENCE.

It is well known that in France there is a much closer connection between the government and the various literary, scientific, and educational establishments of the country than exists in our country, nearly all the institutions of the kind mentioned being regulated and controlled by one or another of the ministries, or bureaus of the administration.

By a recent decree the ministry of fine arts has been charged with many of the duties belonging to that of public instruction, and is now styled the Ministry of Letters, Science, and Fine Arts. The special objects of supervision with which this newly arranged ministry is charged are the Imperial Institute of France; the Imperial Academy of Medicine; the Library and Museum of Algiers, and the teaching of the living Oriental languages; the Imperial School of

Charts; the Imperial Library, and the course, in archaeology annexed to it; the Mazarin Library, and those of the Arsenal and of St. Geneviève; the general service libraries, and the editing of the catalogues of the libraries of the departments; the learned societies of Paris; the *Revue des Sociétés Savantes*; the Library of the Committee of Historical and Learned Works; the *Journal des Savans*; subscriptions of scientific and literary works, and their distribution among the public libraries; the consolidating of subscriptions; the encouragement and aid of savans and men of letters; subscriptions and encouragement to voyages and literary and scientific missions; the publication and distribution of the unpublished works concerning the history of France, and the topographical map of Gaul; the Legal Dépôt, and the reception and distribution of works proceeding from the Legal Dépôt.

In this connection it may be stated that few governments have done so much as that of France in the way of advancing science by the institution and maintenance of scientific explorations in different countries, and of publishing the results in a costly and elaborate form. Among other well-known illustrations of this statement may be cited the volumes relating to the explorations in Egypt, under the direction of Denon, made at the command of Napoleon I.; the account of the voyages of the *Astrolabe*, of the *Venus*, and of the *Coquille*; the scientific explorations of Algiers, and many other publications.

It is, however, a matter of pride to Americans to know that no single work of this kind published by any nation equals the report of the results of the great exploring expedition under Captain Wilkes, the series of volumes already printed and distributed having no parallel in their extent, their beauty of illustration, and excellence of typography. Another work, the report of the Pacific Railroad surveys, occupying thirteen quarto volumes, is a similar instance of enterprise on the part of the United States. These two works differed, however, very greatly in the size of their editions, since of the former but 100 copies were printed, which were distributed only to State libraries in the United States, and to government libraries abroad, while of the latter 25,000 copies were printed, and distributed with the greatest liberality throughout the world.

PRESERVATION OF HARBORS BY TORPEDOES.

An instance of great ingenuity in adapting sunken torpedoes to the defense of harbors has recently come to light in connection with the history of the Austro-French war, during which an attempt at the capture of Venice was feared by the Austrians. To guard against this result a camera obscura was erected near to the harbor, and so arranged that the horizontal table of the instrument reflected the whole area of the channel. Large wooden cases, each containing 400 pounds of gun-cotton, were lowered, at certain fixed distances, into the water, and as these disappeared, one by one, a small row-boat described at the time a circle round the spot to indicate the extreme confines of the distance at which the torpedo would prove effective. An observer was stationed in the camera as these operations were going on, carefully watching their reflection

in the instrument; and as each torpedo disappeared into the water he marked with a pencil its precise locality on the camera table, tracing, also, the ring formed by the row-boat. Thus a series of circles was formed in the camera, each of which was marked with a distinctive number, and in this way a miniature but exceedingly correct plan of the obstructions in the harbor was prepared. The wires in connection with the torpedoes were afterward led up into the camera obscura and furnished with numbers to correspond with the circles. By means of this arrangement a sentinel stationed in the apparatus might at once explode any one of the torpedoes as soon as he observed the reflection of an enemy's ship pass within the limits of the circles marked upon the table. The channel itself was quite clear of any suspicious buoys and beacons, and appeared to the enemy wholly free from obstruction.

VALUE OF BAMBOO AS A FIBRE.

We have referred heretofore to the value of the leaves of the palmetto of the Southern States as a material for textile fabrics, and other applications as fibre, and the impossibility of supplying the commercial demand for it. We are now informed that the bamboo of the West Indies has become an article of similar importance. At the present time the exportation of this substance from Jamaica to the United States is very large; and although at first the bulk of the article constituted a serious difficulty in the way of its exportation, the experiment has recently been tried of crushing the bamboo between mill rollers, and, by a screw press, preparing it for being carried in bales. This condenses the bulk greatly, and relieves the obstacle to its transportation at a reasonable expense for freight.

HUXLEY ON THE EARLY INHABITANTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

According to Professor Huxley, the inhabitants of Great Britain, at the time of the Roman Conquest, belonged to two distinct physical types—the one being tall, fair, with yellow hair and blue eyes; the other short, dark, with dark hair and black eyes. The former resembled the old Germani, who lived on the east bank of the Rhine, as well as the Belgæ of Northeastern France and what is now Belgium; while the latter were related to the people of Aquitania and Iberia. According to his statement both these people spoke Celtic—probably Cymric in Britain and Gaelic in Ireland—while on the Continent the dark type spoke the Basque tongue, the ancient Gauls speaking Celtic and the Germani Teutonic. These latter nations appear to belong to the Aryan family, while the Basque has no affinity to any other European-Asiatic language. None of the invasions to which Britain has been subjected seem to have introduced any new race-element.

PHYSICS OF THE SUEZ AND DARIEN CANALS.

Professor Haughton, of Dublin, is not very sanguine of the ability to keep open the new Suez Canal without the expenditure throughout all future time of an enormous amount of labor in dredging and excavating. The reason of this is to be found in the nature of the Mediterranean and Red seas, these being the seat of very con-

siderable currents, which, in meeting, cause a rapid deposit of sand; and while there is not much doubt that at one time there was a continued connection between them, yet in time this sand-bar was formed, which can not be kept open except artificially. The proposed Darien Canal, according to the learned professor, would be entirely different in its character. Here the currents of the Caribbean Sea are continually beating against the isthmus and endeavoring to force a passage, and should such an opening be once made, artificially, there seems little doubt that it would be kept open by the ocean flow, and possibly even enlarged much beyond the original intention. The anticipations of harm from a possible diversion of the Gulf Stream in consequence of this opening were considered unfounded, since, even if one mile wide and a hundred feet deep, it would carry off but one thousandth part of the heat Great Britain now receives from the Gulf Stream.

BEST FORM OF SUBMARINE TORPEDOES.

In a recent article upon the torpedo it is asserted that the great problem of an electric fuse, which should combine high conducting power with great susceptibility to ignition, has been solved by Mr. Abel, the well-known chemist of the Woolwich Arsenal. His mixture consists of a combination of subphosphide of copper and subsulphide of copper with chlorate of potash, this being exploded with perfect ease and certainty by a current from a small magneto-electric machine, a larger apparatus of the same kind being capable of igniting twenty or thirty of these fuses almost instantaneously. The idea of mechanical torpedoes, or those exploded by simple contact of a vessel, has, it is said, been abandoned, to a very considerable degree, since they are very difficult to arrange so as to be safe under ordinary circumstances, and they are liable to unanticipated disturbance by friendly vessels as well as those that might prove hostile. Electric torpedoes, therefore, seem to have the preference; and these are of two kinds, one, the self-acting, and the other those which will send a signal when touched by a passing vessel, to indicate the proper time of effecting their ignition from the shore.

The self-acting torpedo is of very simple construction. An Abel fuse is fixed in the torpedo, one pole of which is connected to a constant battery on shore by means of an insulated wire, while the other pole is in communication with an insulated metal plate fixed inside a pivot in the upper part of the machine. Upon this pivot swings a movable hood or cage; and the latter, though not affected by the motion of the waves, will, upon being struck by a passing vessel, swerve round and come into metallic contact with the insulated plate above mentioned, thus completing the electric circuit with the earth, or, more strictly speaking, with the water. As will be readily perceived, therefore, in this case, a single wire only is needed to connect one element of the battery with the fuse, the other element being, of course, allowed to pass to the earth. In the other description of torpedo a *circuit-closer* of the same construction is used, and this, on being struck, furnishes a signal to the shore, whence a sentinel at once explodes any charge or charges which may be in the vicinity of the

submerged machine. When disconnected from the batteries these torpedoes naturally cease to be a source of danger; and herein lies one of the most valuable qualities of the electric exploding method. If considered desirable, the machines need, in fact, never be put into an active state except in a case of imminent danger. Thus, if a fleet of friendly vessels were pursued by hostile ships, the sentinel on the look-out would not connect his batteries until the former had passed the torpedoes; and when the machines were well left behind, by simply turning a switch arrangement, he would be enabled instantly to close the line of defense, and set up a formidable barrier not to be passed with impunity.

LOSS OF LIGHT IN REFLECTION FROM MIRRORS.

According to Professor Rood, of Columbia College, a mirror silvered by Liebig's process, by placing the silvered side at an angle of 45 degrees, reflected 91 per cent. of the light emitted by a flame, and from the glass side, 78 per cent.; while the ordinary amalgam mirrors, such as are in common use, reflected only 45 per cent. at the same angle. We are not aware whether any experiments have been made in regard to the amount of light reflected by the platinum mirrors, such as we have already described in a former article.

EUCALYPTUS—A REMEDY FOR INTERMITTENT FEVER.

A new remedy for intermittent fever has, it is said, been discovered in a tincture of the leaves of the *Eucalyptus globulus*, a well-known native of Australia. Experiments are now being prosecuted in regard to the use of this substance in the malarial districts of Germany, with results which appear to indicate that it is likely to assume an important place in the materia medica.

CURIOUS HABITS OF BRAZILIAN FISHES.

Among the instances of animal instinct brought to our notice few are more curious than the habit of certain fresh-water fish in Brazil, in regard to the protection of their young. The species in question, belonging to the genus *Geophagus*, may frequently be seen in shallow water surrounded or accompanied by a brood of twenty or thirty young. Should any cause of disturbance, especially any imminent danger, present itself, these young disappear almost in an instant; and to a naturalist traveling in the country it became a question what could possibly have become of them. After a time, however, he caught the parent in a hand-net, and on opening its mouth this was found filled with the young, packed away toward the gills and filling the entire cavity. When this fact was mentioned to the natives they stated that it was well known to them, and that it was continued until the young attained a considerable size.

A somewhat similar case is observed with a species of *Arius* (*A. commersonii*), the male of which takes the fertilized eggs from the female into its mouth, and there retains them until they are hatched. The size of these eggs is unusually large, and they furnish an admirable opportunity to the embryologist for studying the development of the young. It is quite possible, although not yet certain, that the species first

mentioned carries its eggs in the mouth until hatched, and that the young return to this as a place of refuge when exposed to harm.

The eggs of the *Arius*, it is said, are frequently secured by the natives, by catching the parent fish by the tail and shaking it until the eggs drop out, when they are collected and dried, and in that condition used as a choice bait for a favorite fish of the country, the *Arius* itself being considered entirely unfit for food.

This habit of the fish of gathering its young into its mouth will call to the mind of some of our readers the popular belief in a similar practice among certain species of snakes. The truth of this has been asserted by many reliable observers, and may, perhaps, be considered as authenticated, although it is not improbable that many of the instances are really cases of ovo-viviparous species, such as the common garter-snake, the water-snake, and the rattlesnake of our country, the eggs of which are retained in the body of the parent until they have passed through all their transformations, and the young then discharged in a perfect condition.

SOUNDS OF INSECTS.

In a recent memoir upon the Music of Insects, by Dr. Londais, he divides the various sounds emitted by them into three classes: noise, musical

notes, and voice, respectively. A voice is the sound produced by the organs of respiration, as in man; but if the sound be produced mechanically by the friction of the external parts of the body, it is called a note when musical, and noise when unmusical. The *Orthoptera* alone, such as crickets, grasshoppers, katydids, etc., possess the power of expressing sound in the form of musical notes. Among *Coleoptera* (the beetles) we find both note and voice. Among *Diptera* (flies, mosquitoes, etc.) we find that voice is quite common, especially with the smaller flies, but is often inappreciable to the human ear in consequence of its high pitch. Among *Lepidoptera* (butterflies and moths) the musical note is rarely found.

WHITE COATING ON PRUNES.

Our readers are all familiar with the whitish efflorescence that forms upon the surface of dried prunes, and which has been ascribed to various causes, frequently to a supposed addition of sugar and flour to increase the sweetness and weight of the fruit. It appears, however, from recent experiments, that this white coat or layer consists entirely of the grape sugar which has been left behind by the dried juice of the prune, and that it is entirely free from the sugar mites supposed to abound in it.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes September 24.—The résumé of domestic intelligence is made up chiefly of political news. Most of the State Conventions which have been held up to the time of closing our Record have been Republican.

The Republican State Convention of Missouri met at Jefferson City August 31. Of 800 delegates 100 were colored. There was a division in the party, the "radicals" nominating Joseph M'Clurg for Governor, and the "liberals" B. Gratz Brown. The Convention in favor of M'Clurg included in its platform the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Republican party stands pledged to remove all disqualifications and restrictions imposed upon the late rebels in the same measure as the spirit of disloyalty may die out, and as may be consistent with the safety of the loyal people; that we consider the time to have come; and we cordially indorse the action of the Legislature of Missouri in submitting to the qualified voters of the State the amendments removing all disqualifications from the disfranchised people of Missouri, and conferring equal political rights and privileges on all classes; and we earnestly recommend them to the people for their approval and adoption.

Resolved, That we are opposed to the alienation of our public domain to private corporations, to the exclusion of actual settlers; and that the public lands should be held in trust for the landless and laboring men of the country.

Resolved, That we are in favor of as rapid a reduction of taxation as will be consistent with the conscientious discharge of our public obligations, and such a reform in the revenue service as will simplify the mode of collecting taxes, and reduce the number of officials employed for that purpose; and that we are opposed to any system of taxation which will tend to the creation of monopolies, and benefit one industry or interest at the expense of another.

Resolved, That while, as Americans, we feel in duty

bound to preserve a just and equitable neutrality in the contest now raging in Europe, yet we can not forget that in our late war the sympathies and material aid of the German states were freely given us, and we do not hesitate to declare our unqualified sympathy with the earnest efforts of the Germans to maintain and defend their national unity; and we condemn the course which the Democratic press of the country has been and is now pursuing in support of a despotic and imperial dynasty, and a causeless war against a people desiring peace and aspiring to perfect liberty.

The Convention in favor of Brown adopted, among others, the following resolutions, by which it will be seen that, notwithstanding the apparent division in the party, both wings are substantially in accord as to the measures advocated:

Resolved, That the Republican party, as it fought against slavery, which deprived a man of the whole of his earnings for the benefit of another, so it now opposes every form of taxation which deprives a man of any share of his earnings for the benefit of others; and it is, therefore, unequivocally hostile to any tariff which fosters one industry or interest at the expense of another.

Resolved, That the time has come when the requirements of public safety, upon which alone the disfranchisement of a large number of citizens could be justified, have clearly ceased to exist; and this Convention, therefore, true to the solemn pledges recorded in our national and State platforms, declares itself unequivocally in favor of the adoption of the constitutional amendments commonly called the Suffrage and Office-holding amendments, believing that, under existing circumstances, the removal of political disabilities, as well as the extension of equal political rights and privileges to all classes of citizens, without distinction, is demanded by every consideration of good faith, patriotism, and sound policy, and essential to the integrity of Republican institutions, to the prosperity of the State, and to the honor and preservation of the Republican party.

Resolved, That we are in favor of as rapid a reduction of taxation as will be consistent with a conscientious discharge of our public obligations, and such a

reform of the revenue service as will simplify the mode of collecting taxes by the officers employed for that purpose.

The Republican State Convention of Illinois met September 1, at Springfield, and renominated General Logan for Congressman at large.

The Republican State Convention of Michigan met at Detroit September 1, and renominated H. P. Baldwin for Governor, Morgan Bates for Lieutenant-Governor, and S. Hastings for Secretary of State.—The Michigan Democratic State Convention, August 31, nominated C. C. Comstock for Governor.

The Republican Convention of New York State met at Saratoga September 7. George William Curtis was chosen temporary and General Van Wyck permanent chairman. On the third ballot General Stewart L. Woodford was nominated for Governor.—The Labor Reform Convention of New York State, at Saratoga, September 13, nominated James S. Graham for Governor.—The Democratic State Convention of New York met at Rochester September 21, and nominated John T. Hoffman for Governor.

The Republican State Convention of Kansas, on September 9, nominated J. N. Harney, the present incumbent, for Governor.

The Labor Reform Convention of Massachusetts, held early in September, nominated Mr. Wendell Phillips for Governor of that State.

The Democratic State Convention of Tennessee, held at Nashville September 13, nominated John C. Brown for Governor. The platform adopted declares that all the Southern States should be restored to their rights under the Federal Constitution, and that the disabilities of all citizens should be removed. It denounces the present tariff and the substitute proposed by the Ways and Means Committee in Congress; declares the law to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment unconstitutional; demands a tax on all Federal bonds, and opposes National banks.

The Kansas Democratic State Convention, at Topeka, September 17, nominated for Governor Ira C. Sharp. The platform adopted favors the taxation of Federal bonds and the abolition of National banks, and opposes cooly labor.

An election law passed by the Georgia Legislature September 21, and approved by Attorney-General Akerman, provides for an election in that State, to be held on the 20th, 21st, and 22d days of December next, at which members of Congress will be elected for the unexpired term of the Forty-first and for the whole term of the Forty-second Congress; also for members of the State Legislature and county officers.

The Vermont State election took place September 6. Hon. J. W. Stewart, the Republican candidate for Governor, was elected by a majority of over 20,000. The entire Republican delegation to the present Congress was re-elected.

The election in Maine, September 12, resulted in a triumph for the Republican party, whose candidate, Mr. Perham, was elected by over 8000 majority. A full Republican delegation was returned to Congress.

The Oregon Legislature has elected Colonel J. B. Kelly, a Democrat, United States Senator, to succeed the Hon. George H. Williams, Republican, whose term expires March 4, 1871.

In addition to the expedition to survey the Tehuantepec and Nicaraguan routes for a ship-

canal, for which Congress made an appropriation of \$30,000, Lieutenant-Commander Selfridge will return to the Isthmus of Darien in November to complete the survey of all the possible routes for water transit in that region. The operations of Commander Selfridge's party last winter convinced them that a practicable canal passage was not likely to be found across Darien, but it is desired to settle the question absolutely by actual surveys, and the expedition will return for that purpose, and explore some ground which they were unable to traverse last season.

Two important acts have been put in operation against the Mormons of Utah by the Federal authorities: 1st, General Shaffer's proclamation against the Mormon militia system; and 2d, the decision of Chief Justice M'Kean against the Mormon jury system.

The vacancy occasioned by the death of Admiral Farragut has been filled by David D. Porter, formerly Vice-Admiral. The latter's new commission is dated August 20. Rear-Admiral S. C. Rowan becomes Vice-Admiral.

The total internal revenue receipts during the last fiscal year, ending June 30, amounted to \$37,024,338.—The public-debt statement for August shows a decrease of over \$13,000,000.

President Grant has nominated Senator Morton, of Indiana, to succeed Mr. Motley as our minister to England.

Hiram Ketcham, a well-known lawyer of New York, and once a prominent man in the local affairs of that city, died at Riverdale, New York, September 16, aged 78.

Rev. Dr. Nathan Lord, for more than thirty-five years President of Dartmouth College, died at his residence in Hanover, New Hampshire, September 9, at the advanced age of 77.

CANADA.

The Red River rebellion terminated ingloriously on the 24th of August, with the capitulation of Fort Garry, on the approach of Colonel Woolsey. Riel had fled.

EUROPE.

Our last Record brought the Franco-German war down to August 25. Marshal Bazaine, at Metz, had been made commander-in-chief of the French. M'Mahon had reached Chalons, where Napoleon had arrived, before Metz had been entirely cut off and besieged. A new ministry, with Count Palikao at its head, had assumed the reins of government in Paris, and preparations were being made to defend Paris against the approach of the German forces.

During the period which has elapsed since August 25 events have occurred as memorable as any that stand prominently forth in European history. In the short period of a single month we have seen a French army, estimated at 120,000 strong, defeated and captured, involving in its own capitulation the surrender of an Emperor who, three months ago, was presumed to be the foremost man in the affairs of Europe. Following quickly upon these events of September 2, we have seen the rejection by the French of the imperial dynasty, the flight of the Empress Eugénie from the palace of the Tuileries, and the quiet establishment of a republic in place of the empire. We have seen Paris besieged by the victorious Germans. Finally, we have witnessed

the occupation of Rome by the Italians, involving the destruction of the temporal power of the papacy.

All these events have followed as the result of the initial blunder of the French Emperor in the conduct of his campaign. After the defeat of M'Mahon at Weissenburg and Wörth, September 3 and 6, all that was necessary for the Germans, in order to reap the full results of these their first triumphs, was rapidity of movement and skillful strategy. Neither of these conditions has been wanting. King William was materially assisted by M'Mahon and Bazaine, neither of whom seems to have fully realized the hopelessness of his attempt to reopen communication with the other. The attempt of Bazaine to accomplish this led to the battle of Rezonville, which lasted nine hours, and after great loss on both sides resulted in Bazaine's retreat upon Metz, where he was shut in and besieged by the Prussians. By the 24th of August the Crown Prince, with the left wing of the German army, had advanced beyond Chalons. The next day King William's head-quarters had been transferred to Bar-le-Duc, to reinforce the Crown Prince in his march on Paris. The fortresses of Toul and Phalsbourg still held out against the Prussian forces in the west; so likewise did Strasbourg on the Rhine, though the right side of the citadel and the arsenal had been destroyed.

M'Mahon's attempt to communicate with Bazaine resulted in the crowning disaster of the campaign. He left Rheims on the 22d, and on the 29th turned up at Vaux, near the Belgian frontier, and on the right bank of the Meuse, with an army of 100,000 men. De Faily's corps at the same time took up a position between Beaumont and Storre, on the left bank of that river. Both these armies were attacked the next day by the Prussians, the force marching on Paris having suddenly turned northward to baffle M'Mahon's efforts to join Bazaine. The result of this action, which took place near Sedan, was a defeat of the French, with a loss of 7000 prisoners, 20 guns, and 11 mitrailleuses. M'Mahon's head-quarters were at Sedan. September 1 brought with it two important battles—that of St. Barbe, near Metz, and that of Sedan. In the former Marshal Bazaine, after an action lasting all day and through the night, was defeated. The battle of Sedan began with the dawn of September 1. Two Prussian corps were in position west of Sedan to cut off the possible retreat of the French to Mezieres. On all sides, indeed, were posted various corps of the Prussian army. De Faily held the French right and M'Mahon the left. The battle began on the Prussian left, where the Bavarians were posted. At 8 A.M. a hot artillery action began at all points. King William, in a letter to his Queen, thus describes the subsequent events of the day:

"The villages of Illy and Floing were taken, and the fiery circle drew gradually closer around Sedan. It was a grand sight from our position on a commanding height behind the great battery, when we looked to the front beyond St. Torey. The violent resistance of the enemy began to slacken by degrees, which we could see by the broken battalions that were hurriedly retreating from the woods and villages. The cavalry endeavored to attack several battalions of our Fifth Corps, and the latter behaved admirably. The cavalry galloped through the interval between the battalions, and then returned the same way. This was repeated three times, so that the ground was covered with corpses and horses, all of which we could

see very well from our position. I have not been able to learn the number of this brave regiment, as the retreat of the enemy was in many places a flight. The infantry, cavalry, and artillery rushed in a crowd into the town and its immediate environs, but no sign was given that the enemy contemplated extricating himself from his desperate situation by capitulation. No other course was left than to bombard the town with the heavy battery. In twenty minutes the town was burning in several places, which, with the numerous burning villages over the whole field, produced a terrible impression. I accordingly ordered the firing to cease, and sent Lieutenant-Colonel Von Bronsart, of the staff, with a flag of truce, to demand the capitulation of the army and the fortress."

Marshal M'Mahon had been wounded, and his command had devolved upon General Wimpffen. In reply to King William's demand, the Emperor personally capitulated at 5.15 P.M. His letter to the King opened with these words: "As I can not die at the head of my army, I lay my sword at the feet of your Majesty." On the 2d of September the whole army was surrendered. The next day King William assigned Wilhelmshöhe as the residence of the Emperor, to which he was conveyed through Belgium.

The news of this defeat was immediately announced in Paris by a proclamation of the cabinet ministers. A great popular commotion was apparent on Saturday the 3d. On Sunday the streets were thronged, the peaceful but excited masses shouting for a republic. As the responsibility of action in the Chamber of Deputies rested with the Left, a republic was proclaimed, and a new ministry announced, as follows: Leon Gambetta, *Minister of the Interior*; Jules Favre, *Minister of Foreign Affairs*; Ernest Picard, *Minister of Finance*; Jules Simon, *Minister of Public Instruction*; Isaac Cremieux, *Minister of Justice*; General Trochu, *Minister of War and President of the Council*; Pierre Dorian, *Superintendent of Public Works*; Joseph Magnin, *Minister of Commerce*; Martin Fourichon, *Minister of Marine*. This revolution in the government met the acclamations of the populace. It called Rochefort from his prison and Victor Hugo from his exile, both of whom were accorded splendid ovations by the Parisians.

This Paris—one moment cast down by defeat, and the next rejoicing over the death of the empire—is now besieged, like Metz and Strasbourg. The immediate future we can not predict. Both Jules Favre and M. Thiers are occupied by missions designed to secure a peace that would be honorable to France. Whether they will succeed, and whether the siege of Paris will develop into a bombardment of that city, are matters for future record.

The French republic was promptly recognized by the United States, Italy, and Switzerland. The Spanish minister at Paris, Señor Olozaga, also recognized the new government, but for this act was recalled to Madrid.

The French provisional government has decreed an election for a Constituent Assembly, to be held October 16.

On September 20 the Italian forces occupied Rome without resistance. The capital will now be transferred to that city.

The British iron-clad *Captain*, one of the most powerful war ships ever launched, foundered off Cape Finisterre, on the French coast, during a sudden gale, on the night of September 6. She had on board 500 men, all but eighteen of whom are reported lost.

Editor's Drawer.

SOME months ago the Drawer had an amusing account of the impertinent curiosity of a Connecticut man, who undertook to pump out of the gentleman seated in the seat next him in the New Haven cars who he was, where he was going, whom he was going to see, etc. The pumpee having a weed upon his hat, the pumper took him to be a widower (he wasn't a widower—he was a doctor), and having four or five “darters,” thought he might work one off on the stranger. Another instance of the irrepressible Yankee comes from the same quarter. A peering New Englander overtook a gentleman who was traveling on horseback, notwithstanding the disadvantage of having lost a leg. His curiosity was awakened, as he rode alongside of him, to know how he chanced to meet with such a misfortune.

“Been in the army, I guess?”

“Never was in the army in my life,” was the reply.

“Fit a duel?”

“Never fought a duel, Sir.”

“Horse threwed you off, I guess, or something of that sort?”

“No, Sir; nothing of the kind.”

Jonathan tried various dodges, but all to no effect; and at last, almost out of patience with himself as well as with the gentleman, whose patience was very commendable, he determined on a direct inquiry as to the nature of the accident by which the gentleman had come to lose his leg.

“I will tell you,” replied the traveler, “on condition that you will promise not to ask me another question.”

“Agreed!” exclaimed the eager listener.

“Well, Sir,” remarked the gentleman, “it was bit off!”

“Bit off!” cried Jonathan. “Wa'al, I declare; I *should* jest like to know *what on airth bit it off!*”

Jonathan was no more inquisitive, and no more taken aback, than the inquiring Englishman who had been betrayed into the presumption of asking a gentleman with whom he was traveling if he was a single man.

“No, I am not, Sir.”

“Oh, I beg your pardon. A married man?”

“No, Sir, I am not.”

“Pray excuse me. I perceive you are a widower.”

“No, I am not a widower.”

The inquisitor was nonplussed. Not a single man, nor a married man, nor a widower.

“Pray, what may you be, if I may be so bold as to ask?”

“It is none of your business; but if you are very anxious to know, *I am a divorced man, Sir!*”

MR. SECRETARY FISH, though one of the most refined and courteous of gentlemen, can scarcely be said to have a national reputation as a wag. Yet here is a trifle that shows what he might do if very hard pressed: A few months since Major Jack S—, of California, was in Washington in quest of office. He had besieged Senator Cole to such an extent that the horn buttons on

the back of his coat had made two holes in the Senator's sofa. At last the irrepressible Major was referred to the Secretary of State, and promptly gained an interview with that gentleman. Entering the presence, his tall white hat leaning back at an angle of forty-five degrees, stroking his huge mustache, and relieving his forehead from perspiration by means of a huge red handkerchief bordered with blue, the Secretary addressed him: “Well, Major, I am told you were of great service to our good cause in California during the last political campaign.”

The Major, throwing himself back into that graceful position peculiar to himself, and placing both thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, exclaimed: “Oh no, I guess not! it's the man around the corner, in the grocery!”

Mr. Fish, somewhat daunted by the attitude struck by the Major, and deeming the language rather unbecoming for a gentleman to make use of who was an applicant for a high Federal position, replied: “That being the case, Major, I will have a conference with the gentleman who occupies the grocery, and endeavor to reward him for his services. Good-morning, Sir.”

On the ensuing morning the Major inserted his various shirts and things in his leathern bag, and left for California.

THE active competition for business between rival life-insurance companies, and the zealous efforts made to establish agencies in the remotest parts of the country, are fairly exemplified in the following correspondence:

“SAINT LOUIS, Mo., June 1, 1869.

“To the nearest Justice of the Peace, Fort Buford, Dakota Territory:

“DEAR SIR,—We take the liberty to send you a statement of the condition and working of the Mutual Life-Insurance Company of New York, feeling assured that, by reason of your official position, you can furnish reliable information which may be very useful to us in future, and we respectfully request information upon the following points, viz.:

“1st. What is the population, business prospects, etc., of your place?

“2d. What insurance companies are doing business there, and by whom are they represented?

“3d. Please give us the names of two of your citizens whom you think would make reliable agents, and what, in your opinion, are the prospects for business, etc., in case we should wish to establish an agency in your place.

“If you will furnish answers to the above questions, you will place us under many obligations.

“Very respectfully,

“— and —,

“General Agents N. Y. Mutual Life-Ins. Co.”

To this very reasonable request the following detailed reply was given:

“FORT BUFORD, D. T., August 28, 1869.

“Messrs. — and —, General Agents Mutual Life-Insurance Company of New York, St. Louis, Mo.:

“GENTS,—Your communication of June 1, inclosing Statement of Condition, Working, etc., of the Mutual Life-Insurance Company of New York, came to this place only a few days since, and as there is no Justice of the Peace within six or eight hundred miles of Fort Buford, presuming upon my own official dignity, I undertake to furnish the information you solicit.

“Your first question, as to population, etc., is a difficult one to answer, owing to the migratory habits of our people. If we could get together the seventeen tribes of Sioux, the Crows, Assinibolines, Gros-Ventres, Rickarees, Unk-pa-pas, Santees, and Mandans, we would probably have five thousand lodges, or twenty thousand people. A few days ago we had one hun-

dred and eighty lodges of Assiniboines, but to-day they are gone. To-day we have twenty Sioux, and to-morrow they will be gone.

"Secondly—'What insurance companies are doing business here, and by whom are they represented?'"

"There is at present but one company doing business here—the 'Union,' principal office at Washington, D. C.; U. S. Grant, President; Schuyler Colfax, Vice-President; and is very efficiently represented by Brigadier-General H. A. Morrow, U. S. A., assisted by a corps of subordinates and three hundred men with breech-loading guns and bayonets. Medical Examiner, Assistant-Surgeon James Kimball, U. S. A., assisted by Dr. H. N. Marcellis.

"Thirdly—You 'wish the names of two of our citizens who would make reliable and efficient agents.'"

"As the Unk-pa-pas and Te-tous are the principal terror in this section, I give you the names of two of their principal chiefs, viz.: Tich-tun-ka U-tun-ka (or Sitting Bull) and Wee-sap-pa (or Black Moose). They are very efficient life-destroyers, and if you can enlist them in the life-insurance business, you will have accomplished a great and good work, and will be justly entitled to the gratitude of all frontiersmen; for the lives of white men would then be comparatively safe. It is less than a month since four white men were killed and scalped within three miles of the fort, each being pierced by more than a dozen bullets.

"Very truly yours,

"W. H. CAREY,

"Ass't P. M.

"P.S.—Should you wish to correspond further on this subject, I must beg you to inclose twenty-five cents in each letter, to defray the expense of getting them from Fort Stephenson, one hundred and fifty miles distant, and the nearest post-office in running order.

W. H. C.

"P.S. 2d.—On the whole, I estimate that 'Sitting Bull' is the man for you."

THE reader of the morning journals, notably the *Herald*, can not fail to have been struck with the grief, in four lines, that may be read almost any day in the obituary column. It generally takes this form:

"Dearest Tommy, thou hast left us,
And thy loss we deeply feel;
Still there is a God above us,
He can all our sorrows heal."

This stanza appears to be kept in type, ready for all comers who would assuage their sorrow with a bit of poetry. In a volume before us, recently published abroad, a healthier mode of treatment is suggested, viz., to eat something; and, in proof of its good results, the author quotes the case of the hero of one of Captain Marryat's novels, a boy who has just lost father and mother, one by fire and one by water, at one and the same time, but who gluttonizes over an exceptionally good breakfast given him in a stranger's kitchen. "Grief had not taken away my appetite. I stopped occasionally to cry a little, wiped my eyes, and sat down again. It was more than two hours before I laid down my knife, and not until strong symptoms of suffocation played around the regions of my trachea did I cry out, 'Hold, enough.'" One might have supposed the youthful crammer steeped in the practical philosophy of Canning's lines, arguing that

"—when the mind's oppress,
Confused, elated, warmed, distressed,
The body keeps an equal measure
In sympathy of pain or pleasure;
And whether moved with joy or sorrow,
From food alone relief can borrow.
Sorrow's indeed, beyond all question,
The best specific for digestion;
Which, when in moderate force it rages,
A chicken or a chop assuages.
But, to support some weightier grief,
Grant me, ye gods, a round of beef!"

Quite as good, though less poetical, is the case

of the estimable Mark Tapley when he defines himself as a Verb—the only article of grammar he ever learned: "A Verb is a word as signifies to be, to do, or to suffer; and if there's a Verb alive, I'm it. For I'm always a bein', sometimes a doin', and continually a sufferin'." Mr. Tapley took this occasion of looking about him with a grin, and subsequently attacking the breakfast with an appetite not at all expressive of blighted hopes or insurmountable despondency.

A STORY has just come from abroad of the late Count Montalembert, which is droll as an instance of the difficulty that Frenchmen have of appreciating the humor of Englishmen or Americans. The distinguished Frenchman, in company with Thackeray, an eminent professor, and a well-known literary peer, formed a party of four, many years ago, to go to the Derby races by road. On their return they passed a van-load of drunken sailors with their trulls, upon which Montalembert observed, in his cynical way, "I suppose dese are vat you call your joli Jack tars?" "Not at all," replied Thackeray; "they are only Epsom salts." It was half an hour before the astute French savant was made to comprehend the scope of the observation.

SPEAKING of the tendency of the American citizen to whittle, a gentleman writes that at the General Assembly of the Old School Presbyterians, held at Albany, he observed Dr. Charles Hodge, the well-known theologian, sitting on the sofa of honor in rear of the platform, intent, during the greater part of a debate, in cutting the top of a stick into what appeared to be intended for a dog's head.

A story something of the same sort is told of a young man, who, being poor, found great difficulty in overcoming the objection of his innamorata's father to the match. One day he took his minister with him to testify to his character and urge his suit. While the minister did so the excited youth sat nervously whittling the top of his stick. The old gentleman watched him, and at last got up and said, "No, Sir; you sha'n't have my daughter. I have watched you whittling that stick, and if you had made a man's head of it, or a dog's head, or the likeness of any mortal thing, I'd have said, 'Take the girl;' but a man that whittles a stick for fifteen minutes and makes nothing of it ain't worth a ten-cent cuss."

ANOTHER war story. When the Mississippi cavalry, retreating from Corinth, had joined Pemberton's army at Grenada, a lad came riding into camp one day, crying out to the soldiers that he had brought important news from headquarters.

"What is it?"

"A flag of truce from Grant."

"From Grant! What does he want?"

"Nothing much; only he says he wants to conduct the war on civilized principles; and as he intends to shell this here town, he requests that the women, and the children, and the Mississippi cavalry be carefully removed out of the way of danger."

A fair anecdote. But they fought well. It is related of one shoeless Southern regiment that the men clothed themselves almost entirely from killed Yankees. In driving some Northern troops

out of the woods, one of the barefooted men took careful aim and fired. The moment he saw his man fall he cried, anxiously, "Them's my shoes!"

AMONG the war stories of the South that are rapidly making their way North the following is not bad:

Some of the North Carolina boys, who didn't know much else, had fine heads for soldiering. After the battle of Sharpsburg a number of men who had won laurels were examined with a view to promotion. One of them was found so woefully deficient in his education that it was moved that the Board pass on to the next candidate.

"President," said the man, "I can't read or write; I've never been vaccinated; I don't know about tactics; but I'll tell you what I *can* do. I can whip any man on this Board." The Board looked up one leg and down the other of the tall and brawny individual, and thought that perhaps he could; but as they were after grammar, they left the warrior out in the cool.

ABOUT these days, when so many gatherings take place of the "Grand Army of the Republic," the "Reunion of the Army of the Potomac," the "Annual Meeting of the Third Army Corps," etc., etc., where the boys, amidst the flashing of gas-lights and popping of Champagne corks, fight their battles o'er again, it may not be out of place to go back to the war of 1812, and put before our modern heroes what was done at New Orleans against the British, as described by one of the fighting men in that little affair. Note the clearness of the narrative:

"The first *attempt* was made to fight
Was on December, the twenty-third night;
The volunteers from Tennessee
Was *kild* and captured sixty-three.

"The next attempt the British made
Was on December the twenty-eight;
Then marched the invader toward our line,
Til wee frustreated their deziue.

"But sum of our own men did ycauld
And faul a victim on the field;
Those that ley kild in their own goare
Was *Kernel* Henderson and six more.

"On New Year's morning, as the sun did rize,
A heavy fog darkened the skize,
A British *kenon* did us alarm,
Which made us all fly to our arm.

"The battle lastid that hole day—
Artillery on both sides did play;
The fiery darts that at us flew
Was *kennon* bauls and rockets two.

* * * * *

"Wee arc melitia from Tennessee,
Turned out to fight for *Liberte*:
Come, let us join with one aeord,
And hold our freedom by the Sward.

"Now wee have gained the victorce,
And caud our enemy for to flee,
We wait to hear our Ginerall say
Heel march us back to Tennessee.

"Then we will bid Orleans *adew*,
And on our journey *weel* pushue,
And for sweet Tennessee *weel* steare,
To meet our wives and sweethearts dear."

"From ANDREW K. LAWSON to CYRUS MILLER."

A CORRESPONDENT at Marysville furnishes an account of the first case disposed of by Justice A—— after having been appointed for Struckee Township, Nevada, in 1860. The reader will ad-

mire the paternal style of the Judge, and his generous way of ignoring every thing like law or precedent. The case originated in a dispute for the possession of a wood-claim, which terminated by one of the parties shooting the top of the other's head off. The want of any mitigating circumstances, and the fact that a person had shortly before been executed for a similar offense near by, caused the friends of the prisoner to make unusual preparations for his defense; and the best counsel in the State, including an ex-chief justice of California, and Mr. Low, our present Minister to China, appeared for him at the trial, with a ponderous pile of law-books, evidently prepared for the worst.

Judge A—— listened closely to the evidence, promptly overruled all attempts to exclude any portion of it, and then waving down, with the utmost dignity, the prosecuting attorney, who was about to address the Court, delivered himself as follows to the prisoner: "Young man, seeing as this is your first offense, I shall let you off *this* time; but you must be *very careful* how you go shootin' round this way in future, for they hung a man over to Carson the other day *just for doing the very same thing!*"

GENTLEMEN-FARMERS may ponder with profit the following verbatim communication, sent by an honest Hibernian (and thorough Fenian), who looks sharply after the gallinaceous interests of a gentleman most of whose time is spent in town:

"TUCKAHOE June 15th 1870

"C. P. JONES Esq, New York,

"SIR,—I mean to address you with a few lines all a bout Dick Jackson, Mr. Jones, I cannot Provent that man of Piekup up the eggs that is outside the Look & Key for If they was a Egg on top of one of the highest trees on your Demesne that man would have that Egg before me. Mr. Jones I mean to inform a little more a bout that unfortunate man. When he came on your place he Bought two Pigs. When he is Going home at Night he has a Bag of Straw or a Board. Mr. Jones that man has Oates & Male under his hands all the year, due you think! But that man would take your oates and male home to his Pigs as well as he would take the Eggs from me. For it would take General grant & his Army to watch that man.

"Mr. Jones I do not like for any Person or Persons to have to say that I was the man that got Jackson out of your Employment. Do you as you please, Mr. Jones I see one Sheep has the hole flock Disfigered.

"I will end my tale in Figure hand,

"Your humble servant,

"PATRICK M'GUIRE."

GENERAL JOE GEIGER, who has furnished many good things for the Drawer, told the following of himself, not long since, to a small but select audience. It illustrates the proverbial diffidence of the Ohio lawyer:

Soon after the fall of Vicksburg the General took a run down South, for the double purpose of seeing the army in the field and for pleasure, and not at all averse to turning an honest penny, should occasion offer.

While in Vicksburg, a cotton speculator became involved in some trouble with the revenue and military authorities, which resulted in the seizure of his cotton. The General's presence in the city was known, and his legal talent promptly secured by the speculator. On examination it was shown that no fraud had been perpetrated or intended, and the General soon had all the legal formalities put right, and the cotton released. The speculator at once proceeded to load, informing the General that it must be put on board that

night, and that he would see him in the morning. The General passed a sleepless night, debating with himself whether or not he should charge him a \$500 fee. The amount involved was large; so were his responsibilities. He thought he had earned, yet feared to ask it. Morning came and found him still undecided. Donning his clothes he sallied forth, and, naturally enough, toward the levee, where the steamer was lying which was to take the cotton North. Before reaching the levee, however, he was met by his client, who said:

"Well, Mr. Geiger, that was a good day's work you did for me yesterday."

"I endeavored to do my duty for you."

Taking from his pocket a large roll of bills, and holding up one knee, the noble speculator in "long staple" counted off four \$500 bills, and asked, "Is that enough?" still holding up the knee with his fingers on another.

The General looked on, quite speechless, but promptly recovered himself so far as to reply: "*I guess you had better lay on another!*"

It was laid on. The General inserted the xxv. hundred in his pocket, and kindly bid "by-by" to the other party.

DURING the last century there was a great predilection for all those toasts in which the same words or phrases were repeated several times. One of the most popular ran as follows: "Here's a health to you and yours, who have done such things for us and ours; and when we and ours have it in our powers to do for you and yours what you and yours have done for us and ours, then we and ours will do for you and yours what you and yours have done for us and ours." Another, of which there were a great many versions, some very complicated and confusing, was:

"Here's a health to all those that I love;
Here's a health to all those that love me;
Here's a health to all those that love those that I love,
And to those that love them that love me."

Another, generally given by a guest as a kind of thank-offering to the host, runs thus:

"Here's a health to me and mine,
Not forgetting thee and thine;
And when thee and thine
Come to see me and mine,
May me and mine make thee and thine
As welcome as thee and thine
Have ever made me and mine."

MANY testimonials of the eccentricities of the late Thomas W. Thomas, Judge of the Superior Courts of the Northern Circuit of Georgia, have appeared in the Drawer. I send you another, as an evidence of one of the many good characteristics of the Judge, and showing his dislike of the flummery of pleas designed for delay, and his uncompromising stand in having causes brought before him tried upon their merits.

An execution had been levied upon a tract of land. Sale-day arrived, and the defendant, in order to gain time, presented to the sheriff an affidavit of illegality, alleging for cause that the sale had not been advertised in the three most *public* places in the county of Lincoln. The sheriff postponed the sale, and returned the papers to the clerk of the court for trial. At the next court the case was called. Judge Reese, attorney for defendant, moved to dismiss the levy on the ground stated, citing the statute.

H. J. Lang, Esq., counsel for plaintiff, contended that the law requiring sales to be advertised in the three most *public* places in the county had become obsolete from non-usage, and, even admitting the law was in force, the objection would not hold good, because the law always presumes that the officer has discharged his duty. In the midst of the argument the Judge interposed, observing to plaintiff's counsel that he did not desire to hear further from him, and delivered the following decision:

"Gentlemen, I must overrule the motion of defendant's counsel to dismiss the levy in this cause, because it is not, and can not possibly be known which are the three most *public* places in the county of Lincoln. Were this case before me in the county of Heard I should rule differently, because in that county there are three public places which are known as the most *public*. The first is the *muster-ground*, where they all go to *muster once a month*. The second is the *clay-bank*, where they all go to *eat dirt once a week*; and the third is the *still-house*, where they all go to *licker every day*. Mr. Clerk, enter the motion overruled, at defendant's costs."

A CORRESPONDENT at Canton, New York, asks if the Drawer has ever thought it worth while to take a stroll into Père la Chaise, the beautiful necropolis of Paris. The "Advertisement" in the July number of the Drawer brings up a little incident which befell him there. Visiting that cemetery on last All-souls' Day, his attention was arrested by the faint glimmering of a delicious little lamp, a glow-worm of bronze, keeping silent and sentimental vigil under a modest urn of black marble, bearing an inscription, which is translated thus:

HERE LIES FOURNIER (Pierre Victor),
Inventor of "Everlasting Lamps,"
Which burn only one centime's worth of oil in an hour.
HE WAS A GOOD FATHER, SON, AND HUSBAND.
HIS INCONSOLABLE WIDOW
Continues his business at No. 19 Rue aux Ours.
Goods sent to all parts of the city.
N.B.—Do not mistake the opposite shop for this, S.V.P.
R. I. P.

Meditating upon the neat stroke by which the mournful Artemisia had mingled grief and advertising economy, our friend visited the Rue aux Ours to give custom to the sorrow-stricken spouse. On entering the shop the little bell tinkled and brought out from the hidden depths behind a rubicund tradesman; but on intimating a wish to do business with the inconsolable widow, the defunct inventor, with a graceless shrug, made answer: "Ah, pardon! that's me! I am—yes, myself—I am Pierre Victor, inventor. The widow—pif—she's un symbole, un mythe!"

APPROPOS to our friend Saxe's card-table anecdote of Judge Turner, in a recent Number of the Drawer, is the following of Judge Mattocks, which is vouched for as authentic. Mattocks, like many of the judges in those early days, was extremely addicted to card-playing, and nearly all his evenings, during term time, were, in company with congenial spirits of the bar, devoted to "seven up." One morning in court, after a whole night spent in this amusement, one of the brethren of the bar, Mr. J——, having occasion to comment upon the unfortunate citation of an

authority by one of the "weaker brethren" on the other side, said: "May it please your Hon- or, the gentleman has trumped his own trick." "Brother J——," said Judge Mattocks, inter- rupting him, with an air of severe dignity, "*you will be good enough to use language that the Court can understand.*"

THEY have an amusement in Carson City, Nevada, which is peculiar to that lively little town. It is a "rooster-pulling match." For these matches many roosters are provided—fine, strong fowls. The match is thus described by our friend Dr. Schermerhorn:

"Each competitor seats himself on a log of wood with his feet against a board. He first deposits a dollar, and then takes one of the roost- ers, places it between his legs with its head downward, and, seizing the feet of the poor fowl, pulls with full force. If he succeeds in pulling the legs of the rooster clean off, he will win the bird; if not, he will lose the dollar. Few succeed in the attempt."

The gentleman to whom this recital was made noticed that the fowls, though subjected to such severe torture, did not make any noise, and asked Dr. Schermerhorn the reason:

"They can't," answered the Doctor. "*They are too much absorbed!*"

THE latest instance of a bald attempt to lacer- ate the feelings of lovely woman has been put upon record by a literary man of Brooklyn, and runs thus: A gentleman of that city, well known for his mild and gentle disposition, took the cars recently to attend to some business at Elizabeth, New Jersey. The cars being nearly full, he was obliged to take a seat with a lady, as the young men say, "one of uncertain age." Not *daring* to engage in conversation with her, he remained quietly thinking, until nearing, as he thought, his destination, he ventured to remark, "Is this Eliza- beth?" Instantly drawing herself up, she quick- ly replied, "What do you mean, Sir?" Without perceiving that she had made a mistake, he again asked, "Is this Elizabeth?" Furiously turning to him, and with half-frightened air, she scream- ed out, "You may think you are a gentleman, Sir, to address a lady so, but I do not wish to continue any farther talk with you."

The conversation at this point terminated by the stopping of the cars, and the conductor sang in at the door, "All out at Elizabeth!" The gentleman rose and left the cars, but not until he had heard sufficient laughter to convince him of the many perils besetting railroad traveling.

THE curious and "troublesome" style of Car- lyle is said to be quite in contrast with his sim- ple, straightforward way of talking. Hatred of sham is one of his notable characteristics. One evening, at a small literary gathering, a lady, fa- mous for her "muslin theology," was bewailing the wickedness of the Jews in not receiving our Saviour, and ended her diatribe by expressing regret that He had not appeared in our own time. "How delighted," said she, "we should all be to throw our doors open to Him, and listen to His divine precepts! Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?"

The sturdy philosopher, thus appealed to, said, in his broad Scotch, "No, madam, I don't. I

think that, had he come very fashionably dress- ed, with plenty of money, and preaching doc- trines palatable to the higher orders, I might have had the honor of receiving from you a card of invitation, on the back of which would be writ- ten, 'TO MEET OUR SAVIOUR;' but if He had come uttering His sublime precepts, and de- nouncing the Pharisees, and associating with the Publicans and lower orders, as He did, you would have treated Him much as the Jews did, and have cried out, 'Take Him to Newgate and hang Him!'

On another occasion, when Ernest Jones, a well-known Chartist leader, was haranguing, in his violent manner, against the established au- thorities, Carlyle shook his head, and told him that, "had the Chartist leaders been living in the days of Christ, he would have sent the unclean spirits into them, instead of into the swine of the Gergesenes, and so we should have happily got rid of them." This delicate allusion to the suicide of the pigs so astonished the respectable repre- sentative of the numerous family of the Joneses that he said nothing more about Chartism that night.

IN the Know-Nothing times occurred the elec- tion of Judge Comstock, ex-Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, and son-in-law of that sterling and eminent lawyer, the late Hon. B. Davis Noxon, of Syracuse. Soon after Judge C.'s elec- tion, Judge Gray, of the Sixth Judicial District, met Mr. N., and congratulated him on the eleva- tion of his son-in-law to the Bench, who, after having been so long a judge in theory, had now become one in fact, and who, no doubt, would make an excellent judge. "Yes," Mr. Noxon, replied, "he will—if he isn't most awfully de- ceived in himself!"

THIS is Frenchy, and fresh from Paris: Just before his death, Dr. Cabarrus, the great home- opathic physician of Paris, was sent for by Mlle. Julia Barron, who was out of sorts. "What is the matter?" asked the Doctor. "Oh, I hardly know myself," she replied; "my spirits are ter- ribly unequal. Sometimes I am greatly elated, and then I suddenly sink into the deepest melan- choly." After a moment's reflection, Cabarrus said, gravely: "I am afraid there is but one way to cure you." "What is it?" she inquired, eagerly. "You must get married," he replied, with a mirthful twinkle of the eye, but still keep- ing a grave face. "Well," said Mlle. Barron, after a little hesitation, followed by a long-drawn sigh of relief, "perhaps you are right. Would you marry me?" "*Ma chère,*" replied Cabarrus, blandly, "the doctor prescribes, but he doesn't take his own medicines."

A FEW days after the evacuation of Richmond by the Confederate forces, Colonel Y—— of the 990th Ohio Volunteers, while in command of a small detachment, was on a scout in that portion of the vineyard known as East Tennessee, and not far from the home of Andrew Johnson. Being some distance from camp, and not know- ing the country, the Colonel halloed at a log-hut on the opposite side of the river, from the chim- ney of which the smoke was curling, indicating it to be inhabited. In response to the hail, a thorough-bred, mossy-backed mountaineer, evi-

dently a nabob, counting his wealth by the number of hounds that yelped at his heels, appeared, and through the mingled howls and barks we managed to hear him say,

"What der yer want?"

"Have you heard," said Colonel Y——, "that Richmond is taken?"

The mossy-backed mountaineer replied not, seeming to be dumfounded at the announcement.

"Don't you know," continued the gory Ohio chieftain, "that the Yankees have taken Richmond at last?"

The mossy-backed answered that he "hadn't hearn nuthin'."

"Well," said the Colonel, "they have. Can't you give three cheers for the old flag?"

"Oh, my Lord, mister Yank!" replied the mossy-backed resident of the cot, "we hain't got but three cheers in the house, and one o' them's a stule!"

No "hooray" to be had there.

SOME of our Fifteenth Amendment citizens in Pittsburg, having formed an association known as "Knights of the White Cross," amused themselves one warm day in August last by a grand tournament, in which the dusky knights vied with each other for the honor of crowning the "Queen of Beauty." The entertainment was announced by hand-bills, properly displayed, some of which were distributed in the street-cars. One of these was picked up by a sedate gentleman, who, after glancing over it, inquired of a jocosse attorney who sat next him:

"Mr. B——, what does this mean?"

"Why, it is a negro tournament."

"But why do they call themselves 'Knights of the White Cross?'"

"I suppose," replied Mr. B——, "it is because they are mulattoes."

The explanation appeared to be entirely satisfactory.

MR. JOHN W. YOUNG, a son of Brigham, of Salt Lake City, has been for the past year engaged in making collections for a Territorial museum, designed especially to illustrate the animal kingdom, minerals, etc., of Utah. Being in San Francisco a short time since, he bought a pair of monkeys for his museum. On his way home, while the ears stopped at Elko, on the Central Pacific, for dinner, seeing a considerable number of Indians about the station, he called them to the baggage-car, and opening the door, pointed out to them the pair of pre-Adamite men. The Indians surveyed the monkeys with characteristic gravity.

"Do you know what they are?" asked Mr. Young of the chief of the noble red men.

"Yes," said the chief, with some indication of surprise at the simplicity of the question; "me see 'em; me know 'em—Chinaman's pappoose!"

LIFE-INSURANCE men are not debarred from reading the following:

Even in the old Bay State there are men who in oral reading of the Bible will accidentally mention the wrong word in the right place. Example: A worthy farmer was reading aloud the 22d chapter of Matthew as a part of his morning devotions. He had got along without

serious mishap till he came to the 25th verse, which reads as follows:

"Now there were with us seven brethren: and the first, when he had married a wife, deceased, and, having no issue, left his wife unto his brother."

He read it thus: "And the first, when he had married a wife, deceased, and, having no insurance, left his wife unto his brother."

That was the kind of life-insurance popular in the time of St. Matthew. Our reversible policies are better. The point now is that men, faithful to their courtship vows (and *all* of us are), are willing to die for their wives, and when they do die "that life-insurance man" comes around with the collaterals. The fact is, the women don't really seem to know how good we men are. Those fellows in St. Matthew's days were not a priming to us!

To inculcate a wide regard for temperance is one of the amiable objects of the Drawer. When, therefore, it finds an incident that seems calculated to promote temperance, it pounces upon it. Such an incident is related by Artemus Ward in the "Genial Showman," where he describes the country "store" in his native town in Maine.

"I usually encounter there on sunny afternoons an old Revolutionary soldier. You may possibly have read about 'Another Revolutionary Soldier Gone;' but this is one who hasn't gone, and, moreover, one who doesn't manifest the slightest intention of going. He distinctly remembers Washington, of course. They all do. But what I wish to call special attention to, is the fact that this Revolutionary soldier is one hundred years old, that his eyes are so good that he can read fine print without spectacles—he never used them, by-the-way—and his mind is perfectly clear. He is a little shaky in one of his legs, but otherwise he is as active as most men of forty-five, and his general health is excellent. He uses no tobacco, but for the last twenty years he has drunk one glass of liquor every day—no more, no less. He says he must have his 'tod.' But because a man can drink a glass of liquor a day, and live to be a hundred years old, my young readers must not infer that *by drinking two glasses of liquor a day a man can live to be two hundred.*"

"PUNCTUAL men," says Mr. A. Ward, "are nuisances. Where their heart should beat they have only a clock ticking. Your doctor is like the New England doctor I tell about sometimes. He was very punctual. When his wife died he went to her funeral. As the earth fell on her coffin every body around cried. All he did was to take out his watch, look at the time, and say: 'Well, we've got her under, and it's just twenty minutes past two!'"

THE REV. J. H. K—— was, several years since, pastor of a Methodist Episcopal church in Western New York. During his sermon, on a hot summer's Sunday morning, Brother Austen, one of the official members of the church, fell fast asleep. Mr. K—— suddenly paused, and called out: "Brother Austen, will you please to open the window there a little? *physicians say it is very unhealthy to sleep in a close room.*" The brother was awakened, and complied.

